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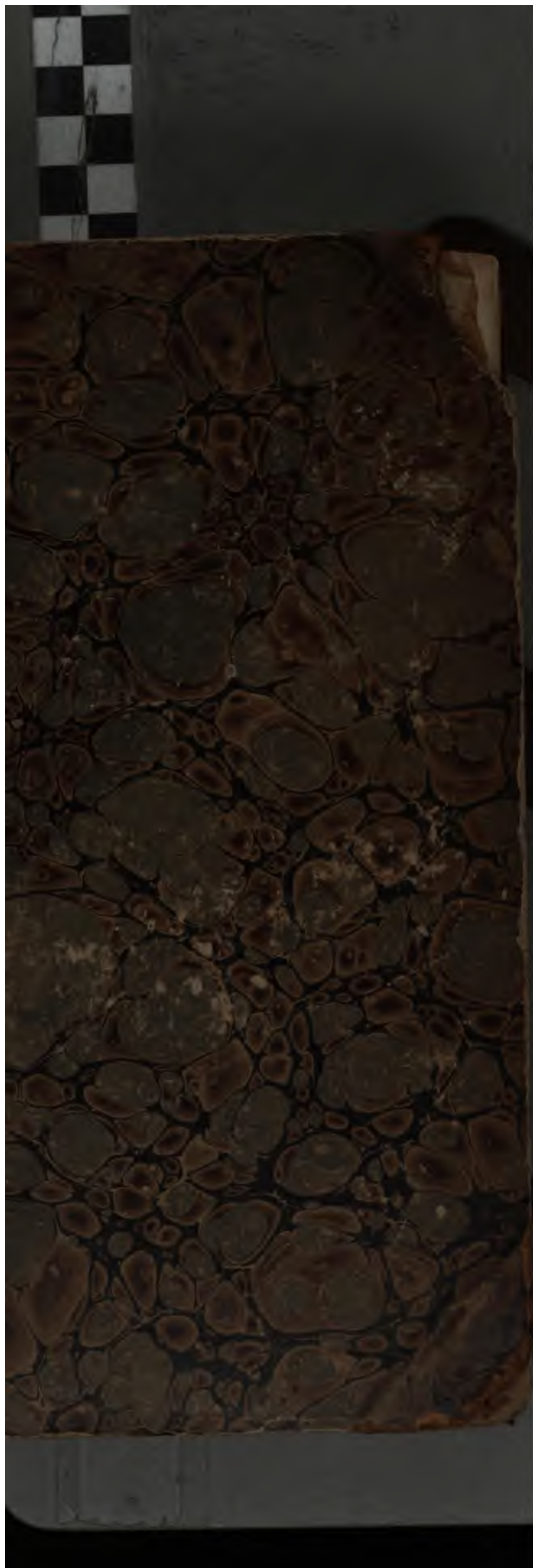
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October 1835

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Dr. Jewett's

CURIOSITIES

OF

LITERATURE.

SECOND SERIES.

BY I. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

"ALEXANDRIAN EDITION."

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PREFACE

It may be useful to state the design of the present volume, which differs in its character from the preceding Series.

The form of essay-writing, were it now moulded even by the hand of the Raphael of Essayists, would fail in the attraction of novelty; Morality would now in vain repeat its counsels in a fugitive page, and Manners now offer but little variety to supply one. The progress of the human mind has been marked by the enlargement of our knowledge; and essay-writing seems to have closed with the century which it charmed and enlightened.

I have often thought that an occasional recurrence to speculations on human affairs, as they appear in private and in public history, and to other curious inquiries in literature and philosophy, would form some substitute for this mode of writing. These Researches, therefore, offer authentic knowledge for evanescent topics; they attempt to demonstrate some general principle, by induction from a variety of particulars—to develop those imperfect truths which float obscurely in the mind—and to suggest subjects, which, by their singularity, are new to inquiry, and which may lead to new trains of ideas. Such Researches will often form supplements to our previous knowledge.

In accustoming ourselves to discoveries of this nature, every research seems to yield the agreeable feeling of invention—it is a pleasure peculiar to itself—something which we ourselves have found out—and which, whenever it imparts novelty or interest to another, communicates to him the delight of the first discoverer.

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CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

MODERN LITERATURE, BAYLE'S CRITICAL DICTIONARY.

A new edition of Bayle in France is now in a progressive state of publication; an event in literary history which could not have been easily predicted. Every work which creates an epoch in literature is one of the great monuments of the human mind; and Bayle may be considered as the father of literary curiosity, and of Modern Literature. Much has been alleged against our author: yet let us be careful to preserve what is precious. Bayle is the inventor of a work which dignified a collection of facts constituting his text, by the argumentative powers and the copious illustrations which charm us in his diversified commentary. Conducting the humble pursuits of an Aulus Gellius and an Athenæus, with a higher spirit he showed us the *philosophy of Books*, and communicated to such limited researches a value which they had otherwise not possessed.

This was introducing a study perfectly distinct from what is pre-eminently distinguished as 'classical learning,' and the subjects which had usually entered into philological pursuits. Ancient literature, from century to century, had constituted the sole labours of the learned, and 'Varie lectiones' were long their pride and their reward. Latin was the literary language of Europe. The vernacular idiom in Italy was held in such contempt, that their youths were not suffered to read Italian books; their native productions; Varchi tells a curious anecdote of his father sending him to prison, where he was kept on bread and water, as a penance for his inveterate passion for reading Italian books! Dante was reproached by the erudite Italians for composing in his mother tongue, still expressed by the degrading designation of *il volgare*, which the 'resolute' John Florio renders 'to make common;' and to translate was contemptuously called *volgarizzare*; while Petrarch rested his fame on his Latin poetry, and called his Italian *vulgellus vulgaris*! With us, Roger Ascham was the first who boldly avowed 'To speak as the common people, to think as wise men;' yet, so late as the time of Bacon, this great man did not consider his 'Moral Essays' as likely to last in the moveable sands of a modern language, for he as anxiously had them sculptured in the marble of ancient Rome. Yet what had the great ancients themselves done, but trusted to their own *vulgare*? The Greeks, the finest and most original writers of the ancients, observes Adam Ferguson, 'were unacquainted with every language but their own; and if they became learned, it was only by studying what they themselves had produced.'

During fourteen centuries, whatever lay out of the pale of classical learning was condemned as barbarism; in the mean while, however, amidst this barbarism, another literature was insensibly creating itself in Europe. Every people, in the gradual accessions of their vernacular genius, discovered a new sort of knowledge, one which more deeply interested their feelings and the times, reflecting the image, not of the Greeks and the Latins, but of themselves! A spirit of inquiry, originating in events which had never reached the ancient world, and the same refined taste in the arts of composition caught from the models of antiquity, at length raised up rivals, who competed with the great ancients themselves; and Modern Literature now occupies a space which looks to be immensity, compared with the narrow and the imperfect limits of the ancients. A complete collection of classical works, all the bees of antiquity, may be hived in a glass case; but those we should find only the milk and honey of our youth; to ob-

tain the substantial nourishment of European knowledge, a library of ten thousand volumes will not satisfy our inquiries, nor supply our researches even on a single topic!

Let not, however, the votaries of ancient literature dread its neglect, nor be over jealous of their younger and Gothic sister. The existence of their favourite study is secured, as well by its own imperishable claims, as by the stationary institutions of Europe. But one of those silent revolutions in the intellectual history of mankind, which are not so obvious as those in their political state, seems now fully accomplished. The very term 'classical,' so long limited to the ancient authors, is now equally applicable to the most elegant writers of every literary people; and although Latin and Greek were long characterized as 'the learned languages,' yet we cannot in truth any longer concede that those are the most learned who are 'inter Græcos Græcissimi, inter Latinos Latinissimi,' any more than we can reject from the class of 'the learned,' those great writers, whose scholarship in the ancient classics may be very indifferent. The modern languages now have also become learned ones, when he who writes in them is imbued with their respective learning. He is a 'learned' writer who has embraced most knowledge on the particular subject of his investigation, as he is a 'classical' one who composes with the greatest elegance. Sir David Dalrymple dedicates his 'Memorials relating to the History of Britain' to the Earl of Hardwicke, whom he styles with equal happiness and propriety, 'Learned in British History.' 'Scholarship' has hitherto been a term reserved for the adept in ancient literature, whatever may be the mediocrity of his intellect; but the honourable distinction must be extended to all great writers in modern literature, if we would not confound the natural sense and propriety of things.

Modern literature may, perhaps, still be discriminated from the ancient, by a term it began to be called by at the Reformation, that of 'the New Learning.' Without supplanting the ancient, the modern must grow up with it; the further we advance in society, it will more deeply occupy our interests; and it has already proved what Bacon, casting his philosophical views retrospectively and prospectively, has observed, 'that Time was the greatest of innovators.'

When Bayle projected his 'Critical Dictionary,' he probably had no idea that he was about effecting a revolution in our libraries, and founding a new province in the dominion of human knowledge; creative genius often is itself the creature of its own age: it is but that reaction of public opinion, which is generally the fore-runner of some critical change, or which calls forth some wants which sooner or later will be supplied. The predisposition for the various, but neglected literature, and the curious, but the scattered knowledge, of the moderns, which had long been increasing, with the speculative turn of inquiry, prevailed in Europe, when Bayle took his pen to give the thing itself a name and an existence. But the great authors of modern Europe were not yet consecrated beings, like the ancients, and their volumes were not read from the chairs of universities; yet the new interests which had arisen in society, the new modes of human life, the new spread of knowledge, the curiosity after even the little things which concern us, the revelations of secret history, and the state papers which have sometimes escaped from national archives, the philosophical spirit which was hastening its steps and raising up new systems of thinking,

all alike required research and criticism, inquiry and discussion. Bayle had first studied his own age, before he gave the public his great work.

'If Bayle,' says Gibbon, 'wrote his dictionary to empty the various collections he had made, without any particular design, he could not have chosen a better plan. It permitted him every thing, and obliged him to nothing. By the double freedom of a dictionary and of notes, he could pitch on what articles he pleased, and say what he pleased in those articles.'

'*Jacta est alea*!' exclaimed Bayle, on the publication of his dictionary, as yet dubious of the extraordinary enterprise: perhaps while going on with the work, he knew not at times, whither he was directing his course; but we must think, that in his own mind he counted on something, which might have been difficult even for Bayle himself to have developed. The author of the 'Critical Dictionary' had produced a voluminous labour, which, to all appearance, could only rank him among compilers and reviewers, for his work is formed of such materials as they might use. He had never studied any science; he confessed that he could never demonstrate the first problem in Euclid, and to his last day ridiculed that sort of evidence called mathematical demonstration. He had but little taste for classical learning, for he quotes the Latin writers curiously, not elegantly; and there is reason to suspect that he had entirely neglected the Greek. Even the erudition of antiquity usually reached him by the ready medium of some German Commentator. His multifarious reading was chiefly confined to the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With such deficiencies in his literary character, Bayle could not reasonably expect to obtain pre-eminence in any single pursuit. Hitherto his writings had not extricated him from the secondary ranks of literature, where he found a rival at every step; and without his great work, the name of Bayle at this moment had been buried among his controversialists, the rabid Jurieu, the cloudy Jacques-Lot, and the envious Le Clerc; to these, indeed, he sacrificed too many of his valuable days, and was still answering them, at the hour of his death. Such was the cloudy horizon of that bright fame which was to rise over Europe! Bayle, intent on escaping from all beaten tracks, while the very materials he used promised no novelty, for all his knowledge was drawn from old books, opened an eccentric route, where at least he could encounter no parallel; Bayle felt that if he could not stand alone, he would only have been an equal by the side of another. Experience had more than once taught this mortifying lesson; but he was blest with the genius which could stamp an inimitable originality on a folio.

This originality seems to have been obtained in this manner. The exhausted topics of classical literature he resigned as a province not adapted to an ambitious genius; sciences he rarely touched on, and hardly ever without betraying superficial knowledge, and involving himself in absurdity: but in the history of men, in penetrating the motives of their conduct, in clearing up obscure circumstances, in detecting the strong and the weak parts of him who he was trying, and in the cross-examination of the numerous witnesses he summoned, he assumed at once the judge and the advocate! Books for him were pictures of men's inventions, and the histories of their thoughts; for any book, whatever be its quality, must be considered as an experiment of the human mind.

In controversies, in which he was so ambi-dexterous—in the progress of the human mind, in which he was so philosophical—furnished, too, by his hoarding curiosity with an immense accumulation of details,—skilful in the art of detecting falsehoods amidst truths, and weighing probability against uncertainty—holding together the chain of argument from its first principles, to its remotest consequence—Bayle stands among those masters of the human intellect who taught us to think, and also to unthink! All, indeed, is a collection of researches and reasonings: he had the art of melting down his curious quotations with his own subtle ideas. He collects every thing: if truths, they enter into history; if fictions, into discussions: he places the secret by the side of the public story: opinion is balanced against opinion: if his arguments grow tedious, a lucky anecdote or an enlivening tale relieve the blo page; and, knowing the infirmity of our nature, he ticks up trivial things to amuse us, while he is grasping the most abstract and ponderous. Human nature in her shifting scenery, and the human mind in its eccentric directions, open on his view; so that an unknown person or a

worthless book, are equally objects for his speculation with the most eminent—they alike curiously instruct. Such were the materials, and such the genius of the man, whose folios, which seemed destined for the retired few, lie open on parlour tables. The men of genius of his age studied them for instruction, the men of the world for their amusement. Amidst the mass of facts which he has collected, and the enlarged views of human nature which his philosophical spirit has combined with his researches, Bayle may be called the Shakspeare of dictionary makers; a sort of chimerical being, whose existence was not imagined to be possible before the time of Bayle.

But his errors are voluminous as his genius! and what do apologies avail? They only account for the evil which they cannot alter!

Bayle is reproached for carrying his speculations too far into the wilds of scepticism—he wrote in a distempered time; he was witnessing the *dragenades* and the *reuerences* of the Romish church; and he lived amidst the Reformed, or the French prophets, as we called them when they came over us, and in whom Sir Isaac Newton more than half believed; these testified that they heard angels singing in the air, while our philosopher was convinced that he was living among men for whom no angel would sing! Bayle had left persecutors to fly to fanatics, both equally appealing to the Gospel, but alike untouched by its blessedness! His impurities were a taste inherited from his favourite old writers, whose *saivets* seemed to sport with the grossness which it touched, and neither in France, nor at home, had the age then attained to our moral delicacy: Bayle himself was a man without passions! His trivial matters were an author's compliance with the bookseller's taste, which is always that of the public. His scepticism is said to have thrown every thing into disorder. Is it more positive evil to doubt, than to dogmatise? Even Aristotle often pauses with a qualifying *perhaps*, and the egotist Cicero with a modest *it seems to me*. His scepticism has been useful in history, and has often shown how facts universally believed, are doubtful and sometimes must be false. Bayle, it is said, is perpetually contradicting himself; but a sceptic must doubt his doubts; he places the antidote close to the poison, and lays the sheath by the sword. Bayle has himself described one of those self-tormenting and many headed sceptics by a very noble figure, 'He was a Hydra who was perpetually tearing himself.'

The time has now come when Bayle may instruct without danger. We have passed the ordeals he had to go through; we must now consider him as the historian of our thoughts as well as of our actions; he dispenses the literary stores of the moderns, in that vast repository of their wisdom and their follies, which, by its originality of design, has made him an author common to all Europe. Nowhere shall we find a rival for Bayle! and hardly even an imitator! He compared himself, for his power of raising up, or dispelling objections and doubts, to 'the cloud-compelling Jove.' The great Leibnitz, who was himself a lover of his *seria eruditio*, applied a line of Virgil to Bayle, characterising his luminous and elevated genius:

'Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnia.'
Beneath his feet he views the clouds and stars.

CHARACTERISTICS OF BAYLE.

To know Bayle as a man, we must not study him in the folio *Life of Des Maiseaux*; whose laborious pencil, without colour, and without expression, loses in its indistinctness the individualising strokes of the portrait. Look for Bayle in his 'Letters,' those true chronicles of a literary man, when they solely record his own pursuits.

The personal character of Bayle was unblemished even by calumny—his executor, Basnage, never could mention him without tears! With simplicity which approached to an infantine nature, but with the fortitude of a Stoic, our literary philosopher, from his earliest days, dedicated himself to literature; the great sacrifice consisted of those two main objects of human pursuit—fortune and a family. Many an ascetic, who has headed an order, has not so religiously abstained from all worldly interests; yet let us not imagine that there was a sulleness in his stoicism; an icy misanthropy which shuts up the heart from its ebb and flow. His domestic affections through life were fervid. When his mother desired to receive his portrait, he sent her a picture of his heart! Early in life the mind of Bayle was strengthening itself by a philosophical resignation to all human events!

'I am indeed of a disposition neither to fear bad fortune, nor to have very ardent desires for good. Yet I lose this steadiness and indifference when I reflect, that your love to me makes you feel for every thing that happens to me. It is, therefore, from the consideration that my misfortunes would be a torment to you, that I wish to be happy; and when I think that my happiness would be all your joy, I should lament that my bad fortune should continue to persecute me; though, as to my own particular interest, I dare promise to myself that I shall never be very much affected by it.'

An instance occurred of those social affections in which a stoic is sometimes supposed to be deficient, which might have afforded a beautiful illustration to one of our most elegant poets. The remembrance of the happy moments which Bayle spent when young on the borders of the river Auriège, a short distance from his native town of Carlat, where he had been sent to recover from a fever, occasioned by an excessive indulgence in reading, induced him many years afterwards to devote an article to it in his 'Critical Dictionary,' for the sake of quoting the poet who had celebrated this obscure river; it was a 'Pleasure of Memory!' a tender association of domestic feeling!

The first step which Bayle took in life is remarkable.—He changed his religion and became a Catholic; a year afterwards he returned to the creed of his fathers. Posterity might not have known the story had it not been recorded in his Diary. The circumstance is thus curiously stated.

BAYLE'S DIARY.

Years of the Christian Era.	Years of my age.	
1680. Tuesday, March 19.	22	I changed my religion—next day I resumed the study of logic.
1670. August 20.	23	I returned to the reformed religion, and made a private abjuration of the Romish religion in the hands of four ministers!

His brother was one of these ministers; while a Catholic, Bayle had attempted to convert him by a letter, long enough to evince his sincerity; but without his subscription, we should not have ascribed it to Bayle.

For this vacillation in his religion Bayle endured bitter censure. Gibbon, who himself changed his, about the same 'year of his age,' and for as short a period, sarcastically observes of the first entry, that Bayle should have finished his logic before he changed his religion.' It may be retorted, that when he had learnt to reason, he renounced Catholicism! The true fact is, that when Bayle had only studied a few months at college, some books of controversial divinity by the Catholics, offered many a specious argument against the reformed doctrines; a young student was easily entangled in the nets of the Jesuits. But their passive obedience, and their transubstantiation, and other stuff woven in their looms, soon enabled such a man as Bayle to recover his senses. The promises and the caresses of the wily Jesuits were rejected, and the gush of tears of the brothers, on his return to the religion of his fathers, is one of the most pathetic incidents of domestic life.

Bayle was willing to become an expatriated man; to study from the love of study, in poverty and honour! It happens sometimes that great men are criminated for their noblest deeds by both parties.

When his great work appeared, the adversaries of Bayle reproached him with haste, while the author expressed his astonishment at his slowness. At first 'the Critical Dictionary,' consisting only of two folios, was finished in little more than four years; but in the life of Bayle this was equivalent to a treble amount with men of ordinary application. Bayle even calculated the time of his head-aches; 'My megrims would have left me had it been in my power to have lived without study; by them I lose many days in every month—the fact is, that Bayle had entirely given up every sort of recreation except that delicious inebriation of his faculties, as we may term it for those who know what it is, which he drew from his books: we have his avowal. 'Public amusements, games, country jaunts, morning visits, and other recreations necessary to many students, as they tell us, were none of my business. I wasted no time on them, nor in any do-

mestic cares; never soliciting for preferment, nor busied in any other way. I have been happily delivered from many occupations which were not suitable to my humour; and I have enjoyed the greatest and the most charming leisure that a man of letters could desire. By such means an author makes a great progress in a few years.'

Bayle, at Rotterdam, was appointed to a professorship of philosophy and history; the salary was a competence to his frugal life, and enabled him to publish his celebrated Review, which he dedicates 'to the glory of the city,' for *illa nobis hæc otia fecit*.

After this grateful acknowledgment he was unexpectedly deprived of the professorship. The secret history is curious. After a tedious war, some one amused the world by a chimerical 'Project of Peace,' which was much against the wishes and the designs of our William III.—Jurieu, the head of the Reformed party in Holland, a man of heated fancies, persuaded William's party that this book was a part of a secret cabal in Europe, raised by Louis XIV against William III; and accused Bayle as the author and promoter of this political confederacy. The magistrates, who were the creatures of William, dismissed Bayle without alleging any reason. To an ordinary philosopher it would have seemed hard to lose his salary because his antagonist was one

'Whose sword is sharper than his pen.'

Bayle only rejoiced at this emancipation, and quietly returned to his Dictionary. His feelings on this occasion he has himself perpetuated.

'The sweetness and repose I find in the studies in which I have engaged myself, and which are my delight, will induce me to remain in this city, if I am allowed to continue in it, at least till the printing of my Dictionary is finished; for my presence is absolutely necessary to the place where it is printed. I am no lover of money, nor of honours, and would not accept of any invitation, should it be made to me; nor am I fond of the disputes and cabals, and professorial snarlings, which reign in all our academies: *Canam mihi et Musæ*.' He was indeed so charmed by quiet and independence, that he was continually refusing the most magnificent offers of patronage: from Count Guiscard, the French ambassador; but particularly from our English nobility. The Earls of Shaftesbury, of Aibermarle, and of Huntingdon, tried every solicitation to win him over to reside with them as their friend; and too nice a sense of honour induced Bayle to refuse the Duke of Shrewsbury's gift of two hundred guineas for the dedication of his dictionary, 'I have so often ridiculed dedications that I must not risk any,' was the reply of our philosopher.

The only complaint which escaped from Bayle was the want of books; an evil particularly felt during his writing the 'Critical Dictionary;' a work which should have been composed not distant from the shelves of a public library. Men of classical attainments, who are studying about twenty authors, and chiefly for their style, can form no conception of the state of famine to which an 'helluo librorum' is too often reduced in the new sort of study which Bayle founded. Taste when once obtained may be said to be no acquiring faculty, and must remain stationary; but Knowledge is of perpetual growth, and has infinite demands. Taste, like an artificial canal, winds through a beautiful country; but its borders are confined, and its term is limited; Knowledge navigates the ocean, and is perpetually on voyages of discovery. Bayle often grieves over the scarcity, or the want of books, by which he was compelled to leave many things uncertain, or to take them at second hand; but he lived to discover that trusting to the reports of others, was too often suffering the blind to lead the blind. It was this circumstance which induced Bayle to declare, that some works cannot be written in the country, and that the metropolis only can supply the wants of the literary man. Plutarch has made a similar confession; and the elder Pliny who had not so many volumes to turn over as a modern, was sensible to the wants of books, for he acknowledges that there was no book so bad by which we might not profit.

Bayle's peculiar vein of research and skill in discussion first appeared in his 'Pensées sur la Comète.' In December, 1680. a comet had appeared, and the public yet trembled at a portentous meteor, which they still imagined was connected with some forthcoming and terrible event! Persons as curious as they were terrified teased Bayle by their inquiries, but resisted all his arguments.

They found many things more than arguments in his amusing volumes: 'I am not one of the authors by profession,' says Bayle, in giving an account of the method he meant to pursue, 'who follow a series of views; who first project their subject, then divide it into books and chapters, and who only choose to work on the ideas they have planned. I, for my part, give up all claims to authorship, and shall chain myself to no such servitude. I cannot meditate with much regularity on one subject; I am too fond of change. I often wander from the subject, and jump into places of which it might be difficult to guess the way out; so that I shall make a learned doctor who looks for method quite impatient with me.' The work is indeed full of curiosities and anecdotes, with many critical ones concerning history.

At first it found an easy entrance into France, as a simple account of comets; but when it was discovered that Bayle's comet had a number of fiery tails concerning the French and the Austrians, it soon became as terrific as the comet itself, and was prohibited!

Bayle's *Critique generale de l'histoire du Calvinisme par le Pere Maimbourg*, had more pleasantry than bitterness, except to the palate of the vindictive Father, who was of too hot a constitution to relish the delicacy of our author's wit. Maimbourg stirred up all the intrigues he could rouse to get the *Critique* burnt by the hangman at Paris. The lieutenant of the police, De la Reynie, who was among the many who did not dislike to see the Father corrected by Bayle, delayed this execution from time to time, till there came a final order. This lieutenant of the police was a shrewd fellow, and wishing to put an odium on the bigoted Maimbourg, allowed the irascible Father to write the proclamation himself with all the violence of an enraged author. It is a curious specimen of one who evidently wished to burn his brother with his book. In this curious proclamation, which has been preserved as a literary curiosity, Bayle's '*Critique*' is declared to be defamatory and calumnious, abounding with seditious forgeries, pernicious to all good subjects, and therefore is condemned to be torn to pieces, and burnt at the *Place de Greve*. All printers and booksellers are forbidden to print, or to sell, or disperse the said abominable book, under pain of death; and all other persons, of what quality or condition soever, are to undergo the penalty of exemplary punishment. De la Reynie must have smiled on submissively receiving this effusion from our enraged author; and to punish Maimbourg in the only way he could contrive, and to do at the same time the greatest kindness to Bayle, whom he admired, he dispersed three thousand copies of this proclamation to be posted up through Paris: the alarm and the curiosity were simultaneous; but the latter prevailed. Every book collector hastened to procure a copy so terrifically denounced, and at the same time so amusing. The author of the '*Livres condamnés au feu*' might have inserted this anecdote in his collection. It may be worth adding, that Maimbourg always affected to say that he had never read Bayle's work; but he afterwards confessed to Menage, that he could not help valuing a book of such curiosity. Jurieu was so jealous of its success, that Beauval attributes his personal hatred of Bayle to our young philosopher overshadowing that veteran.

The taste for literary history we owe to Bayle; and the great interest he communicated to these researches spread in the national tastes of Europe. France has been always the richest in these stores, but our acquisitions have been rapid; and Johnson, who delighted in them, elevated their means and their end, by the ethical philosophy and the spirit of criticism which he awoke. With Bayle, indeed, his minor works were the seed-plots; but his great Dictionary opened the forest.

It is curious, however, to detect the difficulties of early attempts, and the indifferent success which sometimes attends them in their first state. Bayle, to lighten the fatigue of correcting the second edition of his Dictionary, wrote the first volume of '*Réponses aux Questions d'un Provincial*,' a supposititious correspondence with a country gentleman. It was a work of mere literary curiosity, and of a better description of miscellaneous writing than that of the prevalent fashion of giving thoughts and maxims, and fanciful characters, and idle stories, which had satiated the public taste; however the book was not well received. He attributes the public caprice to his prodigality of literary anecdotes, and other *minutiae literaræ*, and his frequent quotations! but he defends himself with skill. 'It is against the nature of things to pretend that in a work to prove and clear up facts, an author should only make use of his own

thoughts, or that he ought to quote very seldom. Those who say, that the work does not sufficiently interest the public, are doubtless in the right; but an author cannot interest the public except he discusses moral or political subjects. All others with which men of letters fill their books are useless to the public and we ought to consider them as only a kind of frothy nourishment in themselves; but which, however, gratify the curiosity of many readers, according to the diversities of their tastes. What is there for example, less interesting to the public than the *Bibliothèque Choise de Colomies* (a small bibliographical work;) yet is that work looked on as excellent in its kind. I could mention other works which are read, though containing nothing which interests the public.' Two years after, when he resumed these letters, he changed his plan; he became more argumentative, and more sparing of literary and historical articles. We have now certainly obtained more decided notions of the nature of this species of composition, and treat such investigations with more skill; still they are 'caviare to the multitude.' An accumulation of dry facts, without any exertion of taste or discussion, forms but the barren and obscure diligence of title-hunters. All things which come to the reader without having first passed through the mind, as well as the pen of the writer, will be still open to the fatal objection of insane industry raging with a depraved appetite for trash and cinders; and this is the line of demarcation which will for ever separate a Bayle from a Prosper Marchand, and a Warton from a Ritson: the one must be satisfied to be useful, but the other will not fail to delight. Yet something must be alleged in favour of those who may sometimes indulge researches too minutely; perhaps there is a point beyond which nothing remains but useless curiosity; yet this too may be relative. The pleasure of these pursuits is only tasted by those who are accustomed to them, and whose employments are thus converted into amusements. A man of fine genius, Addison relates, trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, upon being obliged to search into several rolls and records, at first found this a very dry and irksome employment; yet he assured me, that at last he took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero.

As for our Bayle, he exhibits a perfect model of the real literary character. He, with the secret alchymy of human happiness, extracted his tranquillity out of the baser metals, at the cost of his ambition and his fortune. Throughout a voluminous work, he experienced the enjoyment of perpetual acquisition and delight; he obtained glory, and he endured persecution. He died as he had lived, in the same uninterrupted habits of composition; for with his dying hand, and nearly speechless, he sent a fresh proof to the printer!

CICERO VIEWED AS A COLLECTOR.

Mr Fuseli, in the introduction to the second part of his Lectures, has touched on the character of Cicero, respecting his knowledge and feeling of Art, in a manner which excites our curiosity. 'Though,' says that eloquent lecturer, 'Cicero seems to have had as little native taste for painting and sculpture, and even less than he had taste for poetry, he had a conception of Nature, and with his usual acumen frequently scattered useful hints and pertinent observations. For many of these he might probably be indebted to Hortensius, with whom, though his rival in eloquence, he lived on terms of familiarity, and who was a man of declared taste, and one of the first collectors of the time.' The inquiry may amuse, to trace the progress of Cicero's taste for the works of art; which was probably a late, but an ardent pursuit with this celebrated man; and their actual enjoyment seems with him rather to have been connected with some future plan of life.

Cicero, when about forty-three years of age, seems to have projected the formation of a library and a collection of antiquities, with the remote intention of secession, and one day stealing away from the noisy honours of the republic. Although that great man remained too long a victim to his political ambition, yet at all times his natural dispositions would break out, and amidst his public avocations he often anticipated a time when life would be unvalued without uninterrupted repose: but repose, destitute of the ample furniture, and even of the luxuries of a mind occupying itself in literature and art, would only for him have opened the repose of a desert! It was rather his provident wisdom than their actual enjoyment, which induced him, at a busied period of his life, to accumulate

from all parts, books, and statues, and curiosities, without number; in a word, to become, according to the term, too often misapplied and misconceived among us, for it is not always understood in an honourable sense, a collector!

Like other later collectors, Cicero often appears ardent to possess what he was not able to command; sometimes he entreats, or circuitously negotiates, or is planning the future means to secure the acquisitions which he thirsted after. He is repeatedly soliciting his literary friend Atticus to keep his books for him, and not to dispose of his collections on any terms, however earnestly the bidders may crowd; and, to keep his patience in good hope (for Atticus imagined his collection would exceed the price which Cicero could afford,) he desires Atticus not to despair of his being able to make them his, for that he was saving all his rents to purchase these books for the relief of his old age.

This projected library, and collection of antiquities, it was the intention of Cicero to have placed in his favourite villa in the neighbourhood of Rome, whose name, consecrated by time, now proverbially describes the retirement of a man of elegant tastes. To adorn his villa at Tusculum formed the day-dreams of this man of genius; and his passion broke out in all the enthusiasm and impatience which so frequently characterize the modern collector. Not only Atticus, on whose fine taste he could depend, but every one likely to increase his acquisitions, was Cicero persecuting with entreaties, on entreaties, with the seduction of large prices, and with the expectation, that if the orator and consul would submit to accept any bribe, it would hardly be refused in the shape of a manuscript or a statue. 'In the name of our friendship,' says Cicero, addressing Atticus, 'suffer nothing to escape you of whatever you find curious or rare.' When Atticus informed him that he should send him a fine statue, in which the heads of Mercury and Minerva were united together, Cicero, with the enthusiasm of a maniacal lover of the present day, finds every object which is uncommon the very thing for which he has a proper place. 'Your discovery is admirable, and the statue you mention seems to have been made purposely for my cabinet.' Then follows an exclamation of the mystery of this allegorical statue, which expressed the happy union of exercise and study. 'Continue,' he adds, 'to collect for me, as you have promised, in as great a quantity as possible, morsels of this kind.' Cicero, like other collectors, may be suspected not to have been very difficult in his choice, and for him the curious was not less valued than the beautiful. The mind and temper of Cicero were of a robust and philosophical cast, not too subject to the tortures of those whose morbid imagination and delicacy of taste touch on infirmity. It is, however, amusing to observe this great man, actuated by all the fervour and joy of collecting. 'I have paid your agent—as you ordered, for the Megarian statues—send me as many of them as you can, and as soon as possible, with any others which you think proper for the place, and to my taste, and good enough to please yours. You cannot imagine how greatly my passion increases for this sort of things; it is such that it may appear ridiculous in the eyes of many; but you are my friend, and will only think of satisfying my wishes.' Again—'Purchase for me, without thinking further, all that you discover of rarity. My friend, do not spare my purse.' And, indeed, in another place he loves Atticus both for his promptitude and cheap purchases: *Te multum amamus, quod ea ab te diligenter, parvoque curata sunt.*

Our collectors may not be displeased to discover at their head so venerable a personage as Cicero; nor to sanction their own feverish thirst and panting impatience with all the raptures on the day of possession, and the 'saving of rents' to afford commanding prices—by the authority of the greatest philosopher of antiquity.

A fact is noticed in this article which requires elucidation. In the life of a true collector, the selling of his books is a singular incident. The truth is, that the elegant friend of Cicero, residing in the literary city of Athens, appears to have enjoyed but a moderate income, and may be said to have traded not only in books, but in gladiators, whom he let out, and also charged interest for the use of his money; circumstances which Cornelius Nepos, who gives an account of his landed property, has omitted, as, perhaps, not well adapted to heighten the interesting picture which he gives of Atticus, but which the Abbé Mongault has detected in his curious notes on Cicero's letters to Atticus. It is certain that he employed his slaves, who, 'to the foot-

boy,' as Middleton expresses himself, were all literary and skilful scribes, in copying the works of the best authors for his own use; but the duplicates were sold, to the common profit of the master and the slave. The state of literature among the ancients may be paralleled with that of the age of our first restorers of learning, when printing was not yet established; then Boccaccio, and Petrarch, and such men, were collectors, and zealously occupied in the manual labour of transcription; immeasurable was the delight of that avariciousness of manuscript, by which, in a certain given time, the possessor, with an unwearied pen, could enrich himself by his copy; and this copy an estate would not always purchase! Besides that a manuscript selected by Atticus, or copied by the hand of Boccaccio and Petrarch, must have risen in value, associating it with the known taste and judgment of the collector.

THE HISTORY OF THE CARACCIS.

The congenial histories of literature and of art are accompanied by the same periodical revolutions; and none is more interesting than that one which occurs in the decline and corruption of arts, when a single mind returning to right principles, amidst the degenerated race who had forsaken them, seems to create a new epoch, and teaches a servile race once more how to invent! These epochs are few, but are easily distinguished. The human mind is never stationary; it advances or it retrogrades; having reached its meridian point, when the hour of perfection has gone by, it must verge to its decline. In all Art, perfection lapses into that weakened state too often dignified as classical imitation; but it sinks into mannerism, and wanders into affectation, till it shoots out into fantastic novelties. When all languishes in a state of mediocrity, or is deformed by false tastes, then is reserved for a fortunate genius the glory of restoring another golden age of invention. The history of the Caracci family serves as an admirable illustration of such an epoch, while the personal characters of the three Caraccis throw an additional interest over this curious incident in the history of the works of genius.

The establishment of the famous *accademie*, or school of painting, at Bologna, which restored the art in the last stage of degeneracy, originated in the profound meditations of Lodovico. There was a happy boldness in the idea; but its great singularity was that of discovering those men of genius, who alone could realize his ideal conception, amidst his own family circle; and yet these were men whose opposite dispositions and acquirements could hardly have given any hope of mutual assistance; and much less of melting together their minds and their work in such unity of conception and execution, that even to our days they leave the critics undetermined which of the Caraccis to prefer; each excelling the other in some pictorial quality. Often combining together in the same picture, the mingled labour of three painters seemed to proceed from one pallet, as their works exhibit which adorn the churches of Bologna. They still disputed about a picture, to ascertain which of the Caraccis painted it; and still one prefers Lodovico for his *grandiocietà*, another Agostino for his invention, and others Annibale for his vigour or his grace.*

What has been told of others, happened to Lodovico Caracci in his youth; he struggled with a mind tardy in its conceptions, so that he gave no indications of talent; and was apparently so inept as to have been advised by two masters to be satisfied to grind the colours he ought not otherwise to meddle with. Tintoretto, from friendship, exhorted him to change his trade. 'This sluggishness of intellect did not proceed,' observes the sagacious Lanzi, 'from any deficiency, but from the depth of his penetrating mind: early in life he dreaded the ideal as a rock on which so many of his contemporaries had been shipwrecked.' His hand was not blest with precocious facility, because his mind was unsettled about truth itself; he was still seeking for nature, which he could not discover in those wretched mannerists, who boasting of their freedom and expedition in their bewildering tastes, which they called the ideal, relied on the diplomas and honours obtained by intrigue or purchase, which sanctioned their follies in the eyes of the multitude. 'Lodovico,' says Lanzi, 'would first satisfy his own mind on every line: he would not paint till painting well became a habit, and till habit produced facility.'

Lodovico then sought in other cities for what he could not find at Bologna. He travelled to inspect the works of the elder masters; he meditated on all their details; he

* Lanzi, Storia Pittorica, V. 66.

penetrated to the very thoughts of the great artists, and grew intimate with their modes of conception and execution. The true principles of art were collected together in his own mind,—the rich fruits of his own studies,—and these first prompted him to invent a new school of painting.*

Returning to Bologna, he found his degraded brothers in art still quarrelling about the merits of the old and the new school, and still exulting in their vague conceptions and expeditious methods. Lodovico, who had observed all, had summed up his principles in one grand maxim,—that of combining a close observation of nature with the imitation of the great masters, modifying both, however, by the disposition of the artist himself. Such was the simple idea and the happy project of Lodovico! Every perfection seemed to have been obtained: the *Raffaelschi* excelled in the ideal; the *Michelangiolschi* in the anatomical; the Venetian and the Lombard schools in brilliant vivacity or philosophic gravity. All seemed pre-occupied; but the secret of breaking the bonds of servile imitation was a new art: of mingling into one school the charms of every school, adapting them with freedom; and having been taught by all, to remain a model for all; or, as Lanzi expresses it, *dopo avere appreso da te tutte insegno a tutte*. To restore Art in its decline, Lodovico pressed all the sweets from all the flowers; or, melting together all his rich materials, formed one Corinthian brass. This school is described by Du Fresnoy in the character of Annibale,

Quos sedulus Hannibal omnes
In propriam mentem aque morem mira arte coegit.

Paraphrased by Mason,

From all their charms combined, with happy toil,
Did Annibal compose his wondrous style;
O'er the fair fraud a close veil is thrown,
That every borrow'd grace becomes his own.*

Lodovico perceived that he could not stand alone in the breach, and single-handed encounter an impetuous multitude. He thought of raising up a party among those youthful aspirants who had not yet been habitually depraved. He had a brother whose talent could never rise beyond a poor copyist's, and him he had the judgment, unswayed by undue partiality, to account as a cipher; but he found two of his cousins, men capable of becoming as extraordinary as himself.

These brothers, Agostino and Annibale, first by nature, and then by their manners and habits, were of the most opposite dispositions. Born amidst humble occupations, their father was a tailor, and Annibale was still working on the paternal board, while Agostino was occupied by the elegant works of the goldsmith, whence he acquired the fine art of engraving, in which he became the Marc Antonio of his time. Their manners, perhaps, resulted from their trades. Agostino was a man of science and literature; a philosopher and poet, of the most polished elegance, the most enchanting conversation, far removed from the vulgar, he became the companion of the learned and the noble. Annibale could scarcely write and read; an inborn ruggedness made him sullen, taciturn, or if he spoke, sarcastic; scorn and ridicule were his bitter delight. Nature had strangely made these brothers little less than enemies. Annibale despised his brother for having en-

tered into the higher circles; he ridiculed his refined manners, and even the neat elegance of his dress. To mortify Agostino, one day, he sent him a portrait of their father threading a needle, and their mother cutting out the cloth, to remind him, as he once whispered in Agostino's ear, when he met him walking with a nobleman, 'not to forget that they were sons of a poor tailor! The same contrast existed in the habits of their mind. Agostino was slow to resolve, difficult to satisfy himself; he was for polishing and maturing every thing: Annibale was too rapid to suffer any delay, and often evading the difficulties of the art, loved to do much in a short time. Lodovico soon perceived their equal and natural aptitude for art; and placing Agostino under a master, who was celebrated for his facility of execution, he fixed Annibale in his own study, where his cousin might be taught by observation the *Festina lenti*; how the best works are formed by a leisurely haste. Lodovico seems to have adopted the artifice of Isocrates in his management of two pupils, of whom he said, that the one was to be pricked on by the spur, and the other kept in by the rein.

But a new difficulty arose in the attempt to combine together such incongruous natures; the thoughtful Lodovico intent on the great project of the reformation of the art, by his prudence long balanced their unequal tempers, and with that penetration which so strongly characterizes his genius, directed their distinct talents to his one great purpose. From the literary Agostino he obtained the philosophy of critical lectures and scientific principles; invention and designing solely occupied Annibale; while the softness of contours, lightness and grace, were his own acquisition.* But though Annibale presumptuously contemned the rare and elevated talents of Agostino, and scarcely submitted the works of Lodovico, whom he preferred to rival, yet, according to a traditional rumour which Lanzi records, it was Annibale's decision of character which enabled him, as it were, unperceived, to become the master over his cousin and his brother; Lodovico and Agostino long hesitated to oppose the predominant style, in their first Essays; Annibale hardly decided to persevere in opening their new career by opposing 'works to voices,' and to the enervate labours of their wretched rivals, their own works, warm in vigor and freshness, conducted on the principles of nature and art.

The Caracci not only resolved to paint justly, but to persevere in the art itself, by perpetuating the perfect taste of the true style among their successors. In their own house they opened an *Accademia*, calling it *degli Incamminati*, 'the opening a new way,' or 'the beginners.' The academy was furnished with casts, drawings, prints, a school for anatomy, and for the living figure; receiving all comers with kindness; teaching gratuitously, and, as it is said, without jealousy; but too many facts are recorded to assent to the banishment of this infectious passion from the academy of the Caracci, who, like other congregated artists, could not live together, and escape their own epidemic fever.

It was here, however, that Agostino found his eminence as the director of their studies; delivering lectures on architecture and perspective, and pointing out from his store, of history and fable subjects for the designs of their pupils, who, on certain days, exhibited their works to the most skilful judges, adjusting the merits by their decisions. 'To the crowned sufficient is the prize of glory,' says Lanzi; and while the poets chanted their praises, the lyre of Agostino himself gratefully celebrated the progress of his pupils. A curious sonnet has been transmitted to us, where Agostino, like the ancient legislators, compresses his new laws into a few verses, easily to be remembered. The sonnet is now well known, since Mr. Fuseli and Barry have preserved it in their lectures. This singular production has, however, had the hard fate of being universally depreciated: Lanzi calls it *pittorecco veramente più che poetico*; Mr. Fuseli sarcastically compares it to 'a medical prescription.' It delighted Barry, who calls it 'a beautiful poem.' Considered as a didactic and descriptive poem, no lover of art, who has ever read it, will care to repeat it till he has got it by heart. In this academy every one was free to indulge his own taste, provided he did not violate the essential principles of art; for, though the critics have usually described the character of this new school to have been an imitation of the preceding ones, it was their first principle to be guided by nature,

* D'Argenville, *Vies des Peintres*, II. 47—681

* D'Argenville, *Vies des Peintres*, II. 63.

† The curious reader of taste may refer to Mr. Fuseli's Second Lecture for a diatribe against what he calls 'the Eclectic School; which, by selecting the beauties, correcting the faults, supplying the defects, and avoiding the extremes of the different styles, attempted to form a perfect system.' He acknowledges the greatness of the Caracci; yet he laughs at the mere copying the manners of various painters into one picture. But perhaps, I say it with all possible deference, our animated critic forgot for a moment that it was no mechanical imitation the Caracci inculcated: nature and art were to be equally studied, and secondo il nato talento e la propria sua disposizione, Barry distinguishes with praise and warmth. 'Whether,' says he, 'we may content ourselves with adopting the manly plan of art pursued by the Caracci and their school at Bologna, in uniting the perfections of all the other schools; or whether, which I rather hope, we look further in the style of design upon our own studies after nature; whichever of these plans the nation might fix on,' &c. II. 518. Thus three great names, Du Fresnoy, Fuseli, and Barry, restricted their notions of the Caracci plan to a mere imitation of the great masters; but Lanzi, in unfolding Lodovico's project, lays down as his first principle the observation of nature, and, secondly, the imitation of the great masters; and all modified by the natural disposition of the artist.

and their own dispositions; and if their painter was deficient in originality, it was not the fault of this academy, so much as of the academicians. In difficult doubts they had recourse to Lodovico, whom Lanzi describes in his school like Homer among the Greeks, *sons ingenuorum* profound in every painting. Even the recreations of the pupils were contrived to keep their mind and hand in exercise; in their walks sketching landscapes from nature, or amusing themselves with what the Italians call *Caricature*, a term of large signification; for it includes many sorts of grotesque inventions, whimsical incongruities, such as those arabesques found at Herculaneum, where Anchises, Æneas, and Ascanius, are burlesqued by heads of apes and pigs, or Arion, with a grotesque motion, is straddling a great trout; or like that ludicrous parody which came from the hand of Titian, in a playful hour, when he sketched the Laocoon whose three figures consist of apes. Annibale had a peculiar facility in these incongruous inventions, and even the severe Leonardo da Vinci considered them as useful exercises.

Such was the academy founded by the Caracci; and Lodovico lived to realize his project in the reformation of art, and witnessed the school of Bologna flourishing afresh when all the others had fallen. The great masters of this last epoch of Italian painting were their pupils. Such were Domenichino, who according to the expression of Bellori, *delinea gli animi, colorisce la vita*; he drew the soul and coloured life.* A-bano, whose grace distinguishes him as the Anacreon of painting; Guido, whose touch was all beauty and delicacy, and, as Passeri delightfully expresses it, 'whose faces came from Paradise';† a scholar of whom his master became jealous, while Annibale, to depress Guido, patronized Domenichino; and even the wise Lodovico could not dissimulate the fear of a new competitor in a pupil, and to mortify Guido, preferred Guerchino, who trod in another path. Lanfranco closes this glorious list, whose freedom and grandeur for their full display required the ample field of some vast history.

The secret history of this *Accademia* forms an illustration for that chapter on 'Literary Jealousy' which I have written in 'The Literary Character.' We have seen even the gentle Lodovico infected by it; but it raged in the breast of Annibale. Careless of fortune as they were through life, and freed from the bonds of matrimony, that they might wholly devote themselves to all the enthusiasm of their art, they lived together in the perpetual intercourse of their thoughts; and even at their meals laid on their table their crayons and their papers, so that any motion or gesture which occurred, as worthy of picturing, was instantly sketched. Annibale caught something of the critical taste of Agostino, learned to work more slowly, and to finish with more perfection, while his inventions were enriched by the elevated thoughts and erudition of Agostino. Yet a circumstance which happened in the academy betrayed the mordacity and envy of Annibale at the superior accomplishments of his more learned brother. While Agostino was describing with great eloquence the beauties of the Laocoon, Annibale approached the wall, and snatching up his crayons, drew the marvellous figure with such perfection, that the spectators gazed on it in astonishment. Alluding to his brother's lecture, the proud artist disdainfully observed, 'Poets paint with words, but painters only with their pencils.'‡

The brothers could neither live together nor endure absence. Many years their life was one continual struggle and mortification; and Agostino often sacrificed his genius to pacify the jealousy, of Annibale, by relinquishing his pallet to resume those exquisite engravings, in which he corrected the faulty outlines of the masters whom he copied, so that his engravings are more perfect than their originals. To this unhappy circumstance, observes Lanzi, we must attribute the loss of so many noble compositions which otherwise Agostino, equal in genius to the other Caraccis, had left us. The jealousy of Annibale, at length for ever tore them asunder. Lodovico happened not to be with them when they were engaged in painting together the Farnesian gallery at Rome. A rumour spread that in their present combined labour the engraver had excelled the painter. This Annibale could not forgive; he raved at the bite of the serpent: words could not mollify, nor kindness any longer appease that perturbed spirit; neither the humiliating forbearance of Agostino, the counsels of

the wise, nor the mediation of the great. They separated for ever! a separation in which they both languished, till Agostino, broken hearted, sunk into an early grave, and Annibale, now brotherless, lost half his genius; his great invention no longer accompanied him—for Agostino was not by his side!§ After suffering many vexations, and preyed on by his evil temper, Annibale was deprived of his senses.

AN ENGLISH ACADEMY OF LITERATURE.†

We have Royal Societies for Philosophers, for Antiquaries, and for Artists—none for Men of Letters! The lovers of philological studies have regretted the want of an asylum since the days of Anne, when the establishment of an English Academy of Literature was designed; but political changes occurred which threw out a literary administration. France and Italy have gloried in great national academies, and even in provincial ones. With us the curious history and the fate of the societies at Spalding, Stamford, and Peterborough, whom their zealous founder lived to see sink into country clubs, is that of most of our rural attempts at literary academies! The Manchester Society has but an ambiguous existence, and that of Exeter expired in its birth. Yet that a great purpose may be obtained by an inconsiderable number, the history of 'the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures,' &c, may prove; for that originally consisted only of twelve persons brought together with great difficulty, and neither distinguished for their ability nor their rank.

The opponents to the establishment of an academy in this country may urge, and find Bruyere on their side, that no corporate body generates a single man of genius; no Milton, no Hume, no Adam Smith will spring out of an academical community, however they may partake of one common labour. Of the fame, too, shared among the many, the individual feels his portion too contracted, besides that he will often suffer by comparison. Literature, with us, exists independent of patronage or association.—We have done well without an academy; our dictionary and our style have been polished by individuals, and not by a society.

The advocates for such a literary institution may reply, that in what has been advanced against it, we may perhaps find more glory than profit. Had an academy been established in this country, we should have possessed all our present advantages with the peculiar ones of such an institution. A series of volumes composed by the learned of England, had rivalled the precious 'Memoirs of the French Academy'; probably more philosophical, and more congenial to our modes of thinking! The congregating spirit creates by its sympathy; an intercourse exists between its members, which had not otherwise occurred; in this attrition of minds the torpid awakens, the timid is emboldened, and the secluded is called forth; to contradict, and to be contradicted, is the privilege and the source of knowledge. Those original ideas, hints and suggestions which some literary men sometimes throw out, once or twice during their whole lives, might here be preserved; and if endowed with sufficient funds, there are important labours, which surpass the means and industry of the individual, which would be more advantageously formed by such literary unions.

An academy of literature can only succeed by the same means in which originated all such academies—among individuals themselves! It will not be 'by the favour of the many, but by the wisdom and energy of the few.' It is not even in the power of Royalty to create at a word what can only be formed by the co-operation of the workmen themselves, and of the great taskmaster, Time!

Such institutions have sprung from the same principle, and have followed the same march. It was from a private meeting that 'The French Academy' derived its origin; and the true beginners of that celebrated institution assuredly had no foresight of the object to which their conferences tended. Several literary friends of Paris, finding the extent of the city occasioned much loss of

* Mr Fuseli describes the gallery of the Farnese palace as a work of uniform vigour of execution, which nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception. This deficiency in Annibale was always readily supplied by the taste and learning of Agostino; the vigour of Annibale was deficient both in sensibility and correct invention.

† Long after this article was composed, a Royal Academy of Literature has been projected; with the state of its existence, I am unacquainted. It has occasioned no alteration in these researches.

* Bellori, *Le Vite de Pittori*, &c,

† Passeri, *Vite de Pittori*,

‡ Dr Argenville, II. 26.

time in their visits, agreed to meet on a fixed day every week, and chose Courat's residence as central. They met for the purposes of general conversation, or to walk together, or, what was not least social, to partake in some refreshing collation. All being literary men, those who were authors submitted their new works to this friendly society, who, without jealousy or malice, freely communicated their strictures; the works were improved, the authors were delighted, and the critics were honest! Such was the happy life of the members of this private society during three or four years. Peisson, the earliest historian of the French Academy, has delightfully described it: 'It was such that now, when they speak of these first days of the academy, they call it the golden age, during which, with all the innocence and freedom of that fortunate period, without pomp and noise, and without any other laws than those of friendship they enjoyed together all which a society of minds, and a rational life, can yield of whatever softens and charms.'

They were happy, and they resolved to be silent; nor was this bond and compact of friendship violated, till one of them, Malleville, secretary of Marshal Bassompierre, being anxious that his friend Faret, who had just printed his *L'Honnête Homme*, which he had drawn from the famous 'Il Cortigiano' of Castiglione, should profit by all their opinions, procured his admission to one of their conferences; Faret presented them with his book, heard a great deal concerning the nature of his work, was charmed by their literary communications, and returned home ready to burst with the secret. Could the society hope that others would be more faithful than they had been to themselves? Faret happened to be one of those lighthearted men who are communicative in the degree in which they are grateful, and he whispered the secret to Des Marets and to Boisrobert. The first, as soon as he heard of such a literary senate, used every effort to appear before them and read the first volume of his 'Arianus.' Boisrobert, a man of distinction, and a common friend to them all, could not be refused an admission; he admired the frankness of their mutual criticisms. The society besides, was a new object; and his daily business was to furnish an amusing story to his patron Richelieu. The cardinal minister was very literary, and apt to be so tipped in his hours of retirement, that the physician declared, that 'all his drugs were of no avail, unless his patient mixed with them a drachm of Boisrobert.' In one of those fortunate moments, when the cardinal was 'in the vein,' Boisrobert painted, with the warmest hues, this region of literary felicity, of a small, happy society formed of critics and authors! The minister, who was ever considering things in that particular aspect which might tend to his own glory, instantly asked Boisrobert, whether this private meeting would not like to be constituted a public body, and establish itself by letters patent, offering them his protection. The flatterer of the minister was overjoyed, and executed the important mission; but not one of the members shared in the rapture, while some regretted an honour which would only disturb the sweetness and familiarity of their intercourse. Malleville, whose master was a prisoner in the Bastille, and Serizay, the intendant of the Duke of Rochefoucault, who was in disgrace at court, loudly protested, in the style of an opposition party, against the protection of the minister; but Chapelain, who was known to have no party-interests, argued so clearly, that he left them to infer that Richelieu's offer was a command; that the cardinal was a minister who willed not things by halves; and was one of those very great men who avenge any contempt shown to them, even on such little men as themselves! In a word, the dogs bowed their necks to the golden collar. However, the appearance, if not the reality, of freedom was left to them; and the minister allowed them to frame their own constitution, and elect their own magistrates and citizens in this infant and illustrious republic of literature. The history of the further establishment of the French academy is elegantly narrated by Peisson. The usual difficulty occurred of fixing on a title; and they appear to have changed it so often, that the academy was at first addressed by more than one title: *Académie des beaux Esprits*; *Académie de l'Éloquence*; *Académie Éminente*, in allusion to the quality of the cardinal, its protector — Desirous of avoiding the extravagant and mystifying titles of the Italian academies,* they fixed on the most unaffected, '*L'Académie Française*'; but though the national gen-

us may disguise itself for a moment, it cannot be entirely got rid of, and they assumed a vaunting device of a laurel wreath, including their epigraph '*à l'Immortalité*.' The academy of Petersburg has chosen a more enlightened inscription *Paulatim* ('little by little,') so expressive of the great labours of man—even of the inventions of genius!

Such was the origin of *L'Académie Française*; it was long a private meeting before it became a public institution. Yet, like the Royal Society, its origin has been attributed to political motives, with a view to divert the attention from popular discontents; but when we look into the real origin of the French Academy, and our Royal Society, it must be granted, that if the government either in France or England ever entertained this project, it came to them so accidentally that at least we cannot allow them the merit of profound invention. Statesmen are often considered by speculative men in their closets to be mightier wonder-workers than they often prove to be.

Were the origin of the Royal Society inquired into, it might be justly dated a century before its existence: the real founder was Lord Bacon, who planned the ideal institution in his philosophical romance of the *New Atlantis*! This notion is not fanciful, and it was that of its first founders, as not only appears by the expression of old Aubrey, when alluding to the commencement of the society, he adds, *secundum mentem Domini Baconi*; but by a rare print designed by Evelyn, probably for a frontispiece to Bishop Sprat's history, although we seldom find the print in the volume. The design is precious to a Grangerite, exhibiting three fine portraits. On one side is represented a library, and on the table lie the statutes, the journals, and the mace of the Royal Society; on its opposite side are suspended numerous philosophical instruments; in the centre of the print is a column, on which is placed a bust of Charles II, the patron; on each side whole lengths of Lord Brouncker, the first president, and Lord Bacon, as the founder, inscribed *Artium Instaurator*. The graver of Hollar has preserved this happy intention of Evelyn's, which exemplifies what may be called the continuity and genealogy of genius, as its spirit is perpetuated by its successors.

When the fury of the civil wars had exhausted all parties, and a breathing time from the passions and madness of the age allowed ingenious men to return once more to their forsaken studies, Bacon's vision of a philosophical society appears to have occupied their reveries. It charmed the fancy of Cowley and Milton: but the politics and religion of the times were still possessed by the same frenzy, and divinity and politics were unanimously agreed to be utterly proscribed from their inquiries. On the subject of religion they were more particularly alarmed, not only at the time of the foundation of the society, but at a much later period, when under the direction of Newton himself. Even Bishop Sprat, their first historian, observed, that 'they have freely admitted men of different religions, countries, and professions of life: not to lay the foundation of an English, Scotch, Irish, popish, or protestant philosophy, but a PHILOSOPHY OF MANKIND.' A curious protest of the most illustrious of philosophers may be found: when 'the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge' were desirous of holding their meetings at the house of the Royal Society, Newton drew up a number of arguments against their admission. One of them is, that 'It is a fundamental rule of the society not to meddle with religion; and the reason is, that we may give no occasion to religious bodies to meddle with us.' Newton would not even comply with their wishes, lest by this compliance the Royal Society might 'dissatisfy those of other religions.' The wisdom of the protest by Newton is as admirable as it is remarkable,—the preservation of the Royal Society from the passions of the age.

It was in the lodgings of Dr Wilkins in Wadham College, that a small philosophical club met together, which proved to be, as Aubrey expresses it, the *incunabula* of the Royal Society. When the members were dispersed about London, they renewed their meetings first at a tavern, then at a private house; and when the society became too great to be called a club, they assembled in 'the parlour' of Gresham College, which itself had been raised by the munificence of a citizen who endowed it liberally, and presented a noble example to the individuals now assembled under its roof. The society afterwards derived its title from a sort of accident. The warm loyalty of Evelyn in the first hopeful days of the Restoration, in his dedicatory epistle to Naudé's treatise on libraries, called

* See an article 'On the ridiculous titles assumed by the Italian Academies,' in this volume.

that philosophical meeting the Royal Society. These learned men immediately voted their thanks to Evelyn for the happy designation, which was so grateful to Charles II, who was himself a virtuoso of the day, that the charter was soon granted: the king, declaring himself their founder, 'sent them a mace of silver gilt, of the same fashion and bigness as those carried before his majesty, to be borne before the president on meeting days.' To the zeal of Evelyn the Royal Society owe no inferior acquisition to its title and its mace; the noble Arundelian library, the rare literary accumulation of the noble Howards; the last possessor of which had so little inclination for books, that the treasures which his ancestors had collected lay open at the mercy of any purloiner. This degenerate heir to the literature and the name of Howard seemed perfectly relieved when Evelyn sent his marbles which were perishing in his gardens, to Oxford, and his books which were diminishing daily, to the Royal Society!

The Society of Antiquaries might create a deeper interest, could we penetrate to its secret history: it was interrupted, and suffered to expire, by some obscure cause of political jealousy. It long ceased to exist, and was only reinstated almost in our own days. The revival of learning under Edward VI, suffered a severe check from the papistical government of Mary; but under Elizabeth a happier era opened to our literary pursuits. At this period several students of the inns of court, many of whose names are illustrious for their rank or their genius, formed a weekly society, which they called 'the Antiquaries' College.' From very opposite quarters we are furnished with many curious particulars of their literary intercourse: it is delightful to discover Rawleigh borrowing manuscripts from the library of Sir Robert Cotton, and Selden deriving his studies from the collections of Rawleigh. Their mode of proceeding has even been preserved. At every meeting they proposed a question or two respecting the history or the antiquities of the English nation, on which each member was expected, at the subsequent meeting, to deliver a dissertation or an opinion. They also 'supped together.' From the days of Athenæus to those of Dr Johnson, the pleasures of the table have enlivened those of literature. A copy of each question and a summons for the place of conference were sent to the absent members. The opinions were carefully registered by the secretary, and the dissertations deposited in their archives. One of these summonses to Stowe, the antiquary, with his memoranda on the back, exists in the Ashmolean Museum. I shall preserve it with all its verbal *argu*o:

Society of Antiquaries.

'To Mr Stowe.

'The place appointed for a conference upon the question followinge ys att Mr Garter's house, on Fridaye the 11th of this November, 1598, beinge Al Soules daye, at 11 of the clocke in the afternoon, where your oppinioun in wrytunge or otherwise is expected.

'The question is,

'Of the antiquitie, eūmologie, and privileges of parishes in Englande.

'Yt ys desired that you give not notice hereof to any, but such as haue the like somons.'

Such is the summons; the memoranda in the handwriting of Stowe are these:

[630. Honorius Romanus, Archbyshepe of Canterbury, deuided his province into *parishes*; he ordeyned clerks and prechars, comaunding them that they should instruct the people, as well by good lyfe, as by doctryne.

760. Cuthbert, Archbyshepe of Canterbury, procured of the Pope that in cities and townes there should be appoynted church yards for buriall of the dead, whose bodies were used to be buried abroad, & cet.]

Their meetings had hitherto been private; but to give stability to them, they petitioned for a charter of incorporation, under the title of the *Academy for the Study of Antiquity and History founded by Queen Elizabeth*. And to preserve all the memorials of history which the dissolution of the monasteries had scattered about the kingdom, they proposed to erect a library, to be called 'The Library of Queen Elizabeth.' The death of the queen overturned this honourable project. The society was somewhat interrupted by the usual casualties of human life; the members were dispersed, or died, and it ceased for twenty years. Spelman, Camden, and others, desirous of renovating the society, met for this purpose at the Herald's office; they settled their regulations, among which, one was 'for avoiding offence, they should neither meddle with

matters of state nor religion. 'But before our next meeting,' says Spelman, 'we had notice that his majesty took a little *mislike* of our society, not being informed that we had resolved to decline all matters of state. Yet hereupon we forebore to meet again, and so all our labour's lost!' Unquestionably much was lost, for much could have been produced; and Spelman's work on law terms, where I find this information, was one of the first projected. James I has incurred the censure of those who have written more boldly than Spelman on the suppression of this society; but whether James was misinformed by 'taking a little mislike,' or whether the antiquaries failed in exerting themselves to open their plan more clearly to that 'timid pedant,' as Gough and others designate this monarch, may yet be doubtful; assuredly James was not a man to condemn their erudition!

The king at this time was busied by furthering a similar project, which was to found 'King James's College at Chelsea;' a project originating with Dean Sutchell, and zealously approved by Prince Henry, to raise a nursery for young polemics in scholastical divinity, for the purpose of defending the protestant cause from the attacks of catholics and sectaries; a college which was afterwards called by Laud 'Controversy College.' In this society were appointed historians and antiquaries, for Camden and Haywood filled these offices.

The society of Antiquaries, however, though suppressed, was perhaps never extinct: it survived in some shape under Charles II, for Ashmole in his Diary notices 'the Antiquaries' Feast,' as well as 'the Astrologers,' and another of the 'Freemasons.' The present society was only incorporated in 1751. There are two sets of their *Memoirs*; for besides the modern *Archæologia*, we have two volumes of 'Curious Discourses,' written by the Fathers of the Antiquarian Society in the age of Elizabeth, collected from their dispersed manuscripts, which Camden preserved with a parental hand.


The philosophical spirit of the age, it might have been expected, would have reached our modern antiquaries; but neither profound views, nor eloquent disquisitions, have imparted that value to their confined researches and languid efforts, which the character of the times, and the excellence of our French rivals in their *Académie*, so peremptorily required. It is, however, hopeful to hear Mr Hallam declare, 'I think our last volumes improve a little, and but a little! A comparison with the Academy of Inscriptions in its better days must still inspire us with shame.'

Among the statues of the Society of Antiquaries, there is one which expels any member 'who shall by speaking, writing, or printing, publicly defame the society. Some things may be too antique and obsolete even for the Society of Antiquaries! and such is this vile restriction! Should there be a stray wit among them, or a critical observer, are they to compromise the freedom of the republic of letters, by the monopolizing spirit of excellence this statute necessarily attributes to their works—and their 'greatest

QUOTATION.

It is generally supposed that where there is no quotation, there will be found most originality; and as people like to lay out their money according to their notions, our writers usually furnish their pages rapidly with the productions of their own soil: they run up a quickset hedge, or plant a poplar, and get trees and hedges of this fashion much faster than the former landlords procured from their timber. The great part of our writers, in consequence, have become so original, that no one cares to imitate them; and those who never quote, in return are never quoted!

This is one of the results of that adventurous spirit which is now stalking forth and raging for its own innovations. We have not only rejected authority, but have also cast away experience; and often the unburdened vessel is driving to all points of the compass, and the passengers no longer know whither they are going. The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotation.

It seems, however, agreed, that no one would quote if he could think; and it is not imagined that the well-read may quote from the delicacy of their taste, and the fulness of their knowledge. Whatever is felicitously expressed risks being worse expressed: it is a wretched taste to be gratified with mediocrity when the excellent lies before us. We quote, to save proving what has been demonstrated, referring to where the proofs may be found. 

quote to screen ourselves from the odium of doubtful opinions, which the world would not willingly accept from ourselves; and we may quote from the curiosity which only a quotation itself can give, when in our own words it would be divested of that tint of ancient phrase, that detail of narrative, and that *naïveté* which we have for ever lost, and which we like to recollect once had an existence.

The ancients, who in these matters were not perhaps such blockheads as some may conceive, considered poetical quotation as one of the requisite ornaments of oratory. Cicero, even in his philosophical works, is as little sparing of quotations as Plutarch. Old Montaigne is so stuffed with them, that he owns if they were taken out of him, little of himself would remain; and yet this never injured that original turn which the old Gascon has given to his thoughts. I suspect that Addison hardly ever composed a Spectator which was not founded on some quotation, noted in those three folio manuscript volumes which he had previously collected; and Addison lasts, while Steele, who always wrote from first impressions and to the times, with perhaps no very inferior genius, has passed away, inasmuch that Dr. Beattie once considered that he was obliging the world by collecting Addison's papers, and carefully omitting Steele's.

Quotation, like much better things, has its abuses. One may quote till one compiles. The ancient lawyers used to quote at the bar till they had stagnated their own cause. 'Retourneons a nos moutons,' was the cry of the client. But these vagrant prowlers must be consigned to the beardless criticism. Such do not always understand the authors whose names adorn their barren pages, and which are taken, too, from the third or the thirtieth hand. Those who trust to such false quoters will often learn how contrary this transmission is to the sense and application of the original. Every transposition has altered the fruit of the tree; every new channel, the quality of the stream in its remove from the spring-head. Bayle, when writing on 'Comets,' discovered this; for, having collected many things applicable to his work, as they stood quoted in some modern writers, when he came to compare them with their originals, he was surprised to find that they were nothing for his purpose! the originals conveyed a quite contrary sense to that of the pretended quoters, who often, from innocent blundering, and sometimes from purposeful deception, had falsified their quotations. This is a useful story for second-hand authorities!

Selden had formed some notions on this subject of quotations in his 'Table-talk,' art. 'Books and authors;' but, as Le Clerc justly observes proud of his immense reading, he has too often violated his own precept. 'In quoting of books,' says Selden, 'quote such authors as are usually read; others read for your own satisfaction, but not name them.' Now it happens that no writer names more authors, except Prynne, than the learned Selden. La Mothe le Vayer's curious works consists of fifteen volumes; he is among the greatest quoters. Whoever turns them over will perceive that he is an original thinker, and a great wit; his style, indeed, is meagre, which, as much as his quotations, may have proved fatal to him. But in both these cases it is evident, that even quoters who have abused the privilege of quotation, are not necessarily writers of a mean genius.

The Quoters who deserve the title, and it ought to be an honorary one, are those who trust to no one but themselves. In borrowing a passage, they carefully observe its connexion; they collect authorities, to reconcile any disparity in them before they furnish the one which they adopt; they advance no fact without a witness, and they are not loose and general in their references, as I have been told is our historian Henry so frequently, that it is suspected he deals much in second-hand ware. Bayle lets us into a mystery of author-craft. 'Suppose an able man is to prove that an ancient author entertained certain particular opinions, which are only insinuated here and there through his works. I am sure it will take him up more days to collect the passages which he will have occasion for, than to *argue at random* on those passages. Having once found out his authorities and his quotations, which perhaps will not fill six pages, and may have cost him a month's labour, he may finish in two mornings' work, twenty pages of arguments, objections, and answers to objections; and consequently, *what proceeds from our own genius sometimes costs much less time than what is requisite for collecting.* Cornelle would have required more time to defend a tragedy by a collection of

authorities, than to write it; and I am supposing the same number of pages in the tragedy and in the defence. Heinsius perhaps bestowed more time in defending his *Herodes infanticide* against Balzac, than a Spanish (or a Scotch) metaphysician bestows on a large volume of controversy; where he takes all from his own stock.' I am somewhat concerned in the truth of this principle. There are articles in the present work occupying but a few pages, which could never have been produced had not more time been allotted to the researches which they contain than some would allow to a small volume, which might excel in genius, and yet be likely not to be long remembered! All this is labour which never meets the eye. It is quicker work, with special pleading and poignant periods, to fill sheets with generalising principles: those bird's-eye views of philosophy for the *nonce* seem as if things were seen clearer when at a distance and *en masse*, and require little knowledge of the individual parts. Such an *art of writing* may resemble the famous Lullian method, by which the *doctor Illuminatus* enabled any one to invent arguments by a machine! Two tables, one of *attributes*, and the other of *subjects*, worked about circularly in a frame, and placed correlatively to one another, produced certain combinations; the number of *questions* multiplied as they were worked! So that here was a mechanical invention, by which they might dispute without end, and write on without any particular knowledge of their subject!

But the pains-taking gentry, when heaven sends them genius enough, are the more instructive sort, and they are those to whom we shall appeal while time and truth can meet together. A well-read writer, with good taste, is one who has the command of the wit of other men; he searches where knowledge is to be found; and though he may not himself excel in invention, his ingenuity may compose one of those agreeable books, the *delicæ* of literature, that will out-last the fading meteors of his day. Epicurus is said to have borrowed from no writer in his three hundred inspired volumes, while Plutarch, Seneca, and the elder Pliny, made such free use of their libraries; and it has happened that Epicurus, with his unsubstantial nothingness, has 'melted into thin air,' while the solid treasures have buoyed themselves up amidst the wrecks of nations.

On this subject of Quotation, literary politics, for the commonwealth has its policy and its cabinet-secrets, are more concerned than the reader suspects. Authorities in matters of fact are often called for; in matters of opinion, indeed, which, perhaps, are of more importance, no one requires any authority. But too open and generous a revelation of the chapter and the page of the original quoted, has often proved detrimental to the legitimate honours of the quoter. They are unfairly appropriated by the next comer; the quoter is never quoted, but the authority he has afforded is produced by his successor with the air of an original research. I have seen MSS thus confidently referred to, which could never have met the eye of the writer. A learned historian declared to me of a contemporary, that the latter had appropriated his researches; he might, indeed, and he had a right to refer to the same originals; but if his predecessor had opened the sources for him, gratitude is not a silent virtue. Gilbert Stuart thus lived on Robertson; and as Professor Dugald Stewart observes, 'his curiosity has seldom led him into any path where the genius and industry of his predecessor had not previously cleared the way.' It is for this reason some authors, who do not care to trust to the equity and gratitude of their successors, will not furnish the means of supplanting themselves; for, by not yielding up their authorities, they themselves become one. Some authors, who are pleased at seeing their names occur in the margins of other books than their own, have practised this political management; such as Alexander ab Alexandro, and other compilers of that stamp, to whose labours of small value, we are often obliged to refer, from the circumstance that they themselves have not pointed out their authorities.

One word more on this long chapter of quotation. To make a happy one is a thing not easily to be done. Cardinal du Perron used to say, that the happy application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent; and Bayle, perhaps too much prepossessed in their favour, has insinuated, that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of a thought found in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract.

Whenever the mind of a writer is saturated with the full inspiration of a great author, a quotation gives completeness to the whole; it seals his feelings with undisputed authority. Whenever we would prepare the mind by a forcible appeal, an opening quotation is a symphony prelude on the chords whose tones we are about to harmonize. Perhaps no writers of our times have discovered more of this delicacy of quotation than the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature;' and Mr Southey, in some of his beautiful periodical investigations, where we have often acknowledged the solemn and striking effect of a quotation from our elder writers.

THE ORIGIN OF DANTE'S INFERNO.

Nearly six centuries have elapsed since the appearance of the great work of Dante, and the literary historians of Italy are even now disputing respecting the origin of this poem, singular in its nature and in its excellence. In ascertaining a point so long inquired after, and so keenly disputed, it will rather increase our admiration than detract from the genius of this great poet; and it will illustrate the useful principle, that every great genius is influenced by the objects and the feelings which occupy his own times, only differing from the race of his brothers by the magical force of his developments; the light he sends forth over the world he often catches from the faint and unobserved spark which would die away, and turn to nothing, in another hand.

The *Divina Commedia* of Dante is a visionary journey through the three realms of the after-life existence; and though in the classical ardour of our political pilgrim, he allows his conductor to be a Pagan, the scenes are those of monkish imagination. The invention of a vision was the usual vehicle for religious instruction in his age; it was adapted to the genius of the sleeping Homer of a monastery, and to the comprehension, and even to the faith, of the populace, whose minds were then awake to these awful themes.

This mode of writing visions has been imperfectly detected by several modern inquiries. It got into the *Fabliaux* of the *Jongleurs*, or Provençal bards, before the days of Dante; they had these visions or pilgrimages to Hell; the adventures were no doubt solemn to them—but it seemed absurd to attribute the origin of a sublime poem to such inferior, and to us even ludicrous inventions. Every one, therefore, found out some other origin of Dante's *Inferno*—since they were resolved to have one—in other works more congenial to its nature; the description of a second life, the melancholy or the glorified scenes of punishment or bliss, with the animated shades of men who were no more, had been opened to the Italian bard by his favourite Virgil, and might have been suggested, according to War-ton, by the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero.

But the entire work of Dante is Gothic; it is a picture of his times, of his own ideas, of the people about him; nothing of classical antiquity resembles it; and although the name of Virgil is introduced into a Christian Hades, it is assuredly not the Roman, for Dante's Virgil speaks and acts as the Latin poet could never have done. It is one of the absurdities of Dante, who, like our Shakespeare, or like Gothic architecture itself, has many things which 'lead to nothing' amidst their massive greatness.

Had the Italian and the French commentators, who have troubled themselves on this occasion, known the art which we have happily practised in this country, of illustrating a great national bard, by endeavouring to recover the contemporary writings and circumstances which were connected with his studies and his times, they had long ere this discovered the real framework of the *Inferno*.

Within the last twenty years it had been rumoured that Dante had borrowed, or stolen his *Inferno* from 'The Visions of Alberico,' which was written two centuries before his time. The literary antiquary Bottari had discovered a manuscript of this Vision of Alberico, and, in haste, made extracts of a startling nature. They were well adapted to inflame the curiosity of those who are eager after any thing new about something old; it throws an air of erudition over the small talker, who otherwise would care little about the original! This was not the first time that the whole edifice of genius had been threatened by the motion of a remote earthquake; but in these cases it usually happens that those early discoverers who can judge of a little part, are in total blindness when they would decide on a whole. A poisonous niddew seemed to have settled on the laurels of Dante; nor were we relieved from our constant inquiries, till li Sigr. Abate Cancellieri at

Rome, published, in 1814, this much talked of manuscript, and has now enabled us to see and to decide, and even to add the present little article as a useful supplement.

True it is, that Dante must have read with equal attention and delight, this authentic vision of Alberico; for it is given, so we are assured by the whole monastery, as it happened to their ancient brother, when a boy; many a striking, and many a positive resemblance in the '*Divina Commedia*' has been pointed out; and Mr Cary, in his English version of Dante, so English, that he makes Dante speak in blank verse very much like Dante in stanzas, has observed, that 'The reader will, in these marked resemblances, see enough to convince him that Dante had read this singular work.' The truth is, that the 'Vision of Alberico' must not be considered as a singular work—but on the contrary, as the prevalent mode of composition in the monastic ages. It has been ascertained that Alberico was written in the twelfth century, judging of the age of a manuscript by the writing. I shall now preserve a vision which a French antiquary had long ago given, merely with the design to show how the monks abused the simplicity of our Gothic ancestors, and with an utter want of taste for such inventions, he deems the present one to be 'monstrous.' He has not told us the age in which it was written. This vision, however, exhibits such complete scenes of the *Inferno* of the great poet, that the writer must have read Dante, or Dante must have read this writer. The manuscript, with another of the same kind, is in the King's library at Paris, and some future researcher may ascertain the age of these Gothic compositions; doubtless they will be found to belong to the age of Alberico, for they are alike stamped by the same dark and awful imagination, the same depth of feeling, the solitary genius of the monastery!

It may, however, be necessary to observe, that these 'Visions' were merely a vehicle for popular instruction; nor must we depend on the age of their composition by the names of the supposititious visionaries affixed to them: they were the satires of the times. The following elaborate views of some scenes in the *Inferno* were composed by an honest monk who was dissatisfied with the bishops, and took this covert means of pointing out how the neglect of their episcopal duties was punished in the after life; he had an equal quarrel with the feudal nobility for their oppressions: and he even boldly ascended to the throne.

'The Vision of Charles the Bald, of the places of punishment, and the happiness of the just.*

'I, Charles, by the gratuitous gift of God, king of the Germans, Roman patrician, and likewise emperor of the Franks;

'On the holy night of Sunday, having performed the divine offices of matins, returning to my bed to sleep, a voice most terrible came to my ear; "Charles: thy spirit shall now issue from thy body; thou shalt go and behold the judgments of God; they shall serve thee only as passages, and thy spirit shall again return shortly afterwards." Instantly was my spirit rapt, and he who bore me away was a being of the most splendid whiteness. He put into my hand a ball of thread, which shed about a blaze of light, such as the comet darts when it is apparent. He divided it, and said to me, "Take thou this thread, and bind it strongly on the thumb of thy right hand, and by this I will lead thee through the infernal labyrinth of punishments."

'Then going before with velocity, but always unwinding this luminous thread, he conducted me into deep valleys filled with fires, and wells inflamed, blazing with all sorts of unctuous matter. There I observed the prelates who had served my father and my ancestors. Although I trembled, I still, however, inquired of them to learn the cause of their torments. They answered "We are the bishops of your father and your ancestors; instead of uniting them and their people in peace and concord, we sowed among them discord, and were the kindlers of evil; for this are we burning in these Tartarean punishments; we, and other men-slayers and devourers of rapine. Here also shall come your bishops, and that crowd of satellites who surround you, and who imitate the evil we have done."

'And whilst I listened to them tremblingly, I beheld the blackest demons flying with hooks of burning iron, who would have caught that ball of thread which I held in my hand, and have drawn it towards them, but it darted such a reverberating light, that they could not lay hold of the

* In MSS, Bib. Reg. Inter lat. No. 3467, p. 134.

thread. These demons, when at my back, hustled to precipitate me into those sulphureous pits; but my conductor, who carried the ball, wound about my shoulder a doubled thread, drawing me to him with such force, that we ascended high mountains of flame, from whence issued lakes and burning streams, melting all kinds of metals. There I found the souls of lords who had served my father and my brothers; some plunged in up to the hair of their heads, others to their chins, others with half their bodies immersed. These yelling, cried to me, "It is for inflaming discontent with your father, and your brothers, and yourself, to make war and spread murder and rapine, eager for earthly spoils, that we now suffer these torments in these rivers of boiling metal." While I was timidly bending over their suffering, I heard at my back the clamour of voices, *potentes potenter tormenta patientur*. "The powerful suffer torments powerfully!" and I looked up, and beheld on the shores boiling streams and ardent furnaces, blazing with pitch and sulphur, full of great dragons, large scorpions, and serpents of a strange species; where also I saw some of my ancestors, princes, and my brothers also, who said to me, "Alas, Charles! behold our heavy punishment for evil, and for proud malignant counsels, which in our realms and in thine we yielded to from the lust of dominion." As I was grieving with their groans, dragons hurried on, who sought to devour me with throats opened, beehiving flame and sulphur. But my leader trebled the thread over me, at whose resplendent light these were overcome. Leading me then securely, we descended into a great valley, which on one side was dark, except where lighted by ardent furnaces, while the amenity of the other was so pleasant and splendid that I cannot describe it. I turned however, to the obscure and flaming side; I beheld some kings of my race agonized in great and strange punishments, and I thought how in an instant the huge black giants who in turmoil were working to set this whole valley into flames, would have hurled me into these gulfs: I still trembled, when the luminous thread cheered my eyes, and on the other side of the valley a light for a little while whitened, gradually breaking: I observed two fountains; one, whose waters had extreme heat, the other more temperate and clear; and two large vessels filled with these waters. The luminous thread rested on one of the fervid waters, where I saw my father Louis covered to his thighs, and though labouring in the anguish of bodily pain, he spoke to me, "My son Charles, fear nothing! I know that thy spirit shall return unto thy body: and God has permitted thee to come here that thou mayst witness, because of the sins I have committed, the punishments I endure. One day I am placed in the boiling bath of this large vessel, and on another changed into that of more temperate waters: this I owe to the prayers of Saint Peter, Saint Denis, Saint Remy, who are the patrons of our royal house; but if by prayers and masses, offerings and alms, psalmody and vigils, my faithful bishops and abbots, and even all the ecclesiastical order, assist me, it will not be long before I am delivered from these boiling waters. Look on your left!" I looked, and beheld two fountains of boiling waters. "These are prepared for thee," he said, "if thou wilt not be thine own corrector, and do penance for thy crimes!" Then I began to sink with horror; but my guide perceiving the panic of my spirit, said to me, "Follow me to the right of the valley bright in the glorious light of Paradise." I had not long proceeded, when, amidst the most illustrious kings, I beheld my uncle Lotharius seated on a topaz, of marvellous magnitude, crowned with a most precious diadem; and beside him was his son Louis, like him crowned, and seeing me, he spake with a blandishment of air, and a sweetness of voice, "Charles, my successor, now the third in the Roman Empire, approach! I know that thou hast come to view these places of punishment, where thy father and my brother groans to his destined hour; but still to end by the intercession of the three saints, the patrons of the kings and the people of France. Know that it will not be long ere thou shalt be dethroned, and shortly after thou shalt die!" Then Louis turning towards me: "Thy Roman empire shall pass into the hands of Louis, the son of my daughter; give him the sovereign authority, and trust to his hands that ball of thread thou holdest." Directly I loosened it from the finger of my right hand to give the empire to his son. This invested him with empire, and he became brilliant with all light; and at the same instant, admirable to see, my spirit, greatly wearied and broken, returned and glided into my body. Hence let all know

whatever happen, that Louis the young possesses the Roman empire destined by God. And so the Lord who reigneth over the living and the dead, and whose kingdom endureth for ever and for aye, will perform when he shall call me away to another life."

The French literary antiquaries judged of these 'Visions,' with the mere nationality of their taste. Every thing Gothic with them is barbarous, and they see nothing in the redeeming spirit of genius, nor the secret purpose of these curious documents of the age.

The *Vision of Charles the Bald* may be found in the ancient chronicles of St Denis, which were written under the eye of Abbe Suger, the learned and able minister of Louis the Young, and which were certainly composed before the thirteenth century. The learned writer of the fourth volume of the *Melanges tirés d'une grande Bibliothèque*, who had as little taste for these mysterious visions as the other French critic, apologizes for the venerable Abbe Suger's admission of such visions: "Assuredly," he says, "the Abbe Suger was too wise and too enlightened to believe in similar visions; but if he suffered its insertion, or if he inserted it himself in the chronicle of St Denis, it is because he felt that such a fable offered an excellent lesson to kings, to ministers and bishops, and it had been well if they had not had worse tales told them." The latter part is as philosophical as the former is the reverse.

In these extraordinary productions of a Gothic age we may assuredly discover Dante; but what are they more than the frame work of his unimaged picture! It is only this mechanical part of his sublime conceptions that we can pretend to have discovered; other poets might have adopted these 'Visions,' but we should have had no 'Divina Commedia.' Mr Carey has finely observed of these pretended origins of Dante's genius, although Mr Carey knew only The Vision of Alberico, "It is the scale of magnificence on which this conception was framed, and the wonderful development of it in all its parts, that may justly entitle our poet to rank among the few minds to whom the power of a great creative faculty can be ascribed." Milton might originally have sought the seminal hint of his great work from a sort of Italian mystery. In the words of Dante himself,

«Poca favilla gran fiamma seconda.»

Il Paradiso, Can. I.

— From a small spark
Great flame hath risen."

Carey.

After all, Dante has said in a letter, "I found the original of my hell in the world which we inhabit;" and he said a greater truth than some literary antiquaries can always comprehend!"

OF A HISTORY OF EVENTS WHICH HAVE NOT HAPPENED.

Such a title might serve for a work of not incurious nor unphilosophical speculation, which might enlarge our general views of human affairs, and assist our comprehension of these events which are enrolled on the registers of history. The scheme of Providence is carrying on subliminary events, by means inscrutable to us,

«A mighty maze, but not without a plan!"

Some mortals have recently written history, and 'Lectures on History,' who presume to explain the great scene of human affairs, affecting the same familiarity with the designs of Providence, as with the events which they compile from human authorities. Every party discovers in

"In the recent edition of Dante, by Romanin, in four volumes, quarto, the last preserves the Vision of Alberico, and a strange correspondence on its publication: the resemblances in numerous passages are pointed out. It is curious to observe that the good Catholic Abbe Cancellieri, at first maintained the authenticity of the Vision by alleging that similar revelation have not been unusual:—the Cavaliere Gherardi Rossi attacked the whole as the crude legend of a boy who was only made the instrument of the monks, and was either a liar, or a parrot! We may express our astonishment that at the present day, a subject of mere literary inquiry should have been involved with the faith of the Roman Church." Cancellieri becomes at length submissive to the lively attacks of Rossi,—and the editor gravely adds his 'conclusion' which had nearly concluded nothing! He discovers pictures, sculptures, and a mystery acted, as well as Visions in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from which he imagines the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso, owe their first conception. The originality of Dante, however, is maintained on a right principle: that the poet only employed the ideas and the materials which he found in his own country and his own times.

the events which at first were adverse to their own cause, but finally terminate in their favour, that Providence had used a peculiar and particular interference: this is a source of human error, and intolerant prejudice. The Jesuit Mariana, exulting over the destruction of the kingdom and nation of the Goths in Spain, observes, that 'It was by a particular providence, that out of their ashes might rise a new and holy Spain, to be the bulwark of the Catholic religion;' and unquestionably he would have adduced as proofs of this 'holy Spain,' the establishment of the inquisition, and the dark idolatrous bigotry of that hoodwinked people. But a protestant will not sympathize with the feelings of the Jesuit; yet the protestants too, will discover particular providences, and magnify human events into supernatural ones. This custom has long prevailed among fanatics: we have had books published by individuals of 'particular providences,' which, as they imagined, had fallen to their lot; they are called passages of providence; and one I recollect by a cracked brained puritan, whose experience never went beyond his own neighbourhood, but who, having a very bad temper, and many whom he considered his enemies, wrote down all the misfortunes which happened to them as acts of particular providences, and valued his blessedness on the efficacy of his curses!

Without venturing to penetrate into the mysteries of the present order of human affairs, and the great scheme of fatality or of accident, it may be sufficiently evident to us, that often on a single event revolve the fortunes of men and of nations.

An eminent writer has speculated on the defeat of Charles I. at Worcester, as 'one of those events which most strikingly exemplify how much better events are disposed of by Providence, than they would be if the direction were left to the choice even of the best and the wisest men.' He proceeds to show, that a royal victory must have been succeeded by other severe struggles, and by different parties. A civil war would have contained within itself another civil war. One of the blessings of his defeat at Worcester was, that it left the commonwealth's men masters of the three kingdoms, and afforded them 'full leisure to complete and perfect their own structure of government. The experiment was fairly tried; there was nothing from without to disturb the process; it went on duly from change to change.' The close of this history is well known. Had the royalists obtained the victory of Worcester, the commonwealth party might have obstinately persisted, that had their republic not been overthrown, 'their free and liberal government' would have diffused its universal happiness through the three kingdoms. This idea is ingenious; and might have been pursued in my proposed 'History of Events which have not happened,' under the title of 'The Battle of Worcester won by Charles II.' The chapter, however, would have had a brighter close, if the sovereign and the royalists had proved themselves better men than the knaves and fanatics of the commonwealth. It is not for us to scrutinize into 'the ways' of Providence; but if Providence conducted Charles II. to the throne, it appears to have deserted him when there.

Historians, for a particular purpose, have sometimes amused themselves with a detail of an event which did not happen. A history of this kind we find in the ninth book of Livy; and it forms a digression, where, with his delightful copiousness, he reasons on the probable consequences which would have ensued had Alexander the Great invaded Italy. Some Greek writers, to raise the Parthians to an equality with the Romans, had insinuated that the great name of this military monarch, who is said never to have lost a battle, would have intimidated the Romans, and would have checked their passion for universal dominion. The patriotic Livy, disdaining that the glory of his nation, which had never ceased from war for nearly eight hundred years, should be put in competition with the career of a young conqueror, which had scarcely lasted ten, enters into a parallel of 'man with man, general with general, and victory with victory.' In the full charm of his imagination he brings Alexander down into Italy, he invests him with all his virtues, and 'dusks their lustre' with all his defects. He arranges the Macedonian army, while he exultingly shows five Roman armies at that moment pursuing their conquest; and he cautiously counts the numerous allies who would have combined their forces; he even descends to compare the weapons and the modes of warfare of the Macedonians with those of the Romans. Livy, as if he had caught a momentary panic at the first

success which had probably attended Alexander in his descent into Italy, brings forward the great commanders he would have had to encounter; he compares Alexander with each, and at length terminates his fears, and claims his triumph, by discovering that the Macedonians had but one Alexander, while the Romans had several. This beautiful digression in Livy is a model for the narrative of an event which never happened.

The Saracens from Asia had spread into Africa, and at length possessed themselves of Spain. Eude, a discontented Duke of Guienne, in France, had been vanquished by Charles Martel, who derived that humble but glorious surname from the event we are now to record. Charles had left Eude the enjoyment of his dukedom, provided that he held it as a fief of the crown; but blind with ambition and avarice, Eude adopted a scheme which threw Christianity itself, as well as Europe, into a crisis of peril which has never since occurred. By marrying a daughter with a Mahometan emir, he rashly began an intercourse with the Ishmaelites, one of whose favourite projects was, to plant a formidable colony of their faith in France. An army of four hundred thousand combatants, as the chroniclers of the time affirm, were seen descending into Guienne, possessing themselves in one day of his domains; and Eude soon discovered what sort of workmen he had called, to do that of which he himself was so incapable. Charles, with equal courage and prudence, beheld this heavy tempest bursting over the whole country; and to remove the first cause of this national evil, he reconciled the discontented Eude, and detached the duke from his fatal alliance. But the Saracens were fast advancing through Touraine, and had reached Tours by the river Loire: Abderam, the chief of the Saracens, anticipated a triumph in the multitude of his infantry, his cavalry, and his camels, exhibiting a military warfare unknown in France; he spread out his mighty army to surround the French, and to take them, as it were, in a net. The appearance terrified, and the magnificence astonished. Charles, collecting his far inferior forces, assured them that they had no other France than the spot they covered. He had ordered that the city of Tours should be closed on every Frenchman, unless he entered it victorious; and he took care that every fugitive should be treated as an enemy by bodies of *gens d'armes*, whom he placed to watch at the wings of his army. The combat was furious. The astonished Mahometan beheld his battalions defeated as he urged them on singly to the French, who on that day had resolved to offer their lives as an immolation to their mother country. Eude on that day, ardent to clear himself from the odium which he had incurred, with desperate valour, taking a wide compass, attacked his new allies in the rear. The camp of the Mahometan was forced: the shrieks of his women and children reached him from amidst the massacre; terrified, he saw his multitude shaken. Charles, who beheld the light breaking through this dark cloud of men, exclaimed to his countrymen, 'My friends, God has raised his banner, and the unbelievers perish!' The mass of the Saracens, though broken, could not fly; their own multitude pressed themselves together, and the Christian sword mowed down the Mahometans. Abderam was found dead in a vast heap, unwounded, stifled by his own multitude. Historians record that three hundred and sixty thousand Saracens perished on *la journée de Tours*; but their fears and their joy probably magnified their enemies. Thus Charles saved his own country, and at that moment, all the rest of Europe, from this deluge of people which had poured down from Asia and Africa. Every Christian people returned a solemn thanksgiving, and saluted their deliverer as 'the Hammer' of France. But the Saracens were not conquered; Charles did not even venture on their pursuit; and a second invasion proved almost as terrifying; army still poured down on army, and it was long, and after many dubious results, that the Saracens were rooted out of France. Such is the history of one of the most important events which has passed; but that of an event which did not happen, would be the result of this famous conflict, had the Mahometan power triumphed! The Mahometan dominion had predominated through Europe! The imagination is startled when it discovers how much depended on this invasion, at a time when there existed no political state in Europe, no balance of power in one common tie of confederation! A single battle, and a single treason had before made the Mahometans sovereigns of Spain. We see that the same events had nearly been repeated in France; and had the crescent

towered above the cross, as every appearance promised to the Saracenic hosts, the least of our evils had now been that we should have worn turbans, combed our beards instead of shaving them, have beheld a more magnificent architecture than the Grecian, while the public mind had been bounded by the arts and literature of the Moorish university of Cordova.

One of the great revolutions of modern Europe, perhaps, had not occurred, had the personal feelings of Luther been respected, and had his personal interest been consulted. Guicciardini, whose veracity we cannot suspect, has preserved a fact which proves how very nearly some important events which have taken place, might not have happened! I transcribe the passage from his thirteenth book. 'Caesar (the Emperor Charles V.) after he had given a hearing in the Diet of Worms to Martin Luther, and caused his opinions to be examined by a number of divines, who reported that his doctrine was erroneous and pernicious to the Christian religion, had, to gratify the pontiff, put him under the ban of the empire, which so terrified Martin, that, if the injurious and threatening words which were given him by Cardinal San Sisto, the apostolical legate, had not thrown him into the utmost despair, it is believed it would have been easy, by giving him some preferment, or providing for him some honourable way of living, to make him renounce his errors.' By this we may infer, that one of the true authors of the Reformation was this very apostolical legate; they had succeeded in terrifying Luther, but they were not satisfied till they had insulted him; and with such a temper as Luther's, the sense of personal insult would remove even that of terror; it would unquestionably survive it. A similar proceeding with Franklin, from our ministers, is said to have produced the same effect with that political sage. What Guicciardini has told of Luther preserves the sentiment of the times. Charles V was so fully persuaded that he could have put down the Reformation, had he rid himself at once of the chief, that having granted Luther a safe-guard to appear at the Council at Worms, in his last moments he repented, as of a sin, that having had Luther in his hands, he suffered him to escape; for to have violated his faith with a heretic he held to be no crime!

In the history of religion, human instruments have been permitted to be the great movers of its chief revolutions; and the most important events concerning national religions appear to have depended on the passions of individuals, and the circumstances of the time. Impure means have often produced the most glorious results; and this, perhaps, may be among the dispensations of Providence.

A similar transaction occurred in Europe and in Asia. The motives and conduct of Constantine the Great, in the alliance of the Christian faith with his government, are far more obvious than any one of those qualities with which the panegyric of Eusebius so vainly cloaks over the crimes and unchristian life of this polytheistical Christian. In adopting the new faith as a *coup d'état*, and by investing the church with temporal power, at which Dante so indignantly exclaims, he founded the religion of Jesus, but corrupted its guardians. The same occurrence took place in France under Clovis. The fabulous religion of Paganism was fast on its decline; Clovis had resolved to unite the four different principalities, which divided Gaul into one empire. In the midst of an important battle, as fortune hung doubtful between the parties, the Pagan monarch invoked the god of his fair Christian queen, and obtained the victory! St Remi found no difficulty in persuading Clovis, after the fortunate event, to adopt the Christian creed. Political reasons for some time suspended the king's open conversion, at length the Franks followed their sovereign to the baptismal fonts. According to Pasquier, Naudé, and other political writers, these recorded miracles,* like those of Constantine, were but inventions to authorize the change of religion. Clovis used the new creed as a lever by whose machinery he would be enabled to crush the petty princes his neighbors; and like Con-

stantine, Clovis, sullied by crimes of as dark a die, obtained the title of 'the Great.' Had not the most capricious 'Defender of the Faith' been influenced by the most violent of passions, the Reformation, so feebly and so imperfectly begun and continued, had possibly never freed England from the papal thralldom;

* For gospel-light first beam'd from Bullen's eyes.'

The catholic Ward, in his singular Hudibrastic poem of 'England's Reformation,' in some odd rhymes, has characterised it by a *naïveté*, which we are much too delicate to repeat. The catholic writers censure Philip for recalling the Duke of Alva from the Netherlands. According to these humane politicians, the unsparing sword, and the penal fires of this resolute captain had certainly accomplished the fate of the heretics; for angry lions, however numerous, would find their numerical force diminished by gibbets, and pit-holes. We have lately been informed by a curious writer that Protestantism once existed in Spain, and was actually extirpated at the moment by the crushing arm of the inquisition.* According to these catholic politicians, a great event in catholic history did not occur—the spirit of catholicism, predominant in a land of protestants—from the Spanish monarch failing to support Alva in finishing what he had begun! Had the armada of Spain safely landed, with the benedictions of Rome, in England!—at a moment when our own fleet was short of gunpowder, and at a time when the English catholics formed a powerful party in the nation—we might now be going to Mass!

After his immense conquests, had Gustavus Adolphus not perished in the battle of Lutzen, where his genius obtained a glorious victory, unquestionably a wonderful change had operated on the affairs of Europe; the protestant cause had balanced, if not preponderated, over the catholic interest; and Austria, which appeared a sort of universal monarchy, had seen her eagle's wing clipped. But 'the Anti-Christ,' as Gustavus was called by the priests of Spain and Italy, the saviour of protestantism, as he is called by England and Sweden, whose death occasioned so many bonfires among the catholics, that the Spanish court interred lest fuel should become too scarce at the approaching winter—Gustavus fell—the fit hero for one of those great events which have never happened!

On the first publication of the 'Icon Basilicæ' of Charles the First, the instantaneous effect produced on the nation was such, fifty editions it is said, appearing in one year, that Mr Malcolm Laing observes, that 'had this book,' a sacred volume to those who considered that sovereign as a martyr, appeared a week sooner, 'it might have preserved the king,' and possibly, have produced a reaction of popular feeling! The chivalrous Dundee made an offer to James II, which, had it been acted on, Mr Laing acknowledges might have produced another change! What then had become of our 'glorious Revolution,' which from its earliest step, throughout the reign of William, was still vacillating amidst the unstable opinions and contending interests of so many of its first movers?

The great political error of Cromwell is acknowledged by all parties to have been the adoption of the French interest in preference to the Spanish; a strict alliance with Spain had preserved the balance of Europe, enriched the commercial industry of England, and above all, had checked the overgrowing power of the French government. Before Cromwell had contributed to the predominance of the French power, the French Huguenots were of consequence enough to secure an indulgent treatment. The parliament, as Elizabeth herself had formerly done, considered so powerful a party in France as useful allies; and anxious to extend the principles of the Reformation, and to further the suppression of popery, the parliament had once listened to, and had even commenced a treaty with deputies from Bourdeaux, the purport of which was the assistance of the French Huguenots in their scheme of forming themselves into a republic, or independent state; but Cromwell, on his usurpation, not only overthrew the design, but is believed to have betrayed it to Mazarine. What a change in the affairs of Europe had Cromwell adopted the Spanish interests, and assisted the French Huguenots in becoming an independent state! The revocation of the edict of Nantes and the increase of the French dominion, which so long afterwards disturbed the peace of Europe, were the consequence of this fatal error of Cromwell's. The independent state of the French

* The miracles of Clovis consisted of a shield, which was picked up after having fallen from the skies; the anointing oil, conveyed from Heaven by a white dove in a phial, which, till the reign of Louis XVI, consecrated the kings of France; and the oriflamme, or standard with golden flames, long suspended over the tomb of St Denis, which the French kings only raised over the tomb when their crown was in imminent peril. No future king of France can be anointed with the sainte ampoule, or oil brought down to earth by a white dove; in 1794 it was broken by some profane hand, and antiquaries have since agreed that it was only an ancient lachrymatory!

* This fact was probably quite unknown to us, till it was given in the Quarterly Review, Vol. XXIX

Huguenots, and the reduction of ambitious France, perhaps, to a secondary European power, had saved Europe from the scourge of the French revolution!

The elegant pen of Mr Roscoe has lately afforded me another curious sketch of a *history of events which have not happened*.

M. De Sismondi imagines, against the opinion of every historian, that the death of Lorenzo de' Medici was a matter of indifference to the prosperity of Italy; as 'he could not have prevented the different projects which had been matured in the French cabinet, for the invasion and conquest of Italy; and therefore he concludes that all historians are mistaken who bestow on Lorenzo the honour of having preserved the peace of Italy, because the great invasion that overthrew it did not take place till two years after his death.' Mr. Roscoe has philosophically vindicated the honour which his hero has justly received, by employing the principle which in this article has been developed. 'Though Lorenzo de' Medici could not perhaps have prevented the important events that took place in other nations of Europe, it by no means follows that the life or death of Lorenzo were equally indifferent to the affairs of Italy, or that circumstances would have been the same in case he had lived, as in the event of his death.' Mr. Roscoe then proceeds to show how Lorenzo's 'prudent measures, and proper representations,' might probably have prevented the French expedition, which Charles VIII was frequently on the point of abandoning. Lorenzo would not certainly have taken the precipitate measures of his son Piero, in surrendering the Florentine fortresses. His family would not in consequence have been expelled the city; a powerful mind might have influenced the discordant politics of the Italian princes in one common defence; a slight opposition to the fugitive army of France, at the pass of Faro, might have given the French sovereigns a wholesome lesson, and prevented those bloody contests that were soon afterwards renewed in Italy. *As a single remove at Chess varies the whole game, so the death of an individual of such importance in the affairs of Europe as Lorenzo de' Medici, could not fail of producing a change in its political relations, as must have varied them in an incalculable degree.*' Pignotti also describes the state of Italy at this time. HAD Lorenzo lived to have seen his son elevated to the papacy, this historian, adopting our present principle, exclaims, 'A happy era for Italy and Tuscany HAD THEN OCCURRED!' On this head we can, indeed, be only allowed to conjecture; but the fancy, guided by reason, may expatiate at will in this *imaginary state*, and contemplate Italy reunited by a stronger bond, flourishing under its own institution and arts, and delivered from all those lamented struggles which occurred within so short a period of time.'

Whitaker in his 'Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots,' has a speculation in the true spirit of this article. When such dependance was made upon Elizabeth's dying without issue, the Countess of Shrewsbury had her son purposely residing in London, with two good and able horses continually ready to give the earliest intelligence of the sick Elizabeth's death to the imprisoned Mary. On this the historian observes, 'And had this *not improbable event actually taken place, what a different complexion would our history have assumed from what it wears at present!* Mary would have been carried from a prison to a throne. Her wise conduct in prison would have been applauded by all.—From Tutbury, from Sheffield, and from Chatsworth, she would have been said to have touched with a gentle and masterly hand the springs that actuated all the nation, against the death of her tyrannical cousin,' &c. So ductile is history in the hands of man! and so peculiarly does it bend to the force of success, and warp with the warmth of prosperity!

Thus important events have been nearly occurring, which however, did not take place; and others have happened which may be traced to accident and to the character of an individual. We shall enlarge our conception of the nature of human events, and gather some useful instruction in our historical reading, by pausing at intervals; contemplating, for a moment, *on certain events which have not happened!*

OF FALSE POLITICAL REPORTS.

'A false report, if believed during three days, may be of great service to a government.' This political maxim has been ascribed to Catherine of Medici, an adept in *coups d'état*, the *arcana imperii*! Between solid lying and

disguised truth there is a difference known to writers skilled in 'the art of governing mankind by deceiving them,' as politics, ill understood, have been defined, and as are all party politics, these forgers prefer to use the truth disguised, to the gross fiction. When the real truth can no longer be concealed, then they confidently refer to it; for they can still explain and obscure, while they secure on their side the party whose cause they have advocated. A curious reader of history may discover the temporary and sometimes the lasting advantages of spreading rumours designed to disguise, or to counteract the real state of things. Such reports, set a going, serve to break down the sharp and fatal point of a panic, which might instantly occur; in this way the public is saved from the horrors of consternation, and the stupefaction of despair. These rumours give a breathing time to prepare for the disaster, which is doled out cautiously; and, as might be shown, in some cases these first reports have left an event in so ambiguous a state, that a doubt may still arise whether these reports were really so destitute of truth! Such reports, once printed, enter into history, and sadly perplex the honest historian. Of a battle fought in a remote situation, both parties for a long time, at home, may dispute the victory after the event, and the pen may prolong what the sword had long decided. This has been no unusual circumstance: of several of the most important battles on which the fate of Europe has hung, were we to rely on some reports of the time, we might still doubt of the manner of the transaction. A skirmish has been often raised into an *arranged* battle, and a defeat concealed, in an account of the killed and wounded, while victory has been claimed by both parties! Villeroi, in all his encounters with Marlborough, always sent home despatches by which no one could suspect that he was discomfited. Pompey, after his fatal battle with Cæsar, sent letters to all the provinces and cities of the Romans, describing with greater courage than he had fought, so that a report generally prevailed that Cæsar had lost the battle! Plutarch informs us, that three hundred writers had described the battle of Marathon. Many doubtless had copied their predecessors: but it would perhaps have surprised us to have observed how materially some differed in their narratives.

In looking over a collection of manuscript letters of the times of James the First, I was struck by the contradictory reports of the result of the famous battle of Lutzen, so glorious and so fatal to Gustavus Adolphus; the victory was sometimes reported to have been obtained by the Swedes: but a general uncertainty, a sort of mystery, agitated the majority of the nation, who were stanch to the protestant cause. This state of anxious suspense lasted a considerable time. The fatal truth gradually came out in reports changing in their progress; if the victory was allowed, the death of the Protestant Hero closed all hope! The historian of Gustavus Adolphus observes on this occasion, that 'Few couriers were better received than those who conveyed the accounts of the King's death to declared enemies or concealed ill wishers; nor did the report greatly displease the court of Whitehall, where the ministry, as it usually happens in cases of timidity, had its degree of apprehensions for fear the event should not be true; and, as I have learned from good authority, imposed silence on the news writers, and intimated the same to the pulpit in case any funeral encomium might proceed from that quarter.' Although the motive assigned by the writer, that of the secret indisposition of the cabinet of James the First towards the fortunes of Gustavus, is to me by no means certain; unquestionably the knowledge of this disastrous event was long kept back by 'a timid ministry,' and the fluctuating reports probably regulated by their designs.

The same circumstance occurred on another important event in modern history, where we may observe the artifice of party writers in disguising or suppressing the real fact. This was the famous battle of the Boyne. The French catholic party long reported that Count Lauzun had won the battle, and that William III was killed. Bussy Rabutin in some memoirs, in which he appears to have registered public events without scrutinizing their truth, says, 'I chronicled this account according as the first reports gave out, when at length the real fact reached them, the party did not like to lose their pretended victory.' Pere Londei, who published a register of the times, which is favourably noticed in the 'Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres,' for 1699, has recorded the event in this decep-

tive manner: 'The battle of the Boyne in Ireland; Schomberg is killed there at the head of the English.' This is 'an equivocator!' The writer resolved to conceal the defeat of James's party, and cautiously suppresses any mention of a victory, but very carefully gives a real fact, by which his readers would hardly doubt of the defeat of the English! We are so accustomed to this traffic of false reports, that we are scarcely aware that many important events recorded in history were in their day strangely disguised by such mystifying accounts. Thus we can only discover by reading private letters written at the moment, Bayle has collected several remarkable absurdities of this kind, which were spread abroad to answer a temporary purpose, but which had never been known to us had these contemporary letters not been published. A report was prevalent in Holland in 1580, that the kings of France and Spain and the Duke of Alva were dead; a felicity which for a time sustained the exhausted spirits of the revolutionists. At the invasion of the Spanish Armada, Barleigh spread reports of the thumb screws, and other instruments of torture, which the Spaniards had brought with them, and thus inflamed the hatred of the nation. The horrid story of the bloody Colonel Kirke is considered as one of those political forgeries to serve the purpose of blackening a zealous partisan.

False reports are sometimes stratagems of war. When the chiefs of the league had lost the battle at Ivry, with an army broken and discomfited, they still kept possession of Paris merely by imposing on the inhabitants all sorts of false reports, such as the death of the king of Navarre, at the fortunate moment when victory, undetermined on which side to incline, turned for the leaguers; and they gave out false reports of a number of victories they had elsewhere obtained. Such tales, distributed in pamphlets and ballads among a people agitated by doubts, and fears, are gladly believed; flattering their wishes, or soothing their alarms, they contribute to their ease, and are too agreeable to allow of time for reflection.

The history of a report creating a panic may be traced in the Irish insurrection, in the curious memoirs of James II. A forged proclamation of the Prince of Orange was set forth by one Speke, and a rumour spread that the Irish troops were killing and burning in all parts of the kingdom! A panic like magic instantly run through the people, so that in one quarter of the town of Drogheda they imagined that the other was filled with blood and ruins. During this panic pregnant women miscarried, aged persons died with terror, while the truth was, that the Irish themselves were disarmed and dispersed, in utter want of a meal or a lodging!

In the unhappy times of our civil wars under Charles the First, the newspapers and the private letters afford specimens of this political contrivance of false reports of every species. No extravagance of invention to spread a terror against a party was too gross, and the city of London was one day alarmed that the royalists were occupied by a plan of blowing up the river Thames, by an immense quantity of powder ware-housed at the river side; and that there existed an organized though invisible brotherhood of many thousands with *consecrated knives*; and those who hesitated to give credit to such rumours were branded as malignants, who took not the danger of the parliament to heart. Forged conspiracies and reports of great but distant victories were inventions to keep up the spirit of a party, but oftener prognosticated some intended change in the government. When they were desirous of augmenting the army, or introducing new garrisons, or using an extreme measure with the city, or the royalists, there was always a new conspiracy set afloat; or when any great affair was to be carried in parliament, letters of great victories were published to dishearten the opposition, and infuse additional boldness in their own party. If the report lasted only a few days, it obtained its purpose, and verified the observation of Catharine de Medicis. Those politicians who raise such false reports obtain their end: like the architect, who, in building an arch, supports it with circular props and pieces of timber, or any temporary rubbish, till he closes the arch; and when it can support itself, he throws away the props! There is no class of political lying which can want for illustration if we consult the records of our civil wars; there we may trace the whole art in all the nice management of its shades, its qualities, and its more complicate parts, from invective to puff, and from innuendo to prevarication! we may admire the scrupulous correction of a lie which they had told,

by another which they are telling! and triple lying to overreach their opponents; royalists and parliamentarians were alike; for to tell one great truth, 'the father of lies' is of no party!

As 'nothing is new under the sun,' so this art of deceiving the public was unquestionably practised among the ancients. Syphax sent Scipio word that he could not unite with the Romans, but, on the contrary, had declared for the Carthaginians. The Roman army were then anxiously waiting for his expected succors: Scipio was careful to show the utmost civility to these ambassadors, and ostentatiously treated them with presents, that his soldiers might believe they were only returning to hasten the army of Syphax to join the Romans. Livy censures the Roman consul, who, after the defeat at Cannæ, told the deputies of the allies the whole loss they had sustained: 'This consul,' says Livy, 'by giving too faithful and open an account of his defeat, made both himself and his army appear still more contemptible.' The result of the simplicity of the consul was, that the allies, despairing that the Romans would ever recover their losses, deemed it prudent to make terms with Hannibal. Plutarch tells an amusing story, in his way, of the natural progress of a report, which was contrary to the wishes of the government; the unhappy reporter suffered punishment as long as the rumour prevailed, though at last it proved true. A stranger landing from Sicily, at a barber's shop delivered all the particulars of the defeat of the Athenians; of which, however, the people were yet uninformed. The barber leaves untrimmed the reporter's beard, and flies away to vent the news in the city, where he told the Archons what he had heard. The whole city was thrown in a ferment. The Archons called an assembly of the people, and produced the luckless barber, who in his confusion could not give any satisfactory account of the first reporter. He was condemned as a spreader of false news, and a disturber of the public quiet; for the Athenians could not imagine but that they were invincible! The barber was dragged to the wheel and tortured, till the disaster was more than confirmed. Bayle, referring to this story observes, that had the barber reported a victory, though it had proved to be false, he would not have been punished; a shrewd observation, which occurred to him from his recollection of the fate of Stratocles. This person persuaded the Athenians to perform a public sacrifice and thanksgiving for a victory obtained at sea, though he well knew at the time that the Athenian fleet had been totally defeated. When the calamity could no longer be concealed, the people charged him with being an impostor; but Stratocles saved his life and mollified their anger by the pleasant turn he gave to the whole affair. 'Have I done you any injury?' said he. 'Is it not owing to me that you have spent three days in the pleasures of victory?' I think that this spreader of good, but fictitious news, should have occupied the wheel of the luckless barber, who had spread bad but true news; for the barber had no intention of deception, but Stratocles had; and the question here to be tried, was not the truth or the falsity of the reports, but whether the reporters intended to deceive their fellow-citizens? The 'Chronicle' and the 'Post' must be challenged on such a jury, and all the race of news-scribes, whom Patin characterises as *hominum genus audacissimum mendacissimum avidissimum*. Latin superlatives are too rich to suffer a translation. But what Patin says in his letter 356 may be applied: 'These writers insert in their papers things they do not know, and ought not to write. It is the same trick that is playing which was formerly played; it is the very same farce, only it is exhibited by new actors. The worst circumstance, I think, in this, is, that this trick will continue playing a long course of years, and that the public suffer a great deal too much by it.'

OF SUPPRESSORS AND DILAPIDATORS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

MANUSCRIPTS are suppressed or destroyed from motives which require to be noticed. Plagiarists, at least, have the merit of preservation: they may blush at their artifices, and deserve the pillory, but their practices do not incur the capital crime of felony. Serassi, the writer of the curious life of Tasso, was guilty of an extraordinary suppression in his zeal for the poet's memory. The story remains to be told, for it is little known.

Galileo, in early life, was a lecturer at the university of Pisa: delighting in poetical studies, he was then more of a critic than a philosopher, and had Ariosto by heart. This great man caught the literary mania which broke out about his time, when the Crusicans so absurdly began their 'Can-

troverſie Tasseſche,' and raised up two poetical factions, which infected the Italians with a national fever. Tasso and Ariosto were perpetually weighed and outweighed againſt each other; Galileo wrote annotations on Tasso, stanza after stanza, and without reſerve, treating the maſtic bard with a ſeverity which muſt have thrown the Tassoists into an agony. Our critic lent his manuſcript to Jacopo Mazzoni, who, probably being a diſguiſed Tassoist, by ſome unaccountable means contrived that the manuſcript ſhould be abſolutely loſt!—to the deep regret of the author and all the Ariostoists. The philoſopher deſcended to his grave—not without occaſional groans—nor without exulting reminſcences of the blows he had in his youth inflicted on the great rival of Ariosto—and the rumour of ſuch a work long floated on tradition! Two centuries had nearly elapſed, when Serassi, employed on his elaborate life of Tasso, among his uninterrupted reſearches in the public libraries of Rome, diſcovered a miſcellaneous volume, in which, on a cuſtory examination, he found depoſited the loſt manuſcript of Galileo! It was a ſhock from which, perhaps, the zealous biographer of Tasso never fairly recovered; the awful name of Galileo ſanctioned the aſperity of critical deciſion, and more particularly the ſevere remarks on the language; a ſubject on which the Italians are ſo morbidly delicate, and ſo trivially grave. Serassi's conduct on this occaſion was at once political, timorous and cunning. Gladly would he have annihilated the original, but this was impoſſible! It was ſome conſolation that the manuſcript was totally unknown—for having got mixed with others, it had accidentally been paſſed over, and not entered into the catalogue; his own diligent eye only had detected its exiſtence. '*Nessuno fin ora sa, fuori di me, se vi sia, ne dove sia, e così non potrà darsi alla luce*,' &c. But in the true ſpirit of a collector, avaricious of all things connected with his pursuits, Serassi cauſtically but completely, tranſcribed the precious manuſcript, with an intention, according to his memorandum, to unravel all its ſophiſtry. However, although the Abbate never wanted leiſure, he perſeверed in his ſilence; yet he often trembled leſt ſome future explorer of manuſcripts might be found as ſharpiſighted as himſelf. He was ſo cautious as not even to venture to note down the library where the manuſcript was to be found, and to this day no one appears to have fallen on the volume! On the death of Serassi, his papers came to the hands of the Duke of Ceri, a lover of literature; the tranſcript of the yet undiscovered original was then revealed! and this ſecret hiſtory of the manuſcript was drawn from a note on the title-page written by Serassi himſelf. To ſatisfy the urgent curioſity of the literati, theſe annotations on Tasso by Galileo were publiſhed in 1793. Here is a work, which, from its earlieſt ſtage, much pains had been taken to ſuppreſs; but Serassi's collecting paſſion inducing him to preſerve what he himſelf ſo much wiſhed ſhould never appear, finally occaſioned its publiſcation! It adds one evidence to the many, which prove that ſuch miniſter practices have been frequently uſed by the hiſtorians of a party, poetic or politic.

Unqueſtionably this entire ſuppreſſion of manuſcripts has been too frequently practiſed. It is ſuſpected that our hiſtorical antiquary Speed owed many obligations to the learned Hugh Broughton, for he poſſeſſed a vaſt number of his MSS. which he burnt. Why did he burn? If perſons place themſelves in ſuſpicious ſituations, they muſt not complain if they are ſuſpected. We have had hiſtorians who, whenever they met with information which has not ſuited their hiſtorical ſyſtem, or their inveterate prejudices, have employed interpolations, caſtrations, and forgeries, and in ſome caſes have annihilated the entire document. Leland's invaluable manuſcripts were left at his death in the confused ſtate in which the mind of the writer had ſunk, overcome by his inceſſant labours, when this royal antiquary was employed by Henry VIII to write our national antiquities. His ſcattered manuſcripts were long a common prey to many who never acknowledged their fountain head; among theſe ſuppreſſors and dilapidators pre-eminently ſtands the crafty Italian Polydore Vergil, who not only drew largely from this ſource, but, to cover the robbery, did not omit to depreciate the father of our antiquities—an act of a piece with the character of the man, who is ſaid to have collected and burnt a greater number of hiſtorical MSS than would have loaded a wagon, to prevent the detection of the numerous fabrications in his hiſtory of England, which was compoſed to gratify Mary and the catholic cauſe.

The Harleian manuſcript, 7378, is a collection of ſtate-

letters. This MS. has four leaves entirely torn out, and is accompanied by this extraordinary memorandum, ſigned by the principal librarian.

'Upon examination of this book, Nov. 12, 1764, theſe four laſt leaves were torn out.

'C. Morton.

'Mem. Nov. 12, ſent down to Mrs Macaulay.'

As no memorandum of the name of any ſtudent to whom a manuſcript is delivered for his reſearches was ever made before or ſince, or in the nature of things will ever be, this memorandum muſt involve our female hiſtorian in the obloquy of this dilapidation.* Such diſhoneſt practices of party feeling, indeed are not peculiar to any party. In Mr Roſcoe's intereſting 'Illustrations' of his life of Lorenzo de' Medici, we diſcover that Fabroni, whoſe character ſcarcely admits of ſuſpicion, appears to have known of the exiſtence of an unpublished letter of Sixtus IV, which involves that pontiff deeply in the aſſaſſination projected by the Pazzi; but he carefully ſuppreſſed its notice; yet, in his conſcience, he could not avoid alluding to ſuch documents, which he concealed by his ſilence. Mr Roſcoe has ably defended Fabroni, who may have overlooked this deciſive evidence of the guilt of the hypocritical pontiff in the maſs of manuſcripts; a circumſtance not likely to have occurred, however to this laborious hiſtorical inquirer. All party feeling is the ſame active ſpirit with an oppoſite direction. We have a remarkable caſe, where a moſt intereſting hiſtorical production has been ſilently annihilated by the conſent of both parties. There once exiſted an important diary of a very extraordinary character, Sir George Saville, afterwards Marquis of Halifax. This maſter-ſpirit, for ſuch I am inclined to conſider the author of the little book of 'Maxims and Reflections,' with a philoſophical indifference, appears to have held in equal contempt all the factions of his times, and, conſequently, has often incurred their ſevere cenſures. Among other things, the Marquis of Halifax had noted down the converſations he had had with Charles the Second, and the great and buſy characters of the age. Of this curious ſecret hiſtory there exiſted two copies, and the noble writer imagined that by this means he had carefully ſecured their exiſtence; yet both copies were deſtroyed from oppoſite motives; the one at the inſtigation of Pope, who was alarmed at finding ſome of the catholic intrigues of the court developed; and the other at the ſuggeſtion of a noble friend, who was equally ſhocked at diſcovering that his party, the Revolutioniſts, had ſometimes practiſed mean and diſhonourable deceptions. It is in theſe legacies of honourable men, of whatever party they may be, that we expect to find truth and ſincerity; but thus it happens that the laſt hope of poſterity is fruſtrated by the artifice, or the malignity, of theſe party-paſſions. Pulteney, afterwards the Earl of Bath, had alſo prepared memoirs of his times, which he propoſed to confide to Dr Douglas, biſhop of Saluſbury, to be compoſed by the biſhops; but his lordſhip's heir, the general, inſiſted on deſtroying theſe authentic documents, of the value of which we have a notion by one of theſe converſations which the earl was in the habit of indulging with Hooke, whom he at that time appears to have intended for his hiſtorian.

The ſame hoſtility to manuſcripts, as may be eaſily imagined, has occurred, perhaps more frequently, on the continent. I ſhall furniſh one conſiderable fact. A French canon, Claude Joly, a bold and learned writer, had finiſhed an ample life of Erasmus, which included a hiſtory of the reſtoration of literature, at the cloſe of the fifteenth and the beginning of the ſixteenth century. Colomiès tells us, that the author had read over the works of Erasmus ſeven times; we have poſitive evidence that the

* It is now about twenty-seven years ago ſince I firſt publiſhed this anecdote; at the ſame time I received information that our female hiſtorian and dilapidator had acted in this manner more than once. At that diſtance of time this rumour ſo notorious at the Britiſh Muſeum it was impoſſible to authenticate. The Rev. William Graham, the ſurviving Luſband of Mrs Macaulay, intemperately called on Dr Morton, in a very advanced period of life, to declare that 'it appeared to him that the note does not contain any evidence that the leaves were torn out by Mrs Macaulay.' It was more apparent to the unprejudiced, that the doctor muſt have ſingularly loſt the uſe of his memory, when he could not explain his own official note, which, perhaps, at the time he was compelled to inſert. Dr Morton was not unfriendly to Mrs Macaulay's political party; he was the Editor of Whiteſtock's Diary of his Embaſſy to the Queen of Sweden, and has, I believe, largely caſtered the work. The original lies at the Britiſh Muſeum.

ms. was finished for the press; the Cardinal De Noailles would examine the work itself; this important history was not only suppressed, but the hope entertained of finding it among the cardinal's papers was never realized.

These are instances of the annihilation of history; but there is a partial suppression, or castration of passages, equally fatal to the cause of truth; a practice too prevalent among the first editors of memoirs. By such deprivations of the text we have lost important truths, while in some cases, by interpolations, we have been loaded with the fictions of a party. Original memoirs, when published, should now be deposited at that great institution consecrated to our national history—the British Museum, to be verified at all times. In Lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth, I find, by a manuscript note, that several things were not permitted to be printed, and that the original ms. was supposed to be in Mr Sheldon's custody, in 1687. Camden told Sir Robert Filmer that he was not suffered to print all his annals of Elizabeth; but he providently sent these expurgated passages to De Thou, who printed them faithfully; and it is remarkable that De Thou himself used the same precaution in the continuation of his own history. We like distant truths, but truths too near us never fail to alarm ourselves, our connexions, and our party. Milton, in composing his history of England, introduced, in the third book, a very remarkable digression, on the characters of the Long Parliament; a most animated description of a class of political adventurers, with whom modern history has presented many parallels. From tenderness to a party then imagined to be subdued, it was struck out by command, nor do I find it restituted in Kenyon's Collection of English histories. This admirable and exquisite delineation has been preserved in a pamphlet printed in 1681, which has fortunately exhibited one of the warmest pictures in design and colouring by a master's hand. One of our most important volumes of secret history, 'Whitelocke's Memorials,' was published by Arthur, Earl of Anglesea, in 1682, who took considerable liberties with the manuscript; another edition appeared in 1732, which restored the many important passages through which the earl appears to have struck his castrating pen. The restitution of the castrated passages has not much increased the magnitude of this folio volume; for the omissions usually consisted of a characteristic stroke, or a short critical opinion, which did not harmonize with the private feelings of the Earl of Anglesea. In consequence of the volume not being much enlarged to the eye, and being unaccompanied by a single line of preface to inform us of the value of this more complete edition, the booksellers imagine that there can be no material difference between the two editions, and wonder at the bibliopolical mystery that they can afford to sell the edition of 1682 at ten shillings, and have five guineas for the edition of 1732! Hume, who, I have been told, wrote his history usually on a sofa, with the epicurean indolence of his fine genius, always refers to the old truncated and faithless edition of Whitelocke—so little in his day did the critical history of books enter into the studies of our authors, or such was the carelessness of our historian. There is more philosophy in editions, than some philosophers are aware of. Perhaps most 'Memoirs' have been unfaithfully published, 'Curtailed of their fair proportions;' and not a few might be noticed which subsequent editors have restored to their original state, by uniting their dislocated limbs. Unquestionably, passion has sometimes annihilated manuscripts, and tamely revenged itself on the papers of hated writers! Louis XIV, with his own hands, after the death of Fenelon, burnt all the manuscripts which the Duke of Burgundy had preserved of his preceptor.

As an example of the suppressors and dilapidators of manuscripts, I shall give an extraordinary fact concerning Louis XIV more in his favour. His character appears, like some other historical personages, equally disguised by adulation and calumny. That monarch was not the Nero which his revocation of the edict of Nantes made him seem to the French protestants. He was far from approving of the violent measures of his catholic clergy. This opinion of that sovereign was, however, carefully suppressed when his 'Instructions to the Dauphin' were first published. It is now ascertained that Louis XIV was for many years equally zealous and industrious; and, among other useful attempts, composed an elaborate 'Discours' for the Dauphin for his future conduct. The king gave his manuscript to Polissou to revise: but after the revision,

our royal writer frequently inserted additional paragraphs. The work first appeared in an anonymous 'Recueil d'Opuscules Littéraires,' Amsterdam, 1767, which Barbier, in his 'Anonymes,' tells us, was révisé par Polissou; le tout publié par l'Abbé Olivet. When at length the printed work was collated with the manuscript original, several suppressions of the royal sentiments appeared, and the editors, too catholic, had, with more particular caution, thrown aside what clearly showed Louis XIV was far from approving of the violences used against the protestants. The following passage was entirely omitted. 'It seems to me, my son, that those who employ extreme and violent remedies do not know the nature of the evil, occasioned in part, by heated minds, which, left to themselves, would insensibly be extinguished, rather than rekindle them afresh by the force of contradiction; above all, when the corruption is not confined to a small number, but diffused through all parts of the state; besides, the Reformers said many true things! The best method to have reduced little by little the Huguenots of my kingdom, was not to have pursued them by any direct severity pointed at them.'

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is a remarkable instance of an author nearly lost to the nation: she is only known to posterity by a chance publication, for such were her famous Turkish letters; the manuscript of which her family once purchased with an intention to suppress, but they were frustrated by a transcript. The more recent letters were reluctantly extracted out of the family trunks and surrendered in exchange for certain family documents which had fallen into the hands of a bookseller. Had it depended on her relatives, the name of Lady Mary had only reached us in the satires of Pope. The greater part of her epistolary correspondence was destroyed by her mother; and what that good and Gothic lady spared, was suppressed by the hereditary austerity of rank, of which her family was too susceptible. The entire correspondence of this admirable writer, and studious woman—for once, in perusing some unpublished letters of Lady Mary, I discovered that 'she had been in the habit of reading seven hours a day for many years'—would undoubtedly have exhibited a fine statue, instead of the torso we now possess; and we might have lived with her ladyship, as we do with Madame de Sevigné. This I have mentioned elsewhere; but I have since discovered that a considerable correspondence of Lady Mary's, for more than twenty years, with the widow of Col. Forrester, who had retired to Rome, has been stifled in the birth. These letters, with other MSS of Lady Mary's, were given by Mrs Forrester to Philip Thicknesse, with a discretionary power to publish. They were held as a great acquisition by Thicknesse and his bookseller; but when they had printed off the first thousand sheets, there were parts which they considered might give pain to some of the family. Thicknesse says, 'Lady Mary had in many places been uncommonly severe upon her husband, for all her letters were loaded with a scrap or two of poetry at him.'* A negotiation took place with an agent of Lord Bute's—after some time Miss Forrester put in her claims for the MSS—and the whole terminated, as Thicknesse tells us, in her obtaining a pension, and Lord Bute all the MSS.

The late Duke of Bridgewater, I am informed, burnt many of the numerous family papers, and bricked up a quantity, which, when opened after his death, were found to have perished. It is said he declared that he did not choose that his ancestors should be traced back to a person of a mean trade, which it seems might possibly have been the case. The loss now cannot be appreciated; but unquestionably, stores of history, and, perhaps, of literature, were sacrificed. Milton's manuscript of *Comus* was published from the Bridgewater collection, for it had escaped the bricking up!

Manuscripts of great interest are frequently suppressed from the shameful indifference of the possessors.

Mr Mathias, in his *Essay on Gray*, tells us, that 'in addition to the valuable manuscripts of Mr Gray, there is reason to think that there were some other papers, *folia Sibyllæ*, in the possession of Mr Mason; but though a very diligent and anxious inquiry has been made after them, they cannot be discovered since his death.' There was, however, one fragment, by Mr Mason's own description of it, of very great value, namely, 'The plan of an

* There was one passage he recollected.—'Just left my bed a lifeless trunk, and scarce a dreaming head.'

intended speech in Latin on his appointment as professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.' Mr Mason says, 'Immediately on his appointment Mr Gray sketched out an admirable plan for his inauguration speech; in which after enumerating the preparatory and auxiliary studies requisite, such as ancient history, geography, chronology, &c., he descended to the authentic sources of the science, such as public treaties, state-records, private correspondence of ambassadors, &c. He also wrote the exordium of this thesis, not, indeed, so correct as to be given by way of fragment, but so spirited in point of sentiment, as leaves it much to be regretted that he did not proceed to its conclusion.' This fragment cannot now be found; and after so very interesting a description of its value, and of its importance, it is difficult to conceive how Mr Mason could prevail upon himself to withhold it. If there be a subject on which more, perhaps, than on any other, it would have been peculiarly desirable to know, and to follow the train of the ideas of Gray, it is that of modern history, in which no man was more intimately, more accurately, or more extensively conversant than our poet. A sketch or plan from his hand, on the subjects of history, and on those which belonged to it, might have taught succeeding ages how to conduct these important researches with national advantage, and, like some wand of divination, it might have

'Pointed to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.'^{*}

DRYDEN.

I suspect that I could point out the place in which these precious 'folia Sibyllæ' of Gray's lie interred; it would no doubt be found among other Sibylline leaves of Mason, of which there are two large boxes, which he left to the care of his executors. These gentlemen, as I am informed, are so extremely careful of them, as to have intrepidly resisted the importunity of some lovers of literature, whose curiosity has been aroused by the secreted treasures. It is a misfortune which has frequently attended this sort of bequests of literary men, that they have left their manuscripts, like their household furniture; and in several cases we find that many legatees conceive that all manuscripts are either to be burnt, like obsolete receipts, or to be nailed down in a box, that they may not stir a law-suit!

In a manuscript note of the times, I find that Sir Richard Baker, the author of a chronicle, formerly the most popular one, died in the Fleet; and that his son-in-law, who had all his papers, burnt them for waste paper; and he said, that 'he thought Sir Richard's life was among them!' An auto-biography of those days which we should now highly prize.

Among these mutilators of manuscripts we cannot too strongly remonstrate with those who have the care of the works of others, and convert them into a vehicle for their own particular purposes, even when they run directly counter to the knowledge and opinions of the original writer. Hard was the fate of honest Anthony Wood, when Dr Fell undertook to have his history of Oxford translated into Latin; the translator, a sullen dogged fellow, when he observed that Wood was enraged at seeing the perpetual alterations of his copy made to please Dr Fell, delighted to alter it the more; while the greater executioner supervising the printed sheets, by 'correcting, altering, or dashing out what he pleased,' compelled the writer publicly to disavow his own work! Such I have heard was the case of Bryan Edwards, who composed the first accounts of Mungo Park. Bryan Edwards, whose personal interests were opposed to the abolishment of the slave trade, would not suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his conviction of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his work did not only not contain his opinions, but was even interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed!

Suppressed books become as rare as manuscripts.—When I was employed in some researches respecting the history of the Mar-prelate faction, that ardent conspiracy against the established Hierarchy, and of which the very name is but imperfectly to be traced in our history, I discovered that the books and manuscripts of the Mar-pre-

lates have been too cautiously suppressed, or too completely destroyed; while those on the other side have been as carefully preserved. In our national collection, the British Museum, we find a great deal against Mar-prelate, but not Mar-prelate himself.

I have written the history of this conspiracy in the third volume of 'Quarrels of Authors.'

PARODIES.

A lady of *bas bleu* celebrity (the term is getting odious, particularly to our *savantes*) had two friends, whom she equally admired—an elegant poet and his parodist. She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagems lasted, till at length she apologized to the serious bard for inviting him when his mock *umbræ* was to be present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other's opposite talent; the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compliment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscure productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady-critic had imagined that a parody must necessarily be malicious; and in some cases it is said those on whom the parody has been performed, have been of the same opinion.

Parody strongly resembles mimicry, a principle in human nature not so artificial as it appears: Man may be well defined a mimic animal. The African boy, who amused the whole kaffé he journeyed with, by mimicking the gestures and the voice of the auctioneer who had sold him at the slave market a few days before, could have had no sense of scorn, of superiority, or of malignity; the boy experienced merely the pleasure of repeating attitudes and intonation which had so forcibly excited his interest. The numerous parodies of Hamlet's soliloquy were never made in derision of that solemn monologue, any more than the travesties of Virgil by Scarron and Cotton; their authors were never so gaily mad as that. We have parodies on the Psalms by Luther; Dodsley parodied the book of Chronicles, and the scripture style was parodied by Franklin in his beautiful story of Abraham; a story he found in Jeremy Taylor, and which Taylor borrowed from the East, for it is preserved in the Persian Sadi. Not one of these writers, however, proposed to ridicule their originals; some ingenuity in the application was all that they intended. The lady critic alluded to had suffered by a panic, in imagining that a parody was necessarily a corrosive satire. Had she indeed proceeded one step further, and asserted that parodies might be classed among the most malicious inventions of literature, when they are such as Colman and Lloyd made on Gray, in their odes to 'Oblivion and Obscurity,' her reading possibly might have supplied the materials of the present research.

Parodies were frequently practised by the ancients, and with them, like ourselves, consisted of a work grafted on another work, but which turned on a different subject by a slight change of the expressions. It might be a sport of fancy, the innocent child of mirth; or a satirical arrow drawn from the quiver of caustic criticism; or it was that malignant art which only studies to make the original of the parody, however beautiful, contemptible and ridiculous. Human nature thus enters into the composition of parodies, and their variable character originates in the purpose of their application.

There is in 'the million' a natural taste for farce after tragedy, and they gladly relieve themselves by mitigating the solemn seriousness of the tragic drama; for they find, that it is but 'a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' The taste for parody, will, I fear, always prevail; for whatever tends to ridicule a work of genius, is usually very agreeable to a great number of contemporaries. In the history of parodies, some of the learned have noticed a supposititious circumstance, which, however may have happened, for it is a very natural one. When the rhapsodists, who strolled from town to town to chant different fragments of the poems of Homer, had recited, they were immediately followed by another set of strollers—buffoons, who made the same audience merry by the burlesque turn which they gave to the solemn strains which had just so deeply engaged their attention. It is supposed that we have one of these travesties of the Iliad in one Sotades, who succeeded by only changing the measure of the verses without altering the words, which entirely disguised the Homeric character; fragments of which, scattered in

^{*} I have seen a transcript, by the favour of a gentleman who sent it to me, of Gray's directions for reading History. It had its merits at a time when our best histories had not been published, but it is entirely superseded by the admirable 'Méthode' of Lenglet du Fresnoy.

Dionysius Halicarnassensis, I leave to the curiosity of the learned Grecian.* Homer's battle of the frogs and mice, a learned critic, the elder Heinsius, asserts, was not written by the poet, but is a parody on the poem. It is evidently as good humoured an one as any in the 'Rejected Addresses.' And it was because Homer was the most popular poet, that he was most susceptible of the playful bonours of the parodist; unless the prototype is familiar to us, a parody is nothing! Of these parodists of Homer we may regret the loss of one, Timon of Phlius, whose parodies were termed *Silli*, from Silenus being their chief personage; he levelled them at the sophistical philosophers of his age; his invocation is grafted on the opening of the *Iliad*, to recount the evil doings of those babblers, whom he compares to the bags in which Æolus deposited all his winds; balloons inflated with empty ideas! We should like to have appropriated some of these *silli*, or parodies of Timon the Sillograph, which, however, seem to have been at times calumnious.† Shenstone's 'School Mistresses,' and some few other ludicrous poems, derive much of their merit from parody.

This taste for parodies was very prevalent with the Grecians, and is a species of humour which perhaps has been too rarely practised by the moderns: Cervantes has some passages of this nature in his parodies of the old chivalric romances; Fielding in some parts of his *Tom Jones* and Joseph Andrews, in his burlesque poetical descriptions; and Swift in his 'Battle of Books,' and 'Tale of a Tub'; but few writers have equalled the delicacy and felicity of Pope's parodies in the 'Rape of the Lock.' Such parodies give refinement to burlesque.

The ancients made a liberal use of it in their satirical comedy, and sometimes carried it on through an entire work, as in the Menippean satire. Seneca's mock *Eloge* of Claudius, and Lucian in his *Dialogues*. There are parodies even in Plato; and an anecdotal one recorded of this philosopher shows them in their most simple state. Dissatisfied with his own poetical essays, he threw them into the flames; that is, the sage resolved to sacrifice his verses to the god of fire; and in repeating that line in Homer where Thetis addresses Vulcan to implore his aid, the application became a parody, although it required no other change than the insertion of the philosopher's name instead of the goddess's:‡

‘Vulcan, arise! ’his Plato claims thy aid!’

Boileau affords a happy instance of this simple parody.—Cornelle, in his *Cid*, makes one of his personages remark,

‘Four grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes, ils peuvent se tromper comme les autres hommes.’

A slight alteration became a fine parody in Boileau's 'Chaplain decoiffé,'

‘Pour grands que soient les rois ils sont ce que nous sommes, ils se trompent en vers comme les autres hommes.’

We find in the Athenæus the name of the inventor of a species of parody which more immediately engages our notice—DRAMATIC PARODIES. It appears this inventor was a satirist, so that the lady critic, whose opinion we had the honour of noticing, would be warranted by appealing to its origin to determine the nature of the thing. A dramatic parody, which produced the greatest effect, was 'the Gigantomachia,' as appears by the only circumstance known of it. Never laughed the Athenians so heartily as at its representation, for the fatal news of the deplorable state to which the affairs of the republic were reduced in Sicily arrived at its first representation—and the Athenians continued laughing to the end! as the modern Athenians, the volatile Parisians, might in their national concern of an opera comique. It was the business of the dramatic parody to turn the solemn tragedy,

* Henry Stephens appears first to have started this subject of parody; his researches have been borrowed by the Abbé Sallier, to whom, in my turn, I am occasionally indebted. His little dissertation is in the French Academy's *Memoires*, Tome vii. 298.

† See a specimen in Aulus Gellius, where this parodist reproaches Plato for having given a high price for a book, whence he drew his noble dialogue of the *Timæus*. Lib. iii. c. 17.

‡ See Spanheim *Les Césars de l'Empereur Julien* in his 'Preuves.' Remarque 8. Sallier judiciously observes 'Il peut nous donner une juste idée de cette sorte d'ouvrage, mais nous ne savons pas précisément en quel temps il a été composé; no more truly than the *Iliad* itself.'

which the audience had just seen exhibited, into a farcical comedy; the same actors who had appeared in magnificent dresses, now returned on the stage in grotesque habits, with odd postures and gestures, while the story, though the same, was incongruous and ludicrous. The Cyclops of Euripides is probably the only remaining specimen; for this may be considered as a parody of the ninth book of the *Odyssey*—the adventures of Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, where Silenus and a chorus of satyrs are farcically introduced, to contrast with the grave narrative of Homer, of the shifts and escape of the cunning man 'from the one eyed ogre.' The jokes are too coarse for the French taste of Brumoy, who, in his translation, goes on with a critical growl and formal apology for Euripides having written a farce; Brumoy, like Pindar, is forced to eat his onion, but with a worse grace, swallowing and execrating to the end.

In dramatic composition, Aristophanes is perpetually looking in parodies of Euripides, whom of all poets he hated, as well as of Æschylus, Sophocles, and other tragic bards. Since that Grecian wit, at length, has found a translator saturated with his genius, and an interpreter as philosophical, the subject of Grecian parody will probably be reflected in a clearer light from his researches.

Dramatic parodies in modern literature were introduced by our vivacious neighbours, and may be said to constitute a class of literary satires peculiar to the French nation. What had occurred in Greece a similar gaiety of national genius unconsciously reproduced. The dramatic parodies in our own literature, as in 'The Rehearsal,' 'Tom Thumb,' and 'the Critic,' however exquisite, are confined to particular passages, and are not grafted on a whole original; we have neither naturalized the dramatic poetry into a species, nor dedicated it to the honours of a separate theatre.

This peculiar dramatic satire, a burlesque of an entire tragedy, the volatile genius of the Parisians accomplished. Whenever a new tragedy, which still continues the favourite species of drama with the French, attracted the notice of the town, shortly after uprose its parody at the Italian theatre, so that both pieces may have been performed in immediate succession in the same evening. A French tragedy is most susceptible of this sort of ridicule, by applying its declamatory style, its exaggerated sentiments, and its romantic out-of-the-way nature to the commonplace incidents and persons of domestic life; out of the stuff of which they made their emperors, their heroes, and their princesses, they cut out a pompous country justice, a hectoring tailor, or an impudent mantua-maker; but it was not merely this travesty of great personages, nor the lofty effusions of one in a lowly station, which terminated the object of parody; it was designed for a higher object, that of more obviously exposing the original for any absurdity in its scenes, or in its catastrophe, and dissecting its faulty characters; in a word, weighing in the critical scales, the nonsense of the poet. It sometimes became a refined instructor for the public, whose discernment is often blinded by party or prejudice. But it was, too, a severe touchstone for genius: Racine, some say, smiled, others say he did not, when he witnessed *Harlequin*, in the language of Titus to Berenice, declaiming on some ludicrous affair to Columbine; La Motte was very sore, and Voltaire, and others, shrunk away with a cry—from a parody! Voltaire was angry when he witnessed his *Marianne* parodied by *La mauvais Menage*; or 'Bad Housekeeping,' the aged, jealous Herod was turned into an old cross country justice; Varus, bewitched by Marianne, strutted a dragoon; and the whole establishment showed it was under very bad management. Fuzelier collected some of these parodies, and not unskillfully defends their nature and their object against the protest of La Motte, whose tragedies had severely suffered from these burlesques. His celebrated domestic tragedy of *Inez de Castro*, the fable of which turns on a concealed and clandestine marriage, produced one of the happiest parodies in *Agnes de Chaillot*. In the parody, the cause of the mysterious obstinacy of Pierrot the son, in persisting to refuse the hand of the daughter of his mother-in-law *Madame la Bailly*, is thus discovered by her to *Monsieur le Bailly*:

‘Mon mari, pour le coup j'ai decouvert l'affaire, Ne vous étonnez plus qu'a nos desirs contraire.’

* Les Parodies du Nouveau Theatre Italien 4 vol. 1738. Observations sur la Comedie et sur le Genie de Moliere, par Louis Riccoboni. Liv. iv.

Pour ma fille, Pierrot, ne montre que mepris :
Voilà l'unique objet dont son cœur est espris.

[Pointing to *Agnes de Chaillot*.]

The Bailiff exclaims,

'Ma servante'

This single word was the most lively and fatal criticism of the tragic action of *Inez de Castro*, which, according to the conventional decorum and fastidious code of French criticism, grossly violated the majesty of Melpomene, by giving a motive and an object so totally undignified to the tragic tale. In the parody there was something ludicrous when the secret came out which explained poor Pierrot's long-concealed perplexities, in the maid-servant bringing forwards a whole legitimate family of her own! La Motte was also galled by a projected parody of his 'Machabees'—where the hasty marriage of the young Machabees, and the sudden conversion of the amorous Antigone, who, for her first penitential act, persuades a youth to marry her, without first deigning to consult her respectable mother, would have produced an excellent scene for the parody. But La Motte prefixed an angry preface to his *Inez de Castro*; he inveighs against all parodies, which he asserts to be merely a French fashion, (we have seen, however, that it was once Grecian) the offspring of a dangerous spirit of ridicule, and the malicious amusements of superficial minds—'Were this true,' retorts Fuzelier, 'we ought to detest parodies; but we maintain, that far from converting virtue into a paradox, and degrading truth by ridicule, PARODY will only strike at what is chimerical and false; it is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition. What do we parody but the absurdities of dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes act against nature, common sense and truth? After all,' he ingeniously adds, 'it is the public, not we, who are the authors of these PARODIES; for they are usually but the echoes of the pit, and we parodists, have only to give a dramatic form to the opinions and observations we hear. Many tragedies,' Fuzelier, with admirable truth, observes, 'disguise vices into virtues, and PARODIES unmask them.' We have had tragedies recently which very much required parodies to expose them, and to shame our inconsiderate audiences, who patronized these monsters of false passions. The rants and bombast of some of these might have produced, with little or no alteration of the inflated originals, 'A Modern Rehearsal,' or a new 'Tragedy for Warm Weather.'

Of parodies, we may safely approve of their legitimate use, and even indulge their agreeable maliciousness; while we must still dread that extraordinary facility to which the public, or rather human nature, are so prone, as sometimes to laugh at what at another time they would shed tears.

Tragedy is rendered comic or burlesque by altering the *station and manners of the persons*; and the reverse may occur, of raising what is comic and burlesque into tragedy. On so little depends the sublime or the ridiculous! Beattie says, 'In most human characters there are blemishes, moral, intellectual, or corporeal; by exaggerating which, to a certain degree, you may form a comic character; as by raising the virtues, abilities, or external advantages of individuals, you form epic or tragic characters;' a subject humorously touched on by Lloyd, in the prologue to 'the Jealous Wife.'

'Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene;
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character sublime.
What big round words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband, and the wife a queen.'

ANECDOTES OF THE FAIRFAX FAMILY.

Will a mind of great capacity be reduced to mediocrity by the ill-choice of a profession?

Parents are interested in the metaphysical discussion, whether there really exists an inherent quality in the human intellect which imparts to the individual an aptitude for one pursuit more than for another. What Lord Shaftesbury calls not innate, but connatural qualities of the human character, were, during the latter part of the last century, entirely rejected; but of late there appears a tendency to return to the notion which is consecrated by antiquity. Experience will often correct modern hypothesists. The term 'pre-disposition' may be objectionable, as are all terms

which pretend to describe the occult operations of Nature—and at present we have no other!

Our children pass through the same public education, while they are receiving little or none for their individual dispositions, should they have sufficient strength of character to indicate any. The great secret of education is to develop the faculties of the individual; for it may happen that his real talents may lie hidden and buried under his education. A profession is usually adventitious, made by chance views, or by family arrangements. Should a choice be submitted to the youth himself, he will often mistake slight and transient tastes for permanent dispositions. A decided character, however, we may often observe, is repugnant, to a particular pursuit, delighting in another; talents, languid and vacillating in one profession, we might find vigorous and settled in another; an indifferent lawyer might be an admirable architect! At present all our human bullion is sent to be melted down in an university, to come out, as if thrown into a burning mould, a bright physician, a bright lawyer, a bright divine—in other words, to adapt themselves for a profession, preconceived by their parents. By this means we may secure a titular profession for our son, but the true genius of the avocation in the bent of the mind, as a man of great original powers called it, is too often absent! Instead of finding fit offices for fit men, we are perpetually discovering, on the stage of society, actors out of character! Our most popular writer has happily described this error.

'A laughing philosopher, the Democritus of our day, once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes. For how often do we see,' the orator pathetically concluded,—'how often, I say, do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole!'

In looking over a manuscript life of Tobie Mathews, archbishop of York in James the First's reign, I found a curious anecdote of his grace's disappointment in the dispositions of his sons. The cause, indeed, is not uncommon, as was confirmed by another great man, to whom the archbishop confessed it. The old Lord Thomas Fairfax one day found the archbishop, very melancholy, and inquired the reason of his grace's pensiveness: 'My lord,' said the archbishop, 'I have great reason of sorrow with respect of my sons; one of whom has wit and no grace, another grace but no wit, and the third neither grace nor wit.' 'Your case,' replied Lord Fairfax, 'is not singular. I am also sadly disappointed in my sons: one I sent into the Netherlands to train him up a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the inns of court, and he is good at divinity, but nobody at the law.' The relation of this anecdote adds, 'This I have often heard from the descendant of that honourable family, who yet seems to mince the matter because so immediately related.' The eldest son was the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax—and the gunsmith to Thomas Lord Fairfax the son of this Lord Ferdinando, heard the old Lord Thomas call aloud to his grandson, 'Tom! Tom! mind thou the battle! Thy father's a good man, but mere coward! all the good I expect is from thee!' It is evident that the old Lord Thomas Fairfax was a military character, and in his earnest desire of continuing a line of heroes, had preconceived to make his eldest son a military man, who we discover turned out to be admirably fitted for a worshipful justice of the quorum. This is a lesson for the parent who consults his own inclinations and not those of natural disposition. In the present case the same lord, though disappointed, appears still to have persisted in the same wish of having a great military character in his family: having missed one in his elder son, and settled his other sons in different avocations, the grandfather persevered, and fixed his hopes, and bestowed his encouragements, on his grandson Sir Thomas Fairfax, who makes so distinguished a figure in the civil wars.

The difficulty of discerning the aptitude of a youth for any particular destination in life will, perhaps, even for the most skilful parent, be always hazardous. Many will be inclined, in despair of any thing better, to throw dice with fortune; or adopt the determination of the father who settled his sons by a whimsical analogy which he appears to have formed of their dispositions or aptness for different

* Beattie on Poetry and Music, p. 1.

pursuits. The boys were standing under a hedge in the rain, and a neighbour reported to the father the conversation he had overheard. John wished it would rain books, for he wished to be a preacher; Bezaleel, wool, to be a clothier, like his father; Samuel, money, to be a merchant; and Edmund, plums, to be a grocer. The father took these wishes as a hint, and we are told in the life of John Angier the elder son, a puritan minister, that he chose for them these different callings, in which it appears that they settled successfully. 'Whatever a young man at first applies himself to is commonly his delight afterwards.' This is an important principle discovered by Hartley, but it will not supply the parent with any determined regulation how to distinguish a transient from a permanent disposition; or how to get at what we may call the conatural qualities of the mind. A particular opportunity afforded me some close observation on the characters and habits of two youths, brothers in blood and affection, and partners in all things, who even to their very dress shared alike; who were never separated from each other; who were taught by the same masters, lived under the same roof, and were accustomed to the same uninterrupted habits; yet had nature created them totally distinct in the qualities of their minds; and similar as their lives had been, their abilities were adapted for very opposite pursuits: either of them could not have been the other. And I observed how the 'predisposition' of the parties was distinctly marked from childhood: the one slow, penetrating and correct; the other quick, irritable, and fanciful: the one persevering in examination; the other rapid in results: the one unexhausted by labour; the other impatient of whatever did not relate to his own pursuit: the one logical, historical, and critical; the other having acquired nothing, decided on all things by his own sensations. We would confidently consult in the one a great legal character, and in the other an artist of genius. If nature had not secretly placed a bias in their distinct minds, how could two similar beings have been so dissimilar?

A story recorded of Cecco d'Ascoli and of Dante, on the subject of natural and acquired genius, may illustrate the present topic. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose; when Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause!

To tell stories, however, is not to lay down principles, yet principles may sometimes be concealed in stories.*

MEDICINE AND MORALS.

A stroke of personal ridicule is levelled at Dryden when Bayes informs us of his preparations for a course of study by a course of medicine! 'When I have a grand design,' says he, 'I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part; in fine, you must purge the belly.' Such was really the practice of the poet, as La Motte, who was a physician, informs us, and in his medical character did not perceive that ridicule in the subject which the wits and most readers unquestionably have enjoyed. The wits here were as cruel against truth as against Dryden; for we must still consider this practice, to use their own words, as 'an excellent recipe for writing.' Among other philosophers, one of the most famous disputants of antiquity, Carneades, was accustomed to take copious doses of white hellebore, a great aperient, as a preparation to refute the dogmas of the stoics. Dryden's practice was neither whimsical nor peculiar to the poet; he was of a full habit, and, no doubt, had often found by experience the beneficial effects without being aware of the cause, which is nothing less than the reciprocal influence of mind and body.

This simple fact is, indeed, connected with one of the

* I have arranged many facts, connected with the present subject, in the fifth chapter of what I have written on 'The Literary Character' in the third edition, 1822.

most important inquiries in the history of man: the law which regulate the invisible union of the soul with the body: in a word, the inscrutable mystery of our being!—a secret, but an undoubted intercourse, which probably must ever elude our perceptions. The combination of metaphysics with physics has only been productive of the wildest fairy tales among philosophers: with one party the soul seems to pass away in its last puff of air, while man seems to perish in 'dust to dust;' the other as successfully gets rid of our bodies altogether, by denying the existence of matter. We are not certain that mind and matter are distinct existences, since the one may be only a modification of the other; however this great mystery be imagined, we shall find with Dr Gregory, in his lectures 'on the duties and qualifications of a physician,' that it forms an equally necessary inquiry in the sciences of *morals* and of *medicine*.

Whether we consider the vulgar distinction of *mind* and *body* as an union, or as a modified existence, no philosopher denies that a reciprocal action takes place between our moral and physical condition. Of these sympathies, like many other mysteries of nature, the cause remains occult, while the effects are obvious. This close yet inscrutable association, this concealed correspondence of parts seemingly unconnected, in a word, this reciprocal influence of the mind and the body, has long fixed the attention of medical and metaphysical inquirers; the one having the care of our exterior organization, the other that of the interior. Can we conceive the mysterious inhabitant as forming a part of its own habitation? The tenant and the house are so inseparable, that in striking at any part of the building, you inevitably reach the dweller. If the mind is disordered, we may often look for its seat in some corporeal derangement. Often are our thoughts disturbed by a strange irritability, which we do not even pretend to account for. This state of the body, called the *fidgets*, is a disorder to which the ladies are particularly liable. A physician of my acquaintance was earnestly entreated by a female patient to give a name to her unknown complaints; this he found no difficulty to do, as he is a steady asserter of the materiality of our nature; he declared that her disorder was atmospheric. It was the disorder of her frame under damp weather, which was reacting on her mind; and physical means, by operating on her body, might be applied to restore her to her halcyon senses. Our imagination is highest when our stomach is not overloaded; in spring than in winter; in solitude than amidst company; and in an obscured light than in the blaze and heat of the noon. In all these cases the body is evidently acted on, and re-acts on the mind. Sometimes our dreams present us with images of our restlessness, till we recollect that the seat of our brain may perhaps lie in our stomach, rather than on the pineal gland of Descartes; and that the most artificial logic to make us somewhat reasonable, may be swallowed with 'the blue pill.' Our domestic happiness often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine. The learned Gaubius, an eminent professor of medicine at Leyden, who called himself 'professor of the passions,' gives the case of a lady of too inflammable a constitution, whom her husband, unknown to herself, had gradually reduced to a model of decorum by phlebotomy. Her complexion, indeed, lost the roses, which some, perhaps, had too wantonly admired for the repose of her conjugal physician.

The art of curing moral disorders by corporeal means has not yet been brought into general practice, although it is probable that some quiet sages of medicine have made use of it on some occasions. The Leyden professor we have just alluded to, delivered at the university a discourse 'on the management and cure of the disorders of the mind by application to the body.' Descartes conjectured, that as the mind seems so dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if any means can be found to render men wiser and more ingenious than they have been hitherto, such a method might be sought from the assistance of *medicine*. The science of morals and of medicine will therefore be found to have a more intimate connection than has been suspected. Plato thought that a man must have natural dispositions towards virtue to become virtuous; that it cannot be educated—you cannot make a bad man a good man; which he ascribes to the evil dispositions of the *body*, as well as to a bad education.

There are unquestionably, constitutional moral disorders; some good tempered but passionate persons have acknowledged, that they cannot avoid those temporary fits to which they are liable, and which, they say, they always suffered 'from a child.' If they arise from too great a fulness of blood, is it not cruel to upbraid rather than to cure them, which might easily be done by taking away their redundant humours, and thus quieting the most passionate man alive? A moral patient, who allows his brain to be disordered by the fumes of liquor, instead of being suffered to be a ridiculous being, might have opiates prescribed; for in laying him asleep as soon as possible, you remove the cause of his sudden madness. There are crimes for which men are hanged, but of which they might easily have been cured by physical means. Persons out of their senses with love, by throwing themselves into a river, and being dragged out nearly lifeless, have recovered their senses, and lost their bewildering passion. Submersion was discovered to be a cure for some mental disorders, by altering the state of the body, as Van Helmont notices, 'was happily practised in England.' With the circumstance this sages of chemistry alludes to I am unacquainted; but this extraordinary practice was certainly known to the Italians; for in one of the tales of Poggio we find a mad doctor of Milan, who was celebrated for curing lunatics and demoniacs in a certain time. His practice consisted in placing them in a great high walled court yard, in the midst of which there was a deep well full of water, cold as ice. When a demoniac was brought to this physician, he had the patient bound to a pillar in the well, till the water ascended to the knees, or higher, and even to the neck, as he deemed their malady required. In their bodily pain they appear to have forgot their melancholy; thus by the terrors of the repetition of cold water, a man appears to have been frightened into his senses! A physician has informed me of a remarkable case: a lady with a disordered mind, resolved on death, and swallowed much more than half a pint of laudanum; she closed her curtains in the evening, took a farewell of her attendants, and flattered herself she should never awaken from her sleep. In the morning, however, notwithstanding this incredible dose, she awoke in the agonies of death. By the usual means she was enabled to get rid of the poison she had so largely taken, and not only recovered her life, but what is more extraordinary, her perfect senses! The physician conjectures that it was the influence of her disordered mind over her body which prevented this vast quantity of laudanum from its usual action by terminating in death.

Moral vices or infirmities, which originate in the state of the body, may be cured by topical applications. Precepts and ethics in such cases, if they seem to produce a momentary cure, have only mowed the weeds, whose roots lie in the soil. It is only by changing the soil itself that we can eradicate these evils. The senses are five porches for the physician to enter into the mind, to keep it in repair. By altering the state of the body, we are changing that of the mind, whenever the defects of the mind depend on those of the organization. The mind, or soul, however distinct its being from the body, is disturbed or excited, independent of its volition, by the mechanical impulses of the body. A man becomes stupefied when the circulation of the blood is impeded in the viscera; he acts more from instinct than reflection; the nervous fibres are too relaxed or too tense, and he finds a difficulty in moving them; if you heighten his sensations, you awaken new ideas in this stupid being; and as we cure the stupid by increasing his sensibility, we may believe that a more vivacious fancy may be promised to those who possess one, when the mind and the body play together in one harmonious accord. Prescribe the bath, frictions, and fomentations, and though it seems a round about way, you get at the brains by his feet. A literary man, from long sedentary habits, could not overcome his fits of melancholy, till his physician doubled his daily quantity of wine; and the learned Henry Stephens, after a severe ague, had such a disgust of books, the most beloved objects of his whole life, that the very thought of them excited terror for a considerable time. It is evident that the state of the body often indicates that of the mind. Insanity itself often results from some disorder in the human machine. 'What is this mind, of which men appear so vain?' exclaims Flechier. 'If considered according to its nature, it is a fire which sickness and an accident most sensibly puts out; it is a delicate temperament, which soon grows

disordered; a happy conformation of organs, which wear out; a combination and a certain motion of the spirits which exhaust themselves; it is the most lively and the most subtle part of the soul, which seems to grow old with the body.'

It is not wonderful that some have attributed such virtues to their system of diet, if it has been found productive of certain effects on the human body. Cornaro perhaps imagined more than he experienced; but Apollonius Tyaneus, when he had the credit of holding an intercourse with the devil, by his presumed gift of prophecy, defended himself from the accusation of attributing his clear and prescient views of things to the light aliments he lived on, never indulging in a variety of food. 'This mode of life has produced such a perspicuity in my ideas, that I see as in a glass things past and future.' We may, therefore, agree with Bayes, that 'for a sonnet to Amanda, and the like, stewed prunes only' might be sufficient; but for 'a grand design, nothing less than a more formal and formidable dose.

Camus, a French physician, who combined literature with science, the author of 'Abdeker, or the Art of Cosmetics which he discovered in exercise and temperance, produced another fanciful work, written in 1753, 'La Medecine de l'Esprit.' His conjectural cases are at least as numerous as his more positive facts; for he is not wanting in imagination. He assures us, that having reflected on the physical causes, which, by differently modifying the body, varied also, the dispositions of the mind, he was convinced that by employing these different causes, or by imitating their powers by art, we might by means purely mechanical affect the human mind, and correct the infirmities of the understanding and the will. He considered this principle only as the aurora of a brighter day. The great difficulty to overcome was to find out a method to root out the defects, or the diseases of the soul, in the same manner as physicians cure a fluxion from the lungs, a dysentery, a dropsy and all other infirmities, which seem only to attack the body. This indeed, he says, is enlarging the domain of medicine, by showing how the functions of the intellect and the springs of volition are mechanical. The movements and passions of the soul, formerly restricted to abstract reasonings, are by this system reduced to simple ideas. Insisting that material causes force the soul and body to act together, the defects of the intellectual operations depend on those of the organization, which may be altered or destroyed by physical causes; and he properly adds, that we are to consider that the soul is material, while existing in matter, because it is operated on by matter. Such is the theory of 'La Medecine de l'Esprit,' which, though physicians will never quote, may perhaps contain some facts worth their attention.

Camus's two little volumes seem to have been preceded by a medical discourse delivered in the academy of Dijon in 1748, where the moralist compares the infirmities and vices of the mind to parallel diseases of the body. We may safely consider some infirmities and passions of the mind as diseases, and could they be treated as we do the bodily ones, to which they bear an affinity, this would be the great triumph of 'morals and medicine.' The passion of avarice resembles the thirst of dropical patients; that of envy is a slow-wasting fever; love is often frenzy, and capricious and sudden restlessness, epileptic fits. There are moral disorders which at times spread like epidemical maladies through towns and countries, and even nations. There are hereditary vices and infirmities transmitted from the parent's mind as there are unquestionably such diseases of the body: the son of a father of a hot and irritable temperament inherits the same quickness and warmth; a daughter is often a counterpart of her mother. Morality, could it be treated medicinally, would require its prescriptions, as all diseases have their specific remedies; the great secret is perhaps discovered by Camus—that of *operating on the mind by means of the body*.

A recent writer seems to have been struck by these curious analogies. Mr. Haslam, in his work on 'Sound Mind,' says, p. 90, 'There seems to be a considerable similarity between the morbid state of the instruments of voluntary motion (that is the body,) and certain affections of the mental powers, that is, the mind. Thus, *paralysis* has its counterpart in the defects of recollection, where the utmost endeavour to remember is ineffectually exerted. Tremor may be compared with incapability of fixing the attention, and this involuntary state of muscles ordinarily subjected to the will, also finds a parallel where the mind

loses its influence in the train of thought, and becomes subject to spontaneous intrusions; as may be exemplified in *reveries, dreaming, and some species of madness.*

Thus one philosopher discovers the analogies of the mind with the body, and another of the body with the mind. Can we now hesitate to believe that such analogies exist—and advancing one step farther, trace in this reciprocal influence that a part of the soul is the body, as the body becomes a part of the soul? The most important truth remains undivulged, and ever will in this mental pharmacy; but none is more clear than that which led to the view of this subject, that in this mutual intercourse of body and mind the superior is often governed by the inferior; others think the mind is more wilfully outrageous than the body. Plutarch, in his essays, has a familiar illustration, which he borrows from some philosopher more ancient than himself: 'Should the Body sue the Mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the Mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord.' The sage of Cheronæa did not foresee the hint of Descartes and the discovery of Camus, that by medicine we may alleviate or remove the diseases of the mind; a practice which indeed has not yet been pursued by physicians, though the moralists have been often struck by the close analogies of the Mind with the Body! A work by the learned Dom Pernetty, *La connoissance de l'homme moral par celle de l'homme physique*, we are told is more fortunate in its title than its execution; probably it is one of the many attempts to develop this imperfect and obscured truth, which hereafter may become more obvious and be universally comprehended.

PSALM-SINGING.

The history of Psalm singing is a portion of the history of the reformation; of that great religious revolution which separated for ever, into two unequal divisions, the great establishment of Christianity. It has not, perhaps, been remarked, that Psalm singing, or metrical Psalms, degenerated into those scandalous compositions which, under the abused title of *hymns*, are now used by some sects.* These are evidently the last disorders of that system of Psalm singing which made some religious persons early oppose its practice. Even Sternhold and Hopkins, our first Psalm editors, says honest Fuller, 'found their work afterwards met with some frowns in the faces of great clergymen.' To this day these opinions are not adjusted. Archbishop Secker observes, 'that though the first Christians (from this passage in James v. 13, "Is any merry? let him sing Psalms!") made singing a constant part of their worship, and the whole congregation joined in it; yet afterwards the singers by profession, who had been *prudently appointed to lead and direct them* by degrees *usurped* the whole performance. But at the Reformation the people were restored to their rights! This revolutionary style is singular: one might infer by the expression of the people being restored to their rights, that a mixed assembly roaring out confused tunes, nasal, guttural, and sibilant, was a more orderly government of Psalmody than when the executive power was consigned to the voices of those whom the archbishop had justly described as having been first *prudently appointed to lead and direct them*; and who, by their subsequent proceedings, evidently discovered, what they might have safely conjectured, that such an universal suffrage, where every man was to have a voice, must necessarily end in clatter and chaos!†

Thomas Warton, however, regards the metrical Psalms of Sternhold as a puritanic invention, and asserts, that notwithstanding it is said in their title page that, they are 'set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches,' they were never admitted by lawful authority. They were first introduced by the Puritans, and afterwards continued by conivance. As a true poetical antiquary, Thomas Warton condemns any *modernisation* of the venerable text of the old Sternhold and Hopkins, which, by changing obsolete for familiar words, destroys the texture of the original

* It would be polluting these pages with ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, were I to give specimens of some hymns of the Moravians and the Methodists, and some of the still lower sects.

† Mr Hamper, of Birmingham, has obligingly supplied me with a rare tract, entitled 'Singing of Psalms, vindicated from the charge of Novelty,' in answer to Dr Russell, Mr. Marlow, &c. 1698. It furnishes numerous authorities to show that it was practised by the primitive Christians on almost every occasion. I shall shortly quote a remarkable passage.

style; and many stanzas, already too naked and weak, like a plain old Gothic edifice stripped of its few signatures of antiquity, have lost that little and almost only strength and support which they derived from ancient phrases. 'Such alterations, even if executed with prudence and judgment, only corrupt what they endeavour to explain; and exhibit a motly performance, belonging to no character of writing, and which contain more improprieties than those which it professes to remove. This forcible criticism is worthy of our poetical antiquary; the same feeling was experienced by Pasquier, when Marot, in his *Refacciments* of the Roman de la Rose, left some of the obsolete phrases, while he got rid of others; *cette bigarrure de langage vint et moderne*, was with him writing no language at all. The same circumstance occurred abroad when they resolved to retouch and modernise the old French metrical version of the Psalms, which we are about to notice. It produced the same controversy and the same dissatisfaction. The church of Geneva adopted an improved version, but the charm of the old one was wanting.

To trace the history of modern metrical Psalmody, we must have recourse to Bayle, who, as a mere literary historian, has accidentally preserved it. The inventor was a celebrated French poet; and the invention, though perhaps in its very origin inclining towards the abuse to which it was afterwards carried, was unexpectedly adopted by the austere Calvin, and introduced into the Geneva discipline. It is indeed strange, that while he was stripping religion not merely of its pagantry, but even of its decent ceremonies, that this levelling reformer should have introduced this taste for singing Psalms in opposition to reading Psalms. 'On a parallel principle,' says Thomas Warton, 'and if any artificial aids to devotion were to be allowed, he might at least have retained the use of pictures in the church.' But it was decreed that statues should be mutilated of 'their fair proportions,' and painted glass be dashed into pieces while the congregation were to sing! Calvin sought for proselytes among 'the rabble of a republic, who can have no relish for the more elegant externals.' But to have made men sing in concert, in the streets, or at their work, and merry or sad, on all occasions to tickle the ear with rhymes and touch the heart with emotion, was betraying no deficient knowledge of human nature.

It seems, however that this project was adopted accidentally, and was certainly promoted by the fine natural genius of Clement Marot, the favoured bard of Francis the First, that 'Prince of Poets, and that Poet of Princes,' as he was quaintly but expressively dignified by his contemporaries. Marot is still an inimitable and true poet, for he has written in a manner of his own with such marked felicity, that he has left his name to a style of poetry called *Muriloque*. The original La Fontaine is his imitator. Marot delighted in the very forms of poetry, as well as its subjects and its manner. His life, indeed, took more shapes, and indulged in more poetical licenses, than even his poetry: licentious in morals; often in prison, or at court, or in the army, or a fugitive, he has left in his numerous little poems many a curious record of his variegated existence. He was indeed very far from being devout, when his friend the learned Vatable, the Hebrew professor, probably to reclaim a perpetual sinner from profane rhymes, as Marot was suspected of heresy, confession and meagre days being his abhorrence! suggested the new project of translating the Psalms into French verse, and no doubt assisted the bard; for they are said to, 'traduits en rythme Français selon la vérité Hebraïque.' The famous Theodore Beza was also his friend and prompter, and afterwards his continuator. Marot published fifty-two Psalms, written in a variety of measures, with the same style he had done his ballads and rondeaux. He dedicated to the king of France, comparing him with the royal Hebrew, and with a French compliment!

Dieu le donne aux peuples Hebraïques
Dieu te devoit, ce pense-je, aux Galliques.

He insinuates that in his version he had received assistance

—par les divins esprits
Qui ont sous toy Hebreu langage appris,
Nous ont jetés les Pseaumes en lumiere
Clairs, et au sens de la forme premiere.

This royal dedication is more solemn than usual; yet Marot, who was never grave but in prison, soon recovered from this dedication to the king for on turning the leaf we

find another, 'Aux Dames de France!' Warton says of Marot, that 'He seems anxious to deprecate the railery which the new tone of his versification was likely to incur, and is embarrassed to find an apology for turning saint.' His embarrassments however, terminate in a highly poetical fancy. When will the golden age be restored, exclaims this lady's Psalmists,

'Quand n'aurons plus de cours ne lieu
Les chansons de ce petit Dieu
A qui les peintres font des aiales ?
O vous dames et demoiselles
Que Dieu fait pour estre son temple
Et faites, sous mauvais exemple
Retentir et chambres et sales,
De chansons mondaines ou sales,' &c.

Knowing, continues the poet, that songs that are silent about love can never please you, here are some composed by love itself; all here is love, but more than mortal! Sing these at all times,

Et les convertir et muer
Faisant vos levres remuer,
Et vos doigts sur les espinettes
Pour dire saintes chansonnettes.

Marot then breaks forth with that enthusiasm, which perhaps at first conveyed to the sullen fancy of the austere Calvin the project he so successfully adopted, and, whose influence we are still witnessing.

O bien heureux qui voir pourra
Fleurir le temps, que l'on orra
Le labourer à sa charrue
Le charretier parmy la rue,
Et l'artisan-en sa boutique
Avecques un Pacaune ou cantique,
En son labour se soulager;
Heureux qui erra le berger
Et la bergere en bois estans
Faire que rochers et estangs
Après eux chantent la hauteur
Du saint nom de leurs Createur
Commencez, dames, commencez
Le siecle doré! avancez!
En chantant d'un cuer debonnaire.
Dedans ce saint cancionnaire.

Thrice happy they, who may behold,
And listen, in that age of gold!
As by the plough the labourer strays,
And carman mid the public ways,
And tradesmen in his shop shall swell
Their voice in Psalm or Canticle,
Singing to solace toil; again,
From woods shall come a sweeter strain!
Shepherd and shepherdess shall vie
In many a tender Psalmody;
And the Creator's name prolong
As rock and stream return their song!
Begin then, ladies fair! begin
The age renew'd that knows no sin!
And with light heart, that wants no wing,
Sing! from this holy song-book, sing!*

This 'holy song-book' for the harpsichord or the voice was a gay novelty, and no book was ever more eagerly received by all classes than Marot's 'Psalms.' In the fervour of that day, they sold faster than the printers could take them off their presses; but as they were understood to be songs, and yet were not accompanied by music, every one set them to favourite tunes, commonly those of popular ballads. Each of the royal family, and every nobleman, chose a psalm or a song, which expressed his own personal feelings, adapted to his own tune. The Dauphin, afterwards Henry II, a great hunter, when he went to the chase was singing *Ainsi qu'on vit le cerf bruyre*. 'Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks.' There is a curious portrait of the mistress of Henry, the famous Diane de Poitiers, recently published, on which is inscribed this *verse of the Psalm*. On a portrait which exhibits Diane in an attitude rather unsuitable to so solemn an application, no reason could be found to account for this discordance: perhaps the painter, or the lady herself, chose to adopt the favourite Psalm of her royal lover, proudly to designate

* In the curious tract already referred to, the following quotation is remarkable; the scene the fancy of Marot pictured to him had anciently occurred. St Jerome in his seventeenth Epistle to Marcellus thus describes it: 'In christian villages little else is to be heard but Psalms; for which way soever you turn yourself, either you have the Ploughman at his plough singing Hallelujahs, the weary Brewer refreshing himself with a psalm, or the Vine-dresser chanting forth somewhat of David's.'

the object of her love, besides its double allusion to her name. Diane, however, in the first stage of their mutual attachment, took *Du fond de ma pensée*, or 'From the depth of my heart.' The Queen's favourite was,

*Ne vueilles pas, o sire,
Me reprendre en ton ire*

that is, 'Rebuke me not in thy indignation,' which she sung to a fashionable jig. Antony, king of Navarre, sung *Revenge moy prens la querelle*, or, 'Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel,' to the air of a dance of Poutou.*—We may conceive the ardour with which this novelty was received, for Francis sent to Charles the Fifth Marot's collection, who both by promises and presents encouraged the French bard to proceed with his version, and entreating Marot to send him as soon as possible *Confitemini Domino quoniam bonus*, because it was his favourite Psalm. And the Spanish as well as French composers hastened to set the Psalms of Marot to music. The fashion lasted, for Henry the Second set one to an air of his own composing. Catharine de Medicis had her Psalm, and it seems that every one at court adopted some particular Psalm for themselves, which they often played on lutes and guitars, &c. Singing Psalms in verse was then one of the chief ingredients in the happiness of social life.

The universal reception of Marot's Psalms induced Theodore Beza to conclude the collection, and ten thousand copies were immediately dispersed. But these had the advantage of being set to music, for we are told, they were 'admirably fitted to the violin and other musical instruments.' And who was the man who had thus adroitly taken hold of the public feeling to give it this strong direction? It was the solitary Thaumaturgus, the ascetic Calvin, who, from the depth of his closet at Geneva, had engaged the finest musical composers, who were no doubt warmed by the zeal of propagating his faith, to form these simple and beautiful airs to assist the Psalm singers. At first this was not discovered, and Catholics as well as Huguenots, were solacing themselves on all occasions with this new music. But when Calvin appointed these Psalms, as set to music, to be sung at his meetings, and Marot's formed an appendix to the Catechism of Geneva, this put an end to all Psalm singing for the poor Catholics! Marot himself was forced to fly to Geneva from the fulminations of the Sorbonne, and Psalm singing became an open declaration of what the French called 'Lutheranism,' when it became with the reformed a regular part of their religious discipline. The Cardinal of Lorraine succeeded in persuading the lovely patroness of the 'holy song book,' Diane de Poitiers, who at first was a Psalm singer and an heretical reader of the Bible, to discountenance this new fashion. He began by finding fault with the Psalms of David, and revived the amatory elegancies of Horace: at that moment even the reading of the Bible was symptomatic of Lutheranism; Diane, who had given way to these novelties, would have a French Bible, because the queen, Catharine de Medicis, had one, and the Cardinal finding a bible on her table, immediately crossed himself, beat his breast, and otherwise so well acted his part, that, 'having thrown the Bible down and condemned it, he remonstrated with the fair penitent, that it was a kind of reading not adapted for her sex, containing dangerous matters; if she was uneasy in her mind she should hear two masses instead of one, and rest content with her Paternosters and her Primer, which were not only devotional but ornamented with a variety of elegant forms from the most exquisite pencils of France.' Such is the story drawn from a curious letter, written by a Huguenot, and a former friend of Catharine de Medicis, and by which we may infer that the reformed religion was making considerable progress in the French court,—had the Cardinal of Lorraine not interfered by persuading the mistress, and she the king, and the king his queen, at once to give up Psalm singing and reading the Bible!

'This infectious frenzy of Psalm-singing,' as Warton describes it, under the Calvinistic preachers had rapidly propagated itself through Germany as well as France. It was admirably calculated to kindle the flame of fanaticism, and frequently served as the trumpet to rebellion. These energetic hymns of Geneva excited and supported

* As Warton has partly drawn from the same source, I have adopted his own words whenever I could. It is not easy to write after Thomas Warton whenever he is pleased with his subject.

a variety of popular instructions in the most flourishing cities of the Low Countries, and what our poetical antiquary could never forgive,' fomented the fury which defaced many of the most beautiful and venerable churches of Flanders.'

At length it reached our island at that critical moment when it had first embraced the Reformation; and here its domestic history was parallel with its foreign, except, perhaps, in the splendour of its success. Sternhold, an enthusiast for the reformation, was much offended, says Warton, at the lascivious ballads which prevailed among the courtiers, and with a laudable design to check these indecencies, he undertook to be our Marot—without his genius; 'thinking thereby,' says our cynical literary historian, Antony Wood, 'that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets but did not, only some few excepted.' They were practised by the puritans in the reign of Elizabeth: for Shakespeare notices the puritan of his day 'singing Psalms to hornpipes,'* and more particularly during the protectorate of Cromwell, on the same plan of accommodating them to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said 'were too good for the devil.' Psalms were now sung at Lord Mayors' dinners and city feasts; soldiers sang them on their march and at parade; a few houses which had windows fronting the streets, but had their evening psalms; for a story has come down to us, to record that the hypocritical brotherhood did not always care to sing unless they were heard!

ON THE RIDICULOUS TITLES ASSUMED BY THE ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

The Italians are a fanciful people, who have often mixed a grain or two of pleasantry and even folly with their wisdom. This fanciful character betrays itself in their architecture, in their poetry, in their extemporary comedy, and their *Improvisatori*; but an instance not yet accounted for of this national levity, appears in those denominations of exquisite absurdity given by themselves to their Academies! I have in vain inquired for any assignable reason why the most ingenious men, and grave and illustrious personages, cardinals and princes, as well as poets, scholars, and artists, in every literary city, should voluntarily choose to burlesque themselves and their serious occupations, by affecting mysterious or ludicrous titles, as if it were carnival time, and they had to support masquerade characters, and accepting such titles as we find in the cant style of our own vulgar clubs, the Society of 'Odd Fellows,' and of 'Eccentrics!' A principle so whimsical but systematic, must surely have originated in some circumstance not hitherto detected.

A literary friend, recently in an Italian city, exhausted by the *strocco*, entered a house whose open door and circular seats appeared to offer to passengers a refreshing *sorbetto*; he discovered, however, that he had got into 'the Academy of the Cameleons,' where they met to delight their brothers, and any 'spirito gentil' they could nail to a recitation. An invitation to join the academicians alarmed him, for with some impatient prejudices against these little creatures, vocal with *prose e rime*, and usually with odes and sonnets begged for, or purloined for the occasion, he waived all further curiosity and courtesy, and has returned home without any information how these 'Cameleons' looked, when changing their colours in an 'accademia.'

Such literary institutions, prevalent in Italy, are the spurious remains of those numerous academies which simultaneously started up in that country about the sixteenth century. They assumed the most ridiculous denominations, and a great number is registered by Buadrio and Tiraboschi. Whatever was their design, one cannot fairly reproach them, as Mencken, in his 'Charlatanaria Eruditorum,' seems to have thought, for pompous quackery: neither can we attribute to their modesty their choice of senseless titles, for to have degraded their own exalted pursuits was but folly! Literary history affords no parallel to this national absurdity of the refined Italians.

* My friend, Mr Douce, imagines, that this alludes to a common practice at that time among the Puritans of burlesquing the plain chant of the Papists, by adapting vulgar and ludicrous music to psalms and pious compositions. Illustr. of Shakespeare, 1. 235. Mr Douce does not recollect his authority. My idea differs. May we not conjecture that the intention was the same which induced Sternhold to versify the Psalms, to be sung instead of lascivious ballads; and the most popular tunes came afterwards to be adopted, that the singer might practise his favourite one, as we find it occurred in France.

Who could have suspected that the most eminent scholars and men of genius, were associates of the *Oziosi*, the *Pastastici*, the *Insenzati*? Why should Genoa boast of her 'Sleepy,' Viterbo of her 'Obstinate,' Sienna of her 'Isipids,' her 'Blockheads,' and her 'Thunderstruck'; and Naples of her 'Furioso'; while Macerata exults in her 'Madmen chained?' Both Quadrio and Tiraboschi cannot deny that these fantastical titles have occasioned three Italian academies to appear very ridiculous to the *altramontani*; but these valuable historians are no philosophical thinkers. They apologize for this bad taste, by describing the ardour which was kindled throughout Italy at the restoration of letters and the fine arts, so that every one, as even every man of genius, were eager to enroll their name in these academies, and prided themselves in bearing their emblems, that is, the distinctive arms each academy had chosen. But why did they mystify themselves?

Folly, once become national, is a vigorous plant, which sheds abundant seed. The consequence of having adopted ridiculous titles for these academies, suggested to them many other characteristic fopperies. At Florence every brother of the 'Umidi' assumed the name of something aquatic, or any quality pertaining to humidity. One was called 'the Frozen,' another 'the Damp'; one was 'the Pile,' another 'the Swan'; and Grazzini, the celebrated novelist, is known better by the cognomen of *La Lancia*, 'the Roach,' by which he whimsically designates himself among the 'Humids.' I find among the *Insenzati*, one man of learning taking the name of *Stordito Insenzato*, another *Tenebroso Insenzato*. The famous Florentine academy of *La Crusca* amidst their grave labours to sift and purify their language, threw themselves headlong into this vortex of folly. Their title, the academy of 'Bran,' was a conceit to indicate their art of sifting; but it required an Italian prodigality of conceit to have induced these grave scholars to exhibit themselves in the burlesque scenery of a pantomimical academy, for their furniture consists of a mill and a bake-house; a pulpit for the orator is a hopper, while the learned director sits on a mill-stone; the other seats have the forms of a miller's dosser, or great panniers, and the backs consist of the long shovels used in ovens. The table is a baker's kneading-trough, and the academician who reads has his book thrust out of a great bolting sack, with I know not what else for their inkstands and portfolios. But the most celebrated of these academies is that 'degli Arcadi,' at Rome, who are still carrying on their pretensions much higher. Whoever inspires to be aggregated to these Arcadian shepherds, receives a pastoral name and a title, but not the deeds of a farm, picked out of a map of the ancient Arcadia, or its environs; for Arcadia itself soon became too small a possession for these partitioners of moonshine. Their laws, modelled by the twelve tables of the ancient Romans; their language in the venerable majesty of their renowned ancestors; and this erudite democracy dating by the Grecian Olympiads which Crescimbini, their first custode, or guardian, most painfully adjusted to the vulgar era, were designed that the sacred erudition of antiquity might for ever be present among these shepherds.* Goldoni, in his *Memoirs*, has given an amusing account of these honours. He says 'he was presented with two diplomas; the one was my charter of aggregation to the Arcadi of Rome, under the name of *Polissino*, the other gave me the investiture of the *Phlegæan* fields. I was on this saluted by the whole assembly in chorus, under the name of *Polisseno Phlegæo*, and embraced by them as a fellow shepherd and brother. The Arcadians are very rich, as you may perceive, my dear reader: we possess estates in Greece; we water them with our labours for the sake of reaping laurels, and the Turks sow them with grain, plant them with vines, and laugh at both our titles and our songs.' When Fontenelle became an Arcadian, they baptised him *Il Pastor Pigrasso*, that is, 'amiable Fountain' allusive to his name and his delightful style: and magnificently presented him with the entire Isle of Delos! The late Joseph Walker, an enthusiast for an Italian literature, dedicated his 'Memoir on Italian Tragedy' to the Countess Spencer: not inscribing it with his christian but his heathen name, and the title of his Arcadian estates, *Eubante Tirinzio*! Plain Joseph Walker, in his masquerade dress, with his Arcadian signet of Pan's reeds dangling in his title-page, was performing a character to which however well adapted, not being understood, he got stared at for his affectation! We have lately

* Crescimbini, at the close of 'La bellazza della Vogar Poesia.' Rome, 1700.

heard of some licentious revellings of these Arcadians, in receiving a man of genius from our own country, who, himself composing Italian *Rime*, had 'conceit' enough to become a shepherd !* Yet let us inquire before we criticise.

Even this ridiculous society of the Arcadians became a memorable literary institution ; and Tiraboschi has shown how it successfully arrested the bad taste which was then prevailing throughout Italy ; recalling its muses to purer sources ; while the lives of many of its shepherds have furnished an interesting volume of literary history under the title of 'The illustrious Arcadians.' Crescembini, and its founders, had formed the most elevated conceptions of the society at its origin ; but poetical vaticinators are prophets only while we read their verses—we must not look for that dry matter of fact—the event predicted !

Il vostro seme eterno
Occuperà la terra, ed i confini
D'Arcadia oltrappassando,
Di non più visti gloriosi germi
L'aureo feconderà lito del Gange
E de' Cimмери l'infecunde arene.

Mr Mathias has recently with warmth defended the original *Arcadia* ; and the assumed character of its members, which has been condemned as betraying their affectation, he attributes to their modesty. 'Before the critics of the *Arcadia* (the *pastori*, as they modestly styled themselves) with Crescembini for their conductor, and with the *Aldorato Albano* for their patron, (Clement XI.) all that was depraved in language, and in sentiment, fled and disappeared.'

The strange taste for giving fantastical denominations to literary institutions grew into a custom though, probably no one knew how. The founders were always persons of rank or learning, yet still accident or caprice created the mystifying title, and invented those appropriate emblems, which still aided to the folly. The Arcadian society derived its title from a spontaneous conceit. This assembly first held its meetings, on summer evenings, in a meadow on the banks of the Tiber ; for the fine climate of Italy promotes such assemblies in the open air. In the recital of an eclogue, an enthusiast, amidst all he was hearing and all he was seeing, exclaimed 'I seem at this moment to be in the Arcadia of ancient Greece, listening to the pure and simple strains of its shepherds.' Enthusiasm is contagious amidst susceptible Italians, and this name, by inspiration and by acclamation, was conferred on the society ! Even more recently at Florence the *accademia* called the *Columbaria*, or the 'Pigeon-house,' proves with what levity the Italians name a literary society. The founder was the Cavallero Pazzi, a gentleman, who, like Morose, abhorring noise, chose for his study a garret in his palazzo ; it was, indeed, one of the old turrets which had not yet fallen in : there he fixed his library, and there he assembled the most ingenious Florentines to discuss obscure points, and to reveal their own contributions in this secret retreat of silence and philosophy. To get to this cabinet it was necessary to climb a very steep and very narrow staircase, which occasioned some facetious wit to observe, that these literati were so many pigeons who flew every evening to their dove-cot. The Cavallero Pazzi, to indulge this humour, invited them to a dinner entirely composed of their little brothers, in all the varieties of cookery ; the members, after a hearty laugh, assumed the title of the *Colombaria*, invented a device consisting of the top of a turret, with several pigeons flying about it, bearing an epigraph from Dante, *Quanto veder si puo*, by which they expressed their design not to apply themselves to any single object. Such facts sufficiently prove that some of the absurd or facetious denominations of these literary societies originated in accidental circumstances, or in mere pleasantry ; but this will not account for the origin of those mystifying titles we have noticed ; for when grave men call themselves dolts or lunatics, unless they are really so, they must have some reason for laughing at themselves.

To attempt to develop this curious but obscure singularity in literary history, we must go farther back among the first beginnings of these institutions. How were they looked on by the governments in which they first appear-

ed ? These academies might, perhaps, form a chapter in the history of secret societies, one not yet written, but of which many curious materials lie scattered in history. It is certain that such literary societies, in their first origins, have always excited the jealousy of governments, but more particularly in ecclesiastical Rome, and the rival principalities of Italy. If two great nations, like those of England and France, had their suspicions and fears roused by a select assembly of philosophical men, and either put them down by force, or closely watched them, this will not seem extraordinary in little despotic states. We have accounts of some philosophical associations at home, which were joined by Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh, but which soon got the odium of atheism attached to them ; and the establishment of the French academy occasioned some umbrage, for a year elapsed before the parliament of Paris would register their patent, which was at length accorded by the political Richelieu observing to the president, that 'he should like the members according as the members liked him.' Thus we have ascertained one principle, that governments in those times looked on a new society with a political glance ; nor it is improbable that some of them combined an ostensible with a latent motive.

There is no want of evidence to prove that the modern Romans, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, were too feelingly alive to their obscure glory, and that they too frequently made invidious comparisons of their ancient republic with the pontifical government ; to revive Rome, with every thing Roman, inspired such enthusiasts as Rienzi, and charmed the visions of Petrarch. At a period when ancient literature, as if by a miracle, was raising itself from its grave, the learned were agitated by a correspondent energy ; not only was an estate sold to purchase a manuscript, but the relic of genius was touched with a religious emotion. The classical purity of Cicero was contrasted with the barbarous idiom of the Missal ; the glories of ancient Rome with the miserable subjugation of its modern pontiffs ; and the metaphysical reveries of Plato, and what they termed the 'Enthusiasmus Alexandrinus ;' the dreams of the Platonists seemed to the fanciful Italians more elevated than the humble and pure ethics of the Gospels. The vain and amorous Eloisa could even censure the gross manners, as it seemed to her, of the apostles, for picking the ears of corn in their walks, and at their meals eating with unwashed hands.—Touched by this mania of antiquity, the learned affected to change their vulgar christian name, by assuming the more classical ones of a Junius Brutus, a Pomponius, or a Julius ; or any other rusty name unwashed by baptism. This frenzy for the ancient republic not only menaced the pontificate ; but their Platonic, or their pagan ardours, seemed to be striking at the foundation of Christianity itself. Such were Marculus Ficinus, and that learned society who assembled under the Medici. Pomponius Letus, who lived at the close of the fifteenth century, not only celebrated by an annual festival the foundation of Rome, and raised altars to Romulus, but openly expressed his contempt for the christian religion, which this visionary declared was only fit for barbarians ; but this extravagance and irreligion, observes Nicéron, were common with many of the learned of those times, and this very Pomponius was at length formally accused of the crime of changing the baptismal names of the young persons whom he taught, for pagan ones ! 'This was the taste of the times,' says the author we have just quoted ; but it was imagined that there was a mystery concealed in these changes of names.

At this period these literary societies first appear : one at Rome had the title of 'Academy,' and for its chief this very Pomponius ; for he is distinguished as 'Romanus Princeps Academicus,' by his friend Politian, in the 'Miscellanea,' of that elegant scholar. This was under the pontificate of Paul the Second. The regular meetings of 'the Academy' soon excited the jealousy and suspicions of Paul, and gave rise to one of the most horrid persecutions and scenes of torture, even to death, in which these academicians were involved : This closed with a decree of Paul's, that for the future no one should pronounce, either seriously or in jest, the very name of *academy*, under the penalty of heresy ! The story is told by Platina, one of the sufferers, in his life of Paul the Second ; and although this history may be said to bear the bruises of the wounded and dislocated body of the unhappy historian, the facts are unquestionable, and connected

* History of the Middle Ages, ii. 584. See, also, Mr Rose's Letters from the North of Italy, vol. i. 204. Mr Hallam has observed, that 'such an institution as the society degli Arcadi could at no time have endured public ridicule in England for a fortnight.'

with our subject. Platina, Pomponius, and many of their friends, were suddenly dragged to prison; on the first and second day torture was applied, and many expired under the hands of their executioners. 'You would have imagined,' says Platina, 'that the castle of St Angelo was turned into the bull of Phalaris, so loud the hollow vault resounded with the cries of those miserable young men, who were an honour to their age for genius and learning. The torturers, not satisfied, though weary, having racked twenty men in those two days, of whom some died, at length sent for me to take my turn. The instruments of torture were ready; I was stripped, and the executioners put themselves, to their work. Vianesius sat like another Minos on a seat of tapestry work, gay as at a wedding; and while I hung on the rack in torment, he played with a jewel which Sanga had, asking him who was the mistress which had given him this love token? Turning to me, he asked 'why Pomponio in a letter should call me Holy Father?' Did the conspirators agree to make you Pope?' 'Pomponio,' I replied, 'can best tell why he gave me this title, for I know not.' At length, having pleased, but not satisfied himself with my tortures, he ordered me to be let down that I might undergo tortures much greater in the evening. I was carried, half dead, into my chamber; but not long after, the inquisitor having dined, and being fresh in drink, I was fetched again, and the archbishop of Spalatro was there. They inquired of my conversations with Malatesta. I said, it only concerned ancient and modern learning, the military arts, and the characters of illustrious men, the ordinary subjects of conversation. I was bitterly threatened by Vianesius, unless I confessed the truth on the following day, and was carried back to my chamber, where I was seized with such extreme pain, that I had rather have died than endured the agony of my battered and dislocated limbs. But now those who were accused of heresy were charged with plotting treason. Pomponius being examined why he changed the names of his friends, he answered boldly, that this was no concern of his judges or the pope: it was perhaps out of respect for antiquity, to stimulate to a virtuous emulation. After we had now lain ten months in prison, Paul committed himself to the castle, where he charged us, among other things, that we had disputed concerning the immortality of the soul, and that we held the opinion of Plato: by disputing you call the being of a God in question. This, I said, might be objected to all divines and philosophers, who to make the truth appear, frequently question the existence of souls and of God, and of all separate intelligences. St Austin says, the opinion of Plato is like the faith of Christians. I followed none of the numerous heretical factions. Paul then accused us of being too great admirers of pagan antiquities; yet none were more fond of them than himself, for he collected all the statues and sarcophagi of the ancients to place in his palace, and even affected to imitate, on more than one occasion, the pomp and charm of their public ceremonies. While they were arguing, mention happened to be made of 'the Academy,' when the Cardinal of San Marco cried out, that we were not 'Academics,' but a scandal to the name; and Paul now declared that he would not have that term evermore mentioned under pain of heresy. He left us in a passion, and kept us two months longer in prison to complete the year, as it seems he had sworn.

Such is the interesting narrative of Platina, from which we may surely infer, that if these learned men assembled for the communication of their studies; inquiries suggested by the monuments of antiquity, the two learned languages, ancient authors, and speculative points of philosophy, these objects were associated with others, which terrified the jealousy of modern Rome.

Sometime after, at Naples, appeared the two brothers, John Baptiste and John Vincent Porta, those twin spirits, the Castor and Pollux of the natural philosophy of that age, and whose scenical museum delighted and awed, by its optical illusions, its treasure of curiosities, and its natural magic, all learned natives and foreigners. Their name is still famous and their treatises *De humana physiognomia* and *Magia naturalis*, are still opened by the curious, who discover these children of philosophy, wandering in the arcanæ of nature, to them a world of perpetual beginnings! These learned brothers united with the Marquis of Manso, the friend of Tasso, in establishing an academy under the whimsical name of *degli Oziosi*, (the Lazy) which so ill described their intentions. This acad-

my did not sufficiently embrace the views of the learned brothers, and then they formed another under their own roof, which they appropriately named *di Secreti*; the ostensible motive was, that no one should be admitted into this interior society who had not signalized himself by some experiment or discovery. It is clear, that, whatever they intended by the project, the election of the members was to pass through the most rigid scrutiny—and what was the consequence? The court of Rome again started up with all its fears, and, secretly obtaining information of some discussions which had passed in this academy *degli Secreti*, prohibited the Portas from holding such assemblies, or applying themselves to those illicit sciences, whose amusements are criminal, and turn us aside from the study of the Holy Scriptures.* It seems that one of the Portas had delivered him in the style of an ancient oracle; but what was more alarming in this prophetic spirit, several of his predictions had been actually verified! The infallible court was in no want of a new school of prophecy. Baptista Porta went to Rome to justify himself, and, contrived to wear his head, placed his tongue in the custody of his Holiness, and no doubt preferred being a member of the *Accademia degli Oziosi*, to that of *gli Secreti*. To confirm this notion that these academies excited the jealousy of those despotic states of Italy, I find that several of them at Florence, as well as at Sienna, were considered as dangerous meetings; and in 1568, the Medici suddenly suppressed those of the 'Insipids,' the 'Shy,' the 'Disheartened,' and others, but more particularly the 'Stunned,' *gli Intronati*, which excited loud laments. We have also an account of an academy which called itself the *Lanternists*, from the circumstance that their first meetings were held at night, the academicians not carrying torches, but only *Lanterns*. This academy, indeed, was at Toulouse, but evidently formed on a model of its neighbours. In fine, it cannot be denied, that these literary societies or academies were frequently objects of alarm to the little governments of Italy, and were often interrupted by political persecution.

From all these facts I am inclined to draw an inference. It is remarkable that the first Italian Academies were only distinguished by the simple name of their founders; one was called the Academy of Pomponius Lætus, another of Panormita, &c. It was after the melancholy fate of the Roman Academy of Lætus, which could not, however, extinguish that growing desire of creating literary societies in the Italian cities, from which the members derived both honor and pleasure, that suddenly we discover these academies bearing the most fantastical titles. I have not found any writer who has attempted to solve this extraordinary appearance in literary history, and the difficulty seems great, because, however frivolous or fantastical the titles they assumed, their members were illustrious for rank and genius. Tiraboschi, aware of this difficulty, can only express his astonishment at the absurdity, and his vexation at the ridicule to which the Italians have been exposed by the coarse jokes of Menkenius in his *Charlatanaria Exorditorum*.† I conjecture, that the invention of these ridiculous titles, for literary societies, was an attempt to throw a sportive veil over meetings which had alarmed the papal and the other petty courts of Italy; and to quiet their fears, and turn aside their political wrath, they implied the innocence of their pursuits by the jocularity with which the members treated themselves, and were willing that others should treat them. This otherwise inexplicable national levity of so refined a people has not occurred in any other country, because the necessity did not exist anywhere but in Italy. In France, in Spain, and in England, the title of the ancient *ACADEMUS* was never profaned by an adjunct which systematically degraded and ridiculed its venerable character, and its illustrious members.

Long after this article was finished, I had an opportunity of consulting an eminent Italian, whose name is already celebrated in our country, Il Sigr. Ugo FOSCOLO; his decision ought necessarily to outweigh mine; but although it is incumbent on me to put the reader in possession of the opinion of a native of his high acquirements, it is not

* Nicéron, vol. xliii. Art. Porta.

† See Tiraboschi, vol. vii. cap. iv. *Accademia*, and Quadrio's *Della storia e della ragione d'ogni poesia*. In the immense receptacle of these seven quarto volumes, printed with a small type, the curious may consult the voluminous *Index*, Art. *Accademia*.

as easy for me, on this obscure and curious subject, to relinquish my own conjecture.

Il Sigr. Foscolo is of opinion, that the origin of the fantastical titles assumed by the Italian Academies entirely arose from a desire of getting rid of the air of pedantry, and to insinuate that their meetings and their works were to be considered merely as sportive relaxations, and an idle business.

This opinion may satisfy an Italian, and this he may deem a sufficient apology for such absurdity; but when scarlet robes and cowed heads, laureated bards and *Mon-signores*, and *Cavalleros*, baptize themselves in a public assembly 'Blockheads' or 'Madmen,' we *ultramontanes*, out of mere compliment to such great and learned men, would suppose that they had their good reasons; and that in this there must have been 'something more than meets the ear.' After all, I would almost flatter myself that our two opinions are not so wide of each other as they at first seem to be.

ON THE HERO OF HUDIBRAS; BUTLER VINDICATED..

That great Original, the author of Hudibras, has been recently censured for exposing to ridicule the Sir Samuel Luke, under whose roof he dwelt, in the grotesque character of his hero. The knowledge of the critic in our literary history is not curious; he appears to have advanced no farther, than to have taken up the first opinion he found; but this served for an attempt to blacken the moral character of Butler! 'Having lived,' says our critic, 'in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's Captains, at the very time he planned the Hudibras, of which he was pleased to make his *kind and hospitable Patron* the Hero. We defy the history of Whiggism to match this anecdote,*—as if it could not be matched! Whigs and Tories are as like as two eggs when they are wits and satirists; their friends too often become their first victims! If Sir Samuel resembled that renowned personification, the ridicule was legitimate and unavoidable when the poet had espoused his cause, and espoused it too from the purest motive—a detestation of political and fanatical hypocrisy. Comic satirists, whatever they may allege to the contrary, will always draw largely and most truly from their own circle. After all, it does not appear that Sir Samuel sat for Sir Hudibras; although from the hiatus still in the poem, at the end of Part I, Canto I, his name would accommodate both the metre and the rhyme! But who, said Warburton, ever compared a person to himself! Butler might aim a sly stroke at Sir Samuel by hinting to him how well he resembled Hudibras, but with a remarkable forbearance he has left posterity to settle the affair, which is certainly not worth their while. But Warburton tells, that a friend of Butler's had declared the person was a Devonshire man; one Sir Henry Rosewell, of Ford Abbey, in that county. There is a curious life of our learned wit, in the great General Dictionary; the writer, probably Dr Birch, made the most authentic researches, from the contemporaries of Butler, or their descendants; and from Charles Longueville, the son of Butler's great friend, he obtained much of the little we possess. The writer of this life believes that Sir Samuel was the hero of Butler, and rests his evidence on the hiatus we have noticed; but with the candour which becomes the literary historian, he has added the following marginal note: 'Whilst this sheet was at press, I was assured by Mr Longueville, that Sir Samuel Luke is *not* the person ridiculed under the name of Hudibras.'

It would be curious, after all, should the prototype of Hudibras turn out to be one of the heroes of 'the Rolliad,' a circumstance, which, had it been known to the copartnership of that comic epic, would have furnished a fine episode and a memorable hero to their line of descent. 'When Butler wrote his Hudibras, *one Coll. Rolle*, a Devonshire man, lodged with him, and was exactly like his description of the Knight; whence it is highly probable, that it was this gentleman, and not Sir Samuel Luke whose person he had in his eye. The reason that he gave for calling his poem *Hudibras* was, because the name of the old tutelar saint of Devonshire was *Hugh de Bras*.' I find this in the Grub street Journal, January, 1731, a periodical paper conducted by two eminent literary physicians, under the appropriate names of Bavius and Mævius,† and which for some time enlivened the towns with

* Edinburgh Review, No. 67—136, on Jacobite Relics.

† Bavius and Mævius were Dr Martyn, the well-known au-

thor of the Dissertation on the *Eneid* of Virgil, and Dr Russell, another learned physician, as his publications attest.

It does great credit to their taste, that they were the hebdomadary defenders of Pope from the attacks of the heroes of the Dunciad.

* There is a great reason to doubt the authenticity of this information concerning a Devonshire tutelar saint. Mr Charles Butler has kindly communicated the researches of a catholic Clergyman, residing at Exeter, who having examined the voluminous registers of the See of Exeter, and numerous MSS and records, of the Diocese, cannot trace that any such saint was particularly honoured in the county. It is lamentable that ingenious writers should invent fictions, for authorities; but with the hope that the present authors have not done this, I have preserved this apocryphal tradition.

'Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling!

This origin of the name is more appropriate to the character of the work than deriving it from the Sir Hudibras of Spenser, with whom there exists no similitude.

It is as honourable as it is extraordinary, that such was the celebrity of Hudibras, that the workman's name was often confounded with the work itself; the poet was once better known under the name of Hudibras than of Butler. Old Southern calls him: 'Hudibras Butler;' and if any one would read the most copious life we have of this great poet in the great General Dictionary, he must look for a name he is not accustomed to find among English authors—that of *Hudibras*! One fact is remarkable; that, like Cervantes, and unlike Rabelais and Sterne, Butler, in his great work, has not sent down to posterity a single passage of indecent ribaldry, though it was written amidst a court which would have got such by heart, and in an age in which such trash was certain of popularity.

We know little more of Butler than we do of Shakspeare and of Spenser! Longueville, the devoted friend of our poet, has unfortunately left no reminiscences of the departed genius whom he so intimately knew, and who bequeathed to Longueville the only legacy a neglected poet could leave—all his manuscripts; and to his care, though not to his spirit, we are indebted for Butler's 'Remains.' His friend attempted to bury him with the public honours he deserved, among the tombs of his brother bards in Westminster Abbey; but he was compelled to consign the bard to an obscure burial place in Paul's, Covent-Garden. Many years after, when Alderman Barber raised an inscription to the memory of Butler in Westminster Abbey, others were desirous of placing one over the poet's humble gravestone. This probably excited some competition; and the following fine one, attributed to Dennis, has perhaps never been published. If it be Dennis's, it must have been composed at one of his most lucid moments.

Near this place lies interred
The body of Mr Samuel Butler
Author of Hudibras.
He was a whole species of Poets in one!
Admirable in a Manner
In which no one else has been tolerable;
A Manner which began and ended in Him;
In which he knew no Guide.
And has found no Followers.

To this too brief article I add a proof that that fanaticism, which is branded by our immortal Butler, can survive the castigation. Folly is sometimes immortal, as nonsense is irrefutable. Ancient follies revive, and men repeat the same unintelligible jargon; just as contagion keeps up the plague in Turkey by lying hid in some obscure corner, till it breaks out afresh. Recently we have seen a notable instance where one of the school to which we are alluding, declares of Shakspeare, that 'it would have been happy if he had never been born, for that thousands will look back with incessant anguish on the guilty

thor of the Dissertation on the *Eneid* of Virgil, and Dr Russell, another learned physician, as his publications attest.

It does great credit to their taste, that they were the hebdomadary defenders of Pope from the attacks of the heroes of the Dunciad.

delight which the plays of Shakspeare ministered to them.* Such is the anathema of Shakspeare! We have another of Butler, in 'An historic defence of experimental religion,' in which the author contends, that the best men have experienced the agency of the Holy Spirit in an immediate illumination from heaven. He furnishes his historic proofs by a list from Abel to Lady Huntingdon! The author of Hudibras is denounced, 'One Samuel Butler, a celebrated buffoon in the abandoned reign of Charles the Second, wrote a mock heroic poem, in which he undertook to burlesque the pious puritan. He ridicules all the gracious promises by comparing the divine illumination to an ignis fatuus, and dark lantern of the spirit.† Such are the writers whose ascetic spirit is still descending among us from the monkey of the deserts, adding poignancy to the very ridicule they would annihilate. The satire which we deemed obsolete, we find still applicable to contemporaries!

The first part of Hudibras is the most perfect; that was the rich fruit of matured meditation, of wit, of learning, and of leisure. A mind of the most original powers had been perpetually acted on by some of the most extraordinary events and persons of political and religious history. Butler had lived amidst scenes which might have excited indignation and grief; but his strong contempt of the actors could only supply ludicrous images and caustic railery. Yet once, when villany was at its zenith, his solemn tones were raised to reach it.‡

The second part was precipitated in the following year. An interval of fourteen years was allowed to elapse before the third and last part was given to the world; but then every thing had changed! the poet, the subject, and the patron! the old theme of the sectarists had lost its freshness, and the cavaliers, with their royal libertine, had become as obnoxious to public decency as the Tartuffes. Butler appears to have turned aside, and to have given an adverse direction to his satirical arrows. The slavery and dolage of Hudibras to the widow revealed the voluptuous epicurean, who slept on his throne, dissolved in the arms of his mistress. 'The enchanted bowyer,' and 'the amorous suit,' of Hudibras reflected the new manners of this wretched court; and that Butler had become the satirist of the party whose cause he had formerly so honestly espoused, is confirmed by his 'Remains,' where among other nervous satires, is one, 'On the licentious age of Charles the Second, contrasted with the puritanical one that preceded it.' This then is the greater glory of Butler, that his high and indignant spirit equally satirized the hypocrites of Cromwell, and the libertines of Charles.

SHENSTONE'S SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

The inimitable 'School-Mistress' of SHENSTONE is one of the felicities of genius; but the purpose of this poem has been entirely misconceived. Johnson, acknowledging this charming effusion to be 'the most pleasing of Shenstone's productions,' observes, 'I know not what claim it has to stand among the moral works.' The truth is, that it was intended for quite a different class by the author, and Dodsley, the editor of his works, must have strangely blundered in designating it 'a moral poem.' It may be classed with a species of poetry till recently, rare in our language, and which we sometimes find among the Italians, in their *rime piacevoli*, or *poesie burlesche*, which do not always consist of low humor in a facetious style with jingling rhymes, to which form we attach our idea of a burlesque poem. There is a refined species of ludicrous poetry, which is comic yet tender, luscious yet elegant, and with such a blending of the serious and the facetious, that the result of such a poem may often, among its other pleasures, produce a sort of ambiguity; so that we do not always know whether the writer is laughing at his subject, or whether he is to be laughed at. Our admirable Whistlecraft met this fate! 'The School-Mistress' of SHENSTONE has been admired for its simplicity and tenderness, not for its exquisitely ludicrous turn!

This discovery I owe to the good fortune of possessing the original edition of 'The School-Mistress,' which the author printed under his own directions, and to his own fancy. To this piece of LUDICROUS POETRY, as he calls

* See Quarterly Review, vol. viii, p. 111, where I found this quotation justly reprobated.

† This work, published in 1793, is curious for the materials the writer's reading has collected.

‡ The case of King Charles the First truly stated against John Cook, master of Gray's Inn, in Butler's 'Remains.'

it, 'lest it should be mistaken,' he added a LUDICROUS INDEX, 'purely to show fools that I am in jest.' But 'the fool,' his subsequent editor, who, I regret to say, was Robert Dodsley, thought proper to suppress the amusing 'ludicrous index,' and the consequence is, as the poet foresaw, that his aim has been 'mistaken.'

The whole history of this poem, and this edition, may be traced in the printed correspondence of SHENSTONE. Our poet had pleased himself by ornamenting 'A sixpenny pamphlet' with certain 'seemly' 'designs of his,' and for which he came to town to direct the engraver; he appears also to have intended accompanying it with 'The deformed portrait of my old school dame, Sarah Lloyd.' The frontispiece to this first edition represents the 'Thatched house' of his old school-mistress, and before it is the 'birch tree' with the 'sun sitting and gilding the scene.' He writes on this, 'I have the first sheet to correct upon the table. I have laid aside the thoughts of fame a good deal in this unpromising scheme; and fix them upon the landscape which is engraving, the red letter which I propose, and the fruit piece which you see, being the most seemly ornaments of the first sixpenny pamphlet that was ever so highly honoured. I shall incur the same reflection with Ogilby, of having nothing good but my decorations. I expect that in your neighbourhood and in Warwickshire there should be twenty of my poems sold. I print it myself. I am pleased with Mynde's engravings.'

On the publication Shenstone has opened his idea on its poetical characteristic. 'I dare say it must be very incorrect; for I have added eight or ten stanzas within this fortnight. But inaccuracy is more excusable in *ludicrous poetry* than in any other. If it strikes any it must be merely people of taste; for people of wit without taste, which comprehends the larger part of the critical tribe, will unavoidably despise it. I have been at some pains to recover myself from A Philips' misfortune of mere *childishness*, "Little charm of placid mien," &c. I have added a *ludicrous index* purely to show (fools) that I am in jest; and my motto, "O, qua sol habitabiles illustrat oras, mamma principum!" is calculated for the same purpose. You cannot conceive how large the number is of those that mistake burlesque for the very foolishness it exposes: which observation I made once at the Rehearsal, at Tom Thumb, at Chrononhotontologos, all which are pieces of elegant humour. I have some mind to pursue this caution further, and advertise it "The School-Mistress," &c, a very *childish* performance every body knows (*notorum more*.) But if a person seriously calls this, or rather burlesque, a childish or low species of poetry, he says wrong. For the most regular and formal poetry may be called trifling, folly, and weakness, in comparison of what is written with a more *manly* spirit in ridicule of it.

The first edition is now lying before me, with its splendid 'red-letter,' its 'seemly designs,' and, what is more precious, its 'Index.' Shenstone, who had greatly pleased himself with his graphical inventions, at length found that his engraver, Mynde had sadly bungled with the poet's ideal. Vexed and disappointed, he writes, 'I have been plagued to death about the ill execution of my designs. Nothing is certain in London but expense, which I can ill bear.' The truth is, that what is placed in the landscape over the thatched-house and the birch-tree, is like a falling monster rather than a setting sun; but the fruit-piece at the end, the grapes, the plums, the melon, and the Catharine pears, Mr Mynde has made sufficiently tempting. This edition contains only twenty-eight stanzas, which were afterwards enlarged to thirty-five. Several stanzas have been omitted, and they have also passed through many corrections, and some improvements, which show that Shenstone had more judgment and felicity in severe correction; than perhaps is suspected. Some of these I will point out.*

In the second stanza, the first edition has,

In every mart that stands on Britain's isle,
In every village less reveal'd to fame,
Dwells there in cottage known about a mile,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name.

Improved thus:

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,

* I have usually found the School-Mistress printed without numbering the stanzas; to enter into the present view it will be necessary for the reader to do this himself with a pencil-mark.

There dwells in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name.
The eighth stanza, in the first edition, runs,
The gown, which o'er her shoulders thrown she had,
Was russet stuff (who knows not russet stuff?)
Great comfort to her mind that she was clad
In texture of her own, all strong and tough;
No did she e'er complain, ne deem it rough, &c.
More elegantly descriptive is the dress as now de-
scribed:

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare, &c.

The additions made to the first edition consists of the 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15th stanzas, in which are so beautifully introduced the herbs and garden stores, and the psalmody of the school mistress; the 29th and 30th stanzas were also subsequent insertions. But those lines which give so original a view of genius in its infancy,

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo, &c.

were printed in 1742; and I cannot but think that the famous stanzas in Gray's Elegy, where he discovers men of genius in peasants, as Shenstone has in children, was suggested by this original conception:

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,
is to me a congenial thought, with an echoed turn of expression of the lines from the School Mistress.
I shall now restore the ludicrous INDEX, and adapt it to the stanzas of the later edition.

Stanza	Stanza
Introduction,	1
The subject proposed,	2
Accompanying the situation of the MAN- NOR OF EARLY DIS- CIPLINE, discovering the surprising influ- ence of the connexions of ideas,	3
A simile; introducing a deprecation of the joy- less effects of BIGOT- RY and SUPERSTI- TION,	4
Some peculiarities indi- cative of a COUNTRY SCHOOL, with a short sketch of the SOVER- EIGN presiding over it,	5
Some account of her HIGHT-CAP, APRON, and a tremendous de- scription of her BIRCH- ES SCEPTER,	6
A parallel instance of the advantages of LEGAL GOVERNMENT with regard to children and the wind,	7
Her gown,	8
Her TITLES, and puncti- lous nicety in the ce- rimonious assertion of them,	9
A digression concerning her MEN's presumptu- ous behaviour, with a circumstance tending to give the cautious reader a more accu- rate idea of the offi- cious diligence and e- conomy of an old wo- man,	10
A view of this RURAL POTESTATE as seat- ed in her chair of state, conferring honours,	No. 9.
distributing BOUNTIES, and dispersing PRO- CLAMATIONS,	16
Her POLICIES,	17
The ACTION of the poem commences with a ge- neral summons, fol- lows a particular de- scription of the art- ful structure, deco- ration, and fortifica- tion of an HORN-BIBLE,	18
A surprising picture of sisterly affection by way of episode,	20, 21
A short list of the me- thods now in use to avoid a whipping— which nevertheless fol- lows,	22
The force of example,	23
A sketch of the particu- lar symptoms of obsti- nacy as they discover themselves in a child, with a simile illustra- ting a blubbered face,	24, 25, 26
A hint of great impor- tance,	27
The piety of the poet in relation to that school- dame's memory, who had the first formation of a CERTAIN patriot, [This stanza has been left out in the later editions; it refers to the Duke of Argyle.] The secret connection between WHIPPING and RISING IN THE WORLD, with a view as it were, through a perspective, of the same LITTLE FOLK in the highest posts and reputation,	28
An account of the na-	

Stanza
ture of an EMBRYO
FOX-HUNTER.
[Another stanza omit-
ted.]
A deviation to an buck-
ster's shop, 32
Which being continued
for the space of three
stanzas, gives the au-

Stanza
thor an opportunity of
of paying his compli-
ments to a particular
county, which he glad-
ly seizes; concluding
his piece with respect-
ful mention of the an-
cient and loyal city of
SHREWSBURY.

BEN JONSON ON TRANSLATION.

I have discovered a poem by this great poet, which has even escaped the researches of his last unrivalled editor, Mr. Gifford. Prefixed to a translation, translation is the theme; with us an unvalued art, because our translators have usually been the jobbers of booksellers; but no in-
glorious one among our French and Italian rivals. In this poem, if the reader's ear be guided by the compressed sense of the massive lines, he may feel a rhythm which, should they be read like our modern metre, he will find wanting; here the fulness of the thoughts form their own cadences. The mind is musical as well as the ear. One verse running into another, and the sense often closing in the middle of a line, is the Club of Hercules; Dryden sometimes succeeded in it, Churchill abused it, and Cowper attempted to revive it. Great force of thought only can wield this verse.

On the AUTHOR, WORKS, and TRANSLATOR, prefixed to the translation of *Matteo Alemanni's Spanish Rogue*, 1623.

Who tracks this author's or translator's pen
Shall finde, that either, hath read bookes, and men:
To say but one, were single. Then it chimes,
When the old words doe strike on the new times,
As in this Spanish Proteus; who, though writ
But in one tongue, was form'd with the world's wit:
And hath the noblest marke of a good booke,
That an ill man dares not securely looke
Upon it, but will loathe, or let it passe,
As a deformed face doth a true glasse.
Such booke, deserve translators of like coste
As was the genius wherewith they were wrote;
And this hath met that one, that may be still'd
More than the foster-father of this child;
For though Spaine, gave him his first ayre and vogue
He would be call'd, henceforth, the *English rogue*,
But that hee's too well suited, in a cloth,
Fider than was his Spanish, if my oath
Will be received in court; if not, would I
Had cloth'd him so! Here's all I can supply
To your desert who have done it, friend! And this
Faile emulation, and no envy is;
When you behold me wish my selfe, the man
That would have done, that, which you only can!

BEN JONSON.

The translator of *Guzman*, was James Mabbe, which he disguised under the Spanish pseudonym of *Diego Pseudo-ar; Diego for James, and Pseudo-ar for Mabbe or May-be!* He translated with the same spirit as his *Guzman, Celestina*, or the Spanish bawd; a version still more remarkable. He had resided a considerable time in Spain, and was a perfect master of both languages; a rare talent in a translator; and the consequence is, that he is a translator of Genius.

THE LOVES OF 'THE LADY ARABELLA.'

Where London's towre its turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faile Arabella, child of woe!
For many a day had sat and sigh'd.
And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleake windes roare,
As fast did heave her heartfelte sighs,
And still so fast her tears hid poure!
Arabella Stuart, in Evans's Old Ballads.
(probably written by Mickle.)

The name of Arabella Stuart, Mr. Lodge observes, is scarcely mentioned in history. The whole life of this

* Long after this article was composed, Miss Aikin published her 'Court of James the First.' That agreeable writer has written her popular volumes, without wasting the bloom of life in the dust of libraries, and our female historian has not occasioned me to alter a single sentence in these researches.

lady seems to consist of secret history, which, probably, we cannot now recover. The writers who have ventured to weave together her loose and scattered story are ambiguous and contradictory. How such slight domestic incidents as her life consisted of could produce results so greatly disproportioned to their apparent cause, may always excite our curiosity. Her name scarcely ever occurs without raising that sort of interest which accompanies mysterious events, and more particularly when we discover that this lady is so frequently alluded to by her foreign contemporaries.

The historians of the Lady Arabella have all fallen into the grossest errors. Her chief historian has committed a violent injury on her very person, which, in the history of a female, is not the least important. In hastily consulting two passages relative to her, he applied to the Lady Arabella the defective understanding and headstrong dispositions of her aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury; and by another misconception of a term, as I think, asserts that the Lady Arabella was distinguished neither for beauty, nor intellectual qualities.* This authoritative decision perplexed the modern editor, Kippis, whose researches were always limited; Kippis had gleaned from Oldys's precious manuscripts a single note, which shook to its foundations the whole structure before him; and he had also found, in Ballard, to his utter confusion, some hints that the Lady Arabella was a learned woman, and of a poetical genius, though even the writer himself, who had recorded this discovery, was at a loss to ascertain the fact! It is amusing to observe honest George Ballard in the same dilemma as honest Andrew Kippis. 'This lady,' he says, 'was not more distinguished for the dignity of her birth, than celebrated for her fine parts and learning; and yet,' he adds, in all the simplicity of his ingenuousness, 'I know so little in relation to the two last accomplishments, that I should not have given her a place in these memoirs had not Mr Evelyn put her in his list of learned women, and Mr Philips (Milton's nephew) introduced her among his modern poets.'

'The Lady Arabella,' for by that name she is usually noticed by her contemporaries, rather than by her maiden name of Stuart, or by her married one of Seymour, as she latterly subscribed herself, was, by her affinity with James the First, and our Elizabeth, placed near the throne; too near, it seems, for her happiness and quiet! In their common descent from Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII., she was cousin to the Scottish monarch, but born an English woman, which gave her some advantage in a claim to the throne of England. 'Her double relation to royalty,' says Mr. Lodge, 'was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth, and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring.' Yet James himself, then unmarried, proposed for the husband of the lady Arabella, one of her cousins, Lord Home Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lennox, and designed for his heir. 'The first thing we hear of 'the Lady Arabella, concerns a marriage: marriages are the incidents of her life, and the fatal event which terminated it was a marriage. Such was the secret spring on which her character and her misfortunes revolved.'

This proposed match was desirable to all parties ; but there was one greater than them all, who forbade the bans. Elizabeth interposed ; she imprisoned the lady Arabella, and would not deliver her up to the king, of whom she spoke with asperity, and even with contempt ! The

* *Morant in the Biographia Britannica.* This gross blunder has been detected by Mr Lodge. The other I submit to the reader's judgment. A contemporary letter writer, alluding to the flight of Anala and Seymour, which alarmed the Scotch so much more than the English party, tells us, among other reasons of the little danger of the political influence of the parties themselves over the people, that not only their pretensions were far removed, but he adds, "They were ungrateful both in their persons and their houses." *Morant* takes the term ungrateful in its modern acceptation, but in the style of that day, I think, ungrateful is opposed to generous in the view of the people, meaning that their persons and their houses were not condescendent to the multitude. Would it not be absurd to apply ungrateful in its modern sense to a family in house? And had any political danger been expected, actually it would not have been diminished by the want of personal grace in these livers. I do not recollect any authority for the sense of ungrateful in opposition to generous, but a critical and literary antiquary has sanctioned my opinion.

† A circumstance which we discover by a Spanish document.

greatest infirmity of Elizabeth was her mysterious conduct respecting the succession to the English throne. Her jealousy of power, her strange unhappiness in the crown, her personal neglect, made her averse to see a successor; her court, or even to hear of a distant one; in a successor she could only view a competitor. Camden tells us that he frequently observed, that 'most men neglected the queen,' and this melancholy presentiment of personal neglect this political coquette not only lived to experience, it even this circumstance of keeping the succession mysteriously disturbed the queen on her death-bed. Her ministers, it appears, harassed her when she was speechless; a remarkable circumstance, which has hitherto escaped the knowledge of her numerous historians, in which I shall take an opportunity of dwelling in its full extent.

Elizabeth leaving a point so important always practical, raised up the very evil she so greatly dreaded: multiplied the aspirants, while every party humoured by selecting its own candidate, and none more than the continental powers. One of the most curious the project of the Pope, who intending to put aside James I., on account of his religion, formed a chimerical scheme of uniting ARABELLA with a prince of the house of Savoy; the pretext, for without a pretext no politician moves was their descent from a bastard of our Edward IV.: the Duke of Parma was, however, married, but the Pope, in his insatiability, turned his brother the Cardinal into the Duke's substitute by secularising the churchman. In this case the Cardinal would then become King of England: right of this lady!—provided he obtained the crown.*

We might conjecture from this circumstance, that Anabella was a catholic, and so Mr Butler has recently written us; but I know of no other authority than Dodd, the Catholic historian, who has inscribed her name among to party. Parsons, the wily jesuit, was so doubtful how to lady, when young, stood disposed towards catholics, that he describes 'her religion to be as tender, green, as flexible, as is her age and sex, and to be wrought hereafter and settled according to future events and times'. Yr in 1611, when she was finally sent into confinement, as well informed of court affairs writes, 'that the Lady Anabella hath not been found inclinable to popery'.²⁶

Even Henry IV of France was not unfriendly to the papistical project of placing an Italian cardinal on the English throne. It had always been the state interest of the French cabinet to favour any scheme which might preserve the realms of England and Scotland as separate kingdoms. The manuscript correspondence of Charles IX with his ambassador at the court of London, which I have seen, tends solely to this great purpose, and perhaps it was her French and Spanish allies, which finally hastened the political martyrdom of the Scottish Mary.

Thus we have discovered two chemical husbands of the Lady Arabella. The pretensions of this lady to the throne had evidently become an object with speculating politicians; and perhaps it was to withdraw herself from the embarrassments into which she was thrown, that, according to De Thou, she intended to marry a son of the Earl of Northumberland; but in the jealous terror of Elizabeth, an English Earl was not an object of less magnitude than a Scotch Duke. This is the *third shadowy* husband!

When James I ascended the English throne, there existed an Anti-Scottish party. Hardly had the northern monarch entered into the 'Land of Promise,' when his southern throne was shaken by a foolish plot, which one writer calls 'a state riddle'; it involved Rawleigh, and unexpectedly the lady Arabella. The Scottish monarch was to be got rid of, and Arabella was to be crowned. Some

when our James I was negotiating with the cabinet of Madrid. He complained of Elizabeth's treatment of him; that the queen refused to give him his father's estate in England, nor would deliver up his uncle's daughter, Arabella, to be married to the Duke of Bracc, at which time the queen said *los piñeros muy aquejados de un bodipodio en un arcaño de lo Rey de España*; she used harsh words, expressing much contempt of the king. Whitman's Mem. I. 4

* Received a very curious letter, the CCXCIX of Cardinals D'Ossat And A. The catholic interest expected to facilitate the conquest of England by turning them against those of "Archie" and the protestant writers that it is a English lady had a party, consisting of all those French who had been the judges of the atrocious murder of Mary of Scotland, the mother of James the First.

J. W. Wrenn - Mountain, Ill., 1901.

these silly conspirators having written to her requesting letters to be addressed to the King of Spain, she laughed at the letter she received, and sent it to the King. Thus for a second time was Arabella to have been Queen of England. This occurred in 1603, but was followed by no harsh measures from James the First.

In the following year, 1604, I have discovered that for the third time, the lady was offered a crown! 'A great ambassador is coming from the King of Poland, whose chief errand is to demand my Lady Arabella in marriage for his master. So may your princess of the blood grow a great queen, and then we shall be safe from the danger of misunderscribing letters.*' This last passage seems to allude to something. What is meant of 'the danger of misunderscribing letters'?

If this royal offer was ever made, it was certainly forbidden. Can we imagine the refusal to have come from the lady, who, we shall see, seven years afterwards, complained that the king had neglected her, in not providing her with a suitable match? It was this very time that one of those butterflies, who quiver on the fair flowers of a court, writes, that 'My Ladye Arabella spends her time in lecture, reiding, &c., and she will not hear of marriage. Indirectly there were speeches used in the recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretendeth to be Duke of Guildres. I dare not attempt her.†' Here we find another princely match proposed. Thus far, to the Lady Arabella, crowns and husbands were like a fairy banquet seen at moonlight, opening on her sight, impalpable and vanishing at the moment of approach.

Arabella, from certain circumstances, was a dependant on the king's bounty, which flowed very unequally; often reduced to great personal distress, we find by her letters, that 'she prayed for present money, though it should not be annually.‡' I have discovered that James at length granted her a pension. The royal favours, however were probably limited to her good behaviour.‡

From 1604 to 1608, is a period which forms a blank leaf in the story of Arabella. In this last year this unfortunate lady had again fallen out of favour, and, as usual, the cause was mysterious, and not known even to the writer. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, mentions 'the Lady Arabella's business, *whatsoever it was*, is ended, and she restored to her former place and graces. The king gave her a cupboard of plate, better than 200*l.* for a new year's gift, and 1000 marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance, want being thought the chiefest cause of her discontentment, though she be not altogether free from suspicion of being collapsed.§' Another mysterious expression which would seem to allude either to politics or religion; but the fact appears by another writer to have been a discovery of a new project of marriage without the king's consent. This person of her choice is not named; and it was to divert her mind from the too constant object of her thoughts, that James, after a severe reprimand, had invited her to partake of the festivities of the court, in that season of revelry and reconciliation.

We now approach that event of the Lady Arabella's life, which reads like a romantic fiction: the catastrophe, too, is formed by the Aristotelian canon; for its misery, its pathos, and its terror, even romantic fiction has not exceeded!

It is probable that the king, from some political motive, had decided that the Lady Arabella should lead a single life; but such wise purposes frequently meet with cross ones; and it happened that no woman was ever more

* This manuscript letter from William, Earl of Pembroke, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, is dated from Hampton-Court, Oct. 3, 1603. Sloane's MSS. 4161.

† Lodge's Illustrations of British History, iii, 286. It is curious to observe, that this letter by W. Fowler, is dated on the same day as the manuscript letter I have just quoted, and it is directed to the same Earl of Shrewsbury; so that the Earl must have received, in one day, accounts of two different projects of marriage for his niece! This shows how much Arabella engaged the designs of foreigners and natives. Will. Fowler was a rhyming and fantastical secretary to the queen of James the First.

‡ Two letters of Arabella, on distress of money, are preserved by Ballard. The discovery of a pension I made in Sir Julius Caesar's manuscripts; where one is mentioned of 1600*l.* to the Lady Arabella. Sloane's MS. 4160.

§ Mr. Lodge has shown that the king once granted her the duty on ostr.

¶ Winwood's Memorials, iii, 117—119.

solicited to the conjugal state, or seems to have been so little averse to it. Every noble youth, who sighed for distinction, ambitioned the notice of the Lady Arabella; and she was so frequently contriving a marriage for herself, that a courtier of that day writing to another, observes, 'these affections of marriage in her, do give some advantage to the world of imparting the reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition.¶'

The revels of Christmas had hardly closed, when the Lady Arabella forgot that she had been forgiven, and again relapsed into her old infirmity. She renewed a connexion, which had commenced in childhood, with Mr William Seymour, the second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the earl of Hertford. His character has been finely described by Clarendon: He loved his studies and his repose; but when the civil war broke out, he closed his volumes and drew his sword, and was both an active and a skilful general. Charles I created him Marquis of Hertford, and governor of the prince; he lived to the Restoration, and Charles II restored him to the dukedom of Somerset.

This treaty of marriage was detected in February 1609, and the parties summoned before the privy council. Seymour was particularly censured for daring to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins. In a manuscript letter which I have discovered, Seymour addressed the lords of the privy council. The style is humble; the plea to excuse his intended marriage is, that being but 'A young brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge any thing by my birthright, and therefore my fortunes to be raised by my own endeavour, and she a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage.' There is nothing romantic in this apology, in which Seymour describes himself as a fortune hunter! which, however, was probably done to cover his undoubted affection for Arabella, whom he had early known. He says, that 'he conceived that this noble lady might, without offence, make the choice of any subject within this kingdom; which conceit was begotten in me upon a general report, after her ladyship's last being called before your lordships,† that it might be.' He tells the story of this ancient wooing—'I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the court on Candlemas day last, at what time I imparted my desire unto her, which was entertained, but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion without his majesty's most gracious favour first obtained. And this was our first meeting! After that we had a second meeting at Brigg's house in Fleet-street, and then a third at Mr Baynton's; at both which we had the like conference and resolution as before.' He assures their lordships that both of them had never intended marriage without his majesty's approbation.‡

But Love laughs at privy councils, and the grave promises made by two frightened lovers. The parties were secretly married, which was discovered about July in the following year. They were then separately confined, the lady at the house of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for 'his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave.'

This, their first confinement, was not rigorous; the lady walked in her garden, and the lover was a prisoner at large in the Tower. The writer in the Biographia Britannica, observes, that 'Some intercourse they had by letters, which, after a time, was discovered.' In this history of love these might be precious documents, and in the library at Long-leat these love-epistles, or perhaps this volume, may yet lie unread in a corner.§ Arabella's epistolary talent was not vulgar, Dr Montford, in a manuscript letter, describes one of those effusions which Arabella addressed to the king. 'This letter was penned by her in the best terms, as she can do right well. It was often read without offence, nay, it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council.' One of these

* Winwood's Memorials, Vol. iii. 119.

† This evidently alludes to the gentleman whose name appears not, which occasioned Arabella to incur the king's displeasure before Christmas; the Lady Arabella, it is quite clear, was resolvedly bent on marrying herself!

‡ Harl. MSS. 7003.

§ It is on record that at Long-leat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, certain papers of Arabella are preserved. I leave to the noble owner the pleasure of the research.

amatory letters I have recovered. The circumstance is domestic, being nothing more at first than a very pretty letter on Mr Seymour having taken cold, but as every love-letter ought, it is not without a pathetic *crescendo*; the tearing away of hearts so firmly joined, while, in her solitary imprisonment, the secret thought that he lived and was her own, filled her spirit with that consciousness which triumphed even over that sickly frame so nearly subdued to death. The familiar style of James the First's age may bear comparison with our own. I shall give it entire.

'Lady Arabella to Mr William Seymour.'

'Sir,

'I am exceeding sorry to hear that you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it; but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake, let not your grief of mind work upon your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to; and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself; for *si nous vivons l'age d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace, be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourself with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune in enjoying so great a blessing as you, so little awhile. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you. For whosoever you be, or in what state so ever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine! *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else! And therefore God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress that have done well after, even in this world! I do assure you nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth; and you see when I am troubled, I trouble you too with tedious kindness; for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

'Your faithfull loving wife,

'*Ans. S.**

In examining the manuscripts of this lady, the defect of dates must be supplied by our sagacity. The following 'petition,' as she calls it, addressed to the king in defence of her secret marriage, must have been written at this time. She remonstrates with the king for what she calls his neglect of her; and while she fears to be violently separated from her husband, she asserts her cause with a firm and noble spirit, which was afterwards too severely tried!

'To the King.'

'May it please your most excellent Majesty.

'I do most heartily lament my hard fortune that I should offend your majesty the least especially in that whereby I have long desired to merit of your majesty, as appeared before your majesty was my sovereign. And though your majesty's neglect of me, my good liking of this gentleman that is my husband, and my fortune, drew me to a contract before I acquainted your majesty, I humbly beseech your majesty to consider how impossible it was for me to imagine it could be offensive to your majesty, having *few days before given me your royal consent to bestow myself on any subject of your majesty's* (which likewise your majesty had done long since.) Besides, never having been either prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this land, by your majesty *these seven years* that I have lived in your majesty's house, I could not conceive that your majesty regarded my marriage at all; whereas if your majesty had vouchsafed to tell me your mind, and accept the free-will offering of my obedience, I would not have offended your majesty, of whose gracious goodness I presume so much, that if it were now as convenient in a worldly respect as malice may make it seem to separate us, whom God hath joined, your majesty would not do evil that good might come thereof, nor make me, that have the honour to be so near your majesty in blood, the first precedent that ever was, though our princes may have left some as little imitable, for so good and gracious a king as your majesty, as David's de-

* *Harl. MSS. 7008.*

ing with Uriah. But I assure myself, if it please your majesty in your own wisdom to consider thoroughly of my cause, there will no solid reason appear to debar me of justice and your princely favour, which I will endeavour to deserve whilst I breathe.'

It is indorsed, 'A copy of my petition to the King's Majesty.' In another she implores that 'If the necessity of my state and fortune, together with my weakness, have caused me to do somewhat not pleasing to your majesty, let it all be covered with the shadow of your royal benig-

nity.' Again, in another petition, she writes, 'Touching the offence for which I am now punished, I most humbly beseech your majesty, in your most princely wisdom and judgment, to consider in what a miserable state I had been, if I had taken any other course than I did; for my own conscience witnessing before God that I was then the wife of him that now I am, I could never have matched with any other man, but to have lived all the days of my life as a harlot, which your majesty would have abhorred in any, especially in one who hath the honour (now otherwise unfortunate soever) to have any drop of your majesty's blood in them.'

I find a letter of Lady Jane Drummond, in reply to this or another petition, which Lady Drummond had given the queen to present to his majesty. It was to learn the cause of Arabella's confinement. The pithy expression of James the First is characteristic of the monarch; and the solemn forebodings of Lady Drummond, who appears to have been a lady of excellent judgment, showed, by the fate of Arabella, how they were true!

'LADY JANE DRUMMOND TO LADY ARABELLA,

Answering her prayer to know the cause of her confinement.

'This day her majesty hath seen your ladyship's letter. Her Majesty says, that when she gave your ladyship's petition to his majesty, he did take it well enough, but gave no other answer than that *ye had eaten of the forbidden tree*. This was all her majesty commanded me to say to your ladyship in this purpose; but withal did remember her kindly to your ladyship, and sent you this little token in witness of the continuance of her majesty's favour to your ladyship. Now, where your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke to any of that purpose but to the queen; *but the wisdom of this state, with the example how some of your quality in the like case have been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish.*'

In return, Lady Arabella expresses her grateful thanks—presents her majesty with 'this piece of my work, to accept in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which till I have the honour to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow. Her case,' she adds, 'could be compared to no other she ever heard of, resembling no other.' Arabella, like the queen of the Scots, beguiled the hours of imprisonment by works of embroidery; for in sending a present of this kind to Sir Andrew Sinclair to be presented to the queen, she thanks him for 'vouchsafing to descend to these petty offices to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation.'

The secret correspondence of Arabella and Seymour was discovered, and was followed by a sad scene. It must have been now that the king resolved to consign this unhappy lady to the stricter care of the Bishop of Durham. Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation, that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they would proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town to report her state, and declared that she was *assuredly* very weak, her pulse dull and melancholy, and very irregular; her countenance very heavy, pale, and wan; and though free from fever, he declared her in no case fit for travel. The king observed, 'It is enough to make any sound man sick to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would have.' His resolution, however, was, that 'she should proceed to Durham, if he were king!' 'We answered,' replied the doctor, 'that we made no

doubt of her obedience.' 'Obedience is that required,' replied the king, 'which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected.'*

The king, however, with his usual indulgence, appears to have consented that Lady Arabella should remain for a month at Highgate, in confinement, till she had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Durham, where the bishop posted, unaccompanied by his charge, to await her reception, and to the great relief of the friends of the lady, who hoped she was still within the reach of their cares or of the royal favour.

A second month's delay was granted, in consequence of that letter which we have before noticed as so impressive and so elegant, that it was commended by the king, and applauded by prince Henry and the council.

But the day of her departure hastened, and the Lady Arabella betrayed no symptom of her first despair. She openly declared her resignation to her fate, and showed her obedient willingness, by being even over-careful in little preparations to make easy so long a journey. Such tender grief had won over the heart of her keepers, who could not but sympathize with a princess, whose love, holy and wedded too, was crossed only by the tyranny of statesmen. But Arabella had not within that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella found it not difficult to persuade a female attendant to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity, or with generous sympathy, assisted the Lady Arabella in dressing her in one of the most elaborate disguises. 'She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trowsers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat; a peruke, such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side.' Thus accoutred, the Lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon.—She had only proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and faint, that the ostler, who held her stirrup, observed, that 'the gentleman could hardly hold out to London.' She recruited her spirits by riding; the blood mantled in her face, and at six o'clock our sick lover reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich; there they were desired to push on to Gravesend, then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh; but, tempted by their freight, they reached Lee. At the break of morn they discovered a French vessel riding there to receive the lady; but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to his appointment. If he indeed had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not to preserve the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, overruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour indeed had escaped from the Tower; he had left his servant watching at his door to warn all visitors not to disturb his master, who lay ill with a raging tooth ache, while Seymour in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which had just brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and he arrived at Lee. The time pressed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, to his grief, on hailing it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum altered his course, and landed him in Flanders. In the mean while the escape of Arabella was first known to the government, and the hot alarm which spread may seem ludicrous to us. The political consequences attached to the union and the flight of these two doves from their cotes, shook with consternation the grey owls of the cabinet, more particularly the Scotch party, who, in their error,

paralleled it with the gunpowder treason, and some political danger must have impended, at least in their imagination, for Prince Henry partook of this cabinet panic.

Confusion and alarm prevailed at court; couriers were despatched swifter than the winds wafted the unhappy Arabella, and all was hurry in the sea ports. They sent to the Tower to warn the lieutenant to be doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise, discovered that his prisoner had ceased to be so for several hours.—James at first was for issuing a proclamation in a style so angry and vindictive, that it required the moderation of Cecil to preserve the dignity while he concealed the terror of his majesty. By the admiral's detail of his impetuous movements, he seemed in pursuit of an enemy's fleet; for the courier is urged, and the post-masters are roused by a superscription, which warned them of the eventful despatch: 'Haste, haste, post haste! Haste for your life, your life!*' The family of the Seymours were in a state of distraction; and a letter from Mr Francis Seymour to his grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, residing then at his seat far remote from the capital, to acquaint him of the escape of his brother and the lady, still bears to posterity a remarkable evidence of the trepidations and consternation of the old earl; it arrived in the middle of the night, accompanied by a summons to attend the privy-council. In the perusal of a letter written in a small hand, and filling more than two folio pages, such was his agitation, that in holding the taper he must have burnt what he probably had not read; the letter is scorched, and the flame has perforated it in so critical a part, that the poor old earl journeyed to town in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Nor was his terror so unreasonable as it seems. Treason had been a political calamity with the Seymours. Their progenitor the Duke of Somerset the protector, had found that 'all his honours,' as Frankland strangely expresses it, 'had helped him too forwards to hop headless.' Henry, Elizabeth, and James, says the same writer, considered that it was needful, as indeed in all sovereignties, that those who were near the crown 'should be narrowly looked into for marriage.'

But we have left the lady Arabella alone and mournful on the seas, not praying for favourable gales to convey her away; but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour; still straining her sight to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas! Never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband! She was overtaken by a pink in the king's service, in Calais roads; and now she declared that she cared not to be brought back again to her imprisonment should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearest to her!

The life of the unhappy, the melancholy, and the distracted Arabella Stuart is now to close in an imprisonment, which lasted only four years; for her constitutional delicacy, her rooted sorrows, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster if she could, the feeble remains of life. But who shall paint the emotions of a mind which so much grief, and so much love, and distraction itself, equally possessed?

What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his majesty's favour again, she says, 'Good, my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission.' In a paragraph she had written, and crossed out,

* 'This emphatic injunction,' observes my friend Mr Hamper, 'would be effective when the messenger could read'; but in a letter written by the Earl of Essex about the year 1697, to the Lord High Admiral at Plymouth, I have seen added to the words 'Hast, hast, hast for life!' the expressive symbol of a gallows prepared with a halter, which could not be misunderstood by the most illiterate of Mercuries, thus



* These particulars I derive from the manuscript letters among the papers of Arabella Stuart. Harl. MSS, 7003.

it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the king, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust.

'Help will come too late, and be assured that *neither physician nor other, but whom I think good, shall come about me while I live*, till I have his majesty's favour, without which I desire not to live. And if you remember of old, I dare die, so I be not guilty of my own death, and oppress others with my ruin too, if there be no other way, as God forbid, to whom I commit you; and rest as assuredly as heretofore, if you be the same to me,

'Your lordship's faithful friend,

'A. S.'

That she had frequently meditated on suicide appears by another letter—'I could not be so unchristian as to be the cause of my own death. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently enforced to do it.'

One fragment we may save as an evidence of her utter wretchedness.

'In all humility, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for any thing than for the losse of that which hath binne this long time the only comfort it had in the world, and which, if it weare to do again, I would not adventure the losse for any other worldly comfort; mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake!'

Such is the history of the Lady Arabella, who from some circumstances not sufficiently opened to us, was an important personage, designed by others, at least, to play a high character in the political drama. Thrice selected as a queen; but the consciousness of royalty was only felt in her veins while she lived in the poverty of dependance. Many gallant spirits aspired after her hand, but when her heart secretly selected one beloved, it was for ever deprived of domestic happiness! She is said not to have been beautiful, and to have been beautiful; and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is neither the one nor the other. She is said to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the laurel. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet I have found a Latin letter of her composition in her manuscripts. The materials of her life are so scanty that it cannot be written, and yet we have sufficient reason to believe that it would be as pathetic as it would be extraordinary, could we narrate its involved incidents, and paint forth her delirious feelings. Acquainted rather with her conduct than with her character, for us the Lady Arabella has no historical existence; and we perceive rather her shadow than herself! A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting personages whose griefs have been deepened by their royalty, and whose adventures, touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison-gate: a sad example of a female victim to the state!

'Through one dim lattice, fringed with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance throw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew!'

Seymour, who was afterwards permitted to return, distinguished himself by his loyalty through three successive reigns, and retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections; for he called the daughter he had by his second lady by the ever-beloved name of Arabella Stuart.

DOMESTIC HISTORY OF SIR EDWARD COKE.

Sir Edward Coke—or Cook, as now pronounced, and occasionally so written in his own times—that lord chief-justice whose name the laws of England will preserve—has shared the fate of his great rival the Lord Chancellor Bacon—for no hand worthy of their genius has pursued their story. Bacon, busied with nature, forgot himself; Coke, who was only the greatest of lawyers, reflected with more complacency on himself; for 'among those thirty books which he had written with his own hand, most pleasing to himself, was a manual which he called *Vade Mecum*, from whence, at one view, he took a prospect of his life past.' This manuscript, which Lloyd notices, was among the fifty which, on his death, were seized on by an order of council, but some years after were returned to his heir, and this precious memorial may still be disinterred.*

* This conjecture may not be vain; since this has been writ.

Coke was 'the oracle of law,' but, like too many great lawyers, he was so completely one, as to have been nothing else; armed with law, he committed acts of injustice, for in how many cases, passion mixing itself with law *Summum Jus* becomes *Summa Injuria*. Official violence brutalized, and political ambition extinguished, every spark of nature in this great lawyer, when he struck at his victims, public or domestic. His solitary knowledge, perhaps, had deadened his judgment in other studies; and yet his narrow spirit could shrink with jealousy at the celebrity obtained by more liberal pursuits than his own. The errors of the great are instructive as their virtues, and the secret history of the outrageous lawyer may have, at least, the merit of novelty, although not of panegyric.

Coke, already enriched by his first marriage, combined power with added wealth, in his union with the relict of Sir William Hatton, the sister of Thomas, Lord Burleigh. Family alliance was the policy of that prudent age of political interests. Bacon and Cecil married two sisters; Walsingham and Mildmay two others; Knowles Essex, and Leicester, were linked by family alliances. Elizabeth, who never designed to marry herself, was anxious to intermarry her court dependants, and to dispose of them so as to secure their services by family interests.* Ambition and avarice, which had instigated Coke to form this alliance, punished their creature, by mating him with a spirit haughty and intractable as his own. It is a remarkable fact, connected with the character of Coke, that this great lawyer suffered his second marriage to take place in an illegal manner, and condescended to plead ignorance of the laws! He had been married in a private house, without banns or license, at a moment when the archbishop was vigilantly prosecuting informal and irregular marriages. Coke, with his habitual pride, imagined that the rank of the parties concerned would have set him above such restrictions; the laws which he administered he appears to have considered had their indulgent exceptions for the great. But Whitgift was a primitive Christian; and the circumstance involved Coke, and the whole family, in a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, and nearly in the severest of its penalties. The archbishop appears to have been fully sensible of the overbearing temper of this great lawyer; for when Coke became the attorney-general, we cannot but consider, as an ingenious reprimand, the archbishop's gift of a Greek Testament, with this message, that 'He had studied the common law long enough, and should henceforward study the law of God!'

The atmosphere of a court proved variable, with so stirring a genius; and as a constitutional lawyer, Coke, at times, was the stern assertor of the kingly power, or its intrepid impugner; but his personal dispositions led to predominance, and he too often usurped authority and power with the relish of one who loved them too keenly. 'You make the laws too much lean to your opinion, whereby you show yourself to be a legal tyrant,' said Lord Bacon, in his admonitory letter to Coke.

In 1616, Coke was out of favour for more causes than one, and his great rival Bacon was paramount at the council table.† Perhaps Coke felt more humiliated by appearing before his judges, who were every one inferior to him as lawyers, than by the weak triumph of his enemies, who received him with studied insult. The queen informed the king of the treatment the disgraced lord chief-justice had experienced, and, in an angry letter, James declared, that 'he prosecuted Coke *ad correctionem*, not *ad destructionem*,' and afterwards at the council, spoke of Coke 'with so many good words, as if he meant to hang

ten, I have heard that the papers of Sir Edward Coke are still preserved at Holkham, the seat of Mr Coke; and I have also heard of others in the possession of a noble family. Mr Roscoe whose elegant genius it were desirable should be otherwise directed, is preparing a beautiful embellished catalogue of the Holkham library, in which the taste of the owner will rival his munificence.

A list of those manuscripts to which I allude, may be discovered in the Lambeth MSS, No 943, Art. 369, described in the catalogue as 'A note of such things as were found in a trunk of Sir Edward Coke's by the king's command, 1634,' but more particularly in Art. 371, 'A Catalogue of Sir Edward Coke's papers then seized and brought to Whitehall.'

* Lloyd's State Worthies, art. Sir Nicholas Bacon.

† Miss Aikin's Court of James the First appeared two years after this article was written; it has occasioned no alteration. I refer the reader to her clear narrative, vol. ii. p. 30, and p. 63; but secret history is rarely discovered in printed books.

him with a sullen halter; even his rival Bacon made this memorable acknowledgment, in reminding the judges, that 'such a man was not every day to be found, nor so soon made as married.' When his successor was chosen, the Lord Chancellor Egerton, in administering the oath, accused Coke 'of many errors and vanities for his ambitious popularity.' Coke, however, lost no friends in this disgrace, nor relaxed his haughtiness; for when the new case justice sent to purchase his Collar of S. S., Coke returned for answer, that 'he would not part with it, but leave it to his posterity, that they might one day know they had a case justice to their ancestor.'

In this temporary alienation of the royal smiles, Coke attempted their renewal by a project which involved a domestic sacrifice. When the king was in Scotland, and Lord Bacon, as lord-keeper, sat at the head of affairs, his lordship was on ill terms with Secretary Winwood, whom Coke easily persuaded to resume a former proposal for marrying his only daughter to the favourite's eldest brother, Sir John Villiers. Coke had formally refused this match from the high demands of these *parvenus*. Coke, in prosperity, 'sticking at ten thousand a year, and resolving to give only ten thousand marks, dropped some idle words, that he would not buy the king's favour too dear;' but now in his adversity, his ambition proved stronger than his avarice, and by this stroke of deep policy the wily lawyer was converting a mere domestic transaction into an affair of state, which it soon became. As such it was erroneously perceived by Bacon; he was alarmed at this projected alliance, in which he foresaw that he should lose his hold of the favourite in the inevitable rise once more of his rival Coke. Bacon, the illustrious philosopher, whose eye was only blest in observing nature, and whose mind was only great in recording his own meditations, now sat down to contrive the most subtle suggestions he could put together to prevent this match; but Lord Bacon not only failed in persuading the king to refuse what his majesty much wished, but finally produced the very mischief he sought to avert—a rupture with Buckingham himself, and a copious scolding letter from the king, but a very admirable one; and where the lord keeper trembled to find himself called 'Mr Bacon.'

There were, however, other personages, than his majesty and his favourite, more deeply concerned in this business, and who had not hitherto been once consulted—the father and the daughter! Coke, who, in every day concerns issued his commands as he would his law-writs, and at times only asserted the rights of the subject, had no other paternal notion of the duties of a wife and a child than their obedience!

Lady Hatton, haughty to insolence, had been often forbidden both the courts of their majesties, where Lady Capton, the mother of Buckingham, was the object of her ladyship's persevering contempt. She retained her personal influence by the numerous estates which she enjoyed in right of her former husband. When Coke fell into disgrace, his lady abandoned him! and, to avoid her husband, frequently moved her residences in town and country. I trace her with malicious activity dispossessing his house in Holborn, and at Stoke, § seizing on all the plate and moveables, and, in fact, leaving the fallen statesman the late lord chief-justice, empty houses and no comfort! The wars between Lady Hatton and her husband were carried on before the council-board, where her ladyship appeared, accompanied by an imposing train of noble friends. With her accustomed haughty air, and in an imperial style, Lady Hatton declaimed against her tyranni-

cal husband, so that the letter-writer adds, 'divers said that Burbage could not have acted better.' Burbage's famous character was that of Richard the Third. It is extraordinary that Coke, able to defend any cause, bore himself so simply. It is supposed that he had laid his domestic concerns too open to animadversion in the neglect of his daughter; or that he was aware that he was standing before no friendly bar, at that moment being out of favour; whatever was the cause, our noble virago obtained a signal triumph, and 'the oracle of law,' with all his gravity stood before the council-table hen-pecked. In June, 1616, Sir Edward appears to have yielded at discretion to his lady, for in an unpublished letter I find, that 'his curst heart hath been forced to yield to more than he ever meant; but upon this agreement he flatters himself that she will prove a very good wife.'

In the following year, 1617, these domestic affairs totally changed. The political marriage of his daughter with Villiers being now resolved on, the business was to clip the wings of so fierce a bird as Coke had found in Lady Hatton, which led to an extraordinary contest. The mother and daughter hated the upstart Villiers, and Sir John, indeed, promised to be but a sickly bridegroom. They had contrived to make up a written contract of marriage with Lord Oxford, which they opposed against the proposal, or rather the order, of Coke.

The violence to which the towering spirits of the conflicting parties proceeded is a piece of secret history, of which accident has preserved an able memorial. Coke, armed with law, and what was at least equally potent, with the king's favour, entered by force the barricaded houses of his lady, took possession of his daughter, on whom he appears never to have cast a thought till she became an instrument for his political purposes, confined her from her mother, and at length got the haughty mother herself imprisoned, and brought her to account for all her past misdoings. Quick was the change of scene, and the contrast was as wonderful. Coke, who, in the preceding year, to the world's surprise, proved so simple an advocate in his own cause in the presence of his wife, now, to employ his own words, 'got upon his wings again,' and went on as Lady Hatton, when safely lodged in prison, describes, with 'his high-handed tyrannical courses,' till the furious lawyer occasioned a fit of sickness to the proud crest-fallen lady. 'Law! Law! Law!' thundered from the lips of its 'oracle;' and Lord Bacon, in his apologetical letter to the king for having opposed his 'riot or violence,' says, 'I disliked it the more, because he justified it to be law, which was his old song.'

The memorial alluded to appears to have been confidentially composed by the legal friend of Lady Hatton, to furnish her ladyship with answers when brought before the council-table. It opens several domestic scenes in the house of that great lord chief-justice; but the forcible simplicity of the style in domestic details will show, what I have often observed, that our language has not advanced in expression since the age of James the First. I have transcribed it from the original, and its interest must plead for its length.

To Lady Hatton.

'MADAM, 10th July, 1617.

'Seeing these people speak no language but thunder and lightning, accounting this their cheapest and best way to work upon you, I would with patience prepare myself to their extremities, and study to defend the breaches by which to their advantage they suppose to come in upon me, and henceforth quit the ways of pacification and composition heretofore, and unseasonably endeavoured, which, in my opinion, lie most open to trouble, scandal and danger; wherefore I will briefly set down their objections, and such answers to them as I conceive proper.

'The first is, you conveyed away your daughter from her father. Answer, I had cause to provide for her quiet. Secretary Winwood threatening that she should be married from me in spite of my teeth, and Sir Edward Cook daily tormenting the girl with discourses tending to bestow her against her liking, which he said she was to submit to his; besides, my daughter daily complained, and sought to me for help; whereupon, as heretofore I had accustomed, I bestowed her apart at my cousin-german's house for a few days, for her health and quiet, till my own business for my estate were ended. Sir Edward Coke never asking me where she was no more than at other times, when at my placing she had been a quarter of a year from him, as the year before with my sister Burley.

• These particulars I find in the manuscript letters of J. Chamberlain. Sloane MSS. 4173. (1616.) In the quaint style of the times, the common speech run, that Lord Coke had been betrayed by four P's—Fride, Prohibitions, Prebendure, and Preterogative. It is only with his moral quality, and not with his legal controversies that his personal character is here concerned.

• In the Lambeth manuscript, 936, is a letter of Lord Bacon to the king, to prevent the match between Sir John Villiers and Mrs. Coke. Art. 68. Another, Art. 69. The spirited and copious letter of James, 'to the Lord Keeper,' is printed in Letters, Speeches, Charges, &c., of Francis Bacon, by Dr Birch, p. 122.

• Stoke-Progion, in Buckinghamshire; the delightful seat of J. Penn, Esq. It was the scene of 'Gray's Long Story,' and the chimneys of the ancient house still remain, to mark the locality: a column, on which is fixed a statue of Coke, erected by Mr Penn, consecrates the former abode of its illustrious inhabitant.

'Second. That you endeavoured to bestow her, and to bind her to my Lord of Oxford without her knowledge and consent.

'Upon this subject a lawyer, by way of invective, may open his mouth wide, and anticipate every hearer's judgment by the rights of a father; this, dangerous in the president to others; to which, nevertheless, this answer may be justly returned.

'Answer. My daughter, as aforesaid, terrified with her father's threats and hard usage, and pressing me to find some remedy from this violence intended, I did compassionate her condition, and bethought myself of this contract to my Lord of Oxford, if so she liked, and thereupon I gave it to her to peruse and consider by herself, which she did; she liked it, cheerfully writ it with her own hand, subscribed it, and returned it to me; wherein I did nothing of my own will, but followed her's, after I saw she was so adverse to Sir Thomas Villiers, that she voluntarily and deliberately protested that of all men living she would never have him, nor could ever fancy him for a husband.

'Secondly. By this I put her in no new way, nor into any other that her father had heretofore known and approved; for he saw such letters as my lady of Oxford had writ to me thereabouts; he never forbade it; he never disliked it; only he said they were then too young, and there was time enough for the treaty.

'Thirdly. He always left his daughter to my disposing and my bringing up; knowing that I purposed her my fortune and whole estate, and as upon these reasons he left her to my cares, so he eased himself absolutely of her, never meddling with her, neglecting her, and caring nothing for her.

'The third. That you counterfeited a treaty from my Lord of Oxford's to yourself.

'Answer. I know it not counterfeited; but be it so, to whose injury? If to my Lord of Oxford's (for no man else is therein interested,) it must be either in honour or in freehold. Read the treaty; it proves neither! for it is only a complement: it is no engagement presently nor futurely; besides the law shows what forgery is; and to counterfeit a private man's hand, nay a magistrate's, makes not the fault but the cause, wherefore:

'Secondly, the end justifies, at the least, excuses, the fact; for it was only to hold up my daughter's mind to her own choice and liking: for her eyes only, and for no other's, that she might see some retribution, and thereby with the more constancy endure her imprisonment, having this only antidote to resist the poison of that place, company, and conversation; myself and all her friends barred from her, and no person or speech admitted to her ear, but such as spoke Sir Thomas Villiers's language.

'The fourth. That you plotted to surprise your daughter to take her away by force, to the breach of the king's peace and particular commandment, and for that purpose had assembled a number of desperate fellows, whereof the consequence might have been dangerous; and the affront to the king was the greater that such a thing was offered, the king being forth of the kingdom, which, by example, might have drawn on other assemblies to more dangerous attempts. This field is large for a plentiful babbler.

'Answer. I know no such matter, neither in any place was there such assembly; true it is I spoke to Turner to provide me some tall fellows for the taking a possession for me, in Lincolnshire, of some lands Sir William Mason had lately dis-seized me; but be it they were assembled and convoked to such an end, what was done? was any such thing attempted? were they upon the place? kept they the beath or the highways by ambuscades? or was any place, any day, appointed for a rendezvous? No, no such matter, but something was intended; and I pray you what says the law of such a single intention, which is not within the view or notice of the law? Besides, who intended this—the mother? and wherefore? because she was unnaturally and barbarously secluded from her daughter, and her daughter forced against her will, contrary to her own and liking, to the will of him she disliked; nay, the laws of God, of nature, of man, speak for me, and cry out upon them. But they had a warrant from the king's order from the commissioners to keep my daughter in their custody: yet neither this warrant nor the commissioners' did prohibit the mother coming to her, but contrarily allowed her; then by the same authority might she get to her daughter, that Sir Edward Coke had used to keep her from her daughter; the husband having no power, warrant, or permission from God, the king, or the law, to se-

quester the mother from her own child, she only endeavouring the child's good, with the child's liking, and to be preferred; and he, his private end against the child's best, without care of her preferment; which differing respects they justify the mother in all, so condemn they the father a transgressor of the rules of nature, and as a parent, his rights, as a father and a husband, to the hart tax, child and wife.

'Lastly, if recrimination could lessen the fault, take in in the worst sense, and naked of all the considerable circumstances it hath, what is this, nay, what had the setting of this intention been comparatively with Sir Edward Coke's most notorious riot, committed at my Lord of Arundel's house, when without constable or warrant, armed with a dozen fellows well weaponed, without cause testis forehand offered, to have what he would, he took down the doors of the gate-house and of the house itself, and tore a daughter in that barbarous manner from the mother, as would not suffer the mother to come near her; and when it was before the lords of the council to answer this outrage, it justified it to make it good by law, and that he feared the just of no greatness; a dangerous word for the encouragement of all notorious and rebellious malefactors; especially from him that had been the chief justice of the law, and of a people reputed the oracle of the law; and a most courageous bravado cast in the teeth and face of the state in the king's absence; and therefore most considerable for the maintenance of authority and the quiet of the land; for if it be lawful for him with a dozen to enter any man's house thus outrageously for any right to which he pretends, it is lawful for any man with one hundred, nay, with five hundred, and consequently with as many as he can draw together, to do the same, which may endanger the safety of the king's person, and the peace of the kingdom.

'The fifth, that you having certified the king you had received an engagement from my Lord of Oxford, and the king commanding you, upon your allegiance, to come and bring it to him, or to send it him; or not having it, to signify his name to who brought it, and where he was; you refused a l, by which you doubled and trebled a high contempt to his majesty.

'Answer. I was so sick on the week before, for the most part I kept my bed, and even that instant I was so weak as I was not able to rise from it without help, nor to endure the air; which indisposition and weakness my two physicians, Sir William Paddy and Dr Atkins, can affirm true; which so being, I hope his majesty will graciously excuse the necessity, and not impose a fault, whereof I am not guilty; and for the sending it, I protest to God I had it not; and for telling the parties, and where he is, I most humbly beseech his sacred majesty, in his great wisdom and honour, to consider how unworthy a part it were in me to bring any man into trouble, from which I am so far from redeeming him as I can no way relieve myself, and therefore humbly crave his majesty, in his princely consideration of my distressed condition, to forgive me this reservedness, proceeding from that just sense, and the rather, for that the law of the land in civil causes, as I am informed, no way tieth me thereunto.

'Among other papers it appears that Coke accused his lady of having 'embezzled all his gilt and silver plate and vessel, (he having little in any house of mine but that, his marriage with me brought him) and instead thereof fostered in alchemy of the same sorte, fashion, and use, with the illusion to have cheated him of the other.' Coke insists on the inventory by the schedule! Her ladyship says, 'I made such plate for matter and form for my own use at Purbeck, that serving well enough in the country; and I was loth to trust such a substance in a place so remote, and in the guard of few; but for the plate and vessel he saith is wanting, they are every ounce within one of my three houses.' She complains that Sir Edward Coke and his son Clement had threatened her servants so grievously, that the poor men run away to hide themselves from his fury, and dare not appear abroad. 'Sir Edward broke into Hatton House, seized upon my coach and coach horses, nay, my apparel, which he detains; thrust all my servants out of doors without wages; sent down his men to Corfe to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all the goods, which being refused him by the castle keeper, he threats to bring your lordship's warrant for the next once thereof. But your lordship established that he should have the use only of the goods during his life, and such houses as the same appertained, without meaning, I dare, of depriving me of such use, bring goods bought at my marriage, or

bought with the money I spared from my allowances. Stop, then, his high tyrannical courses; for I have suffered beyond the measure of any wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortunes, with which I have so highly raised him.

What availed the vexation of this sick, mortified, and proud woman, or the more tender feelings of the daughter, in this forced marriage to satisfy the political ambition of the father? When Lord Bacon wrote to the king respecting the strange behaviour of Coke, the king vindicated it, for the purpose of obtaining his daughter, blaming Lord Bacon for some expressions he had used; and Bacon, with the servility of the courtier, when he found the wind in his teeth, tacked round, and promised Buckingham to promote the match he so much abhorred.* Villiers was married to the daughter of Coke at Hampton-Court, on Michaelmas Day, 1617—Coke was re-admitted to the council table—Lady Hatton was reconciled to Lady Compton and the queen, and gave a grand entertainment on the occasion, to which, however, 'the good man of the house was neither invited nor spoken of: he dined that day at the Temple; she is still bent to pull down her husband,' adds my informant. The moral close remains to be told. Lady Villiers looked on her husband as the hateful object of a forced union, and nearly drove him mad; while she disgraced herself by such loose conduct as to be condemned to stand in a white sheet, and I believe at length obtained a divorce. Thus a marriage projected by ambition, and prosecuted by violent means, closed with that utter misery to the parties with which it had commenced; and for our present purpose has served to show, that when a lawyer, like Coke, holds his high handed tyrannical courses, the law of nature, as well as the law of which he is 'the oracle,' will be alike violated under his roof. Wife and daughter were plaintiffs or defendants on whom this lord chief-justice closed his ear: he had blocked up the avenues to his heart with 'Law! Law! Law!' his 'old song.'

Beyond his eightieth year, in the last parliament of Charles II, the extraordinary vigour of Coke's intellect flamed clear under the snows of age. No reconciliation ever took place between the parties. On a strong report of his death, her ladyship accompanied by her brother Lord Wimbledon, posted down to Stoke-Pogies to take possession of his mansion; but beyond Colebrook, they met with one of his physicians coming from him with the mortifying intelligence of Sir Edward's amendment, on which they returned at their leisure. This happened in June 1634, and on the following September the venerable sage was no more!

OF COKE'S STYLE, AND HIS CONDUCT.

This great lawyer perhaps set the example of that style of railing and invective at our bar, which the egotism and craven insolence of some of our lawyers include in their practice at the bar. It may be useful to bring to recollection COKE's vituperative style in the following dialogue, so beautiful in its contrast, with that of the great victim before him! The attorney-general had not sufficient evidence to bring the obscure conspiracy home to Rawleigh, with which, I believe, however, he had cautiously tampered. But COKE well knew that James the First had reason to dislike the hero of his age, who was early engaged against the Scottish interests, and betrayed by the ambidextrous policy of Cecil. COKE struck at Rawleigh as a sacrifice to his own political ambition, as we have seen he afterwards immolated his daughter; but his personal hatred was now sharpened by the fine genius and elegant literature of the man; faculties and acquisitions the lawyer so heartily condemned! COKE had observed, 'I know with whom I deal: for we have to deal to-day with a man of wit.'

Coke. Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

Rawleigh. You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

Coke. I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treason.

Rawleigh. I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

Coke. Thou art an odious fellow; thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

* Lambeth MSS, 936, art. 62, and 73.

Rawleigh. It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr Attorney.

Coke. Well, I will now make it appear to the world, that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou. Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Thou viper! for I thou thee, thou traitor! Have I angered you?

Rawleigh replied, what his dauntless conduct proved—'I am in no case to be angry.'

Coke had used the same style with the unhappy favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex. It was usual with him; the bitterness was in his own heart, as much as in his words; and Lord Bacon has left among his memorandums one entitled, 'Of the abuse I received of Mr Attorney-General publicly in the Exchequer.' A specimen will complete our model of his forensic oratory. Coke exclaimed, 'Mr Bacon, if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out; for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.' Bacon replied, 'The less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it.' Coke replied, 'I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness towards you, who are less than little, less than the least.' Coke was exhibited on the stage, for his ill usage of Rawleigh, as was suggested by Theobald in a note on Twelfth Night. This style of railing was long the privilege of the lawyers; it was revived by Judge Jeffreys; but the bench of judges in the reign of William and Anne taught a due respect even to criminals, who were not supposed to be guilty till they were convicted.

When Coke once was himself in disgrace, his high spirit sunk without a particle of magnanimity to dignify the fall; his big words, and his 'tyrannical courses,' when he could no longer exult that 'he was upon his wings again,' sunk with him as he presented himself on his knees to the council-table. Among other assumptions, he had styled himself 'Lord chief-justice of England,' when it was declared that this title was his own invention, since he was no more than of the King's Bench. His disgrace was a thunderbolt, which overthrew the haughty lawyer to the roots. When the *supersedas* was carried to him by Sir George Coppin, that gentleman was surprised on presenting it, to see that lofty 'spirit shrunk into a very narrow room, for Coke received it with dejection and tears.' The writer from whose letter I have copied these words adds, *O tremor et suspiria non cadunt in fortem et constantem.* The same writer encloses a punning distich: the name of our lord chief-justice was in his day very provocative of the pun both in Latin and English; Cicero indeed had pre-occupied the miserable trifle.

*Jus condire Cocus potuit; sed condere jura
Non potuit; potuit condere jura Cocus.*

Six years afterwards Coke was sent to the Tower, and then they punned against him in English. An unpublished letter of the day has this curious anecdote: The room in which he was lodged in the Tower had formerly been a kitchen; on his entrance the lord chief-justice read upon the door, 'This room wants a Cook!' They twitched the lion in the toils which held him. Shenstone had some reason in thanking Heaven that his name was not susceptible of a pun. This time, however, Coke was 'on his wings;' for when Lord Arundel was sent by the king to the prisoner to inform him that he would be allowed 'Eight of the best learned in the law to advise him for his cause,' our great lawyer thanked the king, 'but he knew himself to be accounted to have as much skill in the law as any man in England, and therefore needed no such help, nor feared to be judged by the law.'

SECRET HISTORY OF AUTHORS WHO HAVE RUINED THEIR BOOKSELLERS.

Aulus Gellius desired to live no longer than he was able to exercise the faculty of writing; he might have decently added,—and find readers! This would be a fatal wish for that writer who should spread the infection of weariness, without himself partaking of the epidemic. The more act and habit of writing, without probably even a remote view of publication, has produced an agreeable delirium; and perhaps some have escaped from a gentle confinement by having cautiously concealed those voluminous reveries which remained to startle their heirs; while others again have left a whole library of manuscripts, out of the mere ardour of transcription, collecting and copying with pecu-

* State Trials.

liar rapture. I discovered that one of these inscribed this distich on his manuscript collection :

Plura voluminibus jungenda volumina nostris,
Nec mihi scribendi terminus ullus erit :

which, not to compose better verses than our original, may be translated,

More volumes, with our volumes still shall blend ;
And to our writing there shall be no end !

But even great authors have sometimes so much indulged in the seduction of the pen, that they appear to have found no substitute for the flow of their ink, and the delight of stamping blank paper with their hints, sketches, ideas, the shadows of their mind ! Petrarch exhibits no solitary instance of this passion of the pen. 'I read and I write night and day ; it is my only consolation. My eyes are heavy with watching, my hand is weary with writing. On the table where I dine, and by the side of my bed, I have all the materials for writing ; and when I awake in the dark, I write, although I am unable to read the next morning what I have written.' Petrarch was not always in his perfect senses.

The copiousness and the multiplicity of the writings of many authors, have shown that too many find a pleasure in the act of composition, which they do not communicate to others. Great erudition and every-day application is the calamity of that voluminous author, who, without good sense, and what is more rare, without that exquisite judgment which we call good taste, is always prepared to write on any subject, but at the same time on no one reasonably. We are astonished at the fertility and the size of our own writers of the seventeenth century, when the theological war of words raged, spoiling so many pages and brains. They produced folio after folio, like almanacks ; and Dr Owen and Baxter wrote more than sixty to seventy volumes, most of them of the most formidable size. The truth is, however, that it was then easier to write up to a folio, than in our days to write down to an octavo ; for correction, selection, and rejection, were arts as yet unpractised. They went on with their work, sharply or bluntly, like witless mowers, without stopping to whet their scythes. They were inspired by the scribbling demon of that Rabin, who, in his oriental style and mania of volume, exclaimed, that were 'the heavens formed of paper, and were the trees of the earth pens, and if the entire sea run ink, these only could suffice for the monstrous genius he was about to discharge on the world. The Spanish Tos-tatus wrote three times as many leaves as the number of days he had lived ; and of Lope de Vega it is said this calculation came rather short. We hear of another who was unhappy that his lady had produced twins, from the circumstance that hitherto he had contrived to pair his labours with her own, but that now he was a book behind-hand.

I fix on four celebrated *Scribleri* to give their secret history : our Prynne, Gaspar Barthius, the Abbé de Marolles, and the Jesuit Theophilus Raynaud, who will all show that a book might be written on 'authors whose works have ruined their booksellers.'

Prynne seldom dined : every three or four hours he munched a manchet, and refreshed his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant ; and when 'he was put into this road of writing,' as crabbed Anthony telleth, he fixed on 'a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light ;' and then, hunger nor thirst did he experience, save that of his voluminous pages. Prynne has written a library, amounting, I think, to nearly two hundred books. Our unlucky author whose life was involved in authorship, and his happiness, no doubt, in the habitual exuberance of his pen, seems to have considered the being debarred from pen, ink, and books, during his imprisonment, as an act more barbarous than the loss of his ears. The extraordinary perseverance of Prynne in this fever of the pen appears in the following title of one of his extraordinary volumes. 'Comfortable Cordials against discomfortable Fears of Imprisonment ; containing some Latin Verses, Sentences, and Texts of Scripture, written by Mr Wm. Prynne on his Chamber Walls, in the Tower of London, during his imprisonment there ; translated by him into English Verse, 1641.' Prynne literally verified Pope's description :

'Is there, who, locked from ink and paper scrolls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls.'

We have also a catalogue of printed books, written by Wm. Prynne, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, in these classes,

BEFORE
DURING
and . } his imprisonment,
SINCE

with this motto 'Jucundi acti labores,' 1643. The secret history of this voluminous author concludes with a characteristic event : a contemporary who saw Prynne in the pillory at Cheapside, informs us that while he stood there, they 'burnt his huge volumes under his nose, which had almost suffocated him.' Yet such was the spirit of party, that a puritanic sister bequeathed a legacy to purchase all the works of Prynne for Sion College, where many still repose ; for by an odd fatality, in the fire which burnt that library these volumes were saved, from the idea that folios were the most valuable !

The pleasure which authors of this stamp experience is of a nature which, whenever certain unlucky circumstances combine, positively debarring them from publication, will not abate their ardour one jot ; and their pen will still luxuriate in the forbidden page which even booksellers refuse to publish. Many instances might be recorded, but a very striking one is the case of Gaspar Barthius, whose 'Adversaria,' in two volumes folio, are in the collections of the curious.

Barthius was born to literature, for Baillet has placed him among his 'Enfance celebre.' At nine years of age, he recited by heart all the comedies of Terence, without missing a line. The learned admired the puerile prodigy, while the prodigy was writing books before he had a beard. He became, unquestionably, a student of very extensive literature, modern as well as ancient. Such was his devotion to a literary life, that he retreated from the busy world. It appears that his early productions were composed more carefully and judiciously than his later ones, when the passion for voluminous writing broke out, which showed itself by the usual prognostic of this dangerous disease—extreme facility of composition, and a pride and exultation in this unhappy faculty. He studied without using collections or references, trusting to his memory, which was probably an extraordinary one, though it necessarily led him into many errors in that delicate task of ap-madverting on other authors. Writing a very neat hand, his first copy required no transcript ; and he boasts that he rarely made a correction : every thing was sent to the press in its first state. He laughed at Statius, who congratulated himself that he employed only two days in composing the epithalamium upon Stella, containing two hundred and seventy-eight hexameters. 'This,' says Barthius, 'did not quite lay him open to Horace's censure of the man who made two hundred verses in an hour, "Stans pede in uno." 'Not,' adds Barthius, 'but that I think the censure of Horace too hyperbolic, for I am not ignorant what it is to make a great number of verses in a short time, and in three days I translated into Latin the three first books of the Iliad, which amount to above two thousand verses.' Thus rapidity and volume were the great enjoyments of this learned man's pen, and now we must look to the fruits.

Barthius, on the system he had adopted, seems to have written a whole library ; a circumstance which we discover by the continual references he makes in his printed works to his manuscript productions. In the *Index authorum* to his Statius, he inserts his own name, to which is appended a long list of unprinted works, which Bayle thinks by their titles and extracts, conveys a very advantageous notion of them. All these, and many such as these, he generously offered the world, would any bookseller be intrepid or courteous enough to usher them from his press, but their cowardice or incivility were intractable. The truth is now to be revealed, and seems not to have been known to Bayle ; the booksellers had been formerly so ca-joled and complimented by our learned author, and had heard so much of the celebrated Barthius, that they had caught at the bait, and the two folio volumes of the much-referred-to 'Adversaria' of Barthius had thus been published—but from that day no bookseller ever offered himself to publish again !

The 'Adversaria' is a collection of critical notes and quotations from ancient authors, with illustrations of their manners, customs, laws, and ceremonies ; all these were to be classed into one hundred and eighty books ; sixty of which we possess in two volumes folio, with eleven in-

desires. The plan is vast, as the rapidity with which it was pursued; Bayle finely characterizes it by a single stroke—'his immensity tries even the imagination.' But the truth is, this mighty labour turned out to be a complete failure: there was neither order nor judgment in these masses of learning; crude, obscure, and contradictory; such as we might expect from a man who trusted to his memory, and would not throw away his time on any correction. His contradictions are flagrant; but one of his friends would apologize for these by telling us that 'He wrote every thing which offered itself to his imagination; to-day one thing, to-morrow another, in order that when he should revise it again, this contrariety of opinion might induce him to examine the subject more accurately.' The notions of the friends of authors are as extravagant as those of their enemies. Barthius evidently wrote so much, that often he forgot what he had written, as happened to another great book-man, one Didymus, of whom Quintian records, that on hearing a certain history, he treated it as utterly unworthy of credit; on which the teller called for one of Didymus's own books, and showed where he might read it at full length! That the work failed, we have the evidence of Clement in his '*Bibliothèque curieuse de Livres difficiles à trouver*,' under the article *Barthius*, where we discover the winding up of the history of this task. Clement mentions more than one edition of the *Adversaria*; but on a more careful inspection he detected that the old title pages had been removed for others of a later date; the booksellers not being able to sell the book without this deception. It availed little; they remained with their unsold edition of the two first volumes of the *Adversaria*, and the author with three thousand folio sheets in manuscript—while both parties complained together, and neither could acquire nothing from the works of an author of whom Bayle says that 'his writings rise to such a colossal bulk, that one can scarce conceive a single man could be capable of executing so great a variety; perhaps a moving clerk, who lived to grow old amidst the dust of an office, ever transcribed as much as this author has written.' This was the memorable fate of one of that race of writers who imagine that their capacity extends with their volume. Their land seems covered fertility, but in shaking their wheat no ears fall.

Another memorable brother of this family of the Scribes is the Abbé De Marolles, who with great ardour as a man of letters, and in the enjoyment of the leisure and opportunity so necessary to carry on his pursuits, from an entire absence of judgment, closed his life with the bitter regrets of a voluminous author; and yet it cannot be denied that he has contributed one precious volume to the public stock of literature: a compliment which cannot be paid to some who have enjoyed a higher reputation than our author. He has left us his very curious '*Mémoires*.' A poor writer indeed, but the frankness and impetuity of his character excused him, while he is painting himself, to paint man. Gibbon was struck by the honesty of his pen, for he says in his life, 'The dulness of Michael de Marolles and Anthony Wood* acquire some value from the faithful representation of men and manners.'

I have elsewhere shortly noticed the Abbé De Marolles in the character of a 'literary sinner'; but the extent of his sins never struck me so forcibly as when I observed the delinquencies counted up in chronological order in Niceron's '*Hommes illustres*.' It is extremely amusing to detect the swarming fecundity of his pen; from year to year, with author after author, was this translator wearying others, but remained himself unwearied. Sometimes two or three classical victims in a season were dragged to his slaughter-house. Of about seventy works, fifty were versions of the classical writers of antiquity, accompanied with notes. But some odd circumstances happened to our extraordinary translator in the course of his life. De L'Etang, a critic of that day, in his '*Règles de bien traduire*,' drew all his examples of bad translation from our age, who was more angry than usual, and among his criticisms the cries of our Marস্যas resounded. De L'Etang, who did this not out of malice, but from urgent necessity to illustrate his principles, seemed very sorry, and was

desirous of appeasing the angered translator. One day in Easter, finding the abbé in church at prayers, the critic fell on his knees by the side of the translator: it was an extraordinary moment, and a singular situation to terminate a literary quarrel. 'You are angry with me,' said L'Etang, 'and I think you have reason; but this is a season of mercy, and I now ask your pardon.'—'In the manner,' replied the abbé, 'which you have chosen, I can no longer defend myself. Go, sir! I pardon you.' Some days after the abbé again meeting L'Etang, reproached him with duping him out of a pardon which he had no desire to have bestowed on him. The last reply of the critic was caustic: 'Do not be so difficult; when one stands in need of a general pardon, one ought surely to grant a particular one.' De Marolles was subject to encounter critics who were never so kind as to kneel by him on Easter Sunday. Besides these fifty translations, of which the notes are often curious, and even the sense may be useful to consult, his love of writing produced many odd works. His volumes were richly bound, and freely distributed, for they found no readers! In a '*Discours pour servir de Préface sur les Poètes traduits par Michel de Marolles*,' he has given an imposing list of illustrious persons and contemporary authors who were his friends, and has preserved many singular facts concerning them. He was, indeed, for so long a time convinced that he had struck off the true spirit of his fine originals, that I find he at several times printed some critical treatise to back his last, or usher in his new version; giving the world reasons why the versions which had been given of that particular author, 'Soit en prose, soit en vers ont été si peu approuvées jusqu'ici.' Among these numerous translations he was the first who ventured on the *Deipnosopists* of Athenæus, which still bears an excessive price. He entitles his work, '*Les quinze Livres de Deipnosopistes d'Athénée, Ouvrage délicieux, agreablement diversifié et rempli de Narrations savantes sur toutes Sortes de Matières et de Sujets*.' He has prefixed various preliminary dissertations; yet not satisfied with having performed this great labour, it was followed by a small quarto of forty pages, which might now be considered curious; '*Analyse, en Description succincte des Choses contenues dans les quinze Livres de Deipnosopistes*.' He wrote, '*Quatrains sur les Personnes de la Cour et les Gens de Lettres*,' which the curious would now be glad to find. After having plundered the classical geniuses of antiquity by his barbarous style, when he had nothing more left to do, he committed sacrilege in translating the Bible; but, in the midst of printing, he was suddenly stopped by authority, for having inserted in his notes the reveries of the Pre-Adamite Isaac Peyrere. He had already revelled on the New Testament, to his version of which he had prefixed so sensible an introduction, that it was afterwards translated into Latin. Translation was the mania of the Abbé de Marolles. I doubt whether he ever fairly awoke out of the heavy dream of the felicity of his translations; for late in life I find him observing, 'I have employed much time in study, and I have translated many books; considering this rather as an innocent amusement which I have chosen for my private life, than as things very necessary, although they are not entirely useless. Some have valued them, and others have cared little about them; but however it may be, I see nothing which obliges me to believe that they contain not at least as much good as bad, both for their own matter and the form which I have given to them.' The notion he entertained of his translations was their closeness; he was not aware of his own spiritless style; and he imagined that poetry only consisted in the thoughts, not in the grace and harmony of verse. He insisted that by giving the public his numerous translations, he was not vainly multiplying books, because he neither diminished nor increased their ideas in his faithful versions. He had a curious notion that some were more scrupulous than they ought to be respecting translations of authors who, living so many ages past, are rarely read from the difficulty of understanding them; and why should they imagine that a translation is injurious to them, or would occasion the utter neglect of the originals? 'We do not think so highly of our own works,' says the indefatigable and modest Abbé; 'but neither do I despair that they may be useful even to these scrupulous persons. I will not suppress the truth, while I am noticing these ungrateful labours; if they have given me much pain by my assiduity, they have repaid me by the fine things they have taught me, and by the opinion which I have conceived that posterity, more

desirous of appeasing the angered translator. One day in Easter, finding the abbé in church at prayers, the critic fell on his knees by the side of the translator: it was an extraordinary moment, and a singular situation to terminate a literary quarrel. 'You are angry with me,' said L'Etang, 'and I think you have reason; but this is a season of mercy, and I now ask your pardon.'—'In the manner,' replied the abbé, 'which you have chosen, I can no longer defend myself. Go, sir! I pardon you.' Some days after the abbé again meeting L'Etang, reproached him with duping him out of a pardon which he had no desire to have bestowed on him. The last reply of the critic was caustic: 'Do not be so difficult; when one stands in need of a general pardon, one ought surely to grant a particular one.' De Marolles was subject to encounter critics who were never so kind as to kneel by him on Easter Sunday. Besides these fifty translations, of which the notes are often curious, and even the sense may be useful to consult, his love of writing produced many odd works. His volumes were richly bound, and freely distributed, for they found no readers! In a '*Discours pour servir de Préface sur les Poètes traduits par Michel de Marolles*,' he has given an imposing list of illustrious persons and contemporary authors who were his friends, and has preserved many singular facts concerning them. He was, indeed, for so long a time convinced that he had struck off the true spirit of his fine originals, that I find he at several times printed some critical treatise to back his last, or usher in his new version; giving the world reasons why the versions which had been given of that particular author, 'Soit en prose, soit en vers ont été si peu approuvées jusqu'ici.' Among these numerous translations he was the first who ventured on the *Deipnosopists* of Athenæus, which still bears an excessive price. He entitles his work, '*Les quinze Livres de Deipnosopistes d'Athénée, Ouvrage délicieux, agreablement diversifié et rempli de Narrations savantes sur toutes Sortes de Matières et de Sujets*.' He has prefixed various preliminary dissertations; yet not satisfied with having performed this great labour, it was followed by a small quarto of forty pages, which might now be considered curious; '*Analyse, en Description succincte des Choses contenues dans les quinze Livres de Deipnosopistes*.' He wrote, '*Quatrains sur les Personnes de la Cour et les Gens de Lettres*,' which the curious would now be glad to find. After having plundered the classical geniuses of antiquity by his barbarous style, when he had nothing more left to do, he committed sacrilege in translating the Bible; but, in the midst of printing, he was suddenly stopped by authority, for having inserted in his notes the reveries of the Pre-Adamite Isaac Peyrere. He had already revelled on the New Testament, to his version of which he had prefixed so sensible an introduction, that it was afterwards translated into Latin. Translation was the mania of the Abbé de Marolles. I doubt whether he ever fairly awoke out of the heavy dream of the felicity of his translations; for late in life I find him observing, 'I have employed much time in study, and I have translated many books; considering this rather as an innocent amusement which I have chosen for my private life, than as things very necessary, although they are not entirely useless. Some have valued them, and others have cared little about them; but however it may be, I see nothing which obliges me to believe that they contain not at least as much good as bad, both for their own matter and the form which I have given to them.' The notion he entertained of his translations was their closeness; he was not aware of his own spiritless style; and he imagined that poetry only consisted in the thoughts, not in the grace and harmony of verse. He insisted that by giving the public his numerous translations, he was not vainly multiplying books, because he neither diminished nor increased their ideas in his faithful versions. He had a curious notion that some were more scrupulous than they ought to be respecting translations of authors who, living so many ages past, are rarely read from the difficulty of understanding them; and why should they imagine that a translation is injurious to them, or would occasion the utter neglect of the originals? 'We do not think so highly of our own works,' says the indefatigable and modest Abbé; 'but neither do I despair that they may be useful even to these scrupulous persons. I will not suppress the truth, while I am noticing these ungrateful labours; if they have given me much pain by my assiduity, they have repaid me by the fine things they have taught me, and by the opinion which I have conceived that posterity, more

just than the present times, will award a more favourable judgment.' Thus a miserable translator terminates his long labours, by drawing his bill of fame on posterity which his contemporaries will not pay; but in these cases, as the bill is certainly lost before it reaches acceptance, why should we deprive the drawers of pleasing themselves with the ideal capital?

Let us not, however, imagine, that the Abbé De Morales was nothing but the man he appears in the character of a voluminous translator; though occupied all his life on these miserable labours, he was evidently an ingenious and nobly-minded man, whose days were consecrated to literary pursuits, and who was among the primitive collectors in Europe of fine and curious prints. One of his works is a 'Catalogue des Livres d'Estampes et de Figures en Taille-douce.' Paris, 1686, in 8vo. In the preface our author declares, that he had collected one hundred and twenty-three thousand four hundred prints of six thousand masters, in four hundred large volumes, and one hundred and twenty small ones. This magnificent collection, formed by so much care and skill, he presented to the king; whether gratuitously given, or otherwise, it was an acquisition which a monarch might have thankfully accepted. Such was the habitual ardour of our author, that afterwards he set about forming another collection, of which he has also given a catalogue, in 1672, in 12mo. Both these catalogues of prints are of extreme rarity, and are yet so highly valued by the connoisseurs, that when in France I could never obtain a copy. A long life may be passed without a even sight of the 'Catalogue des Livres d'Estampes de l'Abbé de Morales.*

Such are the lessons drawn from this secret history of voluminous writers. We see one venting his mania in scrawling on his prison-walls; another persisting in writing folios, while the booksellers, who were once caught like Reynard who had lost his tail, and whom no arts could any longer practise on, turn away from the new trap; and a third, who can acquire no readers but by giving his books away, growing gray in scourging the sacred genius of antiquity by his meagre versions, and dying without having made up his mind, whether he were as woful a translator as some of his contemporaries had assured him.

Among these worthies of the Scribleri we may rank the Jesuit Theophilus Raynaud, once a celebrated name, eulogised by Bayle and Patin. His collected works fill twenty folios; an edition, indeed, which finally sent the bookseller to the poor-house. This enterprising bibliopoli-ist had heard much of the prodigious erudition of the writer; but he had not the sagacity to discover that other literary qualities were also required to make twenty folios at all saleable. Of these 'Opera omnia' perhaps not a single copy can be found in England; but they may be a pennyworth on the continent. Raynaud's works are theological; but a system of grace maintained by one work, and pulled down by another, has ceased to interest mankind: the literature of the divine is of a less perishable nature. Reading and writing through a life of eighty years, and giving only a quarter of an hour to his dinner, with a vigorous memory, and a whimsical taste for some singular subjects, he could not fail to accumulate a mass of knowledge which may still be useful for the curious; and, besides, Raynaud had the Ritssonian characteristic. He was one of those who, exemplary in their own conduct, with a bitter zeal condemn whatever does not agree with their notions; and however gentle in their nature, yet will set no limits to the ferocity of their pen. Raynaud was often in trouble with the censors of his books, and much more with his adversaries; so that he frequently had recourse to publishing under a fictitious name. A remarkable evidence of this is the entire twentieth volume of his works. It consists of the numerous writings published anonymously, or to which were prefixed *noms de guerre*. This volume is described by the whimsical title of *Apopomperus*; explained to us as the name given by the Jews to the scape-goat, which, when loaded with all their maledictions on its head, was driven away into the desert. These contain all Raynaud's numerous *diatribes*; for

* These two catalogues have always been of extreme rarity and price. Dr Lister, when at Paris, 1686, notices this circumstance. I have since met with them in the very curious collections of my friend Mr Douce, who has uniques, as well as rarities. The monograms of our old masters in one of these catalogues are more correct than in some later publications: and the whole plan and arrangement of these catalogues of prints are peculiar and interesting.

whenever he was refuted, he was always refuting; he did not spare his best friends. The title of a work against Arnauld will show how he treated his adversaries. 'Arnauldus redivivus natus Brizix seculo xii. renatus in Gallix etate nostra.' He dexterously applies the name of Arnauld, by comparing him with one of the same name in the twelfth century, a scholar of Abelard's and a turbulent enthusiast, say the Romish writers, who was burnt alive for having written against the luxury and the power of the priesthood, and for having raised a rebellion against the pope. When the learned De Launoï had successfully attacked the legends of saints, and was called the *Denicheur de Saints*,—the 'Unnicher of Saints,' every parish priest trembled for his favourite. Raynaud entitled a libel on this new Iconoclast, 'Hercules Commodianus Joannes Launoius repulsus,' &c: he compares Launoï to the Emperor Commodus, who, though the most cowardly of men, conceived himself formidable when he dressed himself as Hercules. Another of these maledictions is a tract against Calvinism, described as 'Religio bestiarum,' a religion of beasts, because the Calvinists deny free-will; but as he always fired with a double-barrelled gun, under the cloak of attacking Calvinism, he aimed a deadly shot at the Thomists, and particularly at a Dominican friar, whom he considered as bad as Calvin. Raynaud exults that he had driven one of his adversaries to take flight into Scotland, *ad pulvis Scotias transgressus*; to a Scotch postage: an expression which Saint Jerome used in speaking of Pelagius. He always rendered an adversary odious by coupling him with some odious name. On one of these controversial books where Casalas refuted Raynaud, Monnoye wrote, 'Raynaudus et Casalas inepti; Raynaud tamen Casalas ineptior.' The usual termination of what then passed for sense, and now is the reverse!

I will not quit Raynaud without pointing out some of his more remarkable treatises, as so many curiosities of literature.

In a treatise on the attributes of Christ, he entitles a chapter, *Christus bonus, bonus, bonus*: in another on the seven-branched candlestick in the Jewish temple, by an allegorical interpretation, he explains the eucharist; and adds an alphabetical list of names and epithets which have been given to this mystery.

The seventh volume bears the general title of *Mariologia*: all the treatises have for their theme the perfections and the worship of the Virgin. Many extraordinary things are here. One is a dictionary of names given to the Virgin, with observations on these names. Another on the devotion of the ascuplary, and its wonderful effects, written against De Launoï, and for which the order of the Carmes when he died bestowed a solemn service and obsequies on him. Another of these 'Mariologia' is mentioned by Gallois in the *Journal des Savans*, 1667, as a proof of his fertility: having to preach on the seven solemn anthems which the church sings before Christmas, and which begun by an O! he made this letter only the subject of his sermons, and barren as the letter appears, he has struck out 'a multitude of beautiful particulars.' This literary folly invites our curiosity.

In the eighth volume is a table of saints, classed by their station, condition, employment, and trades; a list of titles and prerogatives, which the councils and the fathers have attributed to the sovereign pontiff.

The thirteenth volume has a subject which seems much in the taste of the sermons on the letter O! it is entitled *Lous Brevitatis*! in praise of brevity. The maxims are brief, but the commentary long. One of the *natural* subjects treated on is that of *Noses*: he reviews a great number of noses, and, as usual, does not forget the Holy Virgin's. According to Raynaud, the nose of the Virgin Mary was long and aquiline, the mark of goodness and dignity; and as Jesus perfectly resembled his mother, he infers that he must have had such a nose.

A treatise entitled *Heterodita spiritualia et anomala Pietatis Celestium, Terrestrialium, et Infernorum*, contains many singular practices introduced into devotion, which superstition, ignorance, and remissness have made a part of religion.

A treatise directed against the new custom of hiring chairs in churches, and being seated during the sacrifice of the mass. Another on the *Cæsarean* operation, which he stigmatises as an act against nature. Another on eunuchs. Another entitled *Hipparchus de Religiosis Negotiis*, is an attack on those of his own company; the

med merchant; the jesuits were then accused of sial traffic with the revenues of their establish- The rector of a college at Avignon, who thought portrayed in this honest work, confined Raynaud for five months.

most curious work of Raynaud, connected with e, I possess; it is entitled *Erotemata de Malis ac bris, deus justa aut injusta eorumdem confusione*. s, 1653, 4to. with necessary indexes. One of his aving been condemned at Rome, he drew up these s concerning good and bad books, addressed to the quisitor. He divides his treatise into 'bad and books; bad books, but not nocent; books not bad, sat; books neither bad nor nocent.' His immense appears here to advantage, and his Ritsonian is prominent; for he asserts, that when writing heretics, all mordacity is innoxious: and an alpha- list of abusive names, which the fathers have given eterodox, is entitled *Alphabetum bestialitatis ha- s patrum symbolis*.

all, Raynaud was a man of vast acquirement, great flow of ideas, but tasteless, and void of all nt. An anecdote may be recorded of him, which a clear light the state of these literary men. Ray- as one day pressing hard a reluctant bookseller to one of his works, who replied, 'Write a book like Barri's, and I shall be glad to print it.' It hap- that the work of Barri was pillaged from Raynaud, as much liked, while the original lay on the shelf. or, this only served to provoke a fresh attack from ountable hero, who vindicated his rights, and emp- s quiver on him who had been ploughing with his

are the writers who, enjoying all the pleasures t the pains of composition, have often apologized r repeated productions, by declaring that they nly for their own amusement; but such private als should not be brought on the public stage. urthernot, all his life was printing a countless num- *feuilles volantes* in history and on antiquities; each ing of about three or four leaves in quarto: Lenglet snoy calls him 'Grand auteur des petits livres.' endleman liked to live among antiquaries and histo- but with a crooked head-piece, stuck with whims, rd with knotty combinations, all overloaded with ous erudition, he could not ease it at a less rate r an occasional dissertation of three or four quarto

He appears to have published about two hundred of this sort, much sought after by the curious for urity: Brunet complains he could never discover a te collection. But Catherinot may escape 'the and penalties' of our voluminous writers, for De thinks he generously printed them to distribute his friends. Such endless writers, provided they print themselves into an alma-house, may be al- to print themselves out; and we would accept the r which Monsieur Catherinot has framed for him- hich I find preserved in *Beyeri Memoria Librorum sm*. 'I must be allowed my freedom in my stu- r I substitute my writings for a game at the tennis- or a club at the tavern; I never counted among ours these *opuscula* of mine, but merely as harm- nusements. It is my partridge, as with St John angelist; my cat, as with Pope St Gregory; my og, as with St Dominick; my lamb, as with St s; my great black mastiff, as with Cornelius Agrip- my tame hare, as with Justus Lipsius.' I have discovered in Niceron that this Catherinot could get a printer, and was rather compelled to study y in his two hundred quartos of four or eight pages; er was of inferior quality; and when he could not dissertations into his prescribed number of pages, l to promise the end at another time, which did not happen. But his greatest anxiety was to publish ead his works; in despair he adopted an odd expo- Whenever Monsieur Catherinot came to Paris, he haunt the *quades* where books are sold, and while eared to be looking over them, he adroitly slid his own dissertations among these old books. He his mode of publication early, and continued it to days. He died with a perfect conviction that he ured his immortality; and in this manner had dis- f more than one edition of his unsaleable works.

Niceron has given the titles of 118 of his things, which he had looked over.

LOCAL DESCRIPTIONS.

Nothing is more idle, and what is less to be forgiven in a writer, more tedious, than minute and lengthened descriptions of localities; where it is very doubtful whether the writers themselves had formed any tolerable notion of the place they describe,—it is certain their readers never can! These descriptive passages, in which writers of imagination so frequently indulge, are usually a glittering confusion of unconnected things; circumstances recollected from others, or observed by themselves at different times; the finest are thrust in together. If a scene from nature, it is possible that all the seasons of the year may be jumbled together; or if a castle or an apartment, its magni- tude or its minuteness may equally bewilder. Yet we find, even in works of celebrity, whole pages of these ge- neral or these particular descriptive sketches, which leave nothing behind, but noun substantives propped up by ran- dom epithets. The old writers were quite delighted to fill up their voluminous pages with what was a great saving of sense and thinking. In the *Alaric* of Scudery sixteen pages, containing nearly five hundred verses, describe a palace, commencing at the *facade*, and at length finishing with the garden; but his description, we may say, was much better described by Boileau, whose good taste felt the absurdity of this 'abundance sterile,' in overloading a work with useless details,

Un Auteur quelquefois trop plein de son objet
Jamais sans l'épuiser n'abandonne un sujet.
S'il reconte un palais il m'en peint la face
Il me promène après de terrasses en terrasses.
Ici s'offre un perron, là regne un corridor;
Là ce balcon s'enferme en un balustre d'or;
Il compte les plafonds, les ronds, et les ovales—
Je saute vingt feuillets pour en trouver la fin;
Et je me sauve à peine au travers du jardin!

And then he adds so excellent a canon of criticism, that we must not neglect it:

Tout ce qu'on dit de trop est fade et rebutant;
L'Esprit ramassé le rejette à l'instant,
Qui ne sait se borner, ne sait jamais écrire.

We have a memorable instance of the inefficiency of local descriptions, in a very remarkable one by a writer of fine genius, composing with an extreme fondness of his subject, and curiously anxious to send down to posterity the most elaborate display of his own villa—this was the *Laurentinum* of PLINY. We cannot read his letter to Gal- lus, which the English reader may in Melmoth's elegant ver- sion,* without participating somewhat in the delight of the writer in many of its details; but we cannot with the writer form the slightest conception of his villa, while he is lead- ing us over from apartment to apartment, and pointing to us the opposite wing, with a 'beyond this,' and a 'not far from thence,' and 'to this apartment another of the same sort,' &c. Yet, still, as we were in great want of a cor- rect knowledge of a Roman villa, and as this must be the most so possible, architects have frequently studied, and the learned translated with extraordinary care, PLINY's description of his *Laurentinum*. It became so favourite an object, that eminent architects have attempted to raise up this edifice once more, by giving its plan and elevation; and this extraordinary fact is the result—that not one of them but has given a representation different from the other! Montfaucon, a more faithful antiquary, in his close translation of the description of this villa, in comparing it with Felibien's plan of the villa itself, observes, 'that the architect accommodated his edifice to his translation, but that their notions are not the same; unquestionably,' he adds, 'if ten skilful translators were to perform their task separately, there would not be one who agreed with ano- ther!'

If, then, on this subject of local descriptions, we find that it is impossible to convey exact notions of a real existing scene, what must we think of those which, in truth, de- scribe scenes which have no other existence than the con- fused makings-up of an author's invention; where the more he details the more he confuses; and where the more particular he wishes to be, the more indistinct the whole appears?

Local descriptions, after a few striking circumstances have been selected, admit of no further detail. It is no

* Book II, lett. 17.

their length, but their happiness, which enter into our comprehension; the imagination can only take in and keep together a very few parts of a picture. The pen must not intrude on the province of the pencil, any more than the pencil must attempt to perform what cannot in any shape be submitted to the eye, though fully to the mind.

The great art, perhaps, of local description, is rather a general than a particular view; the details must be left to the imagination; it is suggestion rather than description. There is an old Italian sonnet of this kind which I have often read with delight; and though I may not communicate the same pleasure to the reader, yet the story of the writer is most interesting, and the lady (for such she was) has the highest claim to be ranked, like the lady of Evelyn, among literary wives.

Francesca Turina Bufalini di Citta di Castello, of noble extraction, and devoted to literature, had a collection of her poems published in 1628: she frequently interspersed little domestic incidents of her female friend—her husband—her son—her grand-children; and in one of these sonnets she has delineated her palace of *San Guistino*, whose localities she appears to have enjoyed with intense delight in the company of 'her lord,' whom she tenderly associates with the scene. There is a freshness and simplicity in the description, which will perhaps convey a clearer notion of the spot than ever Pliny could do in the voluminous description of his *villa*. She tells us what she found when brought to the house of her husband.

Ample salle, ample loggie, ampio cortile
E stanze ornate con gentili picture,
Trouai giungendo, o nobili sculture
Di Marmo fatte, dà scalpè non vile.
Nobil giardin con un perpetuo Aprile
Di varij fior, di fruti, e di verdure,
Ombre soavi, acque a temprar l'arsure
E strade di beltà non dissimile;
E non men forte oesel, che per forzazza
Ha il ponte, e i fianchi, e lo circonda intorno
Fosso profondo e di real larghezza
Qui fel col mio Signore dolce soggiorno
Con santo amor, con somma contentezza
Onde ne benedico il mese e il giorno!

Wide halls, wide galleries, and an ample court,
Chambers adorn'd by picture's soothing charm,
I found together blended; noble sculpture
In marble, polished by no chisel vile;
A noble garden, where a lasting April
All various flowers, and fruits, and verdure showers;
Soft shades, and waters tempering the hot air;
And undulating paths, in equal beauty!
Nor less, the castled glory stands in force,
And bridged and flanked. And round its circuit winds
The deepened moat showing a regal size.
Here with my lord I cast my sweet sojourn,
With holy love, and with supreme content;
And hence I bless the month, and bless the day!

MASQUES.

It sometimes happens in the history of national amusements, that a name survives, while the thing itself is forgotten. This has been remarkably the case with our Court Masques, respecting which our most eminent writers long ventured on so many false opinions, with a perfect ignorance of the nature of these compositions, which combined all that was exquisite in the imitative arts of poetry, painting, music, song, dancing, and machinery, at a period when our public theatre was in its rude infancy. Convinced of the miserable state of our represented drama, and not then possessing that more curious knowledge of their domestic history, which we delight to explore, they were led into erroneous notions of one of the most gorgeous, the most fascinating, and the most poetical of dramatic amusements. Our present theatrical exhibitions are indeed on a scale to which the two-penny audiences of the barn-playhouses of Shakespeare could never have strained their sight; and our picturesque and learned costume, with the brilliant changes of our scenery, would have maddened the 'property-men' and the 'tire-women' of the Globe or the Red Bull. Shakespeare himself never beheld the true magical illusions of his own dramas, with 'Enter the Red Coat,' and 'Exit Hat and Cloak,' helped out with 'painted cloths,' or, as a bard of Charles the Second's time chants,—

But while the public theatre continued long in this con-

Look back and see
The strange vicissitudes of poetrie:
Your aged fathers came to plays for wit,
And sat knee-deep in nut-shells in the pit.

tracted state, without scenes, without dresses, without an orchestra, the court displayed scenical and dramatic exhibitions, with such costly magnificence, such inventive fancy, and such miraculous art, that we may doubt if the combined genius of Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones, and Lawes or Ferobusco, at an era most favourable to the arts of imagination, has been equalled by the modern *spectacle of the Opera*.*

But this circumstance had entirely escaped the knowledge of our critics. The critic of a Masque must not only have read it, but he must also have heard, and have viewed it. The only witnesses in this case are those letter-writers of the day, who were then accustomed to communicate such domestic intelligence to their absent friends: from such ample correspondence I have often drawn some curious and sometimes important information. It is amusing to notice the opinions of some great critics, how from an original mis-statement they have drawn an illegitimate opinion, and how one inherits from the other, the error which he propagates. Warburton said on Masques, that 'Shakespeare was an enemy to these fooleries, as appears by his writing none.' This opinion was among the many which that singular critic threw out as they arose at the moment; for Warburton forgot that Shakespeare characteristically introduces one in the *Tempest's* most fanciful scene. Granger, who had not much time to study the manners of the age whose personages he was so well acquainted with, in a note on Milton's Masque, said that 'These compositions were trifling and perplexed allegories; the persons of which are fantastical to the last degree. Ben Jonson, in his "Masque of Christmas," has introduced "Minced Pye" and "Babie Cake," which act their parts in the drama. But the most wretched performances of this kind could please by the help of music, machinery, and dancing.' Granger blunders, describing by two farcical characters, a species of composition of which farce was not the characteristic; such personages as he notices would enter into the *Anti-Masque*, which was a humorous parody of the more solemn Masque, and sometimes relieved it. Malone, whose fancy was not vivid, condemns Masques and the age of Masques, in which he says, echoing Granger's epithet, 'the wretched taste of the times found amusement.' And lastly comes Mr Todd, whom the splendid fragment of the 'Arcades,' and the entire Masque which we have by heart, could not warm; while his neutralising criticism fixes him at the freezing point of the thermometer. 'This dramatic entertainment, performed not without prodigious expense in machinery and decoration, to which humour we certainly owe the entertainment of "Arcades," and the inimitable "Mask of Comus." Comus, however, is only a fine dramatic poem, retaining scarcely any features of the Masque. The only modern critic who had written with some research on this departed elegance of the English drama was Warton, whose fancy responded to the fascination of the fairy-like magnificence and lyrical spirit of the Masque. Warton had the taste to give a specimen from 'the Inner Temple Mask, by William Browne,' the pastoral poet, whose address to Sleep, he observed, 'reminds us of some favourite touches in Milton's Comus, to which it perhaps gave birth.' Yet even Warton was deficient in that sort of research, which only can discover the true nature of these singular dramas.

Such was the state in which some years ago I found all our knowledge of this once favourite amusement of our court, our nobility, and our learned bodies of the four Inns of court. Some extensive researches, pursued among contemporary manuscripts, cast a new light over the obscure child of fancy and magnificence. I could not think lightly of what Ben Jonson has called 'The eloquence of masques;'—entertainments on which three to five thousand pounds were expended, and on more public occasions ten and twenty thousand. To the aid of the poetry, composed by the finest poets, came the most skilful musicians, and the most elaborate mechanists; Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones and Lawes, blended into one piece their respective genius; and Lord Bacon and Whitelocke and Selden, who sat in committees for the last great Masque presented to Charles the First, invented the devices; composed the procession of the Masquers and the Anti-Masquers; while one took the care of the dancing or the brawlers, and White-

* Since this article was written, our theatres have attempted several scenes in the style of these Court-Masques, with admirable success in the machinery.

locke the music;—the sage Whitelocke; who has chronicled his self-complacency on this occasion, by claiming the invention of a *Coranto*, which for thirty years afterwards was the delight of the nation, and was blessed by the name of 'Whitelocke's Coranto,' and which was always called for, two or three times over, whenever that great statesman 'came to see a play!'^{*} So much personal honour was considered to be involved in the conduct of a Masque, that even this committee of illustrious men was on the point of being broken up by too serious a discussion concerning precedence; and the Masque had nearly not taken place, till they hit on the expedient of throwing dice to decide on their rank in the procession! On this jealousy of honour in the composition of a Mask, I discovered, what hitherto had escaped the knowledge, although not the curiosity, of literary inquirers;—the occasion of the memorable enmity between Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, who had hitherto acted together with brotherly affection; 'a circumstance,' says Mr Gifford, to whom I communicated it, 'not a little important in the history of our calumniated poet.' The trivial cause, but not so in its consequences, was the poet prefixing his own name before that of the architect, on the title-page of a Masque, which hitherto had only been annexed; so jealous was the great architect of his part of the Masque, and so predominant his power and name at court, that he considered his rights invaded by the inferior claims of the poet! Jonson has poured out the whole bitterness of his soul, in two short satires; still more unfortunately for the subject of these satires, they provoked Inigo to sharpen his pen on rhyme; but it is needless, and the blunt composition still lies in its manuscript state.

While these researches had engaged my attention, appeared Mr Gifford's Memoirs of Ben Jonson. The characteristics of masques are there, for the first time, elaborately opened with the clear and penetrating spirit of that ablest of our dramatic critics. I feel it like presumption to add to what has received the finishing hand of a master; but his jewel is locked up in a chest, which I fear is too rarely opened, and he will allow me to borrow something from its splendour. 'The Masque, as it attained its highest degree of excellence, admitted of dialogue, singing, and dancing; these were not independent of one another, but combined, by the introduction of some ingenious fable, into an harmonious whole. When the plan was formed, the aid of the sister arts was called in; for the essence of the masque was pomp and glory. Moveable scenery of the most costly and splendid kind was lavished on the masque; the most celebrated masters were employed on the songs and dances; and all that the kingdom afforded of vocal and instrumental excellence was employed to embellish the exhibition. Thus magnificently constructed, the masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed as Lord Bacon says, for princes and by princes it was played. Of these masques, the skill with which their ornaments were designed, and the inexpressible grace with which they were executed, appear to have left a vivid impression on the mind of Jonson. His genius awakes at once, and all his faculties attune to sprightliness and pleasure. He makes his appearance, like his own Delight, 'accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, and Laughter.'

'In curious knot and mazes see
The spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora had his motions f too;
And thus did Venus learn to lead
The Italian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk,
Nor press'd a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.

And in what was the taste of the times *wretched*? continues Mr Gifford, in reply to Messieurs Malone, and the rest, who had never cast even an imperfect glance on what one of the completest gentlemen of that age has called, 'The courtly recreations of gallant gentlemen and ladies of honour, striking to exceed one the other in their measures and changes, and in their repast of wit, which have been beyond the power of Envy to disgrace.' But in what was 'the taste of the times *wretched*? In poetry, painting, architecture, they have not since been equalled:

* The music of Whitelocke's *Coranto* is preserved in 'Hawkins's History of Music;' might it be restored for the ladies as a walk?

† The figures and actions of dancers in masques were called *motions*,

and it ill becomes us to arraign the taste of a period which possessed a cluster of writers of whom the meanest would now be esteemed a prodigy.' I have been carried farther in this extract than I intended, by the force of the current, which hurries Malone down from our sight, who, fortunately for his ease, did not live to read this denouncement for his objection against masques, as 'bungling shows;' and which Warburton treats as 'fooleries;' Granger as 'wretched performances;' while Mr Todd regards them merely as 'the humour of the times!'

Masques were often the private theatricals of the families of our nobility, performed by the ladies and gentlemen at their seats; and were splendidly got up on certain occasions; such as the celebration of a nuptial, or in compliment to some great visitor. The Mask of *Comus* was composed by Milton to celebrate the creation of Charles the First as Prince of Wales; a scene in this Mask presented both the castle and the town of Ludlow, which proves, that although our small public theatres had not yet displayed any of the scenical illusions which long afterwards Davenant introduced, these scenical effects existed in great perfection in the Masques. The minute description introduced by Thomas Campion in his 'Memorable Mask,' as it is called, will convince us that the scenery must have been exquisite and fanciful, and that the poet was always a watchful and anxious partner with the machinist; with whom sometimes, however, he had a quarrel.

The subject of this very rare mask was 'The Night and the Hours.' It would be tedious to describe the first scene with the fondness with which the poet has dwelt on it. It was a double valley; one side, with dark clouds hanging before it; on the other, a green vale, with trees, and nine golden ones of fifteen feet high; from which grove, towards 'the State,' or the seat of the king, was a broad descent to the dancing place: the bower of Flora was on the right, the house of Night on the left; between them a hill hanging like a cliff over the grove. The bower of Flora was spacious, garnished with flowers, and flowery branches, with lights among them; the house of Night ample and stately, with black columns studded with golden stars; within, nothing but clouds and twinkling stars; while about it were placed, on wire, artificial bats and owls, continually moving. As soon as the king entered the great hall, the hautboys, out of the wood on the top of the hill, entertained the time, till Flora and Zephyr were seen busily gathering flowers from the bower, throwing them into baskets which two silvans held, attired in changeable taffety. The song is light as their fingers, but the burden is charming:

Now hath Flora robb'd her bowers
To befriend this place with flowers;
Strow about! strow about!
Divers, divers flowers affect
For some private dear respect;
Strow about! strow about!
But he's none of Flora's friend
That will not the rose commend;
Strow about! strow about!

I cannot quit this masque, of which collectors know the the rarity, without preserving one of those Doric delicacies, of which, perhaps, we have outlived the taste! It is a playful dialogue between a Silvan and an Hour, while Night appears in her house, with her long black hair spangled with gold, amidst her Hours; their faces black, and each bearing a lighted black torch.

SILVAN. Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
Wherein dost thou most delight?
HOUR. Not in sleep!
SILVAN. Wherein then?
HOUR. In the frolic view of men!
SILVAN. Lov'st thou music?
HOUR. Oh! 'tis sweet!
SILVAN. What's dancing?
HOUR. E'en the mirth of feet.
SILVAN. Joy you in fairies and in elves?
HOUR. We are of that sort ourselves!
But, Silvan! say, why do you love
Only to frequent the grove?
SILVAN. Life is fullest of content
When delight is innocent.
HOUR. Pleasure must vary, not be long;
Come then, let's close, and end the song!

That the moveable scenery of these masques formed as perfect a scenical illusion as any that our own age, with all

ts perfection of decoration, has attained to, will not be denied by those who have read the few masques which have been printed. They usually contrived a double division of the scene; one part was for some time concealed from the spectator, which produced surprise and variety. Thus, in the Lord's Mask at the marriage of the Palatine, the scene was divided into two parts from the roof to the floor; the lower part being first discovered, there appeared a wood in perspective, the innermost part being of 'releave or whole round,' the rest painted. On the left a cave, and on the right a thicket, from which issued Orpheus. At the back part of the scene, at the sudden fall of a curtain, the upper part broke on the spectators, a heaven of clouds of all hues; the stars suddenly vanished, the clouds dispersed; an element of artificial fire played about the house of Prometheus—a bright and transparent cloud, reaching from the heavens to the earth, whence the eight maskers descending with the music of a full song; and at the end of their descent the cloud broke in twain, and one part of it, as with a wind, was blown athwart the scene.

While this cloud was vanishing, the wood, being the under part of the scene, was insensibly changing: a perspective view opened, with porticoes on each side, and female statues of silver, accompanied with ornaments of architecture, filling the end of the house of Prometheus, and seemed all of goldsmiths' work. The women of Prometheus descended from their niches, till the anger of Jupiter turned them again into statues. It is evident, too, that the size of the proscenium, or stage, accorded with the magnificence of the scene; for I find choruses described, 'and changeable conveyances of the song,' in manner of an echo, performed by more than forty different voices and instruments in various parts of the scene. The architectural decorations were the pride of Inigo Jones; such could not be trivial.

'I suppose, says the writer of this mask, 'few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones showed in contriving their motion; who, as all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention, showed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively expressed in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions, for the *adoring* of his art.' Whether this strong expression should be only *adorning* does not appear in any errata; but the feeling of admiration was fervent among the spectators of that day, who were at least as much astonished as they were delighted. Ben Jonson's prose descriptions of scenes in his own exquisite masques, as Mr. Gifford observes, are singularly bold and beautiful.' In a letter, which I discovered, the writer of which had been present at one of these masques, and which Mr. Gifford had preserved,* the reader may see the great poet anxiously united with Inigo Jones in working the machinery. Jonson, before 'a sacrifice could be performed, turned the globe of the earth, standing behind the altar.' In this globe, 'the sea was expressed heightened with silver waves, which stood, or rather hung, (for no axle was seen to support it), and turning softly, discovered the first masque.'† &c. This 'turning softly' producing a very magical effect, the great poet would trust to no other hand but his own!

It seems, however, that as no masque-writer equalled Jonson, so no machinist rivalled Inigo Jones. I have sometimes caught a groan from some unfortunate poet, whose beautiful fancies were snail by the bungling machinist. One says, 'The order of this scene was carefully and ingeniously disposed, and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the king's master carpenter;' but he adds, 'the painters, I must needs say (not to belie them,) lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencil.' Poor Campion, in one of his masques, describing where the trees were gently to sink, &c, by an engine placed under the stage, and in sinking were to open, and the masquers appear out at their tops, &c, adds this vindictive marginal note: 'Either by the simplicity, negligence, or conspiracy of the painter, the passing away of the trees was somewhat hazarded, though the same day they had been shown with much admiration, and were left together to the same night;' that is, they were worked right at the rehearsal, and failed in the representation, which must have perplexed the nine masquers on the tops of these nine trees. But such accidents were only vexa-

tions crossing the fancies of the poet: they did not essentially injure the magnificence, the pomp, and the fairy world opened to the spectators. So little was the character of these masques known, that all our critics seem to have fallen into repeated blunders, and used the masque as Campion suspected his painters to have done, 'either by simplicity, negligence, or conspiracy.' Hurd, a cold systematic critic, thought he might safely profer the masque in the Tempest, as 'putting to shame all the masques of Jonson, not only in its construction, but in the splendour of its show;'—which, adds Mr Gifford, 'was danced and sung by the ordinary performers to a couple of fiddles, perhaps in the balcony of the stage.' Such is the fate of criticism without knowledge! And now, to close our masques, let me apply the forcible style of Ben Jonson himself: 'The glory of all these solemnities had perished like a blaze, and gone out in the beholder's eyes; so short-lived are the bodies of all things in comparison of their souls!'

OF DES MAIZEAUX, AND THE SECRET HISTORY OF ANTHONY COLLINS'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Des Maizeaux was an active literary man of his day, whose connexions with Bayle, St Evremont, Locke, and Toland, with his name set off by an F. R. S. have occasioned the dictionary-biographers to place him prominently among their 'hommes illustres.' Of his private history nothing seems known. Having something important to communicate respecting one of his friends, a far greater character, with whose fate he stands connected, even Des Maizeaux becomes an object of our inquiry.

He was one of those French refugees, whom political madness, or despair of intolerance, had driven to our shores. The proscription of Louis XIV, which supplied us with our skilful workers in silk, also produced a race of the unemployed, who proved not to be as exquisite in the handicraft of book-making; such were *Motteux, La Cote, Ozell, Durand*, and others. Our author had come over in that tender state of youth, just in time to become half an Englishman; and he was so ambidextrous in the languages of the two great literary nations of Europe, that whenever he took up his pen, it is evident, by his manuscripts, which I have examined, that it was mere accident which determined him to write in French or in English. Composing without genius, or even taste, without vivacity or force, the simplicity and fluency of his style were sufficient for the purposes of a ready dealer in all the *minutiae literariae*; literary anecdotes, curious quotations, notices of obscure books, and all that *supellex* which must enter into the history of literature, without forming a history. These little things, which did so well of themselves, without any connexion with any thing else, became trivial when they assumed the form of voluminous minuteness; and Des Maizeaux at length imagined that nothing but anecdotes were necessary to compose the lives of men of genius! With this sort of talent he produced a copious life of Bayle, in which he told every thing he possibly could; and nothing can be more tedious, and more curious: for though it be a grievous fault to omit nothing, and marks the writer to be deficient in the development of character, and that sympathy which throws inspiration over the vivifying page of biography, yet, to admit every thing has this merit—that we are sure to find what we want! Warburton pointedly describes our Des Maizeaux, in one of those letters to Dr Birch, which he wrote in the fervid age of study, and with the impatient vivacity of his genius. 'Almost all the life-writers we have had before Toland and Des Maizeaux are indeed strange, insipid creatures; and yet I had rather read the worst of them, than be obliged to go through with this of Milton's, or the other's life of Boileau; where there is such a dull, heavy succession of long quotations of uninteresting passages, that it makes their method quite nauseous. But the verbose, tasteless Frenchman, seems to lay it down as a principle, that every life must be a book,—and, what is worse, it seems a book without a life; for what do we know of Boileau, after all his tedious stuff?'

Des Maizeaux was much in the employ of the Dutch booksellers, then the great monopolizers in the literary mart of Europe. He supplied their '*nouvelles litteraires*' from England; but the work-sheet price was very mean in those days. I have seen annual accounts of Des Maizeaux settled to a line, for four or five pounds; and yet he sent the '*Novelties*' as fresh as the post could carry them! He held a confidential correspondence with these great Dutch booksellers, who consulted him in their distresses;

* Memoirs of Jonson, p. 88.

† See Gifford's Jonson, vol. vii, p. 78.

and he seems rather to have relieved them than himself. But if he got only a few florins at Rotterdam, the same 'nouvelles littéraires' sometimes secured him valuable friends at London; for in those days, which perhaps are returning on us, an English author would often appeal to a foreign journal for the commendation he might fail in obtaining at home; and I have discovered, in more cases than one, that, like other smuggled commodities, the foreign article was often of home manufacture!

I give one of these curious bibliopolical distresses. Street, a bookseller at Rotterdam, who judged too critically for the repose of his author, seems to have been always fond of projecting a new 'Journal,' tormented by the ideal excellence which he had conceived of such a work, it vexed him that he could never find the workmen! Once disappointed of the assistance he expected from a writer of talents, he was fain to put up with one he was ashamed of; but warily stipulated on very singular terms. He confided this precious literary secret to Des Maizeaux. I translate from his manuscript letter.

'I read you, my dear Sir, four sheets of the continuance of my journal, and I hope this second part will turn out better than the former. The author thinks himself a very able person; but I must tell you frankly, that he is a man without erudition, and without any critical discrimination: he writes pretty well, and turns passably what he says; but that is all! Monsieur Van Effen having failed to promise to realize my hopes on this occasion, necessity compelled me to have recourse to him; but for six months only, and on condition that he should not, on any urgent whatever, allow any one to know that he is the author of the journal; for his name alone would be sufficient to make even a passable book discreditable. As you are among my friends, I will confide to you in secrecy the name of this author; it is Monsieur *De Limiers*.* You see how much my interest is concerned that the author should not be known! This anecdote is gratuitously presented to the editors of certain reviews, as a serviceable hint to enter into the same engagement with some of their own writers; for it is usually the *De Limiers* who expend their last puff in blowing their own name about the town.

In England, Des Maizeaux, as a literary man, made himself very useful to other men of letters, and particularly to persons of rank; and he found patronage and a pension,—like his talents, very moderate! A friend to literary men, he lived amongst them, from 'Orator' Henry, up to Addison, Lord Halifax, and Anthony Collins. I find a curious character of our Des Maizeaux in the hand-writing of Edward, Earl of Oxford, to whose father (Pope's Earl of Oxford) and himself, the nation owes the Harleian treasures. His lordship is a critic with high Tory principles, and high-church notions. 'This Des Maizeaux is a great man with those who are pleased to be called *Free-thinkers*, particularly with Mr Anthony Collins, collects passages out of books for their writings. His life of Chillingworth is wrote to please that set of men.' The secret history I am to unfold relates to Anthony Collins and Des Maizeaux. Some curious book-lovers will be interested in the personal history of an author they are well acquainted with, yet which has hitherto remained unknown. He tells his own story in a sort of epistolary petition he addressed to a noble friend characteristic of an author, who cannot be deemed unpatronized, yet whose name, after all his painful labours, might be inserted in my 'Calamities of Authors.'

In this letter he announces his intention of publishing a dictionary like Bayle; having written the life of Bayle, the next step was to become himself a Bayle: so short is the passage of literary delusion! He had published, as a specimen, the lives of Hales and Chillingworth. He complains that his circumstances have not allowed him to

* Van Effen was a Dutch writer of some merit, and one of a literary knot of ingenious men, consisting of Hallengre, St Hyacinthe, Prosper Marchand, &c. who carried on a smart review for some days, published at the Hague under the title of 'Journal de Littérature.' They all composed in French: and Van Effen gave the first translations of our Guardian, Robinson Crusoe, &c. the Tale of a Tub, &c. He did something more, but not better. He attempted to imitate the Spectator, in his 'Le Miroir de la Vérité,' 1736, which exhibits a picture of the uninteresting manners of a nation, whom he could not make very lively.

De Limiers has had his name slipped into our biographical dictionaries. An author cannot escape the fatality of the alphabet: his numerous misdeeds are registered. It is said, that if he had not been so hungry, he would have given proofs of possessing some talent.

forward that work, nor digest the materials he had collected.

'A work of that nature requires a steady application, free from the cares and avocations incident to all persons obliged to seek for their maintenance. I have had the misfortune to be in the case of those persons, and am now reduced to a pension on the Irish establishment, which, deducting the tax of four shillings in the pound, and other charges, brings me in about 40*l.* a year of our English money.* This pension was granted to me in 1710, and I owe it chiefly to the friendship of Mr Addison, who was then secretary to the Earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland. In 1711, 12, and 14, I was appointed one of the commissioners of the lottery by the interest of Lord Halifax.

'And this is all I ever received from the government, though I had some claim to the royal favour; for in 1710, when the enemies to our constitution were contriving its ruin, I wrote a pamphlet entitled 'Leite,' which was published in Holland, and afterwards translated into English, and twice printed in London; and being reprinted at Dublin, proved so offensive to the ministry in Ireland, that it was burnt by the hands of the hangman. But so it is, that after having showed on all occasions my zeal for the royal family, and endeavoured to make myself serviceable to the public by several books published; after forty years' stay in England, and in an advanced age, I find myself and family destitute of a sufficient livelihood, and suffering from complaints in the head and impaired sight by constant application to my studies.

'I am confident, my lord,' he adds, 'that if the queen, to whom I was made known on occasion of Thuanus's French translation, were acquainted with my present distresses, she would be pleased to afford me some relief.†

Among the confidential literary friends of Des Maizeaux he had the honor of ranking Anthony Collins, a great lover of literature, and a man of fine genius; and who in a continued correspondence with our Des Maizeaux treated him as his friend, and employed him as his agent in his literary concerns. These in the formation of an extensive library, were in a state of perpetual activity, and Collins was such a true lover of his books, that he drew up the catalogue with his own pen.‡ Anthony Collins wrote several well-known works without prefixing his name; but having pushed too far his curious inquiries on some obscure and polemical points, he incurred the odium of a *free-thinker*, a term which then began to be in vogue, and which the French adopted by translating it in their way, *a strong thinker*, or *esprit fort*. Whatever tendency to 'liberalise' the mind from dogmas and creeds prevails in these works, the talents and learning of Collins were of the first class. His morals were immaculate, and his personal character independent; but the odium *theologicum* of those days contrived every means to stab in the dark, till the taste became hereditary with some. I shall mention a fact of this cruel bigotry which occurred within my own observation on one of the most polished men of the age. The late Mr. Cumberland, in the romance entitled his 'Life,' gave this extraordinary fact, that Dr Bentley, who so ably replied by his 'Remarks,' under the name of Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, to Collins's 'Discourse on Free-thinking,' when many years after he discovered him fallen into great distress, conceiving that by having ruined Collins's character as a writer for ever, he had been the occasion of his personal misery, he liberally contributed to his maintenance. In vain I mentioned to that elegant writer, who was not curious about facts, that this person could never have been Anthony Collins, who had always a plentiful fortune; and when it was suggested to him that this 'A. Collins,' as he printed it, must have been Arthur Collins the historical compiler, who was often in pecuniary difficulties, still he persisted in sending the lie down to posterity, *totidem*

* I find that the nominal pension was 3*l.* 6*s.* per item on the Irish civil list, which amounts to above 63*l.* per annum. If a pension be granted for reward, it seems a mockery that the income should be so grievously reduced, which cruel custom still prevails.

† This letter, or petition, was written in 1732. In 1743 he procured his pension to be placed on his wife's life, and he died in 1745.

‡ He was sworn in as gentleman of his majesty's privy chamber in 1722.—Sloane's MSS. 4289.

§ There is a printed catalogue of his library.

verbis, without alteration in his second edition, observing to a friend of mine, that 'the story, while it told well, might serve as a striking instance of his great relative's generosity; and that it *should stand*, because it could do no harm to any but Anthony Collins, whom he considered as little short of an atheist.' So much for this pious fraud! but be it recollected that this Anthony Collins was the confidential friend of Locke, of whom Locke said, on his dying bed, that 'Collins was a man whom he valued in the first rank of those that he left behind him.' And the last words of Collins on his own death-bed were, that 'he was persuaded he was going to that place which God had designed for them that love him.' The cause of true religion will never be assisted by using such leaky vessels as *Cumberland's* wilful calumnies, which in the end must run out, and be found, like the present, mere empty fictions!

An extraordinary circumstance occurred on the death of Anthony Collins. He left behind him a considerable number of his own manuscripts, and there was one collection formed into eight octavo volumes; but that they might be secured from the common fate of manuscripts, he bequeathed them all, and confided them to the care of our Des Maizeaux. The choice of Collins reflects honour on the character of Des Maizeaux, yet he proved unworthy of it! He suffered himself to betray his trust, practised on by the earnest desire of the widow, and perhaps by the arts of a Mr Tomlinson, who appears to have been introduced into the family by the recommendation of Dean Sykes, whom at length he supplanted, and whom the widow to save her reputation, was afterwards obliged to discard.* In an unguarded moment he relinquished this precious *legacy of the manuscripts*, and accepted *fifty guineas as a present*. But if Des Maizeaux lost his honour in this transaction, he was at heart an honest man, who had served for a single moment; his conscience was soon awakened, and he experienced the most violent compunctions. It was in a paroxysm of this nature that he addressed the following letter to a mutual friend of the late Anthony Collins and himself.

Sir,
January 6, 1730.
I am very glad to hear you are come to town, and as you are my best friend, now I have lost Mr Collins, give me leave to open my heart to you, and to beg your assistance in an affair which highly concerns both Mr Collins's (your friend) and my own honour and reputation. The case, in few words, stands thus: Mr Collins by his last will and testament left me his manuscripts. Mr Tomlinson, who first acquainted me with it, told me that Mrs Collins should be glad to have them, and I made them over to her: whereupon she was pleased to present me with fifty guineas. I desired her at the same time to take care they should be kept safe and unhurt, which she promised to do. This was done the 25th of last month. Mr Tomlinson, who managed all this affair, was present.

Now, having further considered that matter, I find that I have done a most wicked thing. I am persuaded that I have betrayed the trust of a person who for 26 years has given me continual instances of his friendship and confidence. I am convinced that I have acted contrary to the will and intention of my dear deceased friend; showed a disregard to the particular mark of esteem he gave me on that occasion; in short, that I have forfeited what is dearer to me than my own life—honour and reputation.

These melancholy thoughts have made so great an impression upon me, that I protest to you I can enjoy no rest; they haunt me every where, day and night. I earnestly beseech you, Sir, to represent my unhappy case to Mrs Collins. I acted with all the simplicity and uprightness of my heart; I considered that the MSS would be as safe in Mrs Collins's hands as in mine: that she was no less obliged to preserve them than myself; and that, as the library was left to her, they might naturally go along with it. Besides, I thought I could not too much comply with the desire of a lady to whom I have so many obligations. But I see now clearly that this is not fulfilling Mr Collins's will, and that the duties of our conscience are superior to all other regards. But it is in her power to forgive and mend what I have done inconsiderately, but with a good intention. Her high sense of virtue and generosity will not, I am sure, let her take any advantage of my weakness: and the tender regard she has for the memory of the best of men, and the tenderness of husbands, will not suffer that his intentions

* This information is from a note found among Des Maizeaux's papers; but its truth I have no means to ascertain.

should be frustrated, and that she should be the less of violating what is most sacred. If our late friend designed that his MSS should remain in her hands, would certainly have left them to her by his last testament: his acting otherwise is an evident proof was not his intention.

At this I proposed to represent to her in the most respectful manner; but you will do it infinitely better than I can in this present distraction of mind: and I trust that the mutual esteem and friendship which continued so many years between Mr Collins and you make you readily embrace whatever tends to his memory.

I send you the fifty guineas I received, which I look upon as the wages of iniquity; and I desire you turn them to Mrs Collins, who, as I hope it is her equity and regard to Mr Collins's intentions, will to cancel my paper.

I am, &c,

P. Des Ma

The manuscripts were never returned to Des Maizeaux for seven years afterwards Mrs Collins, who as I have been a very spirited lady, addressed to following letter on the subject of a report, that permitted transcripts of these very manuscripts abroad. This occasioned an animated contest from both sides.

Sir,

March 10.

I have thus long waited in expectation would ere this have called on Dean Sykes, as he said you intended, that I might have had some satisfaction in relation to a very unjust reproach, viz., that I, body that I had trusted, had betrayed some of the MSS, of Mr Collins into the Bishop of London's hands. I cannot therefore, since you have not been with me as was desired, but call on you in this manner what authority you had for such a reflection; or grounds you went on for saying that these transcripts were in the Bishop of London's hands. I am determined to trace out the grounds of such a report; and you, friend of mine, no friend of Mr Collins, no friend of justice, if you refuse to acquaint me what you had for such a charge. I desire a very speedy answer to this, who am, Sir,

Your servant,

ELIZ. C.

To Mr Des Maizeaux, at his lodgings next door to the Quaker's burying-ground, Hanover-street, out of Long Acre.

To Mrs Collins.

March 1

I had the honour of your letter of the 10th and as I find that something has been misapprehended, I beg leave to set this matter right.

Being lately with some honourable persons, I had been reported that some of Mr Collins's MSS were in the hands of strangers, and that I should receive from you such information as might enable me to disprove that report. What occasioned this report, what particular MSS were meant, I was not a cover: so I was left to my own conjectures, which, with serious consideration, induced me to believe that the MSS in eight volumes in 8vo, of which I have a transcript. But as the original, and the transcript, in your possession, if you please, madam, to come together, you may easily see whether they be the same, and perfect, or whether there be any thing wanting of them. By this means you will assure your friends, that several important pieces, which I have taken the liberty to offer out of the singular MSS I always professed for you, and for the memory of Mr Collins, to whom I have endeavoured to do justice, and particularly in the memoirs that have been used in the General Dictionary; and I hope your concern for his reputation will further appear in his life.

Sir,

April 1

My ill state of health has hindered me from acknowledging sooner the receipt of yours, which I cannot but think myself very deeply obliged to you for. You tell me now, that you were left to your own care.

What particular MSS were reported to have fallen into the hands of strangers, and that upon a serious consideration you was induced to believe that it might relate to the MSS in eight vols. 8vo, of which there was a transcript.

I must beg of you to satisfy me very explicitly who were the persons that reported this to you, and from whom did you receive this information? You know that Mr Collins left several MSS behind him; what grounds had you for your conjecture that it related to the MSS in eight vols. rather than to any other MSS of which there was a transcript? I beg that you will be very plain, and tell me what strangers were named to you? and why you said the Bishop of London, if your informer, said stranger to you? I am so much concerned in this, that I must repeat it, if you have the singular respect for Mr Collins which you profess, that you would help me to trace out this reproach, which is so abusive to,

Sir,
Your Servant,
ELIZ. COLLINS.

To Mrs Collins.

I flattered myself that my last letter would have satisfied you, but I have the mortification to see that my hopes were vain. Therefore I beg leave once more to set this matter right. When I told you what had been reported, I acted, as I thought, the part of a true friend, by acquainting you that some of your MSS had been purloined, in order that you might examine a fact which to me appeared of the last consequence; and I verily believe that every body in my case would have expected thanks for such a friendly information. But instead of that, I find myself represented as an enemy, and challenged to produce proofs and witnesses of a thing dropt in conversation, a hear-say, as if in those cases people kept a register of what they hear, and entered the names of the persons who spoke, the time, place, &c. and had with them persons ready to witness the whole, &c. I did own I never thought of such a thing, and whenever I happened to hear that some of my friends had some loss, I thought it my duty to acquaint them with such report, that they might inquire into the matter, and see whether there was any ground for it. But I never troubled myself with the names of the persons who spoke, as being a thing entirely needless and unprofitable.

Give me leave farther to observe, that you are in no way concerned in the matter, as you seem to be apprehensive you are. Suppose some MSS have been taken out of your library, who will say you ought to bear the guilt of it? What man in his senses, who has the honour to know you, will say you gave your consent to such thing—that you was privy to it? How can you then take upon yourself an action to which you was neither privy and consenting? Do not such things happen every day, and do the losers think themselves injured or abused when they are talked of? Is it impossible to be betrayed by a person we confided in?

You call what I told you was a report, a surmise; you call it, I say, an information, and speak of informers as if there was a plot laid, wherein I received the information: I thought I had the honour to be better known to you. Mr Collins loved me and esteemed me for my integrity and sincerity, of which he had several proofs; how I have been drawn in to injure him, to forfeit the good opinion he had of me, and which, were he now alive, would deservedly expose me to his utmost contempt, is a grief which I shall carry to the grave. It would be a sort of comfort to me, if those who have consented I should be drawn in were in some measure sensible of the guilt towards so good, kind, and generous a man.

Thus we find that seven years after Des Maizeaux had inconsiderately betrayed his sacred trust, his remorse was still awake; and the sincerity of his grief is attested by the affecting style which describes it: the spirit of his departed friend seemed to be hovering about him, and, in his imagination, would haunt him to the grave.

The nature of these manuscripts; the cause of the earnest desire of retaining them by the widow; the evident unfriendliness of her conduct to Des Maizeaux; and whether these manuscripts, consisting of eight octavo volumes with their transcripts, were destroyed, or are still existing, are all circumstances, which my researches have hitherto not ascertained.

HISTORY OF NEW WORDS.

Neology, or the novelty of words and phrases, is an in-

novation, which, with the opulence of our present language, the English philologist is most jealous to a low; but we have puritans or precisians of English, superstitiously nice! The fantastic coinage of affectation or caprice will cease to circulate from its own alloy; but shall we reject the ore of fine workmanship and solid weight? There is no government mint of words, and it is no statutable offence to invent a felicitous or daring expression unauthorized by Mr Todd! When a man of genius, in the heat of his pursuits or his feelings, has thrown out a peculiar word, it probably conveyed more precision or energy than any other established word, otherwise he is but an ignorant pretender!

Julius Cæsar, who, unlike other great captains, is authority in words as well as about blows, wrote a large treatise on 'Analogy,' in which that fine genius counselled to 'avoid every unusual word as a rock!'^{*} The cautious Quintilian, as might be expected, opposes all innovation in language. 'If the new word is well received, small is the glory; if rejected, it raises laughter.'[†] This only marks the penalty of his feelings in this species of adventure! The great legislator of words, who lived when his own language was at its acmé, seems undecided, yet pleaded for this liberty. 'Shall that which the Romans allowed to Cæcilus and to Plautus be refused to Virgil and Varius?' The answer to the question might not be favourable to the inquirer. While a language is forming, writers are applauded for extending its limits; when established, for restricting themselves to them. But this is to imagine that a perfect language can exist! The good sense and observation of Horace perceived that there may be occasions where necessity must become the mother of invented words:

— Si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.
If you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be used,
So it be seldom and discreetly done.

ROSCOMMON.

But Horace's canon for deciding on the legality of the new invention, or the standard by which it is to be tried, will not serve to assist the inventor of words:

— Ilcui, semperque licetbit,
Signatum præsentis nota procedere nummum.†
— an undisputed power
Of coining money from the rugged ore,
Nor less of coining words is still confessed,
If with a legal public stamp impress.

FRANCIS.

This *præsentis nota*, or public stamp, can never be affixed to any new coinage of words; for many received at a season have perished with it. The privilege of stamping words is reserved for their greatest enemy—Time itself! and the inventor of a new word must never flatter himself that he has secured the public adoption, for he must lie in his grave before he can enter the dictionary.

In Walle's address to the reader, prefixed to the collection of voyages published in 1577, he finds fault with Eden's translation from Peter Martyr, for using words that smelt too much of the Latine.^{*} We should scarcely have expected to find among them *ponderosæ, portentosæ, despicabile, obsequiosus, homicide, imbibed, destructive, prodigious*. The only words he quotes, not thoroughly naturalized, are *dominators, ditionaries, (subjects,) sollicitude, (careful.)*

The Tatler, No. 230, introduces several polysyllables introduced by military narrations, 'which, (he says,) if they attack us too frequently, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear; every one of them still keep their ground.'

Half the French words used affectedly by Melantha, in Dryden's *Marriage à-la-mode*, as innovations in our language, are now in common use, *naïveté, foible, chagrin, grimace, embarras, double entendre, equivoque, eclairsissement, ridicule*, all these words which she learns by heart to use occasionally, are now in common use. A Dr Russell called Psalm-singers *Ballad-singers*, having found the song of Solomon in an old translation, the *Ballad of Ballads*, for which he is reproached by his antagonist for not knowing that the signification of words alters with time; should I call him *knave*, he ought not to be concerned at

^{*} Aulus Gellius, lib. i. c. 10.

[†] Instit. lib. i. c. 8.

[‡] This verse was corrected by Bentley *procudere nummum*, instead of *producers nomen*, which the critics agree is one of his happy conjectures.

it, for the Apostle Paul is also called a *knave of Jesus Christ*.

Unquestionably, NEOLOGY opens a wide door to innovation; scarcely has a century passed since our language was patched up with galleid idioms, as in the preceding century it was piebald with Spanish, and with Italian, and even with Dutch. The political intercourse of islanders with their neighbours has ever influenced their language. In Elizabeth's reign Italian phrases and Netherland words were imported; in James and Charles the Spanish framed the style of courtesy; in Charles the Second the nation and the language were equally Frenchified. Yet such are the sources whence we have often derived some of the wealth of our language!

There are three foul corrupters of a language; caprice, affectation, and ignorance! Such fashionable cant terms as 'theatricals,' and 'musical,' invented by the flippant Topham, still survive among his confraternity of frivolity. A lady eminent for the elegance of her taste, and of whom one of the best judges, the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, observed to me that she spoke the purest and most idiomatic English she had ever heard, threw out an observation which might be extended to a great deal of our present fashionable vocabulary. She is now old enough, she said, to have lived to hear the vulgarisms of her youth adopted in drawing-room circles. To *lunch*, now so familiar from the fairst lips, in her youth was only known in the servants' hall. An expression very rife of late among our young ladies, a *nice man*, whatever it may mean, whether the man resembles a pudding, or something more nice, conveys the offensive notion that they are ready to eat him up! When I was a boy, it was an age of *Bon ton*; this *good tone* mysteriously conveyed a sublime idea of fashion; the term imported late in the eighteenth century, closed with it. *Toodle* for a while succeeded *bore*; but *bore* has recovered the supremacy. We want another Swift to give a new edition of his 'Poetic Conversation.' A dictionary of barbarisms too might be collected from some wretched neologisms, whose pens are now at work! Lord Chesterfield, in his exhortations to conform to Johnson's Dictionary, was desirous, however, that the great lexicographer should add as an appendix 'A neological Dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical, words and phrases commonly used, and sometimes understood by the *beau monde*.' This last phrase was doubtless a contribution! Such a dictionary had already appeared in the French language, drawn up by two caustic critics, who in the *Dictionnaire neologique à l'usage des beaux Esprits du Siècle*, collected together the numerous unlucky inventions of affectation, with their modern authorities! A collection of the fine words and phrases culled from some very modern poetry, might show the real amount of the favours bestowed on us.

The attempts of neologists are, however, not necessarily to be condemned; and we may join with the commentators of Aulus Gellius, who have lamented the loss of a chapter, of which the title only has descended to us. That chapter would have demonstrated what happens to all languages, that some neologisms, which at first are considered forced or inelegant, become sanctioned by use, and in time are quoted as authority in the very language which, in their early stage, they were imagined to have debased.

The true history of men's minds is found in their actions; their wants are indicated by their contrivances; and certain it is that in highly cultivated ages we discover the most refined intellects attempting neologisms. It would be a subject of great curiosity to trace the origin of many happy expressions, when, and by whom created. Plato substituted the term *Providence* for *fate*; and a new system of human affairs arose from a single word. Cicero invented several; to this philosopher we owe the term of *moral philosophy*, which before his time was called the philosophy of *manners*. But on this subject we are perhaps more interested by the modern than by the ancient languages. Richardson, the painter of the human heart has coined some expressions to indicate its little secret movements which are admirable: that great genius merited a higher education and more literary leisure than the life of a printer could afford. Montaigne created some bold expressions, many of which have not survived him; *incuriosité* so opposite to curiosity, well describes that state of negligence where we will not learn that of which we are ignorant. With us the word *incurious* was described

by Heylin, in 1656, as an unusual word; it has been appropriately adopted by our best writers; although we must want *incuriosity*. Charron invented *étrangeur* unsuccessfully, but which, says a French critic, would be the substantive of the word *étrange*; our Locke is the same instance produced for 'foreignness' for 'remoteness or want of relation to something.' Malherbe borrowed from a Latin *insidiusus, secretus*, which have been received; the bolder word *dévoilier*, by which he proposed to express *ceux de vouloir*, has not. A term, however, expressive and precise. Corneille happily introduced *insinuer* as a verse in the Cid,

Vous êtes insinuer, mais non pas insinuable.

Yet this created word by their great poet has not mentioned this fine description among the French, for we are told that it is almost a solitary instance. Balzac was a great inventor of neologisms. *Urbanité* and *félicité* were struck in his mint. 'Si le mot *félicité* n'est pas Français il le sera l'année qui vient,' so confidently proud was the neologist, and it prospered as well as *urbanité*, of which it says, 'Quand l'usage aura mûri parmi nous un mot de mauvais goût, et corrigé l'amertume de la nouveauté on s'y peut trouver, nous nous y accoutumerons comme à autres que nous avons emprunté de la même langue.' Balzac was, however, too sanguine in some other words; in his *délecter*, his *serénité*, &c, still retain their 'bitterness of novelty.'

Ménage invented a term of which an equivalent is wanting in our language: 'J'ai fait *proseur* à l'imitation de l'Italien *prosaure*, pour dire un homme qui écrit en prose.' To distinguish a prose from a verse writer we once had 'proser.' Drayton uses it; but this useful distinction has unluckily degenerated, and the current sense is so daily urgent, that the purer sense is irrecoverable.

When D'Ablancourt was translating Lucian, he invented in French the words *indolence* and *indolent*; to describe a momentary languor, rather than that habitual indolence, in which sense they are now accepted; and in translating Tacitus, he created the word *turbulemment*, but it did not prosper, any more than that of *temporisement*. Segrais invented the word *impardonable*, which, after having been rejected, was revived, and is equivalent to our expression *unpardonable*. Molière ridiculed some neologisms of the *Précieuses* of his day; but we are too apt to ridicule that which is new and which we often adopt when it becomes old. Molière laughed at the term *s'escamotiller*, to describe one who assumed the manners of a blackguard; the expressive word has remained in the language.

There are two remarkable French words created by the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who passed his meritorious life in the contemplation of political morality and universal benevolence—*bienfaisance* and *gloriole*. He invented *gloriole* as a contemptuous diminutive of *gloire*; to describe that vanity of some egotists, so proud of the small talents which they may have received from nature or from accident. *Bienfaisance* first appeared in this sentence: 'L'Esprit de la vraie religion et la principal but de l'évangile c'est la *bienfaisance*, c'est-à-dire la pratique de la charité envers le prochain.' This word was so new, that in the moment of its creation this good man explained its necessity and origin. Complaining that 'the word "charity" is abused by all sorts of Christians in the persecution of their enemies, and even heretics affirm that they are practising Christian charity in persecuting other heretics, I have sought for a term which might convey to us a precise idea of doing good to our neighbours, and I can form none more proper to make myself understood than the term of *bienfaisance*, good-doing. Let those who like, use it; I would only be understood, and it is not equivocal.' The happy word was at first criticised, but at length every kind heart found it responded to its own feeling. Some verses from Voltaire, alluding to the political reveries of the good abbé, notice the critical opposition; yet the new word answered to the great rule of Horace.

'Certain législateur, dont la plume féconde
Fit tant de vains projets pour le bien du monde,
Et qui depuis trente ans écrit pour des ingrats,
Vient de créer un mot qui manque à Vaugelas:
Ce mot est Bienfaisance, il me plaît, il rassemble
Si le cœur en est cru, bien des vertus ensemble.
Peits grammairiens, grands précepteurs de sots,
Qui peuz la parole et mesurez les mots,
Pareille expression vous semble hasardée,
Mais l'univers entier doit en chérir l'idée!'

The French revolutionists, in their rage for innovation, almost barbarized the pure French of the Augustean age of their literature, as they did many things which never before occurred; and sometimes experienced feelings as transitory as they were strange. Their nomenclature was copious; but the revolutionary jargon often shows the danger and the necessity of neologisms. They form an appendix to the Academy Dictionary. Our plain English has served to enrich this odd mixture of philology and politics; *Club, clubists, comité, juré, jugs de paix*, blend with their *terrorisme, lanterne*, a verb active, *levée en masse, noyades*, and the other verb active *Septembriser*, &c. The barbarous term *demoralisation* is said to have been the invention of the horrid capuchin Chabot; and the remarkable expression of *arrière-pensée* belonged exclusively in its birth to the jesuitic astuteness of the Abbé Sieyès, that political actor who, in changing sides, never required prompting in his new part!

A new word, the result of much consideration with its author, or a term which, though unknown to the language, conveys a collective assemblage of ideas by a fortunate designation, is a precious contribution of genius; new words should convey new ideas. Swift, living amidst a civil war of pamphlets, when certain writers were regularly employed by one party to draw up replies to the other, created a term not to be found in our dictionaries, but which, by a single stroke, characterizes these hirelings; he called them *answer-jobbers*. We have not dropped the fortunate expression from any want of its use, but of perception in our lexicographers. The celebrated Marquis of Lansdowne introduced a useful word, which has been of late warmly adopted in France as well as in England—to *liberalise*; the noun has been drawn out of the verb—for in the marquis's time, that was only an abstract conception which is now a sect; and to *liberalise* was theoretically introduced before the *liberals* arose.* It is curious to observe that as an adjective it had formerly in our language a very opposite meaning to its recent one. It was synonymous with 'libertine or licentious,' we have 'a liberal villain' and 'a most profane and liberal counsellor,' we find one declaring 'I have spoken too liberally.' This is unlucky for the *liberals*, who will not—

'Give allowance to our liberal jests
Upon their persons—'

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

My learned friend Archdeacon Nares in his valuable Glossary has supplied a variety of instances.

Dr Priestley employed a forcible, but not an elegant term, to mark the general information which had begun in his day; this he frequently calls 'the spread of knowledge.' Burke attempted to brand with a new name that set of pert, petulant, sophistical sciolists, whose philosophy, the French, since their revolutionary period, have distinguished as *philosophism*, and the philosophers themselves as *philosophistes*. He would have designated them as *liberators*, but few exotic words will circulate; new words must be the coinage of our own language to blend with the vernacular idiom. Many new words are still wanted. We have no word by which we could translate the *otium* of the Latins, the *dilettante* of the Italians, the *alambiqué* of the French, as an epithet to describe that sublimated ingenuity which exhausts the mind, till, like the fusion of the diamond, the intellect itself disappears. A philosopher, in an extensive view of a subject in all its bearings, may convey to us the result of his last considerations, by the coinage of a novel and significant expression as this of Professor Dugald Stewart—*political religionism*. Let me claim the honour of one pure neologism. I ventured to introduce the term of father-land to describe our *natale solium*; I have lived to see it adopted by Lord Byron and by Mr Southey. This energetic expression may therefore be considered as authenticated; and patriotism may stamp it with its glory and its affection. Father-land is congenial with the language in which we find that other fine expression of mother-tongue. The patriotic neologism originated with me in Holland, when, in early life, it was my daily pursuit to turn over the glorious history of its independence under the title of *Vaderlandsche Historie*—the history of fatherland!

If we acknowledge that the creation of some neologisms

* The Quarterly Review recently marked the word *liberalise* in Italics as a strange word, undoubtedly not aware of its origin. It has been lately used by Mr Dugald Stewart, 'to liberalise the views.' *Dissect*. 2d part, p. 138.

may sometimes produce the beautiful, the revival of the dead is the more authentic miracle; for a new word must long remain doubtful, but an ancient word happily recovered, rests on a basis of permanent strength—it has both novelty and authority! A collection of *picturesque words*, found among our ancient writers, would constitute a precious supplement to the history of our language. Far more expressive than our term of *executioner* is their solemn one of the *deathman*; than our *vagabond* their *scattering*; than our *idiot* or *lunatic* their *moonling*; a word which Mr Gifford observes should not have been suffered to grow obsolete. Herrick finely describes by the term *pittering* the peculiar shrill and short cry of the grasshopper.* Envy 'dusking the lustre' of genius, is a verb lost for us, but which gives a more precise expression to the feeling than any other words which we could use.

The late Dr Boucher, of whose projected *Theasurus* of our ancient English language we only possess the first letter of the alphabet, while the great and precious portion is suffered to moulder away among his family, in the prospectus of that work, did me the honour, then a young writer, to quote an opinion I had formed early in life of the purest source of neology—which is in the revival of old words,

'Words, that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake!'

We have lost many exquisite and picturesque expressions through the dulness of our lexicographers, or by that deficiency in that profounder study of our writers which their labours require far more than they themselves know. The natural graces of our language have been impoverished! The genius that throws its prophetic eye over the language, and the taste that must come from Heaven, no lexicographer imagines are required to accompany him amidst a library of old books!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

In antique furniture we sometimes discover a convenience which long disuse had made us unacquainted with, and are surprised by the aptness which we did not suspect was concealed in its solid forms. We have found the labour of the workman to have been as admirable as the material itself, which is still resisting the mouldering touch of Time among those modern inventions, elegant and unsubstantial, which, often put together with unseasoned wood, are apt to warp and fly into pieces when brought into use. We have found how strength consists in the selection of materials, and that, whenever the substitute is not better than the original, we are losing something in that test of experience, which all things derive from duration.

Be this as it may! I shall not unreasonably await for the artists of our novelties to retrograde into massive greatness, although I cannot avoid reminding them how often they revive the forgotten things of past times! It is well known that many of our novelties were in use by our ancestors! In the history of the human mind there is, indeed, a sort of antique furniture which I collect, not merely from their antiquity, but for the sound condition in which I still find them, and the compactness which they still show. Centuries have not worm-eaten their solidity, and the utility and delightfulness which they still afford make them look as fresh and as ingenious as any of our patient inventions.

By the title of the present article the reader has anticipated the nature of the old furniture to which I allude. I propose to give what, in the style of our times, may be called the philosophy of PROVERBS—a topic which seems virgin. The art of reading proverbs has not, indeed, always been acquired even by some of their admirers; but my observations, like their subject, must be versatile and unconnected; and I must bespeak indulgence for an attempt to illustrate a very curious branch of literature, rather not understood than quite forgotten.

PROVERBS have long been in disuse. 'A man of fashion,' observes Lord Chesterfield, 'never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms;' and since the time his lordship so solemnly interdicted their use, they appear to have withered away under the ban of his anathema. His lordship was little conversant with the history of proverbs, and would unquestionably have smiled on those 'men of fashion' of another stamp, who, in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, were great collectors of them; would appeal to them in their conversations, and enforce them in their learned or their statesman-like correspondence. Few,

* The cry of the grasshopper is *pit! pit! pit!* quickly repeated.

perhaps, even now suspect, that these neglected fragments of wisdom, which exist among all nations, still offer many interesting objects for the studies of the philosopher and the historian; and for men of the world still open an extensive school of human life and manners.

The home-spun adages, and the rusty 'sawed saws' which remain in the mouths of the people, are adapted to their capacities and their humours; easily remembered, and readily applied; these are the philosophy of the vulgar, and often more sound than that of their masters! Whoever would learn what the people think, and how they feel, must not reject even these as insignificant. The proverbs of the street and of the market, true to nature, and lasting only because they are true, are records how the populace at Athens and at Rome were the same people as at Paris and at London, and as they had before been in the city of Jerusalem!

Proverbs existed before books. The Spartans date the origin of their *refrains que dorn las viejas tras el fuego*, 'sayings of old wives by their firesides,' before the existence of any writings in their language, from the circumstance that these are in the old romance or rustiest vulgar idiom. The most ancient poem in the Edda, 'the sublime speech of Odin,' abounds with ancient proverbs, strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts; like the oral traditions of the Jews, they floated down from age to age on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who sanctioned the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression, remained consecrated into a proverb. Such was the origin of those memorable sentences by which men learnt to think and to speak apostrophically; they were precepts which no man could contradict at a time when authority was valued more than opinion, and experience preferred to novelty. The proverbs of a father became the inheritance of a son; the mistress of a family perpetuated hers through her household; the workman condensed some traditional secret of his craft into a proverbial expression. When countries are not yet populous, and property has not yet produced great inequalities in its ranks, every day will show them how 'the drunkard and the gutton come to poverty, and drowsiness clothes a man with rage.' At such a period he who gave counsel gave wealth.

It might therefore have been decided, *a priori*, that the most homely proverbs would abound in the most ancient writers—and such we find in Hesiod: a poet whose learning was not drawn from books. It could only have been in the agricultural state that this venerable bard could have indicated a state of repose by this rustic proverb.

ἡράδωνος νεν ἴππο κάρην καταδίοιο.

'Hang your plough-beam o'er the hearth!'

The envy of rival workmen is as justly described by a reference to the humble manufacturers of earthen-ware as by the elevated jealousies of the literati and the artists of a more polished age. The famous proverbial verse of Hesiod's Works and Days,

Καὶ κεραμὲς κεραμὲς ἀδύστη,

is literally, 'The potter is hostile to the potter!'

The admonition of the poet to his brother, to prefer a friendly accommodation to a litigious law-suit, has fixed a paradoxical proverb often applied,

ἅλυσον ἡμισὺν παντός.

'The half is better than the whole!'

In the progress of time, the stock of popular proverbs received accessions from the highest sources of human intelligence; as the philosophers of antiquity formed their collections, they increased in weight and number. Erasmus has pointed out some of these sources, in the responses of oracles; the allegorical symbols of Pythagoras; the verses of the poets; allusions to historical incidents; mythology and apologue; and other recondite origins: such dissimilar matters coming from all quarters, were melted down into this vast body of aphoristic knowledge. Those 'words of the wise, and their dark sayings,' as they are distinguished in that large collection which bears the name of the great Hebrew monarch, at length seem to have required commentaries; for what else can we infer of the enigmatic wisdom of the sages, when the royal para-miographer classes among their studies, that of 'understanding a proverb and the interpretation?' This elevated notion of 'the

dark sayings of the wise' accords with the bold conjecture of their origin, which the Stagirite has thrown upon us, considered them as the wrecks of an ancient language which had been lost to mankind by the fatal revolutions of all human things, and that those had been saved in a general ruin by their pithy elegance, and their concise form; like those marine shells found on the tops of mountains, the relics of the Deluge! Even at a late period the sage of Chersonæ prized them among the most secret mysteries; and Plutarch has described them in a treatise which proverbs may even still merit: 'Under the veil of these curious sentences are hid those germs of truth which the masters of philosophy have afterwards carved into so many volumes.'

At the highest period of Grecian genius, the tragic and comic poets introduced into their dramas the proverbial style. St Paul quotes a line which still remains one of the first exercises of our school-pens:

'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'

It is a verse found in a fragment of Menander, the comic poet:

ὀφεισέναι ἢ καὶ χρεὸν' ἐκρίμαί κακὰ.

As this verse is a proverb, and the apostle, and indeed the highest authority, Jesus himself, consecrates the use of proverbs by their occasional application, it is uncertain whether St Paul quotes the Grecian poet, or only repeats some popular adage. Proverbs were bright shafts to a Greek and Latin quivers; and when Bentley, by a rage of superficial wits, was accused of pedantry for his use of some ancient proverbs, the sturdy critic vindicated his taste, by showing that Cicero constantly introduced Greek proverbs into his writings—that Scaliger and Erasmus loved them, and had formed collections drawn from the stores of antiquity.

Some difficulty has occurred in the definition. Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases, and from sententious maxims; but as proverbs have many from their miscellaneous nature, the class itself scarce admits of any definition. When Johnson defined a proverb to be 'a short sentence frequently repeated by the people,' this definition would not include the most curious ones, which have not always circulated among the populace, nor even belong to them; nor does it designate the real qualities of a proverb. The pithy quaintness of old Homer has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be *sense, shortness, and salt*. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apophthegm, by that brevity which condenses a thought or a metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied; this often procures wit; and that quick pungency which excites surprise, or strikes with conviction; this gives it an epigrammatic turn. George Herbert entitled the small collection which he formed 'Jacula Prudentum,' Darts or Javelins; somewhat hurled and striking deeply; a characteristic of a proverb which possibly Herbert may have borrowed from a remarkable passage in Plato's dialogue of 'Protagoras, or the Sophists.'

The influence of proverbs over the minds and conversations of a whole people is strikingly illustrated by the philosopher's explanation of the term to *laconise*; the mode of speech peculiar to the Lacedæmonians. This people affected to appear *unlearned*, and seemed only envious to excel the rest of the Greeks in fortitude and in military skill. According to Plato's notion, this was really a political artifice, with a view to conceal their pre-eminence in wisdom. With the jealousy of a petty state they attempted to confine their renowned sagacity within themselves, and under their military to hide their contemplative character. The philosopher assures those who in other cities imagined they *laconised*, merely by imitating the severe exercises, and the other warlike manners of the Lacedæmonians, that they were grossly deceived; and thus curiously describes the sort of wisdom which this singular people practised.

If any one wishes to converse with the *laconist* of the Lacedæmonians, he will at first find him for the most part, apparently, despicable in conversation; but afterwards, when a proper opportunity presents itself, this same mean person, like a skilful jester, will hurl a sentence worthy of attention *short and contorted*; so that he who converses with him will appear to be in no respect superior to a boy! That to *laconise*, therefore, consists much more in philosophising than in the love of exercises.

understood by some of the present age, and was known to the ancients, they being persuaded that the ability of *uttering such sentences* as these is the province of a man perfectly learned. The seven sages were emulators, lovers, and disciples of the *Lacedæmonian erudition*. Their wisdom was a thing of this kind; viz., *short sentences uttered by each, and worthy to be remembered*. These men, assembling together, consecrated to Apollo the first fruits of their wisdom; writing in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, those sentences which are celebrated by all men, viz., *Know Thyself!* and *Nothing too much!* But on what account do I mention these things!—to show that the *mode of philosophy among the ancients was a certain laconic diction*.¹

The 'laconisms' of the Lacedæmonians evidently partook of the proverbial style: they were, no doubt, often *proverbs themselves*. The very instances which Plato supplies of this 'laconising' are two most venerable proverbs.

All this elevates the science of proverbs, and indicates that these abridgments of knowledge convey great results with a parsimony of words prodigal of sense. They have, therefore, preserved many 'a short sentence, not repeated by the people.'

It is evident, however, that the earliest writings of every people are marked by their most homely, or domestic proverbs; for these were more directly addressed to their wants. Franklin, who may be considered as the founder of a people, who were suddenly placed in a stage of civil society which as yet could afford no literature, discovered the philosophical cast of his genius, when he filled his almanacks with proverbs, by the ingenious contrivance of framing them into a connected discourse, delivered by an old man attending an auction. 'These proverbs,' he tells us, 'which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, when their scattered counsels were brought together, made a great impression. They were reprinted in Britain, in a large sheet of paper, and stuck up in houses; and were twice translated in France, and distributed among their poor parishioners.' The same occurrence had happened with us ere we became a reading people. Much later even than the reign of Elizabeth our ancestors had proverbs always before them, on every thing which had room for a piece of advice on it; they had them painted in their tapestries, stamped on the most ordinary utensils, on the blades of their knives, the borders of their plates,† and 'conned them out of Goldsmith's rings.' The usurer, in Robert Green's 'Groat's worth of Wit,' compressed all his philosophy into the circle of his ring, having learnt sufficient Latin to understand the proverbial motto of 'Tu tibi cura!' The husband was reminded of his lordly authority when he only looked into his trencher, one of its learned aphorisms having descended to us,—

'The calmest husbands make the stormyest wives.'

The English proverbs of the populace, most of which are still in circulation, were collected by old John Heywood.‡ They are arranged by Tusser for 'the parlour—the guest's chamber—the hall—the table-lessons,' &c. Not a small portion of our ancient proverbs were adapted to rural life, when our ancestors lived more than ourselves amidst the works of God, and less among those of men. At this time, one of our old statesmen, in commending the art of compressing a tedious discourse into a few significant phrases, suggested the use of proverbs in diplomatic intercourse, convinced of the great benefit which would result to the negotiators themselves, as well as to others! I give a literary curiosity of this kind. A member of the House of Commons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double-payments of book-debts. Knavish tradesmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book-debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak 'for very fear shook,' and stood silent. The nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true re-

¹ Taylor's Translation of Plato's Works. Vol. V. p. 36.

† One of the fruit trenchers for such these roundels are called in the *Gent. Mag.*, for 1793, p. 398, is engraved there, and the inscriptions of an entire set given.—See also the supplement to that volume, p. 1187.

‡ Heywood's 'Dialogue, conteyninge the Number in Effecte of all the Proverbs in the English Tunge, 1561.' There are more editions of this little volume than Wharton has noticed. There is some humour in his narrative, but his metre and his ribaldry are heavy taxes on our curiosity.

presentative of the famed governor of Barataria, delivering himself thus—'It is now my chance to speak something, and that without humming or hawing. I think this law is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt*. Pay the reckoning overnight, and you shall not be troubled in the morning. If ready money be *mensura publica*, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the wane, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase.'

Another instance of the use of proverbs among our statesmen occurs in a manuscript letter of Sir Dudley Carlton, written in 1632 on the impeachment of Lord Middlesex, who, he says, is 'this day to plead his own cause in the exchequer-chamber, about an account of fourscore thousand pounds laid to his charge. How his lordships sped I know not, but do remember well the French proverb, *Qui mange de l'oye du Roy chiera une plume quarante ans apres*. 'Who eats of the king's goose, will void a feather forty years after!'

This was the era of proverbs with us; for then they were spoken by all ranks of society. The free use of trivial proverbs got them into disrepute; and as the abuse of a thing raises a just opposition to its practice, a slender wit affecting 'a cross humour,' published a little volume of 'Crossing of Proverbs, Cross-answers, and Cross-humours.' He pretends to contradict the most popular ones; but he has not always the genius to strike at amusing paradoxes.†

Proverbs were long the favourites of our neighbours: in the splendid and refined court of Louis XIV., they gave rise to an odd invention. They plotted comedies and even fantastical ballets, from their subjects. In three Curiousities of Literature I cannot pass by such eccentric inventions unnoticed.

A Comedy of proverbs is described by the Duke de la Valliere, which was performed in 1634, with prodigious success. He considers that this comedy ought to be ranked among farces; but it is gay, well-written, and curious for containing the best proverbs, which are happily introduced in the dialogue.

A more extraordinary attempt was A Ballet of proverbs. Before the opera was established in France, the ancient ballets formed the chief amusement of the court, and Louis XIV. himself joined with the performers. The singular attempt of forming a pantomimical dance out of proverbs is quite French; we have a 'ballet des proverbes, dancé par le Roi, in 1654.' At every proverb the scene changed, and adapted itself to the subject. I shall give two or three of the *entrées* that we may form some notion of these capricious.

The proverb was

Tel menace qui a grand peur.

'He threatens who is afraid!'

The scene was composed of swaggering scaramouches and some honest cits, who at length beat them off.

At another *entrée* the proverb was

L'occasion fait le larron.

'Opportunity makes the thief.'

Opportunity was acted by le Sieur Beaubrun, but it is difficult to conceive how the real could personify the abstract personage. The thieves were the Duke d'Amville and Monsieur de la Chesnaye.

Another *entrée* was the proverb of

Ce qui vient de la flute s'en va au tambour.

'What comes by the pipe goes by the tabor.'

A loose dissipated officer was performed by le Sieur l'Anglois; the pipe by St Aignan, and the tabor by le Sieur le Comte! In this manner every proverb was spoken in

* Townshend's Historical Collections, p. 283.

† It was published in 1616: the writer only catches at some verbal expressions—as, for instance,

The vulgar proverb runs, 'The more the merrier.'

The cross,—'Not so! one hand is enough in a purse!'

The proverb, 'It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.'

The cross,—'Not so! it is but a stone's cast.'

The proverb, 'The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.'

The cross,—'Not so! the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.'

The proverb, 'He runs far who never turns.'

The cross,—'Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.'

action, the whole connected by dialogue: more must have depended on the acts than the poet.*

The French long retained this fondness for proverbs; for they still have dramatic compositions entitled *proverbes*, on a more refined plan. Their invention is so recent, that the term is not in their great dictionary of *Trevoux*. These *proverbes* are dramas of a single act, invented by Marmontel, who possessed a peculiar vein of humour, but who designed them only for private theatricals. Each *proverb* furnished a subject for a few scenes, and created a situation powerfully comic: it is a dramatic amusement which does not appear to have reached us, but one which the celebrated Catharine of Russia delighted to compose for her own society.

Among the middle classes of society to this day, we may observe that certain family proverbs are traditionally preserved: the favourite saying of a father is repeated by the sons; and frequently the conduct of a whole generation has been influenced by such domestic proverbs. This may be perceived in many of the mottoes of our old nobility, which seem to have originated in some habitual proverb of the founder of the family. In ages when proverbs were most prevalent, such pithy sentences would admirably serve in the ordinary business of life, and lead on to decision, even in its greater exigencies. Orators, by some lucky proverb, without wearying their auditors, would bring conviction home to their bosoms; and great characters would appeal to a proverb, or deliver that, which, in time, by its aptitude, became one. When Nero was reproached for the ardour with which he gave himself up to the study of music, he replied to his censurers by the Greek proverb, 'An artist lives every where.' The emperor answered in the spirit of Rousseau's system, that every child should be taught some trade. When Cæsar, after anxious deliberation, decided on the passage of the Rubicon (which very event has given rise to a proverb,) rousing himself with a start of courage, he committed himself to Fortune, with that proverbial expression on his lips, used by gamblers in desperate play: having passed the Rubicon, he exclaimed 'The die is cast!' The answer of Paulus Æmilius to the relations of his wife, who had remonstrated with him on his determination to separate himself from her against whom no fault could be alleged, has become one of our most familiar proverbs. This hero acknowledged the excellencies of his lady; but, requesting them to look on his shoe, which appeared to be well made, he observed, 'None of you know where the shoe pinches!' He either used a proverbial phrase, or by its aptness it has become one of the most popular.

There are, indeed, proverbs connected with the characters of eminent men; they were either their favourite ones, or have originated with themselves: such a collection would form an historical curiosity. To the celebrated Bayard are the French indebted for a military proverb, which some of them still repeat. *Ce que le gantelet gagne le gorgin le mange*, 'What the gauntlet gets, the gorget consumes.' That reflecting soldier well calculated the profits of a military life, which consumes, in the pomp and waste which are necessary for its maintenance, the slender pay it receives, and even what its rapacity sometimes acquires. The favourite proverb of Erasmus was *Festina lente*! 'Hasten slowly!'† He wished it to be inscribed wherever it could meet our eyes; on public buildings, and on our rings and seals. One of our own statesmen used a favourite sentence, which has enlarged our stock of national proverbs. Sir Amias Pawlet, when he perceived too much hurry in any business, was accustomed to say, 'Say awhile, to make an end the sooner.' Oliver Cromwell's coarse, but descriptive proverb, conveys the contempt he felt for some of his mean and troublesome coadjutors: 'Nits will be lice.' The Italians have a proverb, which has been occasionally applied to certain political personages:—

*Egli è quello che Dio vuole;
E sarà quello che Dio vorrà!*
'He is what God pleases;
He shall be what God wills.'

Ere this was a proverb, it had served as an embroidered motto on the mystical mantle of Castruccio Castracani. That military genius, who sought to revolutionize Italy,

* It is also suggested, that this whimsical amusement has been lately revived, and carried to the height, in the acting of *Charade* in a private party.

† Now the punning motto of a noble family.

and aspired to its sovereignty, lived long enough to see the wild romantic ambition which provoked his confederate against him; the mysterious motto assumed entered into the proverbs of his country. A Border proverb of the Douglasses, 'It were better the lark sing than the mouse cheep,' was adopted by every border chief, to express, as Sir Walter Scott serves, what the great Bruce had pointed out, that the woods and hills of their country were their safe works, instead of the fortified places, which the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of attacking and defending. These illustrations indicate one of the uses of proverbs; they have often resulted from the most generous emotions or the profound reflections of some extraordinary individual, whose energetic expression was caught by a faithful ear, never to perish!

The poets have been very busy with proverbs in all languages of Europe: some appear to have been the favourite lines of some ancient poem: even in more recent times, many of the pointed verses of Boileau and Pope have become proverbial. Many trivial and ludicrous proverbs bear the jingle of alliteration or rhyme, which assisted their circulation, and were probably struck off extempore; a manner which Swift practised, who was ready coiner of such rhyming and ludicrous proverbs: lighting to startle a collector by his facetious or facetious humour, in the shape of an 'old saying and true.' Some of these rhyming proverbs are, however, terse and elegant: we have

'Little strokes
Fell great oaks.'

The Italian—

*Chi duo lepri caccia,
Uno perde, e l'altro lascia.*

'Who hunts two hares, loses one and leaves the other.'

The haughty Spaniard—

*El dar es honor,
Y el pedir dolor.*

'To give is honour, to ask is grief.'

And the French—

*Ami de table
Est variable.*

'The friend of the table
Is very variable.'

The composers of these short proverbs were a numerous race of poets, who, probably, among the dreams of their immortality never suspected that they were to descend to posterity, themselves and their works unknown, while their extempore thoughts would be repeated by their own nation.

Proverbs were at length consigned to the people, when books were addressed to scholars: but the people did not find themselves so destitute of practical wisdom, by preserving their national proverbs, as some of those clever students who had ceased to repeat them. The various humours of mankind, in the mutability of human affairs, had given birth to every species: and men were wise, or merry, or satirical, and mourned or rejoiced in proverbs. Nations held an universal intercourse of proverbs, from the eastern to the western world: for we discover among those which appear strictly national many which are common to them all. Of our own familiar ones several may be tracked among the snows of the Latins and the Greeks, and have sometimes been drawn from 'The Mines of the East': like decayed families which remain in obscurity, they may boast of a high lineal descent whenever they recover their lost title-deeds. The vulgar proverb, 'To carry coals to Newcastle,' local and idiomatic as it appears, however, has been borrowed and applied by ourselves: it may be found among the Persians; in the 'Bustan' of Sadi we have *Infer piper in Hindustan*: 'To carry pepper to Hindostan.' among the Hebrews, 'To carry oil to a city of Olives.' a similar proverb occurs in Greek; and in Galland's 'Maxims of the East' we may discover how many of the most common proverbs among us, as well as some of Joe Miller's jests, are of oriental origin.

The resemblance of certain proverbs in different nations must, however, be often ascribed to the identity of human nature; similar situations and similar objects have unquestionably made men think and act and express themselves

like. All nations are parallels of each other! Hence all paremiographers, or collectors of proverbs, complain of the difficulty of separating their own national proverbs from those which had crept into the language from others, particularly when nations have held much intercourse together. We have a copious collection of Scottish proverbs by Kelly, but this learned man was mortified at discovering that many which he had long believed to have been genuine Scottish were not only English, but French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, and Greek ones; many of his Scottish proverbs are almost literally expressed among the fragments of remote antiquity. It would have surprised him further had he been aware that his Greek originals were themselves but copies, and might have been found in D'Herbelot, Erpenius, and Golius, and in many Asiatic works, which have been more recently introduced to the enlarged knowledge of the European student, who formerly found his most extended researches limited by Hellenistic lore.

Perhaps it was owing to an accidental circumstance that the proverbs of the European nations have been preserved in the permanent form of volumes. Erasmus is usually considered as the first modern collector, but he appears to have been preceded by Polydore Vergil, who bitterly reproaches Erasmus with envy and plagiarism, for passing by his collection without even a poor compliment for the inventor! Polydore was a vain, superficial writer, who prided himself in leading the way on more topics than the present. Erasmus, with his usual pleasantry, provokingly excuses himself, by acknowledging that he had forgotten his friend's book! Few sympathize with the quarrels of authors; and since Erasmus has written a far better book than Polydore Vergil's, the original '*Adagia*' is left only to be commemorated in literary history as one of its curiosities.*

The '*Adagia*' of Erasmus contains a collection of about five thousand proverbs, gradually gathered from a constant study of the ancients. Erasmus, blest with the genius which could enliven a folio, delighted himself and all Europe by the continued accessions he made to a volume which even now may be the companion of literary men for a winter day's fire-side. The successful example of Erasmus commanded the imitation of the learned in Europe, and drew their attention to their own national proverbs. Some of the most learned men, and some not sufficiently so, were now occupied in this new study.†

* At the Royal Institution there is a fine copy of Polydore Vergil's '*Adagia*,' with his other work, curious in its day, *De Inventoribus Rerum*, printed by Frobenius, in 1521. The wood-cuts of this edition seem to be executed with inimitable delicacy, resembling a pencilling which Raphael might have envied.

† In Spain, Fernandez Nunes, a Greek professor, and the Marquis de Santellana, a graduate, published collections of their Refrains, or Proverbs, a term derived a referendo, because it is often repeated. The '*Refranes o Proverbios Castellanos*,' par Cesar Oudin, 1624, translated into French, is a valuable compilation. In Cervantes and Quevedo, the best practical illustrators, they are sown with no sparing hand. There is an ample collection of Italian proverbs, by Florio, who was an Englishman, of Italian origin, and who published '*Il Giardino di Ricerche*' at London, so early as in 1591, exceeding six thousand proverbs; but they are unexplained, and are often obscure. Another Italian in England, Torriano, in 1649, published an interesting collection in the diminutive form of a twenty-four. It was subsequent to these publications in England, that in Italy Angelus Monosini, in 1604, published his collection; and Julius Varini, in 1642, produced his *Scuola del Vulgo*. In France, Oudin, after others had preceded him, published a collection of French proverbs, under the title of *Curiosités Françaises*. Fleury de Bellingen's *Explication de Proverbes François*, on comparing it with *Les Illustres Proverbes Historiques*, a subsequent publication, I discovered to be the same work. It is the first attempt to render the study of proverbs somewhat amusing. The plan consists of a dialogue between a philosopher and a Sancho Panza, who blurs out his proverbs with more delight than understanding. The philosopher takes that opportunity of explaining them by the events in which they originated, which, however, are not always to be depended on. A work of high merit on French proverbs is the unfinished one of the Abbé Tuet, sensible and learned. A collection of Danish proverbs, accompanied by a French translation, was printed at Copenhagen, in a quarto volume, 1761. England may boast of no inferior paremiographers. The grave and judicious Camden, the religious Herbert, the entertaining Howell, the facetious Fuller, and the laborious Ray, with others, have preserved our national sayings. The Scottish have been largely collected and explained by the learned Kelly. An excellent anonymous collection, not un-

The interest we may derive from the study of proverbs is not confined to their universal truths, nor to their poignant pleasantry; a philosophical mind will discover in proverbs a great variety of the most curious knowledge. The manners of a people are painted after life in their domestic proverbs; and it would not be advancing too much to assert, that the genius of the age might be often detected in its prevalent ones. The learned Selden tells us, that the proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews; the reason assigned was, because 'by them he knew the minds of several nations, which,' said he, 'is a brave thing, as we count him wise who knows the minds and the insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them.' Lord Bacon condensed a wide circuit of philosophical thought, when he observed that 'the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs.'

Proverbs peculiarly national, while they convey to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for their last stake in play, *Rem ad triarios venire*, 'the reserve are engaged!' a proverbial expression, from which the military habits of the people might be inferred; the *triarii* being their reserve. A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient coxcombs which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their dress, they applied the proverb of *Unico digitulo scalpit caput*. Scratching the head with a single finger was, it seems, done by the critically nice youths in Rome, that they might not discompose the economy of their hair. The Arab, whose unsettled existence makes him miserable and interested, says, 'Vinegar given is better than honey bought.' Every thing of high esteem with him who is so often parched in the desert is described as *milk*—'How large his flow of milk!' is a proverbial expression with the Arab, to distinguish the most copious eloquence. To express a state of perfect repose, the Arabian proverb is, 'I throw the rein over my back' an allusion to the loosening of the cords of the camels which are thrown over their backs when they are sent to pasture. We discover the rustic manners of our ancient Britons in the Cambrian proverbs; many relate to the *hedge*. 'The cleanly Briton is seen in the *hedge*: the horse looks not on the *hedge* but the corn: the bad husband's *hedge* is full of gaps.' The state of an agricultural people appears in such proverbs as, 'You must not count your yearlings till May-day:' and their proverbial sentence for old age is, 'An old man's end is to keep sheep!' Turn from the vagrant Arab and the agricultural Briton to a nation existing in a high state of artificial civilization; the Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings. Affecting a more solemn exterior than all other nations, a favourite proverb with them is, 'A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the palace of the soul.' Their notion of government is quite architectural. They say, 'A sovereign may be compared to a *hall*; his officers to the steps that lead to it; the people to the ground on which they stand.' What should we think of a people who had a proverb, that 'He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog?' We should instantly decide on the mean and servile spirit of those who could repeat it; and such we find to have been that of the Bengalese, to whom the degrading proverb belongs, derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogul rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip! In some of the Hebrew proverbs we are struck by the frequent allusions of that fugitive people to their own history. The cruel oppression exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of retribution, was delivered in this Hebrew proverb—'When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes!' The fond idolatry of their devotion to their ceremonial law, and to every thing connected with their sublime Theocracy, in their magnificent Temple, is finely expressed by this proverb—'None ever took a stone out of the Temple, but the dust did fly into his eyes.' The Hebrew proverb that 'A fast for a dream, is as fire for stubble,' which it kindles, could only have been invented by a people whose superstitions at-

common, in various languages. 1767: the collector and translator was Dr J. Mapletott. It must be acknowledged that although no nation exceeds our own in sterling sense, we rarely rival the delicacy, the wit, and the felicity of expression of the Spanish and Italian, and the poignancy of some of the French proverbs.

tached a holy mystery to fasts and dreams. They imagined that a religious fast was propitious to a religious dream; or to obtain the interpretation of one which had troubled their imagination. Peyssonel, who long resided among the Turks, observes, that their proverbs are full of sense, ingenuity, and elegance, the surest test of the intellectual abilities of any nation. He said this to correct the volatile opinion of De Tott, who, to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of their favourite adages, of which the truth and candour are admirable; 'Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans.'

The Spaniards may appeal to their proverbs to show that they were a high-minded and independent race. A Whiggish jealousy of the monarchical power stamped itself on this ancient one, *Va el rey hasta do puede, y no hasta do quiere*: 'The king goes as far as he is able, not as far as he desires.' It must have been at a later period, when the national genius became more subdued, and every Spaniard dreaded to find under his own roof a spy or an informer, that another proverb arose, *Con el rey y la inquisición, chiton!* 'With the king and the inquisition, hush!' The gravity and taciturnity of the nation have been ascribed to the effects of this proverb. Their popular but suppressed feelings on taxation, and on a variety of dues exacted by their clergy, were murmured in proverbs—*Lo que no lleva Christo lleva el fisco!* 'What Christ takes not, the exchequer carries away!' They have a number of sarcastic proverbs on the tenacious gripe of the 'abad avariento,' the avaricious priest, who, 'having eaten the oil offered, claims the dish.' A striking mixture of chivalric habit, domestic decency, and epicurean comfort, appears in the Spanish proverb, *La mujer y la salsa a la mano de la lancea*: 'The wife and the sauce by the hand of the lancee,' to honour the dame, and to have the sauce near.

The Italian proverbs have taken a tinge from their deep and politic genius, and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. I think every tenth proverb, in an Italian collection, is some cynical or some selfish maxim: a 'book of the world for worldlings!' The Venetian proverb *Pria Veneziani, poi Christiane*: 'First Venetian, and then Christian!' condenses the whole spirit of their ancient Republic into the smallest space possible. Their political proverbs, no doubt, arose from the extraordinary state of a people, sometimes distracted among republics, and sometimes servile in petty courts. The Italian says, *I popoli s'ammazzano, ed i principi s'abbracciano*: 'The people murder one another, and princes embrace one another.' *Chi pruttica co' granli, l'ultimo à tavola, è l' primo à strappazzi*: 'Who dangles after the great is the last at table, and the first at blows.' *Chi non sa adulare, non sa regnare*: 'Who knows not to flatter, knows not to reign.' *Chi serve in corte muore sul pagliato*: 'Who serves at court dies on straw.' Wariness in domestic life is perpetually impressed. An Italian proverb, which is immortalized in our language, for it enters into the history of Milton, was that by which the elegant Wotton counselled the young poetic traveller to have—*Il viso sciolto, ed i pensieri stretti*. 'An open countenance, but close thoughts.' In the same spirit, *Chi parla semina, chi tace raccoglie*: 'The talker sows, the silent reaps.' as well as, *Fatti di miele, e ti mangieran le mosche*: 'Make yourself all honey, and the flies will devour you.' There are some which display a deep knowledge of human nature: *A Lucca ti vidi, à Pisa ti conobbi!* 'I saw you at Lucca, I knew you at Pisa.' *Guardati d'aceto, di via dolce*: 'Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine; provoke not the rage of a patient man!'

Among a people who had often witnessed their fine country devastated by petty warfare, their notion of the military character was not usually heroic. *Il soldato per far male è ben pagato*: 'The soldier is well paid for doing mischief.' *Soldato, acqua, e fuoco, presto si fan luoro*: 'A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves.' But in a poetical people, endowed with great sensibility, their proverbs would sometimes be tender and fanciful. They paint the activity of friendship, *Chi ha l'amor nel petto, ha lo sprone a i fianchi*: 'Who feels love in the breast, feels a spur in his limbs.' or its generous passion, *Gli amici legano la borsa con un filo di ragnatelo*: 'Friends tie their purse with a cobweb's thread.' They characterized the universal lover by an elegant proverb—*Appicare il Maio ad oen'uscio*: 'To hang every door with May,' alluding to the bough which in the nights of May the country-people are accustomed to plant before the

door of their mistress. If we turn to the French, we discover that the military genius of France dictated its proverb, *Mulle a mulle se fait le haubergeon*: 'Luck or ill is made the coat of mail,' and *Tel coup de langue est qu'un coup de lance*: 'The tongue strikes deeper in the lancee.' and *Ce qui vient du tambour s'en retourne à la flute*: 'What comes by the tabor goes back with the flute.' *Point d'argent point de Suisse* has become proverbial, as serves an Edinburgh Reviewer; a striking expression which, while French or Austrian gold predominates, was justly used to characterize the liberal and wise policy of the cantonal and federal governments of Switzerland, when it began to degenerate from its moral patriotism. The ancient, perhaps the extinct, spirit of Egadism, was once expressed by our proverb, 'Better be a head of a dog than the tail of a lion,' i. e. the first of a yeomanry rather than the last of the gentry. A frog philosopher might have discovered our own ancient maxim in archery among our proverbs; for none but true toxophiles could have such a proverb as, 'I will either make a shaft or a bolt of it!' signifying, says the author of *Ivanhoe*, a determination to make one use or other of the thing spoken of: the bolt was the arrow peculiarly fitted to a cross-bow, as that of the long-bow was called a shaft. Those instances sufficiently demonstrate that the characteristic circumstances and feelings of a people are conveyed in their popular notions, and stamped on their familiar proverbs.

It is also evident that the peculiar, and often idiosyncratic, humour of a people is best preserved in their proverbs. There is a shrewdness, although deficient in delicacy, in the Scottish proverbs; they are idiomatic, facetious, and strike home. Kelly, who has collected three thousand, informs us, that, in 1725, the Scotch were a great proverbial nation; for that few among the better sort will converse any considerable time, but will confirm every assertion and observation with a Scottish proverb. The speculative Scotch of our own times have probably degenerated in prudential lore, and deem themselves much wiser than their proverbs. They may reply by a Scotch proverb, a proverb, made by a great man in Scotland, who, having given a splendid entertainment, was harshly told, that 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them;' but he readily answered, 'Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them!'

National humour, frequently local and idiomatic, depends on the artificial habits of mankind, so opposite to each other; but there is a natural vein, which the populace, always true to nature, preserve even among the gravest people. The Arabian proverb, 'The barber learns his art on the orphan's face;' the Chinese, 'In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe; under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap;'—to impress caution in our conduct under circumstances of suspicion;—and the Hebrew one, 'He that hath had one of his family hanged may not say to his neighbor, hang up this fish!' are all instances of this sort of humor. The Spaniards are a grave people, but no nation has equalled them in their peculiar humour. The genius of Cervantes partook largely of that of his country; that mantle of gravity, which almost conceals under it a latent facetiousness, and with which he has imbued his style and manner with such untranslatable idiomatic raciness, may be traced to the proverbial erudition of his nation. 'To steal a sheep, and give away the trotters for God's sake' is Cervantine nature! To one who is seeking an opportunity to quarrel with another, their proverb runs, *Si quieries dar pulos a su mujer pidele al sol a beber*, 'Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife, bid her bring water to thee in the sun-shine!'—a very fair quarrel may be picked up about the moles in the clearest water! On the judges in Galicia, who, like our former justices of peace, 'for half a dozen chickens would dispense with a dozen of penal statutes,' 'A juezes Galicianos, con los pies en los manos'; 'To the judges of Galicia go with feet in hand,' a droll allusion to a present of poultry, usually held by the legs. To describe persons who live high without visible means, *Los que cabritos venien, y cabras no tienen, dedonde los vienien?* 'They that sell kids and have no goats, how came they by them?' *El vino no trae bragas*, 'Wine wears no breeches;' for men in wine expose their most secret thoughts. *Vino di un erajo*, 'Wine of one ear!' is good wine; for at bad, shaking our heads, both our ears are visible; but at good, the Spaniard, by a natural gesticulation lowering one side, shows a single ear.

Proverbs abounding in sarcastic humour, and found

among every people, are those which are pointed at rival countries. They expose some prevalent folly, or allude to some disgrace which the natives have incurred. In France, the Burgundians have a proverb *Mieux vaut bon repas que bel habit*; 'Better a good dinner than a fine coat.' These good people are great gormandizers, but shabby dressers; they are commonly said to have 'bowels of silk and velvet'; that is, all their silk and velvet goes for their bowels! Thus Pwarty is famous for 'hot heads,' and the Norman for *son dit et son dedit*, 'his saying and his unsaying.' In Italy the numerous rival cities pelt one another with proverbs: *Chi ha a fure con Tosco non convien esser loco*, 'He who quarrels with a Tuscan must not have his eyes shut.' *A Venesia chi vi nasce, mal vi si piace*, 'Whom Venice breeds, we poorly feeds.'—Among ourselves, hardly has a county escaped from some popular quip; even neighbouring towns have their sarcasms, usually pickled in some unlucky rhyme. The egotism of man eagerly seizes on whatever serves to depreciate or to ridicule his neighbour: nations prate each other; counties flout counties; obscure towns sharpen their wits on towns as obscure as themselves—the same evil principle lurking in poor human nature, if it cannot always assume predominance, will meanly gratify itself by insult or contempt.

There is another source of national characteristics, frequently producing strange or whimsical combinations; a proverb, from a very natural circumstance, have drawn their proverbs from local objects, or from allusions to peculiar customs. The influence of manners and customs on the ideas and language of a people would form a subject of extensive and curious research. There is a Japanese proverb, that 'A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan!' Has we not known the origin of this proverb, it would be evident that it could only have occurred to a people who 'as constantly before them fogs and fans; and the fact appears that fogs are frequent on the coast of Japan; and that from the age of five years both sexes of the Japanese carry fans. The Spaniards have an odd proverb to describe those who tease and vex a person before they do him the very benefit which they are about to confer—acting kindly, but speaking roughly; *Mostrar primero la horca y el lagar*, 'To show the gallows before they show the town'; a circumstance alluding to their small towns, which have a gallows placed on an eminence so that the gallows breaks on the eye of the traveller before he gets a view of the town itself.

The Cheshire proverb on marriage, 'Better wed over the moor than over the moor,' that is, at home or in its vicinity; moor alludes to the dung, &c. in the farm-yard, while the road from Chester to London is over the moorland in Staffordshire; this local proverb is a curious instance of provincial pride, perhaps of wisdom, to induce the gentry of that county to form intermarriages; to promote their own ancient families, and perpetuate ancient friendships between them.

In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two Deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man 'as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides'; an image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to herring-bone. There is a Cornish proverb, 'Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock'—the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they drew this salutary proverb, against obstinate wrong-heads.

When Scotland, in the last century, felt its allegiance to England doubtful, and when the French sent an expedition to the land of cakes, a local proverb was revived, to show the identity of interests which affected both nations.

'If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruffel wots full well of that.'

There are two high hills, one in Scotland and one in England; so near, that what happens to the one will not be long ere it reach the other. If a fog lodges on the one, it is sure to rain on the other; the mutual sympathies of the two countries were hence deduced in a copious dissertation, by Oswald Dyke, on what was called 'The Union-proverb,' which local proverbs of our country, Fuller has interspersed in his 'Worthies,' and Ray and Grise have collected separately.

I was amused lately by a curious financial revelation which I found in an opposition paper, where it appears that 'Ministers pretend to make their load of taxes more portable, by shifting the burden, or altering the pressure, without however, diminishing the weight; according to the Italian proverb, *Accommodare le bisaccie nella strada*, 'To fit the load on the journey;—it is taken from a custom of the mule-drivers, who placing their packages at first but awkwardly on the backs of their poor beasts, and seeing them ready to sink, cry out, 'Never mind! we must fit them better on the road!' I was gratified to discover, by the present and some other modern instances, that the taste for proverbs was reviving, and that we were returning to those sober times, when the aptitude of a simple proverb would be preferred to the verbosity of politicians, Tories, Whigs, or Radicals!

There are domestic proverbs which originate in incidents known only to the natives of their province. Italian literature is particularly rich in these stores. The lively proverbial taste of that vivacious people was transferred to their own authors; and when these allusions were obscured by time, learned Italians, in their zeal for their national literature, and in their national love of story-telling, have written grave commentaries even on ludicrous, but popular tales, in which the proverbs are said to have originated. They resemble the old facetious *contes*, whose simplicity and humour still live in the pages of Boccaccio, and are not forgotten in those of the Queen of Navarre.

The Italians apply a proverb to a person who while he is beaten, takes the blows quietly:—

Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!
'Luckily they were not peaches!'

And to threaten to give a man—

Una pesca in un occhio,
'A peach in the eye.'

means to give him a thrashing. This proverb, it is said, originated in the close of a certain droll adventure. The community of the Castle Poggibonsi, probably from some jocular tenure observed on St Bernard's day, pay a tribute of peaches to the court of Tuscany, which are usually shared among the ladies in waiting, and the pages of the court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people at Poggibonsi, finding them rather dear, sent, instead of the customary tribute, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which was so much disapproved of by the pages, that as soon as they got hold of them, they began in rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors of the Poggibonsi, who, in attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out—

Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!
'Luckily they were not peaches!'

Fare le scale di Sant' Ambrogio; 'To mount the stairs of Saint Ambrose,' a proverb allusive to the business of the school of scandal. Varchi explains it by a circumstance so common in provincial cities. On summer evenings, for fresh air and gossip, the loungers met on the steps and landing places of the church of St Ambrose; whoever left the party, 'they read in his book,' as our commentator expresses it; and not a leaf was passed over! All liked to join a party so well informed of one another's concerns, and every one tried to be the very last to quit it, —not to leave his character behind! It became a proverbial phrase with those who left a company, and were too tender of their backs, to request they would not 'mount the stairs of St Ambrose.' Jonson has well described such a company:

'You are so truly fear'd, but not beloved
One of another, as no one dares break
Company from the rest, lest they should fall
Upon him absent.'

There are legends and histories which belong to proverbs; and some of the most ancient refer to incidents which have not always been commemorated. Two Greek proverbs have accidentally been explained by Pausanias: 'He is a man of Tenedos?' to describe a person of unquestionable veracity; and 'To cut with the Tenedian axe?' to express an absolute and irrevocable refusal. The first originated in a king of Tenedos, who decreed that there should always stand behind the judge a man holding an axe, ready to execute justice on any one convicted of falsehood. The other arose from the same king, whose father having reached his island, to supplicate the

son's forgiveness for the injury inflicted on him by the arts of a step-mother, was preparing to land; already the ship was fastened by its cable to a rock; when the son came down and sternly cutting the cable with an axe, sent the ship adrift to the mercy of the waves: hence, 'to cut with the Tenedian axe,' became proverbial to express an absolute refusal. 'Business to-morrow!' is another Greek proverb, applied to a person ruined by his own neglect. The fate of an eminent person perpetuated the expression which he casually employed on the occasion. One of the Theban polemarchs, in the midst of a convivial party, received despatches relating a conspiracy: flushed with wine, although pressed by the courier to open them immediately, he smiled, and in gaiety laying the letter under the pillow of his couch, observed, 'Business to-morrow!' Plutarch records that he fell a victim to the twenty-four hours he had lost, and became the author of a proverb which was still circulated among the Greeks.

The philosophical antiquary may often discover how many a proverb commemorates an event which has escaped from the more solemn monuments of history, and is often the solitary authority of its existence. A national event in Spanish history is preserved by a proverb. *Y venga quinientos sueldos*; 'And revenge five hundred pounds!' An odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman! But the proverb is historical. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, the Spaniards succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute, by as many pieces of coin; at length the day arrived when they entirely emancipated themselves from this odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction, and the event perpetuated in the recollections of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, which alludes to the dishonourable tribute, was applied to characterize all men of high honour, and devoted lovers of their country.

Paquier, in his *Recherches sur la France*, reviewing the periodical changes of ancient families in feudal times, observes, that a proverb among the common people conveys the result of all his inquiries: for those noble houses, which in a single age declined from nobility and wealth to poverty and meanness, gave rise to the proverb, *Cent ans hannieres et cent ans civieres*. 'One hundred years a banner, and one hundred years a barrow.' The Italian proverb, *Con l' Evangelio si diventa heretico*, 'With the gospel we become heretics,'—reflects the policy of the court of Rome; and must be dated at the time of the Reformation, when a translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue encountered such an invincible opposition. The Scotch proverb, *He that invented the maiden first hannelled it*; that is, got the first of it! The maiden is that well-known beheading engine, revived by the French surgeon Guillotine. This proverb may be applied to one who falls a victim to his own ingenuity; the artificer of his own destruction! The inventor was James, Earl of Morton, who for some years governed Scotland, and afterwards, it is said, very unjustly suffered by his own invention. It is a striking coincidence, that the same fate was shared by the French reviver; both alike sad examples of disturbed times! Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated: *Hand over head, as men took the Covenant*! This preserves the manner in which the Scotch covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterwards paralleled by the French in voting by 'acclamation.' An ancient English proverb preserves a curious fact concerning our coinage. *Testers are gone to Oxford, to study at Brasen-nose*. When Henry the Eighth debased the silver coin, called *testers*, from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on their silver faces, provoked the ill humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which has preserved for the historical antiquary, the popular feeling which lasted about fifty years, till Elizabeth reformed the state of the coinage. A northern proverb among us has preserved the remarkable idea which seems to have once been prevalent: that the metropolis of England was to be the city of York: *Lincoln was, London is, York shall be*! Whether at the time of the union of the crowns, under James the First, when England and Scotland became Great Britain, this city, from its cen-

trical situation, was considered as the best adapted for the seat of government, or from some other cause which I have not discovered, this notion must have been prevalent to have entered into a proverb. The chief magistrate of York is the only provincial one who is allowed the title of Lord Mayor; a circumstance which seems connected with this proverb.

The Italian history of its own small principalities, whose well-being so much depended on their prudence and sagacity, affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb,—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn, and even tragical occasions. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi was banished by the vigorous conduct of Cosmo de' Medici, Machiavel, tells us, the expelled man sent Cosmo a menace, in a proverb, *La gallina covava*. 'The hen is brooding!' said of one meditating vengeance. The undaunted Cosmo replied by another, that 'There was no brooding out of the nest.'

I give an example of peculiar interest; for it is perpetuated by Dante, and is connected with the character of Milton.

When the families of the Amadei and the Uberti felt their honour wounded in the affront the younger Buondelmonte had put upon them, in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, by marrying another, a council was held, and the death of the young cavalier was proposed as the sole atonement for their injured honour. But the consequences which they anticipated, and which afterwards proved so fatal to the Florentines, long suspended their decision. At length Mosca Lamberti suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, 'That those who considered every thing would never conclude on any thing!' closing with an ancient proverbial saying—*cosa fatta capo ha*! 'a deed done has an end!' This proverb sealed the fatal determination, and was long held in mournful remembrance by the Tuscans; for, according to Villani, it was the cause and beginning of the accursed factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellins. Dante has thus immortalized the energetic expression in a scene of the 'Inferno.'

Ed un ch'avea l'unna e l'altra man mozza
Levando i moncherin per l'aura focca;
Ri che 'l sangue faccia la faccia sozza
Grido:—'Ricorderati ancor del Mosca
Che disse, lamo capo a, cosa fatte;
Che fu'l mal seme, della gente Tosca.'

Then one
Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom
The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots
Sull'd his face, and cried—'Remember thee
Of Mosca too—I who, alas! exclaim'd,
"The deed once done, there is an end"—that proved
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race.'

Cary's Dante.

This Italian proverb was adopted by Milton; for when deeply engaged in writing 'the Defence of the People,' and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolvedly concluded his work, exclaiming with great magnanimity although the fatal prognostication had been accompanied, *cosa fatta capo ha*! Did this proverb also influence his awful decision on that great national event, when the most honest-minded fluctuated between doubts and fears?

Of a person treacherously used, the Italian proverb says that he has eaten of

Le frutte di fratre Alberigo.
The fruit of brother Alberigo.

Landino, on the following passage of Dante, preserves the tragic story:

—Io son fratre Alberigo,
Io son quel dalle frutta del mal orto
Che qui prendo, &c.

Canto xxxiii.

'The friar Alberigo,' answered he,
'Am I not from the evil garden pluck'd
'Its fruitage, and am here repaid the date
'More luscious for my fig.'

Cary's Dante.

This was Manfred, of Fuenza, who, after many cruelties, turned friar. Reconciling himself to those whom he had an often opposed, to celebrate the renewal of their friendship, he invited them to a magnificent entertainment.

end of the dinner the horn blew to announce the—but it was the signal of this dissimulating contrivance!—and the fruits which that day were served to us were armed men, who, rushing in, immolated citizens.

Among these historical proverbs none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman could let us understand that he has settled with his wars, the proverb is, *J'ai payé tous mes Anglois*: 'I paid all my English.' This proverb originated when the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom for many French lords; and the French people thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, in their own idea of it, by making the English and their wars synonymous terms. Another relates to the same king:—*Ore le Pape est devenu François, et Jesu Christ est Anglois*; 'Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English'; a proverb which arose when the Pope, from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France; he English prospered so well, that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—

*Con todo el mundo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra!*

'War with the world,
And peace with England.'

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their military armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I cannot tell. England must always have been a desirable ally to Spain against her potent rival and neighbour. The use has a proverb, which formerly, at least, was highly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their travels, *Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato*; 'The untried Englishman is a devil incarnate.' Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy than with France. Before and during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, that land of the elegant modelled our taste and manners; and more Italians flocked into England, and were more constant residents, in commercial concerns, than afterwards when France assumed a higher rank in Europe by her political superiority. This cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy with our manners which could not else have occurred. It was probably some sarcastic Italian, and, perhaps, a horologist, who, to describe the disagreement of clocks, proverbially said, 'They agree like the clocks of London!' We were once better famed for mercuries, Christmasmas and their pies; and it must have been an Italian who had been domiciliated with us who gave currency to the proverb *Ha più da fare che i forni di natale d'Inghilterra*; 'He has more business than English has at Christmas.' Our pie-loving gentry were notorious, and Shakespeare's folio was usually laid open to the halls of our nobility to entertain their attendants, and devoured at once Shakespeare and their pastry. Some of these volumes have come down to us, not only with the text, but enclosing even the identical pie-crusts of the Elizabethan age.

We have thus attempted to develop the art of reading proverbs; but have done little more than indicate the theory, and must leave the skilful student to the delicacy of the practice. I am anxious to rescue from prevailing prejudices the neglected stores of curious amusement, and of deep insight into the ways of man, and to point out the bold and veiled truths which are scattered in these collections. There seems to be no occurrence in human affairs to which no proverb may not be applied. All knowledge was originally aphoristical and traditional, pithily contracting the coveries which were to be instantly comprehended, and then retained. Whatever be the revolutionary state of a nation, similar principles and like occurrences are returning; and antiquity, whenever it is justly applicable to our times, loses its denomination, and becomes the truth of our own age. A proverb will often cut the knot which others in vain are attempting to untie. Johnson, pallid in the redundant elegancies of modern composition, once said, 'I fancy mankind may come in time to write all historically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all those things by which a big book is made.' Many a volume in-

deed has often been written to demonstrate what a lover of proverbs could show had long been ascertained by a single one in his favourite collections.

An insurmountable difficulty which every parameciographer has encountered, is that of forming an apt, a ready, and a systematic classification: the moral Linnaeus of such a 'systema naturæ' has not yet appeared. Each discovered his predecessor's mode imperfect, but each was doomed to meet the same fate. The arrangement of proverbs has baffled the ingenuity of every one of their collectors. Our Ray, after long premeditation, has chosen a system with the appearance of an alphabetical order; but, as it turns out, his system is no system, and his alphabet is no alphabet. After ten years' labour, the good man could only arrange his proverbs by common-places—by complete sentences—by phrases or forms of speech—by proverbial similes—and so on. All these are pursued in alphabetical order, 'by the first letter of the most "material word," or, if there be more words "equally material," by that which usually stands foremost.' The most patient examiner will usually find that he wants the sagacity of the collector to discover that word which is 'the most material,' or 'the words equally material.' We have to search through all that multiplicity of divisions, or conjuring-boxes, in which this juggler of proverbs pretends to hide the ball.

A still more formidable objection against a collection of proverbs, for the impatient reader, is their unreadableness. Taking in succession a multitude of insulated proverbs, their slippery nature resists all hope of retaining one in a hundred; the study of proverbs must be a frequent recurrence to a gradual collection of favourite ones, which we ourselves must form. The experience of life will throw a perpetual freshness over these short and simple texts; every day may furnish a new commentary; and we may grow old, and find novelty in proverbs by their perpetual application.

There are, perhaps, about twenty thousand proverbs among the nations of Europe; many of these have spread in their common intercourse; many are borrowed from the ancients, chiefly the Greeks, who themselves largely took from the Eastern nations. Our own proverbs are too often deficient in that elegance and ingenuity which are often found in the Spanish and the Italian. Proverbs frequently enliven conversation, or enter into the business of life in those countries, without any feeling of vulgarity being associated with them; they are too numerous, too witty, and too wise, to cease to please by their poignancy and their aptitude. I have heard them fall from the lips of men of letters and of statesmen. When recently the disorderly state of the manufacturers of Manchester menaced an insurrection, a profound Italian politician observed to me, that it was not of a nature to alarm a great nation; for that the remedy was at hand, in the proverb of the Lazzaroni of Naples, *Mela consiglio, mela esempio, mela denaro*; 'Half advice, half example, half money!' The result confirmed the truth of the proverb, which, had it been known at the time, might have quieted the honest fears of a great part of the nation.

Proverbs have ceased to be studied, or employed in conversation, since the time we have derived our knowledge from books; but in a philosophical age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity: originating in various eras, these memorials of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historical as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages, and of different people, must always enter into some part of our own! Truth and nature can never be obsolete.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colours of life, they are often exquisite strokes of genius, they delight by their airy sarcasm or their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humour, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the elegance of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings: and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasures of Thought!

CONFUSION OF WORDS.

'There is nothing more common,' says the lively Voltaire, 'than to read and to converse to no purpose. In

history, in morals, in law, in physic, and in divinity, be careful of equivocal terms. One of the ancients wrote a book to prove that there was no word which did not convey an ambiguous and uncertain meaning. If we possessed this lost book, our ingenious dictionaries of 'synonyms' would not probably prove its uselessness. Whenever the same word is associated by the parties with different names, they may converse, or controvert, till 'the crack of doom!' This, with a little obstinacy and some agility in shifting his ground, makes the fortune of an opponent. While one party is worried in disentangling a meaning, and the other is winding and unwinding about him with another, a word of the kind we have mentioned, carelessly or perversely slipped into an argument, may prolong it for a century or two—as it has happened! Vaugelas, who passed his whole life in the study of words, would not allow that the sense was to determine the meaning of words; for, says he, it is the business of words to explain the sense. Kant for a long while discovered in this way a facility of arguing without end, as at this moment do our political economists. 'I beseech you,' exclaims a poetical critic, in the agony of a 'confusion of words,' 'not to ask whether I mean this or that?' Our critic, convinced that he has made himself understood, grows immortal by obscurity! for he shows how a few simple words, not intelligible, may admit of volumes of vindication. Throw out a word, capable of fifty senses, and you raise fifty parties! Should some friend of peace enable the fifty to repose on one sense, that innocent word, no longer ringing the tocsin of a party, would lie in forgetfulness in the Dictionary. Still more provoking when an identity of meaning is only disguised by different modes of expression, and when the term has been closely sifted, to their mutual astonishment, both parties discover the same thing lying under the bran and chaff after this heated operation. Plato and Aristotle probably agreed much better than the opposite parties they raised up imagined; their difference was in the manner of expression, rather than in the points discussed. The Nominalists and the Realists, who once fired the world with their brawls, and who from irregular words came to regular blows, could never comprehend their alternate nonsense; though the Nominalists only denied what no one in his senses would affirm; and the Realists only contended for what no one in his senses would deny: a har's breadth might have joined what the spirit of party had sundered!

Do we flatter ourselves that the Logomachies of the Nominalists and the Realists terminated with these scolding schoolmen? Modern nonsense, weighed against the obsolete, may make the scales tremble for awhile, but it will lose its agreeable quality of frothiness, and subside into an equipose. We had their spirit still lurking among our own metaphysicians. 'Lo! the Nominalists and the Realists again!' exclaimed my learned friend, Sharon Turner, alluding to our modern doctrines on abstract ideas, on which there is still a doubt, whether they are any thing more than generalising terms.* Leibnitz confused his philosophy by the term sufficient reason: for every existence, for every event, and for every truth, there must be a sufficient reason. This vagueness of language produced a perpetual misconception, and Leibnitz was proud of his equivocal triumphs in always affording a new interpretation! It is conjectured that he only employed his term of sufficient reason, for the plain simple word of cause. Even Locke, who has himself so admirably noticed the 'abuse of words,' has been charged with using vague and indefinite ones; he has sometimes employed the words reflection, mind, and spirit, in so indefinite a way, that they have confused his philosophy; thus by some ambiguous expressions, our great metaphysician has been made to establish doctrines fatal to the immutability of moral distinctions. Even the eagle-eye of the intellectual Newton grew dim in the obscurity of the language of Locke. We are astonished to discover that two such intellects should not comprehend the same ideas; for Newton wrote to Locke, 'I beg your pardon for representing that you struck at the roof of morality in a principle laid down in your book of Ideas—and that I took you for a Hobbsist!†' The difference of opinion between Locke and Reid is in consequence of an ambiguity in the word principle, as em-

ployed by Reid. The removal of a solitary word may cast a luminous ray over a whole body of philosophy; we had called the infinite the indefinite,' says Condorcet, in his *Traité des Sensations*, 'by this small change of word we should have avoided the error of imagination; we have a positive idea of infinity, from whence some false reasonings have been carried on, not only by metaphysicians, but even by geometers.' The word reason has been used with different meanings by different writers; reasoning and reason have been often confounded; a man may have an endless capacity for reason without being much influenced by reason, and to be reasonable, perhaps differs from both! So Molière tells a

Raisonner est l'emploi de toute maison;
Et le raisonnement en bannit la raison!

In this research on 'confusion of words,' might even voluminous history of the founders of sects, who have usually employed terms which had no meaning attached to them, or were so ambiguous that their real notions were never been comprehended; hence the most curious opinions have been imputed to founders of sects. I may instance that of the *Antinomians*, whose sect's denomination explains their doctrine, expressing that they were 'against law!' Their founder was John Agricola, follower of Luther, who, while he lived, had kept Agricola's follies from exploding, which they did when he asserted that there was no such thing as sin, our saviour depending on faith, and not on works; and when he claimed against the *Law of God*. To what lengths were of his sect pushed this verbal doctrine is known; but the real notions of this Agricola probably never will be! He considered him as a harmless dreamer in theology, who confused his head by Paul's controversies with the Jews, but Mosheim, who bestows on this early reformer the epithets of *ventosus* and *verapellus*, windy and crafty! his translator has it, charges him with 'vanity, pretension, and artifice,' tells us by the term 'law,' Agricola meant the ten commandments of Moses, which he considered were abrogated by the Gospel, being designed for the Jews and not for the Christians. Agricola then the words the 'Law of God,' and 'that there was no such thing as sin,' must have said one thing and meant another. This appears to have been the case with most of the novines of the sixteenth century; for even Mosheim complains of 'their want of precision and consistency in expressing their sentiments, hence their real sentiments have been misunderstood.' There evidently prevailed a general 'confusion of words' among them! The *grace sufficiens* and the *grace efficax* of the Jansenists and the Jesuits show the shifts and stratagems by which nonsense may be dignified. 'Whether all men received from God sufficient grace for their conversion' was an inquiry some unhappy metaphysical theologian set afloat; the Jesuits according to their worldly system of making men's consciences easy, affirmed it; but the Jansenists insisted, that this sufficient grace would never be efficacious, unless accompanied by special grace. 'Then the sufficient grace, which is efficacious, is a contradiction in terms, and worse, a heresy,' triumphantly cried the Jesuits, exulting over their adversaries. This 'confusion of words' thickened, till the Jesuits introduced in this logomachy with the Jansenists, papal bulls, royal edicts, and a regiment of dragons! The Jansenists, in despair, appealed to miracles and prodigies, which they got up for public representation; but, above all, to their Pascal, whose immortal satire the Jesuits really felt was at once 'sufficient and efficacious,' though the dragons, in settling a 'confusion of words,' did not boast of inferior success to Pascal's. Former ages had indeed witnessed even a more melancholy logomachy, in the *Homomouion* and the *Homomouion*! An event which Boileau has immortalized by some fine verses, which, in his famous satire on *L'Equivoque*, for reasons best known to the Sorbonne, were struck out of the text.

D'une syllabe impie un saint mot augmenté
Remplit tous les esprits d'aigreur, si meurtures—
Tu fis dans une guerre et si triste et si longue
Perir tant de Clémentine, Martyrs d'une diphthongue

Whether the Son was similar to the substance of the Father, or of the same substance, depended on the diphthong *oi*, which was alternately rejected and received. Had they earlier discovered what at length they agreed on, that the words denoted what was incomprehensible, it would have saved thousands, as a witness describes, 'from

* Turner's Hist. of England, i. 514.

† We owe this curious unpublished letter to the zeal and care of Professor Duguid Stewart, in his excellent Dissertation.

'earing one another to pieces.' The great controversy between Abelard and Saint Bernard, when the saint accused the scholastic of maintaining heretical notions of the Trinity, long agitated the world—yet, now that these confusers of words can no longer inflame our passions, we wonder how these parties could themselves differ about words to which we can attach no meaning whatever. There have been few councils, or synods, where the omission or addition of a word or a phrase might not have terminated an interminable logomachy! at the council of Basle, for the convenience of the disputants, John de Secubia drew up a treatise of *undeclined words*, chiefly to determine the signification of the particles *from, by, but, and except*, which it seems were perpetually occasioning fresh disputes among the Hussites and the Bohemians. Had Jerome of Prague known, like our Shakspeare, the virtue of an *if*, or agreed with Hobbes, that he should not have been so positive in the use of the verb *is*—he might have been spared from the flames. The philosopher of Malmesbury has declared, that 'Perhaps *Judgment* was nothing else but the composition or joining of *two names of things, or modes, by the verb is*.' In modern times the popes have more skillfully freed the church from this 'confusion of words.' His holiness, on one occasion, standing in equal terror of the court of France, who protected the Jesuits, and of the court of Spain, who maintained the cause of the Dominicans, contrived a phrase, where a comma or a full stop placed at the beginning or the end purported that his holiness tolerated the opinions which he condemned; and when the rival parties despatched deputations to the court of Rome to plead for the period, or advocate the comma; his holiness, in this 'confusion of words,' flung an unpunctuated copy to the parties; nor was it his fault, but that of the spirit of party, if the rage of the one could not subside into a comma, nor that of the other close by a full period!

In jurisprudence much confusion has occurred in the uses of the term *Rights*; yet the social union and human happiness are involved in the precision of the expression. When Montesquieu laid down as the active principle of a republic *virtue*, it seemed to infer that a republic was the best of governments. In the defence of this great work he was obliged to define the term, and it seems that by *virtue*, he only meant *political virtue*, the love of the country.

In politics, what evils have resulted from abstract terms to which no ideas are affixed! Such as 'The Equality of Man—the Sovereignty or the Majesty of the People—Loyalty—Reform—even Liberty herself!—Public opinion—Public interest!'—and other abstract notions, which have excited the hatred or the ridicule of the vulgar. Abstract ideas, as *sounds*, have been used as watchwords; the combatants will be usually found willing to fight for words to which, perhaps, not one of them have attached any settled signification. This is admirably touched on by Locke, in his chapter of 'Abuse of Words.' 'Wisdom, Glory, Grace, &c., are words frequent enough in every man's mouth; but if a great many of those who use them should be asked what they mean by them, they would be at a stand, and know not what to answer—a plain proof that though they have learned those *sounds*, and have them ready at their tongue's end, yet there are no determined *ideas* laid up in their minds which are to be expressed to others by them.'

When the American exclaimed that he was not represented in the House of Commons, because he was not an elector, he was told that a very small part of the people of England were electors. As they could not call this an *actual representation*, they invented a new name for it, and called it a *virtual one*. It imposed on the English nation, who could not object that others should be taxed rather than themselves; but with the Americans it was a sophism! And this *virtual representation* instead of an *actual one*, terminated in our reparation; 'which,' says Mr Flood, 'at the time appeared to have swept away most of our glory and our territory: forty thousand lives, and one hundred millions of treasure!'

That fatal expression which Rousseau had introduced, *L'Egalité des hommes*, which finally involved the happiness of a whole people: had he lived, he had probably shown how ill his country had understood. He could only have referred in his mind to political equality, but not an equality of possessions, of property, of authority, destructive of social order and of moral duties, which must exist among every people. 'Liberty,' 'Equality,' and 'Reform,' innocent words! sadly ferment the brains of those

who cannot affix any definite notions to them; they are like those chimerical fictions in law, which declare 'the sovereign immortal; proclaim his ubiquity in various places; and irritate the feelings of the populace, by assuming that 'the king can never do wrong.' In the time of James II., 'it is curious,' says Lord Russel, 'to read the conference between the Houses on the meaning of the words "deserted" and "abdicated," and the debates in the Lords, whether or no there is an original contract between king and people.'

The people would necessarily decide that 'kings derived their power from them; but kings were once maintained by a 'right divine,'—a 'confusion of words,' derived from two opposite theories! and both only relatively true. When we listen so frequently to such abstract terms as 'the majesty of the people'—the sovereignty of the people—whence the inference that 'all power is derived from the people,' we can form no definite notions: it is 'a confusion of words,' contradicting all the political experience which our studies or our observations furnish; for sovereignty is established to rule, to conduct, and to settle the vacillations and quick passions of the multitude. Public opinion expresses too often the ideas of one party in place, and public interest those of another party out! Political axioms, from the circumstance of having the notions attached to them unsettled, are applied to the most opposite ends! 'In the time of the French Directory,' observes an Italian philosopher of profound views, in the revolution of Naples, the democratic faction pronounced that "Every act of a tyrannical government is in its origin illegal," a proposition which at first sight seems self-evident, but which went to render all existing laws impracticable. The doctrine of the illegality of the acts of a tyrant was proclaimed by Brutus and Cicero, in the name of the Senate, against the populace, who had favoured Cæsar's perpetual dictatorship; and the populace of Paris availed themselves of it, against the National Assembly.'

This 'confusion of words,' in time-serving politics, has too often confounded right and wrong; and artful men, driven into a corner, and intent only on its possession, have found no difficulty in solving doubts, and reconciling contradictions. Our own history, in revolutionary times, abounds with dangerous examples from all parties; of specious hypotheses for compliance with the government of the day, or the passions of parliament. Here is an instance in which the subtle confuser of words, pretended to substitute two consciences, by utterly depriving a man of any! When the unhappy Charles the First pleaded, that to pass the bill of attainder against the Earl of Strafford was against his conscience, that remarkable character of boldness and impiety, as Clarendon characterizes Williams, Archbishop of York, on this argument of *conscience* (a simple word enough,) demonstrated 'that there were *two sorts of conscience*, public and private; that his public conscience as a king might dispense with his private conscience as a man! Such was the ignominious argument which decided the fate of that great victim of state! It was an impudent 'confusion of words,' when Prynne (in order to quiet the consciences of those who were uneasy at warring with the king) observed, that the statute of 25th Edward III, ran in the singular number—'If a man shall levy war against the king,' and, therefore, could not be extended to the houses, who were many and public persons. Later, we find Sherlock blest with the spirit of Williams, the Archbishop of York, whom we have just left. When some did not know how to charge and discharge themselves of the oaths to James the Second and to William the Third, this confounder of words discovered that there were two rights, as the other had that there were two consciences; one was a providential right, and the other a legal right; one person might very righteously claim and take a thing, and another as righteously hold and keep it; but that whoever got the better had the providential right by possession; and since all authority comes from God, the people were obliged to transfer their allegiance to him as a king of God's making; so that he who had the providential right necessarily had the legal one! a very simple discovery, which must, however, have cost him some pains: for this confounder of words was himself, confounded by twelve answers by non-jurors!

A French politician of the last century was suspended from his lectureship, for asserting that the possession of the soil was a right; by which principle, any king

reigning over a country, whether by treachery, crime, and usurpation, was a legitimate sovereign. For this convenient principle the lecturer was tried, and declared not guilty—by persons who have lately found their advantage in a confusion of words. In treaties between nations, a 'confusion of words' has been more particularly studied; and that negotiator has conceived himself most dexterous who, by this abuse of words, has retained an *arrière-pensée* which may fasten or loosen the ambiguous expression he had so cautiously and so finely inlaid in his mosaic of treachery. A scene of this nature I draw out of 'Messager's Negotiation with the Court of England.' When that secret agent of Louis XIV was negotiating a peace, an insuperable difficulty arose respecting the acknowledgment of the Hanoverian succession. It was absolutely necessary on this delicate point, to quiet the anxiety of the English public, and our allies: but though the French king was willing to recognize Anne's title to the throne, yet the settlement in the house of Hanover was incompatible with French interests and French honour.

Messager told Lord Bolingbroke that 'the king, his master, would consent to any such article, *looking the other way, as might disengage him from the obligation of that agreement, as the occasion should present.*' This ambiguous language was probably understood by Lord Bolingbroke: at the next conference his Lordship informed the secret agent, 'that the queen could not admit of any *explanations, whatever her intentions might be; that the succession was settled by act of parliament; that as to the private sentiments of the queen, or of any about her, he could say nothing.*' All this was said with such an air, as to let me understand that he gave a *secret assent* to what I had proposed, &c; but he desired me to drop the discourse.' Thus two great negotiators, both equally urgent to conclude the treaty, found an insuperable obstacle occur, which neither could control. Two honest men would have parted: but the skilful confounder of words, the French diplomatist, hit on an expedient; he wrote the words which afterwards appeared in the preliminaries, 'that Louis XIV will acknowledge the queen of Great Britain in that quality, as also the *succession of the crown according to the present settlement.*' 'The English agent,' adds the Frenchman, would have had me add—*on the house of Hanover*, but this I entreated him not to desire of me.' The term present settlement, then was that article which was looking the other way, to disengage his master from the obligation of that agreement as occasion should present! that is, that Louis XIV chose to understand by the present settlement, the old one by which the British crown was to be restored to the Pretender! Anne and the English nation were to understand it in their own sense—as the new one, which transferred it to the house of Hanover!

When politicians cannot rely upon each other's interpretation of *one of the commonest words* in our language, how can they possibly act together? The Bishop of Winchester has proved this observation, by the remarkable anecdote of the Duke of Portland and Mr Pitt, who, with the view to unite parties, were to hold a conference on *fair and equal* terms. His grace did not object to the word *fair*, but the word *equal* was more specific and limited: and, for a necessary preliminary, he requested Mr Pitt to inform him what he *understood* by the word *equal*? Whether Pitt was puzzled by the question, or would not deliver up an *arrière-pensée*, he put off the explanation to the conference. But the Duke would not meet Mr Pitt till the word was explained; and that important negotiation was broken off, by not explaining a simple word which appeared to require none!

There is nothing more fatal in language than to wander from the popular acceptance of words; and yet this popular sense cannot always accord with precision of ideas, for it is itself subject to great changes.

Another source, therefore, of the abuse of words, is that mutability to which, in the course of time, the verbal edifice, as well as more substantial ones, is doomed. A familiar instance presents itself in the titles of *tyrant*, *parasite*, and *sophist*, originally honourable distinctions. The abuses of dominion made the appropriated title of kings; odious: the title of a magistrate, who had the care of the public granaries of corn, at length was applied to a wretched flatterer for a dinner; and absurd philosophers occasioned a mere denomination to become a by-name. To employ such terms in their primitive sense would now confuse all ideas; yet there is an affectation of erudition

which has frequently revived terms sanctioned by antiquity. Bishop Watson entitled his vindication of the Bible 'an Apology:' this word, in its primitive sense, had been lost for the multitude, whom he particularly addressed in this work, and who could only understand it in a sense they are accustomed to. Unquestionably, one of its readers have imagined that the bishop was offering an excuse for a belief in the Bible, instead of a vindication of its truth. The word *impertinent* by the same juriconsults, or law-counsellors, who gave their opinion on cases, was used merely in opposition to *pertinent*—*pertinent* is a pertinent reason, that is, a reason pertaining to the cause in question; and a ratio impertinens an impertinent reason, is an argument not pertaining to the subject.* Impertinent then originally meant not absurdity, nor rude intrusion, as it does in our present popular sense. The learned Arnauld having characterised a reply of one of his adversaries by the epithet *impertinent*, when blamed for the freedom of his language, explained his meaning by giving this history of the word which applies to our own language. Thus also with the word *indifferent* has entirely changed: an historian, whose work was *indifferently* written, would formerly have claimed our attention. In the Liturgy it is prayed that 'magistrates may *indifferently* minister justice.' *Indifferently* original y meant *impartially*. The word *extravagant*, in its primitive signification, only signified a digress from the subject. The Decretals, or those laws from the popes deciding on points of ecclesiastical discipline, were at length incorporated with the canon law, and were called *extravagant* by wandering out of the law of the canon law, being confusedly dispersed through that collection.

When Luther had the Decretals publicly burnt at Wittenburgh, the insult was designed for the pope, rather than as a condemnation of the canon law itself. Suppose, in the present case, two persons of opposite opinions. The catholic, who had said that the decretals were *extravagant*, might not have intended to depreciate them, or make any concession to the Lutheran. What confusion of words has the common sense of the Scotch metaphysicians introduced into philosophy! There are no words, perhaps, in the language, which may be so differently interpreted; and Professor Duguid Stewart has collected, in a curious note, in the second volume of his 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' a singular variety of its opposite significations. The Latin phrase, '*sensus communis*,' may, in various passages of Cicero, be translated by our phrase '*common sense*;' but, on other occasions, it means something different: the '*sensus communis* of the schoolmen is quite another thing, and is synonymous with conception, and referred to the seat of intellect; with Sir John Davies, in his curious metaphysical poem, '*common sense* is used as imagination. It created a controversy with Beattie and Reid; and Reid, who introduced this vague ambiguous phrase in philosophical language, often understood the term in its ordinary acceptation. This change of the meaning of the words, which is constantly recurring in metaphysical disputes, has made that curious but obscure science liable to this objection of Hobbes, 'with many words making nothing understood.'

Controversies have been keenly agitated about the principles of morals, which resolve entirely into *verbal disputes*, or at most into questions of arrangement and classification of little comparative moment to the points at issue. This observation of Mr Duguid Stewart's might be illustrated by the fate of the numerous inventors of systems of thinking or morals, who have only employed very different and even opposite terms in appearance, to express the same thing. Some, by their mode of philosophising, have strangely unsettled the words *self-interest* and *self-love*; and their misconceptions have sadly misled the votaries of these systems of morals; as others also, by such vague terms as '*utility*, *fitness*,' &c.

* It is still a Chancery word. An answer in Chancery, &c, is referred for impertinence, reported impertinent—and the impertinence ordered to be struck out, meaning only what is immaterial or superfluous tending to unnecessary expensae. I am indebted for this explanation to my friend, Mr Merivale: and to another learned friend, formerly in that court, who describes its meaning as 'an excess of words or matter in the pleadings,' and who has received many an official fee for 'expunging impertinence,' leaving, however, he acknowledges, a sufficient quantity to make the lawyers ashamed of their verbosity.

an Epicurus asserted that the sovereign good consists in a pleasure, opposing the unfeeling austerity of the Stoics, by the softness of pleasurable emotions, his principles soon disregarded; while his word, perhaps chosen in spirit of paradox, was warmly adopted by the sensual Epicurus, of whom Seneca has drawn so beautiful a scene, in whose garden a loaf, a Cytheridean, and a draught which did not inflame thirst,* was the banquet, would have started indignantly at

'The fustest hog in Epicurus' say !'

are the facts which illustrate that principle in 'the confusion of words,' which Locke calls 'an affected obscurity ; from applying old words to new, or unusual significations.'

as the same 'confusion of words' which gave rise to the famous sect of the Sadducees. The master of the Sadoc, in his moral purity was desirous of a distant worship of the Deity; he would not have men, obedient from the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment. Sadoc drew a quite contrary inference to the intention of his master, concluding that there were no rewards nor punishments in a future state. The master of the Sadoc was of the most pure and good kind, but in the 'confusion of words,' the liberal adopted them for their own purposes—and having assumed that neither rewards nor punishments exist in the after-state, they proceeded to the erroneous conclusion that man perished with his own dust!

plainest words by accidental associations, may suggest the most erroneous conceptions, and have been the source of the greatest errors. In the famous Bangorian controversy, one of the writers excites a smile by a comparison arising from his views of the signification of a plain whose meaning, he thinks had been changed by the warring parties. He says, 'the word country, like many others, such as church and kingdom, is, by the power of Bangor's leave, become to signify a collection of very different from its original meaning; with it implies party, with others private opinion, and not interest, and, perhaps, in time, may signify some country. When this good innocent word has been backwards and forwards a little longer, some new word of language may arise to reduce it to its primitive condition—the real interest of Great Britain!' The exist of this controversialist probably retorted on his own term of the *real interest*, which might be a very opposite one, according to their notions! It has been with what truth I know not, that it was by a mere confusion of words that Burke was enabled to alarm the Whig families, by showing them their fate in that French noblesse; they were misled by the *similitude* of words. The French noblesse had as little resemblance with our nobility, as they have to the Mandarins of China. However it may be in this case, certain it is, that the terms misapplied, have often raised those delusions termed false analogies. It was long imagined of this country, that the *parliaments* of France were somewhat akin to our own; but these assemblies were very differently constituted, consisting only of lawyers in courts of law. A misnomer confuses all argument. There is a confusion which consists in bestowing good names on bad things. Vices, thus veiled, are introduced to us as virtues, and so on to an old poet,

As drunkenness, good-fellowship we call !'

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

on the reverse, when loyalty may be ridiculed as

'The right divine of kings—to govern wrong !'

most innocent recreations, such as the drama, dancing, have been anathematized by puritans, while sophists have written elaborate treatises in their defence—the enigma is solved, when we discover that these recreations suggested a set of opposite notions to each.

to the nominalists and the realists, and the doctors of the times, resolutissimi, refulgentes, profundi, and eximii, have left this heirloom of logomachy to a race as credulous and irrefragable! An extraordinary scene has recently been performed by a new company of actors, in the comedy of Political Economy; and the whole drama has been carried on in an inimitable 'confusion of words.' This reasoning, and unreasoning fraternity never

* Sen. Epist. 21.

use a term, as a term, but for an explanation, and which employed by them all, signifies opposite things, but never the plainest! Is it not, therefore, strange, that they cannot yet tell us what are riches? what is rent? what is value? Monsieur Say, the most sparkling of them all, assures us that the English writers are obscure, by their confounding, like Smith, the denomination of labour. The vivacious Gaul cries out to the grave Briton, Mr Malthus, 'If I consent to employ your word labour, you must understand me,' so and so! Mr Malthus says, 'Commodities are not exchanged for commodities only; they are also exchanged for labour; and when the hypochondriac Englishman with dismay, foresees 'the glut of markets,' and concludes that we may produce more than we can consume, the paradoxical Monsieur Say discovers, that 'commodities' is a wrong word, for it gives a wrong idea; it should be productions' for his axiom is, that 'productions can only be purchased with productions.' Money, it seems, according to dictionary ideas, has no existence in his vocabulary; for Monsieur Say has formed a sort of Berkian conception of wealth, being immaterial, while we confine our views to its materiality. Hence ensues from this 'confusion of words,' this most brilliant paradox; that 'a glutted market is not a proof that we produce too much, but that we produce too little! for in that case there is not enough produced to exchange with what is produced!' As Frenchmen excel in politeness and impudence, Monsieur Say adds, 'I revere Adam Smith; he is my master; but this first of political economists did not understand all the phenomena of production and consumption;' this I leave to the ablest judge, Mr Ricardo, to decide in a commentary on Adam Smith, if he will devote his patriotism and his genius to so excellent a labour.* We, who remain uninitiated in this mystery of explaining the operations of trade by metaphysical ideas, and raising up theories to conduct those who never theorise, can only start at the 'confusion of words,' and leave this blessed inheritance to our sons, if ever the science survives the logomachy.

Caramuel, a famous Spanish bishop, was a grand architect of words. Ingenious in theory, his errors were confined to his practice: he said a great deal and meant nothing; and by an exact dimension of his intellect, taken at the time, it appeared that 'he had genius in the eighth degree, eloquence in the fifth, but judgment only in the second!' This great man would not read the ancients; for he had a notion that the moderns must have acquired all they possessed, with a good deal of their own 'into the bargain.' Two hundred and sixty-two works, differing in breadth and length, besides his manuscripts, attest, that if the world would read his writings, they could need no other; for which purpose his last work always referred to the preceding ones, and could never be comprehended till his readers possessed those which were to follow. As he had the good sense to perceive that metaphysicians abound in obscure and equivocal terms, to avoid this 'confusion of words,' he invented a jargon of his own; and to make 'confusion worse confounded,' projected grammars and vocabularies by which we were to learn it; but it is supposed that he was the only man who understood himself. He put every author in despair by the works which he announced. This famous architect of words, however, built more labyrinths than he could always get out of, notwithstanding his 'cabalistical grammar,' and his 'audacious grammar.'† Yet this great Caramuel, the critics have agreed, was nothing but a puffy giant, with legs too weak for his bulk, and only to be accounted as a hero amidst a 'confusion of words.'

Let us dread the fate of Caramuel! and before we enter into discussion with the metaphysician, first settle what he means by the nature of ideas; with the politician, his notion of liberty and equality; with the divine, what he deems orthodox; with the political economist, what he considers to be value and rent! By this means we may avoid what is perpetually recurring; that extreme laxity or vagueness of words, which makes every writer or speaker, complain of his predecessor, and attempt, sometimes not

* Since the first edition of this work, the lamented death of Mr Ricardo has occurred—and we have lost the labours of a mind of great simplicity and native power, at, perhaps, the hour of its maturity. [English Editor.]

† Baillet gives the dates and plans of these grammars. The cabalistic was published in Bruxelles, 1642, in 12mo. The audacious was in folio, printed at Frankfurt, 1664.—Jugemens des Savans. Tome II. 3me partie.

in the best temper, to define and to settle the signification of what the witty South calls 'those rabble-charming words, which carry so much wild-fire wrapt up in them.'

POLITICAL NICK-NAMES.

Political calumny is said to have been reduced into an art, like that of logic, by the Jesuits. This itself may be a political calumny! A powerful body, who themselves had practised the practices of calumniators, may in their turn, often have been calumniated. The passage in question was drawn out of one of the classical authors used in their colleges. Busembaum, a German Jesuit, had composed, in duodecimo, a 'Medulla Theologicæ moralis,' where, among other casuistical propositions, there was found lurking in this old jesuit's 'marrow' one which favoured regicide and assassination! Fifty editions of the book had passed unnoticed; till a new one appearing at the critical moment of Damien's attempt, the duodecimo of the old Scholastic Jesuit which had now been amplified by its commentators into two folios, was considered not merely ridiculous, but as dangerous. It was burnt at Toulouse, in 1757, by order of the parliament, and condemned at Paris. An Italian Jesuit published an 'apology' for this theory of assassination, and the same flames devoured it! Whether Busembaum deserved the honour bestowed on his ingenuity, the reader may judge by the passage itself.

'Whoever would ruin a person, or a government, must begin this operation by spreading calumnies, to defame the person or the government; for unquestionably the calumniator will always find a great number of persons inclined to believe him, or to side with him; it therefore follows, that whenever the object of such calumnies is once lowered in credit by such means, he will soon lose the reputation and power founded on that credit, and sink under the permanent and vindictive attacks of the calumniator.' This is the politics of Satan—the evil principle which regulates so many things in this world. The enemies of the Jesuits have formed a list of great names who had become the victims of such atrocious Machiavellism.*

This has been one of the arts practised by all political parties. Their first weak invention is to attach to a new faction a contemptible or an opprobrious nick-name. In the history of the revolutions of Europe, whenever a new party has at length established its independence, the original denomination which had been fixed on them, marked by the passions of the party which bestowed it, strangely contrasts with the name finally established!

The first revolutionists of Holland incurred the contemptuous name of 'Les Gueux,' or the Beggars. The Duchess of Parma inquiring about them, the Count of Barlemont scornfully described them to be of this class; and it was flattery of the Great which gave the name currency. The Hollanders accepted the name as much in defiance as with indignation, and acted up to it. Instead of broaches in their hats, they wore little wooden platters, such as beggars used, and foxes' tails instead of feathers. On the targets of some of these *Gueux* they inscribed, 'Rather Turkish than Popish!' and had the print of a cock crowing, out of whose mouth was a label *Vive les Gueux par tout le monde!* which was every where set up, and was the favourite sign of their inns. The Protestants in France, after a variety of nick-names to render them contemptible, such as *Christodius*, because they would only talk about Christ, similar to our Puritans; and *Parpillots*, or *Purpillots*, a small base coin, which was odiously applied to them; at length settled in the well-known term of *Huguenots*, which probably was derived, as the *Dictionnaire de Trevoux* suggests, from their hiding themselves in secret places, and appearing at night, like king Hugon, the great hobgoblin of France. It appears that the term has been preserved by an earthen vessel without feet, used in cookery, which served the *Huguenots* on meagre days to dress their meat, and to avoid observation; a curious instance, where a thing still in use proves the obscure circumstance of its origin.

The atrocious insurrection, called *La Jacquerie*, was a term which originated in cruel derision. When John of France was a prisoner in England, his kingdom appears to have been desolated by its wretched nobles, who, in the indulgence of their passions, set no limits to their luxury and their extortion. They despoiled their peasantry without mercy, and when these complained, and even reproached this tyrannical nobility with having forsaken their sove-

* See Recueil Chronologique et Analytique de tout ce qui a fait en Portugal la Société de Jesus. Vol. ii, sect. 406.

reign, they were told that *Jacques bon homme* must all. But *Jack good-man* came forward in person—appeared under this fatal name, and the peasants in madness, and being joined by all the cut-throat thieves of Paris, at once pronounced condemnation every gentleman in France! Froussart has the narrative; twelve thousand of these *Jacques bon homme* perpetrated their crimes; but the *Jacquerie*, who was their first appellation in derision, assumed *le nom de guerre*.

In the spirited Memoirs of the Duke of Guise, by himself, of his enterprise against the kingdoms, we find a curious account of this political art:—ing people by odious nick-names. 'Genaro' says the duke, 'cherished under-hand, that as rascality had for the better sort of citizens and people, who, by the insolences they suffered from, unjustly hated them. The better class inhabiting the suburbs of the Virgin were called *black cloaks*, an ordinary sort of people took the name of *lazzars*. French and English an old word for a leprous; hence the *lazzaroni* of Naples. We can easily see the evil eye of a *lazar* when he encountered a Duke! The Duke adds—'Just as at the beginning of the revolution, the revolutionists in Flanders formerly took the name of *gans*; those of Guenne, that of *caters*; those of *mare-foot*; and of *Beausse* and *Beausse* and *woollen-pattens*.' In the late French revolution the extremes indulged by both parties discerned in revolution—the wealthy and the poor! who, in derision, called their humble fellow-citizens contemptuous term of *sans-culottes*, provoked injustice from the populace, who, as a drudge only a slight, rendered the innocent term of *gar* signal for plunder or slaughter!

It is a curious fact that the French verb, as well as the noun *frondeur*, are used to describe and condemn the measures of government; and is a sively, designates any hyperbolic and malice, or any sort of condemnation. These have been only introduced into the language since the Cardinal of Retz succeeded in raising a fact Cardinal Mazarine, known in French history by the name of the *Frondeurs*, or the Slingers. It is pleasant, although it became the pass-word to France, and the odious name of a fact observed, that the parliament were like those who fling their stones in the pits of Paris, and they see the *Lieutenant Civil*, run away; but collect again directly he disappears. The was lively, and formed the burden of songs; wards, when affairs were settled between the parliament, it was more particularly applied to of Cardinal de Retz, who still held out. 'We the application,' says De Retz; 'for we observe distinction of a name heated the minds of people evening we resolved to wear hat-strings in slings. A hatter, who might be trusted with made a great number as a new fashion, and worn by many who did not understand the job selves were the last to adopt them, that might not appear to have come from us. This trifle was immense; every fashionable now to assume the shape of a sing; broad, handkerchiefs, fans, &c., and we ourselves! in fashion by this folly, than by what was esse revolutionary term was never forgotten by the circumstance which might have been considered nostic of that after-revolution, which De Retz agination to project, but not the daring to esta see, however, this great politician, confessing tages his party derived by encouraging the a by-name, which served 'to heat the minds c

It is a curious circumstance that I should count in this chapter on 'Political Nick-name' term with all lovers of art, that of *Silhouette*! understood as a *black profile*; but it is more es that a term so universally adopted should not any dictionary, either in that of *L'Académie*, o and has not even been preserved, where it is pensable, in Milin's *Dictionnaire des Beaux-arts*, little suspected that this innocent term origina litical nick-name! *Silhouette* was minister France in 1759: that period was a critical on sury was in an exhausted condition, and Silhou

met man, who would hold no intercourse with financiers, mean-mongers, could contrive no other expedient to prevent a national bankruptcy, than excessive economy, and a miserable reform! Paris was not the metropolis, any more than London, where a Plato or a Zeno could long administer of state, without incurring all the ridicule of wretched wits! At first they pretended to take his advice, merely to laugh at him!—they cut their coats shorter, wore them without sleeves; they turned their gold boxes into rough wooden ones; and the new-fashioned portraits were now only profiles of a face, traced by black pencil on the shadow cast by a candle on white paper! All the fashions assumed an air of niggardly economy, till poor Silhouette was driven into retirement, with all his projects of savings and reforms; but he left his name to describe the most economical sort of portrait, and one as melancholy as his own fate!

This political artifice of appropriating cant terms, or odious nick-names, could not fail to flourish among a people perpetually divided by contending interests as ourselves; every party with us have had their watch-word, which has served either to congregate themselves, or to set on the hounds of one faction to worry and tear those of another. We practised it early, and we find it still prospering! The Puritan of Elizabeth's reign survives to this hour; the tyrannical difficulties which that wise sovereign had to overcome in settling the national religion, found no sympathy in either of the great divisions of her people; she retained as much of the catholic rites as might be decorous in the new religion, and sought to unite, and not to separate, her children. John Knox, in the spirit of charity, declared, but 'she was neither gude protestant, nor yet resolute papist; let the world judge quik is the third.'

A jealous party arose, who were for reforming the reformation. In their attempt at more than human purity, they obtained the nick-name of *Puritans*; and from their fastidiousness about very small matters, *Precians*; these Drayton characterizes as persons that for a painted glass window would pull down the whole church. At that early period these nick-names were soon used in an odious sense; for Warner, a poet in the reign of Elizabeth, says,—

If hypocrites, why *puritans* we term be asked, in breefe,
'Tis but an *ironised-term*; good-fellow so speils thereof!

Honest Fuller, who knew that many good men were among these *Puritans*, wished to decline the term altogether, under the less offensive one of *Non-conformists*. But the fierce and the fiery of this party, in Charles the First's time, had been too obtrusive not to fully merit the ironical appellation; and the peaceful expedient of our Moderator dropped away with the page in which it was written. The people have frequently expressed their own notions of different parliaments by some apt nick-name. In Richard the Second's time, to express their dislike of the extraordinary and irregular proceedings of the lords against the sovereign, as well as their sanguinary measures, they called it 'The wonder-working and the unmerciful parliament.' In Edward the Third's reign, when the Black Prince was yet living, the parliament, for having pursued with severity the party of the duke of Lancaster, was so popular, that the people distinguished it as the good parliament. In Henry the Third's time, the parliament opposing the king, was called '*Parliamentum insanum*,' the mad parliament, because the lords came armed to insist on the confirmation of the great charter. A Scottish Parliament, from its perpetual shiftings from place to place, was ludicrously nick-named the *running parliament*; in the same spirit we had our *long parliament*. The nick-name of *Pensioner parliament* stuck to the House of Commons which sat forty years without dissolution, under Charles the Second; and others have borne satirical or laudatory epithets. So true it is, as old Holingshead observed, 'The common people will manie times give such *bie names* as seemeth *best liking to themselves*.' It would be a curious speculation to discover the sources of the popular feeling; influenced by delusion, or impelled by good sense!

The exterminating political nick-name of *malignant* darkened the nation through the civil wars: it was a proscription—and a list of good and bad lords was read by the leaders of the first tumults. Of all these inventions, this diabolical one was most adapted to exasperate the animosities of the people, so often duped by names. I have never detected the active man of faction who first hit on this odious brand for persons, but the period when the world

changed its ordinary meaning was early; Charles, in 1642, retorts on the parliamentarians the opprobrious distinction, as 'The true *malignant party* which has contrived and countenanced those barbarous tumults.' And the royalists pleaded for themselves, that the hateful designation was ill applied to them: for by *malignity* you denote, said they, activity in doing evil, whereas we have always been on the suffering side in our persons, credits, and estates; but the parliamentarians, grinning a ghastly smile, would reply, that 'the royalists would have been *malignant* had they proved successful.' The truth is, that *malignancy* meant with both parties any opposition of opinion. At the same period the offensive distinctions of *round-heads* and *cavaliers* supplied the people with party-names, who were already provided with so many religious as well as civil causes of quarrel; the cropt heads of the sullen sectaries and the people, were the origin of the derisory nick-name; the splendid elegance and the romantic spirit of the royalists long awed the rabble, who in their mockery could brand them by no other appellation than one in which their bearers gloried. In these distracted times of early revolution, any nick-name, however vague, will fully answer a purpose, although neither those who are blackened by the odium nor those who cast it, can define the hateful appellation. When the term of *delinquents* came into vogue, it expressed a degree and species of guilt, says Hume, not exactly known or ascertained. It served however the end of those revolutionists, who had coined it, by involving any person in, or colouring any action by, *delinquency*; and many of the nobility and gentry were, without any questions being asked, suddenly discovered to have committed the crime of *delinquency*! Whether honest Fuller be facetious or grave on this period of nick-naming parties I will not decide; but, when he tells us that there was another word which was introduced into our nation at this time, I think at least that the whole passage is an admirable commentary on this party vocabulary. 'Contemporary with *malignants* is the word *plunder*, which some make of Latin original, from *planum dare*, to level, to plane all to nothing! Others of Dutch extraction, as if it were to *plume*, or pluck the feathers of a bird to the bare skin.* Sure I am we first heard of it in the Swedish wars; and if the name and thing be sent back from whence it came, few English eyes would weep thereat.' All England had wept at the introduction of the word. The *rump* was the filthy nick-name of an odious faction—the history of this famous appellation, which was at first one of horror, till it afterwards became one of derision and contempt, must be referred to another place. The *rump* became a perpetual whetstone for the loyal wits, till at length its former admirers, the rabble themselves, in town and country vied with each other in '*burning rumps*' of beef which were hung by chains on a gallows with a bonfire underneath, and proved how the people, like children, come at length to make a play-thing of that which was once their bugbear.

Charles II during the short holiday of the restoration—all holidays seem short!—and when he and the people were in good humour, granted any thing to every one,—the mode of '*Petitions*' got at length very inconvenient, and the king in council declared, that this petitioning was 'A method set on foot by ill men to promote discontent among the people,' and enjoined his loving subjects not to subscribe them. The petitioners however persisted—when a new party rose to express their abhorrence of petitioning; both parties nick-named each other the *petitioners* and the *abhorrrers*! Their day was short, but fierce; the *petitioners*, however weak in their cognomen, were far the bolder of the two, for the commons were with them, and the *abhorrrers* had expressed by their term rather the strength of their inclinations, than of their numbers. Charles II said to a *petitioner* from Taunton, 'How dare you deliver me such a paper?' 'Sir,' replied the petitioner from Taunton, 'My name is DARE!' A saucy reply, for which he was tried, fined, and imprisoned: when lo! the commons petitioned again to release the *petitioner*! 'The very name,' says Hume, 'by which each party denominated its antagonists discover the virulence and rancour which prevailed; for besides *petitioner* and *abhorrrer*, this year is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets of *Whig* and *Tory*.' These silly terms of reproach are still preserved among us, as if the palladium

* Plunder, observes my friend, Mr Douce, is pure Dutch or Flemish—*Plunderen*, from *Plunder*, which means property of any kind.

of British liberty was guarded by these exotic names; for they are not English which the parties so invidiously bestow on each other. They are ludicrous enough in their origin; the friends of the court and the advocates of lineal succession, were by the republican party branded with the title of *Tories*, which was the name of certain Irish robbers; while the court party in return could find no other revenge than by appropriating to the covenanters and the republicans of that class, the name of the Scotch beverage of sour milk, whose virtue they considered so expressive of their dispositions, and which is called *whigg*. So ridiculous in their origin were these pernicious nick-names, which long excited feuds and quarrels in domestic life, and may still be said to divide into two great parties this land of political freedom. But nothing becomes obsolete in political factions, and the meaner and more scandalous the name affixed by one party to another, the more it becomes not only their rallying cry or their pass word, but even constitutes their glory. Thus the Hollanders long prided themselves on the humiliating nickname of '*les puroux*;' the Protestants of France on the scornful one of the *Huguenots*; the non-conformists in England on the mockery of the *puritan*; and all parties have perpetuated their anger by their inglorious names. Swift was well aware of this truth in political history: 'each party,' says that sagacious observer, 'grows proud of that appellation which their adversaries at first intended as a reproach; of this sort were the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Huguenots* and *Caraliers*.'

Nor has it been only by nick-naming each other by derisive or opprobrious terms that parties have been marked, but they have also worn a livery, and practised distinctive manners. What sufferings did not Italy endure for a long series of years, under those fatal party-names of the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*; alternately the victors and the vanquished, the beautiful land of Italy drank the blood of her children. Italy, like Greece, opens a moving picture of the hatreds and jealousies of small republics: her *Bianca* and her *Nera*, her *Guelphs* and her *Ghibellines*! In Bologna, two great families once shook that city with their divisions; the *Pepoli* adopted the French interests; the *Malvezzi* the Spanish. It was incurring some danger to walk the streets of Bologna, for the *Pepoli* wore their feathers on the right side of their caps, and the *Malvezzi* on the left. Such was the party-hatred of the two great Italian factions, that they carried their rancour even into their domestic habits; at table the *Guelphs* placed their knives and spoons longwise, and the *Ghibellines* across; the one cut their bread across, the other longwise. Even in cutting an orange they could not agree: for the *Guelph* cut his orange horizontally, and the *Ghibelline* downwards. Children were taught these artifices of faction—their hatreds became traditional, and thus the Italians perpetuated the full benefits of their party-spirit, from generation to generation.*

Men in private life go down to their graves with some unlucky name, not received in baptism, but more descriptive and picturesque; and even ministers of state have winced at a political christening. Malagrida the Jesuit and Jimmy Twitcher were nick-names, which made one of our ministers odious, and another contemptible. The Earl of Godolphin caught such fire at that of Volpone, that it drove him into the opposite party for the vindictive purpose of obtaining the impolitical prosecution of Sacheverell, who in his famous sermon had first applied it to the earl, and unluckily it had stuck to him.

'Faction,' says Lord Orford, 'is as capricious as fortune; wrongs, oppression, the zeal of real patriots, or the genius of false ones, may sometimes be employed for years in kindling substantial opposition to authority; in other seasons the impulse of a moment, a *ballot*, a *nick-name*, a *fashion*, can throw a city into a tumult, and shake the foundations of a state.'

Such is a slight history of the human passions in politics! We might despair in thus discovering that wisdom and patriotism so frequently originate in this turbid source of party; but we are consoled when we reflect that the most important political principles are immutable; and that they are those, which even the spirit of party must learn to reverence.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF A POET.—SHENSTONE VINDICATED.

THE dogmatism of Johnson, and the fastidiousness of

* These curious particulars I found in a Manuscript.

Gray, the critic who passed his days amidst a hum of men, and the poet who seemed in solitude, have fatally injured a fine natural gem a stone. Mr Campbell, with a brother's feeling (the present article was composed) sympathizing with endowments and the pursuits of this poet; but he had collected them to me to open a more imposing I am aware how lightly the poetical character of stone is held by some great contemporaries—yet every poet has left us at least one poem of originality. Mr Campbell has regretted that Shenstone only 'affected that arcanism,' which 'gives an air of marquerade in his pastoral character' of our earlier poets, but also has 'rather men blended together the rural swain with the disciple. All this requires some explanation. It is not only possessing the characteristics of poetry, but as another way, for which I claim the attention of I have formed a picture of the domestic life of a the pursuits of a votary of taste, both equally on their endeavours, from the habits, the emotion events which occurred to Shenstone.

Four material circumstances influenced his and were productive of all his unhappiness. He incurred in those poetical studies to which I voted his hopes; his secret sorrows in not having a domestic union, from prudential motives, was he loved; the ruinous state of his domestic affairs from a seducing passion for creating a new landscape-gardening and an ornamented farm; and disappointment of that promised patronage, which has induced him to have become a political which his inclinations, and it is said, his tales life, were alike adapted: with these points we may trace the different states of his mind, she did, and what he was earnestly intent to have.

Why have the *Elegies* of SHENSTONE, 1 years ago formed for many of us the favourite of our youth, ceased to delight us in mature life? Perhaps that these *Elegies*, planned with peculiar have little in their execution. They form a poetical truths, but without poetical expression; notwithstanding the pastoral romance in which has enveloped himself, the subjects are real, a ings could not, therefore, be fictitious.

In a Preface, remarkable for its graceful and poet tells us, that 'He entered on his subjects ly, particular incidents in life suggested, or dū mind recommended them to his choice.' He 'He drew his pictures from the spot, and he fe sibly the affections he communicates.' He at those attendants on rural scenery, and all the to rural life, were not the counterfeited scenes poet, any more than the sentiments, which were nature. Shenstone's friend, Graves, who knew in life, and to his last days, informs us, that the were written when he had taken the Leasow own hands; and though his *serme ornde e* thoughts, he occasionally wrote them, 'parly, tone, to divert my present impatience, and I will be a picture of most that passes in my a portrait which friends may value.' This, secret charm which acts so forcibly on the fir of our youth, at a moment when not too di pleased, the reflected delineations of the hab affections, the hopes and the delights, with all tic associations of this poet, always true to Na back that picture of ourselves we instantly re is only as we advance in life that we lose the r early simplicity, and that we discover that Shu not endowed with high imagination.

These *Elegies*, with some other poems, in with a new interest, when we discover them true Memoirs of Shenstone. Records of qu delightful feelings; whose subjects spontaneously themselves from passing incidents; they still emotions, which will interest the young poe young lover of taste.

Elegy IV, the first which Shenstone co entitled '*Ophelia's Urn*,' and it was no more was erected by Graves in Mickleton Church, mory of an extraordinary young woman, Utr the literary daughter of a learned, but poor, Utricia had formed so fine a taste for literature posed with such elegance in verse and prose,

not judge declared, that 'he did not like to form his idea of any author till he previously knew hers.' She had been long attached to her, but from motives of prudence broke off an intercourse with this interesting man, who sunk under this severe disappointment.— Her prudent lover, Graves, inscribed the urn, her friend Shenstone, perhaps more feelingly commemorated her tastes. Such, indeed, was the friendly intercourse between Shenstone and Urechia, that in *Elegy VIII*, written long after her death, she still lingered in reminiscences. Composing this *Elegy* on the calamitous close of Somerville's life, a brother bard, and victim to narrow circumstances, and which he probably contemplated as an image of his own, Shenstone tenderly recalls that he used to read Somerville's poems to Urechia.

Oh, lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day
To feel his music with my flames agree;
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to Thee!

How true is the feeling! how mean the poetical expression!
The Seventh *Elegy* describes a vision, where the shadow of Wolsey breaks upon the author:

'A graceful form appear'd,
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd.'

From this fanciful subject was not chosen capriciously, sprung from an incident. Once, on his way to Cheltenham, Shenstone missed his road, and wandered till late night among the Cotswold Hills; on this occasion he seems to have made a moral reflection, which we find in 'Essays.' 'How melancholy is it to travel late upon my ambitious project on a winter's night, and observe the lot of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at rest in their beds.' While the disappointed poet, lost among the lonely hills, was meditating 'ambitious projects,' the character of Wolsey arose before him; the visionary cardinal crossed his path, and aided his imagination. 'Thou,' exclaims the poet,

'Like a meteor's fire,
Shout'st blazing forth, disclaiming dull degrees.'

ELEGY VII.

And the bard, after discovering all the miseries of unhappy grandeur, and murmuring at this delay to the house of a friend, exclaims,

'Oh if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!'

He silent departure of the poetical sceptre is fine:

'The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And sighing, vanished in the shades of night.'

And to prove that the subject of this *Elegy* thus arose to a poet's fancy, he has himself commemorated the incident at every occasion to it, in the opening:

'On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
Weary and faint, I heard the morn arise,
While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.'

ELEGY VII.

The Fifteenth *Elegy*, composed 'in memory of a private family in Worcestershire,' is on the extinction of the ancient family of the Penns in the male line.* Shenstone's mother was a Penn; and the poet was now the inhabitant of their ancient mansion, an old timber-built house of the age of Elizabeth. The local description is real scene—the shaded pool,—the group of ancient trees,—the flocking rooks, and the picture of the simple manners of his own ancestors, were realities, the emotions they excited were therefore genuine, and not one of those 'mockeries' of amplification from the crowd of versifiers.

The tenth *Elegy*, 'To Fortune,' suggesting his Motive for repining at her Dispensations, with his celebrated Pastoral Ballad, in four parts, were alike produced by that one of the great minstrels of our own times has so nobly indicated when he sung

'The secret woes the world has never known;
While on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.'

In this *Elegy*, SHENSTONE repines at the dispensations of fortune, not for having denied him her higher gifts, nor that she compels him to

'Check the fond love of Art that fir'd my veins.'

* This we learn from Dr Nash's History of Worcestershire.

nor that some 'dull dotard with boundless wealth,' finds his 'grating reed' preferred to the bard's, but that the 'tawdry shepherdess' of this dull dotard, by her 'pride,' makes 'the rural thane,' despise the poet's Delia.

'Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs infold!
Ah! what is native worth esteemed of clowns?
'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see;
'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curse thee breathe on thee!'

The Delia of our poet was not an 'Iris en air.' SHENSTONE was early in life captivated by a young lady, whom Graves describes with all those mild and serene graces of pensive melancholy, touched by plaintive love-songs and elegies of woe, adapted not only to be the muse, but the mistress of a poet. The sensibility of this passion took entire possession of his heart for some years, and it was in parting from her that he first sketched his exquisite 'Pastoral Ballad.' As he retreated more and more into solitude, his passion felt no diminution. Dr Nash informs us, that Shenstone acknowledged that it was his own fault that he did not accept the hand of the lady whom he so tenderly loved; but his spirit could not endure to be a perpetual witness of her degradation in the rank of society, by an inconsiderate union with poetry and poverty. That such was his motive, we may infer from a passage in one of his letters. 'Love' as it regularly tends to matrimony, requires certain favours from fortune and circumstances to render it proper to be indulged in. There are perpetual allusions to these 'secret woes' in his correspondence; for, although he had the fortitude to refuse marriage, he had not the stoicism to contract his own heart, in cold and sullen celibacy. He thus alludes to this subject, which so often excited far other emotions than those of humour—'It is long since I have considered myself as *undone*. The world will not, perhaps, consider me in that light entirely till I have married my maid!'

It is probable that our poet had an intention of marrying his maid. I discovered a pleasing anecdote among the late Mr Bindley's collections, which I transcribed from the original. On the back of a picture of Shenstone himself, of which Dodsley published a print in 1780, the following energetic inscription was written by the poet on his new year's gift.

'This picture belongs to Mary Cutler, given her by her master, William Shenstone, January 1st, 1764, in acknowledgment of her native genius, her magnanimity, her tenderness, and her fidelity. W. S.'

'The Progress of Taste; or the fate of Delicacy,' is a poem on the temper and studies of the author; and 'Economy; a Rhapsody, addressed to young Poets,' abounds with self-touches. If Shenstone created little from the imagination, he was at least perpetually under the influence of real emotions. This is the reason why his truths so strongly operate on the juvenile mind, not yet matured; and thus we have sufficiently ascertained the fact, as the poet himself has expressed it, 'that he drew his pictures from the spot, and he felt very sensibly the affections he communicates.'

All the anxieties of a poetical life were early experienced by Shenstone. He first published some juvenile productions, under a very odd title, indicative of modesty, perhaps too of pride.* And his motto of *Contentus paucis lectoribus*, even Horace himself might have smiled at, for it only conceals the desire of every poet, who pants to deserve many! But when he tried at a more elaborate poetical labour, 'The judgment of Hercules,' it failed to attract notice. He hastened to town, and he beat about literary coffee-houses; and returned to the country from the chase of Fame, wearied without having started it.

* While at college he printed, without his name, a small volume of verses, with this title, 'Poeme upon various Occasions, written for the Entertainment of the Author, and printed for the Amusement of a few Friends, prejudiced in his Favour.' Oxford, 1787. 12 mo.—Nash's History of Worcestershire, Vol. i, p. 528.

I find this notice of it in W. Lowndes's Catalogue; 4433 Shenstone (W.) Poems, 3/, 12s. 6d.—(Shenstone took uncommon pains to suppress this book, by collecting and destroying copies wherever he met with them.)—In Longman's Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, it is valued at 16s. Oxf. 1787! Mr Harris informs me, that about the year 1770, Fletcher, the bookseller, at Oxford, had many copies of this first edition, which he sold at eighteen pence each. The prices are amazing! The prices of books are connected with their history.

'A breath revived him—but a breath o'erthrew.'

Even the 'judgment of Hercules' between Indolence and Industry, or Pleasure and Virtue, was a picture of his own feelings; an argument drawn from his own reasonings; indicating the uncertainty of the poet's dubious disposition: who finally, by siding with Indolence, lost that triumph by which his hero obtained a directly opposite course.

In the following year begins that melancholy strain in his correspondence, which marks the disappointment of the man who had staked too great a quantity of his happiness on the poetical die. 'This was the critical moment of life when our character is formed by habit, and our fate is decided by choice. Was Shenstone to become an active, or contemplative being? He yielded to Nature!'

It was now that he entered into another species of poetry, working with too costly materials, in the magical composition of plants, water, and earth; with these he created those emotions, which his more strictly poetical ones failed to excite. He planned a paradise amidst his solitude.

When we consider that Shenstone, in developing his fine pastoral ideas in the Leasowes, educated the nation into that taste for landscape-gardening, which has become the model of all Europe, this itself constitutes a claim on the gratitude of posterity. Thus the private pleasures of a man of genius may become at length those of a whole people. The creator of this new taste appears to have received far less notice than he merited. The name of Shenstone does not appear in the Essay on Gardening, by Lord Orford: even the supercilious Gray only bestowed a ludicrous image on these pastoral scenes, which, however, his friend Mason has celebrated; and the genius of Johnson, incapacitated by nature to touch on objects of rural fancy, after describing some of the offices of the landscape designer, adds, that 'he will not inquire whether they demand any great powers of mind.' Johnson, however, conveys to us his own feelings, when he immediately expresses them under the character of 'a sullen and surly speculator.' The anxious life of Shenstone would indeed have been remunerated, could he have read the enchanting eulogium of Wheatley on the Leasowes; which, said he, 'is a perfect picture of his mind—simple, elegant and amiable; and will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verse, or whether in the scenes which he formed, he only realized the pastoral images which abound in his songs.' Yes! Shenstone had been delighted could he have heard that Montesquieu, on his return home, adorned his 'Chateau Gothique, mais orné de bois charmans, dont j'ai pris l'idée en Angleterre;' and Shenstone, even with his modest and timid nature, had been proud to have witnessed a noble foreigner, amidst memorials dedicated to Theocritus and Virgil, to Thomson and Gesner, raising in his grounds an inscription, in bad English, but in pure taste, to Shenstone himself; for having displayed in his writings 'a mind natural,' and in his Leasowes 'laid Arcadian greens rural;' and recently Pindemonte has traced the taste of English gardening to Shenstone. A man of genius sometimes receives from foreigners, who are placed out of the prejudices of his compatriots, the tribute of posterity!

Amidst these rural elegancies which Shenstone was raising about him, his muse has pathetically sung his melancholy feelings—

But did the Muses haunt his cell,
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
When all the structures shone complete
Ah me! 'tis Dunsen's own confession,
Came Poverty and took possession.

THE PROGRESS OF TASTE.

The poet observes that the wants of philosophy are contracted, satisfied with 'cheap contentment,' but

'Taste alone requires
Entire profusion: days and nights, and hours
Thy voice, hydropic Fancy: calls aloud
For costly draughts——'

ECONOMY.

An original image illustrates that fatal want of economy

* On this subject Graves makes a very useful observation. 'In this decision the happiness of Mr Shenstone was materially concerned. Whether he determined wisely or not, people of taste and people of worldly prudence will probably be of very different opinions. I somewhat suspect, that "people of worldly prudence" are not half the fools that "people of taste" in-
am they are.'

which conceals itself amidst the beautiful appearance taste:

'Some graceless mark,
Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall soon or late
Burst like a pimple from the virtuous tide
Of arid blood, proclaiming want's disease
Amidst the bloom of show.'

Ecce

He paints himself:

'Observe Florentine's mien:
Why treads my friend with melancholy mien
That beauteous lawn? Why pensive strays his
O'er statues, grotesque, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome
Returns his eye unpleas'd disconsolate?'

The cause is 'criminal expense,' and he exclaims

'Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plain
How glad some once he rag'd your native is
Your simple scenes how repair'd! ere eyes
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, Art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease.'

Ecce

While Shenstone was rearing hazels and opening vistas, and winding waters;

'And having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.'

while he was pulling down hovels and cow-houses, pose notices and inscriptions for garden-seats while he had so finely obscured with a tender grove of Virgil, and thrown over, 'in the midst of yew, a bridge of one arch, built of a loured stone, and simple even to rudeness,'[†] an Oberon in some Arcadian scene;

'Where in cool grove and mossy cell
The tripping fawns and fairies dwell';

the solitary magician, who had raised all this was, in reality, an unfortunate poet, the tenant, dated farm-house, where the winds passed the rains lodged, often taking refuge in his own

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth!

In a letter of the disconsolate founder of gardening, our author paints his situation with a cry—lamenting that his house is not fit to receive friends, were they so disposed; and resolved to others, he proceeds:

'But I make it a certain rule, "arcere prodigum." Persons who will despise you for the good set of chairs, or an uncouth fire-shovel, a time that they can't taste any excellence in a overlooks those things; with whom it is in vain mind is furnished, if the walls are naked; indeed much of one's acquisitions in virtue by an hour with such as judge of merit by money—yet I am then impelled by the social passion to sit half my kitchen.'

But the solicitude of friends and the fate of a neighbour and a poet, often compelled Shenstone amidst his reveries; and thus he has preserved his and his irresolutions. Reflecting on the Somerville, he writes,

'To be forced to drink himself into pains of in order to get rid of the pains of the mind, is which I can well conceive, because I may, witty, esteem myself his equal in point of economy; frequently ought to have an eye on his misfortune kindly hinted to me about twelve o'clock, a thers.)—I should retrench—I will—but you shun me—I will not let you know that I took it in go will do it at solitary times as I may.'

Such were the calamities of 'great taste' a fortune; but in the case of Shenstone, these combined with the other calamity of 'mediocrity of

Here, then, at the Leasowes, with occasional town in pursuit of fame, which perpetually grasp; in the correspondence of a few delic whose admiration was substituted for more get brity; composing diatribes against economy; while his income was diminishing every year; lected author grew daily more indolent and sate

* Wheatley on Modern Gardening, p. 172. Ed
† In Hull's Collecton, Vol. II, Letter II.

withdrawing himself entirely into his own hermitage, sequestered and despaired in an Arcadian solitude.* The cries and the 'secret sorrows' of Shenstone have come down to us—those of his brothers have not always! And shall our men, because they have minds cold and obscure, like a Lapland year which has no summer, be permitted to cast over this class of men of sensibility and taste, but of moderate genius and without fortune? The passions and emotions of the heart are facts and dates, only to those who possess them.

To what a melancholy state was our author reduced, when he thus addressed his friend:

'I suppose you have been informed that my fever was a great measure hypochondriacal, and left my nerves so extremely sensible, that even on no very interesting subject, I could readily think myself into a vertigo; I have almost said an *epilepsy*: for surely I was oftentimes near it.'

The features of this sad portrait are more particularly made out in another place.

'Now I am come home from a visit, very little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life which I foresee I shall lead. I am angry and envious, and dejected and frantic, and disregard all present things, just as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased (though it is a gloomy joy) with the application of Dr Swift's complaint 'that he is forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.' My soul is no more fitted to the figure I make, than a cable rope to a cambric needle; I cannot bear to see the advantages alienated, which I think I could deserve and re-ach so much more than those that have them.'

There are other testimonies in his entire correspondence. Whenever forsaken by his company he describes the horrors around him, delivered up 'to winter, silence, and reflection; ever foreseeing himself returning to the same series of melancholy hours.' His frame shattered by the whole train of hypochondriacal symptoms, there was nothing to cheer the querulous author, who with half the consciousness of genius, lived neglected and unprotected.—His elegant mind had not the force, by his productions, to draw the celebrity he sighed after, to his hermitage.

Shenstone was so anxious for his literary character, that he contemplated on the posthumous fame which he must derive from the publication of his Letters: see Letter LXXIX, on hearing his letters to Mr Whistler were destroyed. The act of a merchant, his brother, who being a very sensible man, as Graves describes, yet with the stupidity of a Goth, destroyed the whole correspondence of Shenstone, for 'its sentimental intercourse.'—Shenstone bitterly regrets the loss, and says, 'I would have given more money for the letters than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my letters as some of my *chef d'œuvre*—they are the history of my mind for these twenty years past.' This, with the loss of Cowley's correspondence, should have been preserved in the article of suppressors and dilapidators of manuscripts.

Towards the close of life, when his spirits were exhausted, and 'the silly clue of hopes and expectations,' as he termed them, was undone, the notice of some persons of rank began to reach him. Shenstone, however, deeply colours the variable state of his own mind—'Recovering from a nervous fever, as I have since discovered by many concurrent symptoms, I seem to anticipate a little of that "vernal delight" which Milton mentions and thinks

"———able to chase

All sadness, but despair!"—

at least I begin to resume my silly clue of hopes and expectations.'

In a former letter he had, however, given them up; 'I began to wean myself from all hopes and expectations whatever. I feed my wild-ducks, and I water my carriages. Happy enough if I could extinguish my ambition quite, to indulge the desire of being something more bene-

* Graves was supposed to have glanced at his friend Shenstone in his novel of 'Coloniella; or the Distressed Anchorite.' The aim of this work is to convey all the moral instruction I could wish to offer here to youthful genius. It is written to show the consequence of a person of education and talents retiring to solitude and indolence in the vigour of youth. *Nichols's Literary anecdoter*, vol. iii, p. 134. *Nash's History of Worcestershire*, vol. i, p. 527.

ficial in my sphere.—Perhaps some few other circumstances would want also to be adjusted.'

What were these 'hopes and expectations,' from which sometimes he weans himself, and which are perpetually revived, and are attributed to 'an ambition he cannot extinguish?' This article has been written in vain, if the reader has not already perceived, that they had haunted him in early life; sickening his spirit after the possession of a poetical celebrity, unattainable by his genius; some expectations too he might have cherished from the talent he possessed for political studies, in which Graves confidently says, that 'he would have made no inconsiderable figure, if he had had a sufficient motive for applying his mind to them.' Shenstone has left several proofs of this talent.* But his master-passion for literary fame had produced little more than anxieties and disappointments; and when he indulged his pastoral fancy in a beautiful creation on his grounds, it consumed the estate which it adorned. Johnson forcibly expressed his situation: 'His death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that if he had lived a little longer, he would have been assisted by a pension.'

SECRET HISTORY OF THE BUILDING OF BLENHEIM.

The secret history of this national edifice derives importance from its nature, and the remarkable characters involved in the unparalleled transaction. The great architect when obstructed in the progress of his work, by the irregular payments of the workmen appears to have practised one of his own comic plots to put the debts on the hero himself; while the duke who had it much at heart to inhabit the palace of his fame, but tutored into wariness under the vigilant and fierce eye of Atossa would neither approve nor disapprove, silently looked on in hope and in grief, from year to year, as the work proceeded, or as it was left at a stand. At length we find this *comédie larmoyante* wound up by the duchess herself, in an attempt utterly to ruin the enraged and insulted architect!†

Perhaps this was the first time that it had ever been resolved in parliament to raise a public monument of glory and gratitude—to an individual! The novelty of the attempt may serve as the only excuse for the loose arrangements which followed after parliament had approved of the design, without voting any specific supply for the purpose! The queen always issued the orders at her own expense, and commanded expedition; and while Anne lived, the expenses of the building were included in her majesty's debts, as belonging to the civil list sanctioned by parliament.

When George the First came to the throne, the parliament declared the debt to be the debt of the queen, and the king granted a privy seal as for other debts. The crown and the parliament had hitherto proceeded in perfect union respecting this national edifice. However, I find that the workmen were greatly in arrears; for when George the First ascended the throne, they gladly accepted a third part of their several debts!

The great architect found himself amidst inextricable difficulties. With the fertile invention which amuses in his comedies, he contrived an extraordinary scheme, by which he proposed to make the duke himself responsible for the building of Blenheim!

However much the duke longed to see the magnificent edifice concluded, he showed the same calm intrepidity in the building of Blenheim as he had in its field of action. Aware that if he himself gave any order, or suggested any alteration, he might be involved in the expense of the building, he was never to be circumvented,—never to be surprised into a spontaneous emotion of pleasure or disapprobation; on no occasion, he declares, had he even entered into conversation with the architect (though his friend) or with any one acting under his orders,—about Blenheim House! Such impenetrable prudence on all sides had often blunted the subdulous ingenuity of the architect and plotter of comedies!

In the absence of the duke, when abroad in 1703, Sir John contrived to obtain from Lord Godolphin the friend

* See his Letters XL, and XLII, and more particularly XLII, and XLIII, with a new theory of political principles.

† I draw the materials of this secret history from an unpublished 'Case of the Duke of Marlborough and Sir John Vanbrugh,' as also from some confidential correspondence of Vanbrugh with Jacob Tonson, his friend and publisher.

and relative of the duke of Marlborough, and probably his agent in some of his concerns, a warrant, constituting Vanbrugh surveyor, with power of contracting on the behalf of the Duke of Marlborough. How he prevailed on Lord Godolphin to get this appointment does not appear—his lordship probably conceived it was useful, and might assist in expediting the great work, the favourite object of the hero. This warrant, however, Vanbrugh kept entirely to himself; he never mentioned to the duke that he was in the possession of any such power; nor on his return, did he claim to have it renewed.

The building proceeded with the same delays, and the payments with the same irregularity; the veteran now foresaw what happened, that he should never be the inhabitant of his own house! The public money issued from the Treasury was never to be depended on; and after 1712, the duke took the building upon himself, for the purpose of accommodating the workmen. They had hitherto received what was called 'crown pay,' which was high wages and uncertain payment—and they now gladly abated a third of their prices. But though the duke had undertaken to pay the workmen, this could make no alteration in the claims on the Treasury. Blenheim was to be built for Marlborough, not by him; it was a monument raised by the nation to their hero, not a palace to be built by their mutual contributions.

Whether Marlborough found that his own million might be slowly injured while the Treasury remained still obdurate, or that the architect was still more and more involved, I cannot tell; but in 1715, the workmen appear to have struck, and the old delays and stand-still again renewed. It was then Sir John, for the first time, produced the warrant he had extracted from Lord Godolphin, to lay before the Treasury; adding, however, a memorandum, to prevent any misconception, that the duke was to be considered as the paymaster, the debts incurred devolving on the crown. This part of our secret history requires more development than I am enabled to afford: as my information is drawn from 'the Case' of the duke of Marlborough in reply to Sir John's depositions, it is possible Vanbrugh may suffer more than he ought in this narration; which, however, incidentally notices his own statements.

A new scene opens! Vanbrugh not obtaining his claims from the Treasury, and the workmen becoming more clamorous, the architect suddenly turns round on the duke, at once to charge him with the whole debt.

The pitiable history of this magnificent monument of public gratitude, from its beginnings, is given by Vanbrugh in his deposition. The great architect represents himself as being comptroller of her majesty's works; and as such was appointed to prepare a model, which model of Blenheim House her majesty kept in her palace, and gave her commands to issue money according to the direction of Mr Travers, the queen's surveyor-general; that the lord treasurer appointed her majesty's own officers to supervise these works; that it was upon defect of money from the Treasury that the workmen grew uneasy; that the work was stopped, till further orders of money from the Treasury; that the queen then ordered enough to secure it from winter weather; that afterwards she ordered more for payment of the workmen; that they were paid in part; and upon Sir John's telling them the queen's resolution to grant them a further supply, (after a stop put to it by the dutchess's order) they went on and incurred the present debt; that this was afterwards brought into the house of commons as the debt of the crown, not owing from the queen to the Duke of Marlborough, but to the workmen, and this by the queen's officers.

During the uncertain progress of the building, and while the workmen were often in deep arrears, it would seem that the architect often designed to involve the Marlboroughs in its fate and his own; he probably thought that some of their round million might bear to be chipped, to finish his great work, with which, too, their glory was so intimately connected. The famous dutchess had evidently put the duke on the *de-ni-ve*; but once, perhaps, was the duke on the point of indulging some generous architectural fancy, when lo! Atossa stepped forwards and 'put a stop to the building.'

When Vanbrugh at length produced the warrant of Lord Godolphin, empowering him to contract for the duke, this instrument was utterly disclaimed by Marlborough; the duke declares it existed without his knowledge; and

that if such an instrument for a moment was held valid, no man would be safe, but might be ruined by act of another!

Vanbrugh seems to have involved the intricate plot, till it fell into some contradictions. The question not found difficult to manage; but after her death the Treasury failed in its golden source, he was obliged to sit down to contrive how to make the duke the debtor. Vanbrugh swears that 'He himself lent to the crown, as engaged to the Duke of Marlborough, the expense; but that he believes the workmen always upon the duke as their paymaster.' He advances and swears that he made a contract with particular workmen, which contract was not unknown to the duke. Thence denied; but the duke in his reply observes, that 'he is not that the workmen were employed for his account, his own agent;'—never having heard till Sir John produced the warrant from Lord Godolphin, that it was 'his surveyor' which he disclaims.

Our architect, however opposite his depositions upon, contrived to become a witness to such facts as must conclude the duke to be the debtor for the building: 'in his depositions has taken as much care to lay the guilt of perjury without the punishment of it, as any could do.' He so managed, though he has not even contradictions, that the natural tendency of one part of evidence presses one way, and the natural tendency of another part presses the direct contrary way. In his former memorial, the main design was to disengage him from the debt; in his depositions, the main design was to charge the duke with the debt. Vanbrugh, it must be confessed, exerted not less of his dramatic than his architectural genius in the building of Blenheim!

'The Case' concludes with an eloquent reflection, where Vanbrugh is distinguished as the man of genius though not, in this predicament, the man of honor. 'I at last the charge run into by order of the crown made upon the duke, yet the infamy of it must go upon one who was perhaps the only Architect in the world capable of building such a house; and the only friend in the world capable of concurring to lay the debt upon one to whom was so highly obliged.'

There is a curious fact in the depositions of Vanbrugh by which we might infer that the idea of Blenheim House might have originated with the duke himself: he says that in 1704, the duke met him, and told him he desired to build a house, and must consult him about a model; but it was the queen who ordered the present house to be built with all expedition.

The whole conduct of this national edifice was unworthy of the nation, if in truth the nation ever entered heartily into it. No specific sum had been voted in parliament so great an undertaking; which afterwards was the occasion of involving all the parties concerned in trouble and litigation, threatened the ruin of the architect; and I think we shall see, by Vanbrugh's letters, was finished at the sole charge, and even under the superintendence, of the dutchess herself! It may be a question, whether this magnificent monument of glory did not rather originate in the spirit of party, in the urgent desire of the queen to slay the pride and jealousies of the Marlboroughs. From the circumstance to which Vanbrugh has sworn, that the duke had designed to have a house built by Vanbrugh, before Blenheim had been resolved on, we may suppose that his intention of the duke's afforded the queen a suggestion of a national edifice.

Archdeacon Coxe, in his life of Marlborough, has obscurely alluded to the circumstances attending the building of Blenheim. 'The illness of the duke, and the tedious litigation which ensued, caused such delays, that little progress was made in the work at the time of his decease. In the interim, a serious misunderstanding arose between the dutchess and the architect, which forms the subject of a voluminous correspondence. Vanbrugh was in consequence removed, and the direction of the building confided to other hands, under her own immediate superintendence.'

This 'voluminous correspondence' would probably afford 'words that burn' of the lofty insolence of Atossa, and 'thoughts that breathe' of the comic wit; it might too relate, in many curious points, to the stupendous fabric itself. If her grace condescended to criticise its parts with the frank roughness she is known to have done to the architect himself, his own defence and explanations might

serve to let us into the bewildering fancies of his magical architecture. Of that self-creation for which he was so much abused in his own day as to have lost his real avocation as an architect, and stand condemned for posterity in the volatile bitterness of Lord Orford, nothing is left for us but our own convictions—to behold, and to be for ever astonished! But 'this voluminous correspondence?' Alas! the historian of war and politics overlooks with contempt the little secret histories of art, and of human nature!—and 'a voluminous correspondence' which indicates so much, and on which not a solitary idea is bestowed, has only served to petrify our curiosity!

Of this quarrel between the famous duchess and Vanbrugh I have only recovered several vivacious extracts from confidential letters of Vanbrugh's to Jacob Tonson. There was an equality of the genius of invention, as well as rancour, in her grace and the wit: whether Atossa, like Vanbrugh, could have had the patience to have composed a comedy of five acts I will not determine; but unquestionably she could have dictated many scenes with equal spirit. We have seen Vanbrugh attempting to turn the debts incurred by the building of Blenheim on the duke; we now learn, for the first time, that the duchess, with equal aptitude, contrived a counter-plot to turn the debts on Vanbrugh!

'I have the misfortune of losing, for I now see little hopes of ever getting it, nearly 2000*l.* due to me for many years' service, plague, and trouble, at Blenheim, which that wicked woman of 'Marlborough' is so far from paying me, that the duke being sued by some of the workmen for work done there, she has tried to turn the debt due to them upon me, for which I think she ought to be hanged.'

In 1722, on occasion of the duke's death, Vanbrugh gives an account to Tonson of the great wealth of the Marlboroughs, with a caustic touch at his illustrious victims.

'The Duke of Marlborough's treasure exceeds the most extravagant guess. The grand settlement, which it was supposed her grace had broken to pieces, stands good, and hands an immense wealth to Lord Godolphin and his successors. A round million has been moving about in loans on the land-tax, &c. This the Treasury knew before he died, and this was exclusive of his 'land'; his 5000*l.* a year upon the post-office; his mortgages upon a distressed estate; his South Sea stock; his annuities, and which were not subscribed in, and besides what is in foreign banks; and yet this man could neither pay his workmen their bills, nor his architect his salary.

He has given his widow (may a Scottish ensign get her!) 10,000*l.* a year to *spoil Blenheim her own way*; 12,000*l.* a year to keep herself clean and go to law; 2,000*l.* a year to Lord Rialton for present maintenance; and Lord Godolphin only 5,000*l.* a year jointure, if he outlives my lady; this last is a wretched article. The rest of the heap, for these are but snippings, goes to Lord Godolphin, and so on. She will have 40,000*l.* a year in present.'

Atossa, as the quarrel heated and the plot thickened, with the maliciousness of Puck, and the haughtiness of an Empress of Blenheim, invented the most cruel insult that ever architect endured!—one perfectly characteristic of that extraordinary woman. Vanbrugh went to Blenheim with his lady, in a company from Castle Howard, another magnificent monument of his singular genius.

'We staid two nights in Woodstock; but there was an order to the servants, under her grace's own hand, not to let me enter Blenheim! and lest that should not mortify me enough, she having somehow learned that my wife was of the company, sent an express the night before we came there, with orders that if she came with the Castle Howard ladies, the servants should not suffer her to see either house, gardens, or even to enter the park: so she was forced to sit all day long and keep me company at the inn!'

This was a *coup de theatre* in this joint comedy of Atossa and Vanbrugh! The architect of Blenheim, lifting his eyes towards his own massive grandeur, exiled to a dull inn, and imprisoned with one who required rather to be consoled than capable of consoling the enraged architect!

In 1725, Atossa still pursuing her hunted prey, had driven it to a spot which she flattered herself would enclose it with the security of a preservative. This produced the following explosion!

'I have been forced into chancery by that B. B. B. the Duchess of Marlborough, where she has got an injunction upon me by her friend the late good chancellor (Earl of Macclesfield,) who declared that I was never employed

by the duke, and therefore had no demand upon his estate for my services at Blenheim. Since my hands were thus tied up from trying by law to recover my arrear, I have prevailed with Sir Robert Walpole to help me in a scheme which I proposed to him, by which I got my money in spite of the husary's teeth. My carrying this point enrages her much, and the more because it is of considerable weight in my small fortune, which she has heartily endeavoured so to destroy as to throw me into an English bastille, there to finish my days, as I began them, in a French one.'

Plot for plot! and the superior claims of one of practised invention are vindicated! The writer, long accustomed to comedy-writing, has excelled the self-taught genius of Atossa. The 'scheme' by which Vanbrugh's fertile invention, aided by Sir Robert Walpole, finally circumvented the avaricious, the haughty, and the capricious Atossa, remains untold, unless it is alluded to by the passage in Lord Orford's 'Anecdotes of Painting,' where he informs us that the 'duchess quarrelled with Sir John and went to law with him; but though he *proved to be in the right*, or rather *because he proved to be in the right*, she employed Sir Christopher Wren to build the house in St. James's Park.'

I have to add a curious discovery respecting Vanbrugh himself, which explains a circumstance in his life not hitherto understood.

In all the biographies of Vanbrugh, from the time of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, the early part of the life of this man of genius remains unknown. It is said he descended from an ancient family in *Cheshire*, which came originally from *France*, though by the name, which properly written would be *Van Brugh*, he would appear to be of *Dutch* extraction. A tale is universally repeated that Sir John once visiting France in the prosecution of his architectural studies, while taking a survey of some fortifications, excited alarm, and was carried to the Bastille; where, to deepen the interests of the story, he sketched a variety of comedies, which he must have communicated to the governor, who, whispering it doubtless as an affair of state to several of the noblesse, these admirers of 'sketches of comedies'—English ones no doubt—procured the release of this English Moliere. This tale is farther confirmed by a very odd circumstance. Sir John built at Greenwich, on the spot still called 'Vanbrugh's Fields,' two whimsical houses: one on the side of Greenwich Park is still called 'the Bastille-House,' built on its model, to commemorate this imprisonment.

Not a word of this detailed story is probably true! that the *Bastille* was an object which sometimes occupied the imagination of our architect, is probable; for, by the letter we have just quoted, we discover from himself the singular incident of Vanbrugh's having been *born in the Bastille*.

Desirous probably of concealing his alien origin, this circumstance cast his early days into obscurity. He felt that he was a Briton in all respects but that of his singular birth. The ancestors of Vanbrugh, who was of *Cheshire*, said to be of *French* extraction, though with a *Dutch* name, married Sir Dudley Carleton's daughter. We are told he had 'political connexions;' and one of his 'political' tours had probably occasioned his confinement in that state-dungeon, where his lady was delivered of her burden of love. The odd fancy of building a 'Bastille-House' at Greenwich, a fortified prison! suggested to his first life-writer the fine romance; which must now be thrown aside among those literary fictions the French distinguish by the softening and yet impudent term of '*Anecdotes hasardées*!' with which formerly Varillas and his imitators furnished their pages; lies which looked like facts!

SECRET HISTORY OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.*

Rawleigh exercised in perfection incompatible talents, and his character connects the opposite extremes of our nature! His 'book of life,' with its incidents of prosperity and adversity, of glory and humiliation, was as chequered as the novelist would desire for a tale of fiction. Yet in this mighty genius there lies an unsuspected disposition, which requires to be demonstrated, before it is possible to conceive its reality. From his earliest days he betrayed the genius of an *adventurer*, which prevailed in his character to the latest; and it often involved him

* Rawleigh, as was practised to a much later period, wrote his name various ways. In the former series of this work I have discovered at least how it was pronounced in his time—thus, Rawly. See in *Faint Series*, art. 'Orthography of Proper Names.'

in the practice of mean artifices and petty deceptions ; which appear like folly in the wisdom of a sage ; like ineptitude in the profound views of a politician ; like cowardice in the magnanimity of a hero ; and degraded by their littleness the grandeur of a character which was closed by a splendid death, worthy the life of the wisest and the greatest of mankind !

The sunshine of his days was in the reign of Elizabeth. From a boy, always dreaming of romantic conquests, for he was born in an age of heroism ; and formed by nature for the chivalric gallantry of the court of a maiden queen, from the moment he with such infinite art cast his rich mantle over the miry spot, his life was a progress of glory. All about Rawleigh was splendid as the dress he wore : his female sovereign, whose eyes loved to dwell on men who might have been fit subjects for 'the Faerie Queen' of Spenser, penurious of reward, only recompensed her favourites by suffering them to make their own fortunes on sea and land ; and Elizabeth listened to the glowing projects of her hero, indulging that spirit which could have conquered the world, to have laid the toy at the feet of the sovereign !

This man, this extraordinary being, who was prodigal of his life and fortune on the Spanish main, in the idleness of peace could equally direct his invention to supply the domestic wants of every-day life, in his project of 'an office for address.' Nothing was too high for his ambition, nor too humble for his genius. Pre-eminent as a military and a naval commander, as a statesman and a student, Rawleigh was as intent on forming the character of Prince Henry, as that prince was studious of moulding his own aspiring qualities by the genius of the friend whom he contemplated. Yet the active life of Rawleigh is not more remarkable than his contemplative one. He may well rank among the founders of our literature : for composing on a subject exciting little interest, his fine genius has sealed his unfinished volume with immortality. For magnificence of eloquence, and massiveness of thought, we must still dwell on his pages.* Such was the man, who was the adored patron of Spenser ; whom Ben Jonson, proud of calling other favourites 'his sons,' honoured by the title of his 'father ;' and who left political instructions which Milton deigned to edit.

But how has it happened, that of so elevated a character, Gibbon has pronounced that it was 'ambiguous,' while it is described by Hume as 'a great but ill-regulated mind ?'

There was a peculiarity in the character of this eminent man : he practised the cunning of an *adventurer* ; a cunning, most humiliating in the narrative ! The great difficulty to overcome in this discovery is, how to account for a sage and a hero acting folly and cowardice, and attempting to obtain by circuitous deception, what it may be supposed so magnanimous a spirit would not only deign to possess himself of by direct and open methods.

Since the present article was written, a letter, hitherto unpublished, appears in the recent edition of Shakespeare, which curiously and minutely records one of those artifices of the kind which I am about to narrate at length. When under Elizabeth, Rawleigh was once in confinement, and it appears, that seeing the queen passing by, he was suddenly seized with a strange resolution of combating with the governor and his people ; declaring that the mere sight of the queen had made him desperate, as a confined lover would feel at the sight of his mistress. The letter gives a minute narrative of Sir Walter's astonishing conduct, and carefully repeats the warm romantic style in which he talked of his royal mistress, and his formal resolution to die rather than exist out of her presence. This extravagant scene, with all its colouring, has been most elaborately penned by the ingenious letter-writer with a hint to the person whom he addresses, to suffer it to meet the eye of their royal mistress, who could not fail of admiring our new 'Orlando Furioso ;' and soon after released this tender prisoner ! To me it is evident that the whole scene was got up and concerted for the occasion, and was the invention of Rawleigh himself : the romantic incident he well knew was perfectly adapted to the queen's taste. Another similar incident, in which I have been anticipated in the disclosure of the fact, though not of its nature, was what Sir Toby Matthews obscurely

* I shall give in the article 'Literary Unions,' a curious account how 'Rawleigh's History of the World' was composed, which has hitherto escaped discovery

alludes to his letters, of 'the guilty blow he gave him in the Tower ;' a passage which had long excited my attention, till I discovered the curious incident in some manuscript letters of Lord Cecil. Rawleigh was then confined in the Tower for the Cobham conspiracy ; a plot absurd and obscure, that one historian has called a 'state-riddle,' but for which, so many years after, Rawleigh so cruelly lost his life.

Lord Cecil gives an account of the examination of the prisoners involved in this conspiracy. 'One afternoon, whilst diverse of us were in the Tower examining these prisoners, Sir Walter attempted to murder him ; whereof when we were advertised, we came to him and found him in some agony to be unable to endure his misfortunes, and protesting innocence, with caricatures of life ; and in that humour he had wounded himself with a right pap, but no way mortally, being in truth rather a stab, and now very well cured both in body and mind.' This feeble attempt at suicide, this 'cut more than stab,' I must place among those scenes in the life of Rawleigh, so mean and incomprehensible with the genius of the man. If it were nothing but one of those

'Fears of the Brave !'

we must now open another of the

'Follies of the Wise !'

Rawleigh returned from the wild and desperate war of Guiana, with misery in every shape about him.* His son had perished ; his devoted Keymis would not save his reproach ; and Rawleigh, without fortune and without hope, in sickness and in sorrow, brooded over the thought, that in the hatred of the Spaniards, and in the political pusillanimity of James, he was arriving only to an inevitable death. With this presentiment, he had wished to give up his ship to the crew, had they consented to land him in France ; but he was probably irresolute in this decision at sea, as he was afterwards at land, when he wished to escape, and refused to fly : the clearest intellect was darkened, and magnanimity itself became humiliated, floating between the sense of honour and of life.

Rawleigh landed in his native county of Devon : his arrival was the common topic of conversation, and he was the object of censure or of commiseration ; but his pen was not molested, till the fears of James became more urgent than his pity.

The Cervantic Gondomar, whose 'quips and quarts' had concealed the cares of state, one day rushed into the presence of James, breathlessly calling out for 'audience' and compressing his 'ear-piercing' message into the laconic abruptness of 'piratas ! piratas ! piratas !' There was agony as well as politics in this cry of Gondomar, whose brother, the Spanish governor, had been massacred in this predatory expedition. The timid monarch, terrified at this tragical appearance of his facetious friend, saw at once the demands of the whole Spanish cabot, and vented his palliative in a gentle proclamation. Rawleigh having settled his affairs in the West, set off for London to appear before the king, in consequence of the proclamation. A few miles from Plymouth, he was met by Sir Lewis Stucley, vice-admiral of Devon, a kinsman and a friend, who, in communication with government, had accepted a sort of *surveillance* over Sir Walter. It is said, (and will be credited, when we hear the story of Stucley) that he had set his heart on the ship, as a probable good purchase ; and on the person, against whom, to colour his natural treachery, he professed an old hatred. He first seized on Rawleigh more like the kinsman than the vice-admiral, and proposed travelling together to London, and baiting at the houses of the friends of Rawleigh. The warrant which Stucley in the meanwhile had desired was instantly despatched, and the bearer was one Manoury, a French empiric, who was evidently sent to act the part he did,—a part played at all times, and the last title in French politics, that so often had recourse to this instrument of state, is a *Mouton* !

Rawleigh still, however was not placed under any harsh

* These letters were written by Lord Cecil to Sir Thomas Parry, our ambassador in France, and were transcribed from the copy-book of Sir Thomas Parry's correspondence, which is preserved in the Pepysian library at Cambridge.

† My friend, Mr Hamper, of Deritend House, Birmingham, among other curious collections which he possesses, informs me that he has 'a manuscript of depositions taken in Spain relative to the losses of some merchants who had been plundered by Sir Walter in this voyage.'

restraint: his confidential associate, Captain King, accompanied him; and it is probable, that if Rawleigh had effectuated his escape, he would have conferred a great favour on the government.

They could not save him at London. It is certain that he might have escaped; for Captain King had hired a vessel, and Rawleigh had stolen out by night, and might have reached it, but irresolutely returned home; another night, the same vessel was ready, but Rawleigh never came! The loss of his honour appeared the greater calamity.

As he advanced in this eventful journey, every thing assumed a more formidable aspect. His friends communicated fearful advices; a pursuivant, or king's messenger, gave a more menacing appearance; and suggestions arose in his own mind, that he was reserved to become a victim of state. When letters of commission from the Privy council were brought to Sir Lewis Stucley, Rawleigh was observed to change countenance, exclaiming with an oath, 'Is it possible my fortune should return upon me thus again?' He lamented before Captain King, that he had neglected the opportunity of escape; and which, every day he advanced inland, removed him the more from any chance.

Rawleigh at first suspected that Manoury was one of those instruments of state, who are sometimes employed when open measures are not to be pursued, or when the cabinet have not yet determined on the fate of a person implicated in a state crime; in a word, Rawleigh thought that Manoury was a spy over him, and probably over Stucley too. The first impression in these matters is usually the right one; but when Rawleigh found himself caught in the toils, he imagined that such corrupt agents were to be corrupted. The French empiric was sounded, and found very compliant; Rawleigh was desirous by his aid to counterfeit sickness, and for this purpose invented a series of the most humiliating stratagems. He imagined that a constant appearance of sickness might produce delay, and procrastination, in the chapter of accidents, might end in pardon. He procured vomits from the Frenchman, and whenever he chose, produced every appearance of sickness; with dimness of sight, dizziness in his head, he reeled about, and once struck himself with such violence against a pillar in the gallery, that there was no doubt of his malady. Rawleigh's servant one morning entered Stucley's chamber, declared that his master was out of his senses, for that he had just left him in his shirt upon all fours, gnawing the rushes upon the floor. On Stucley's entrance, Rawleigh was raving, and reeling in strong convulsions. Stucley ordered him to be chafed and fomented, and Rawleigh afterwards laughed at this scene with Manoury, observing that he had made Stucley a perfect physician.

But Rawleigh found it required some more visible and alarming disease than such ridiculous scenes had exhibited. The vomits worked so slowly, that Manoury was fearful to repeat the doses. Rawleigh inquired, whether the empiric knew of any preparations which could make him look ghastly, without injuring his health. The Frenchman offered a harmless ointment to act on the surface of the skin, which would give him the appearance of a leper. 'That will do!' said Rawleigh, 'for the lords will be afraid to approach me, and besides it will move their pity.' Applying the ointment to his brows, his arms, and his breast, the blisters rose, the skin inflamed, and was covered with purple spots. Stucley concluded that Rawleigh had the plague. Physicians were now to be called in; Rawleigh took the black silk ribbon from his poniard, and Manoury tightened it strongly about his arm, to disorder his pulse; but his pulse beat too strong and regular. He appeared to take no food, while Manoury secretly provided him. To perplex the learned doctors still more, Rawleigh had the urinal coloured by a drug of a strong scent. The physicians pronounced the disease mortal, and that the patient could not be removed into the air without immediate danger. 'Awhile after, being in his bed-chamber undressed, and no one present but Manoury, Sir Walter held a looking-glass in his hand, to admire his spotted face,* and observed in merriment to his new con-

* A friend informs me, that he saw recently at a print-dealer's a painted portrait of Sir Walter Rawleigh, with the face thus spotted. It is extraordinary that any artist should have chosen such a subject for his pencil; but should this be a portrait of the times, it shows that this strange stratagem had excited public attention.

fidant, how they should one day laugh for having thus cozened—the king, council physicians, Spaniards and all. The excuse Rawleigh offered for this course of poor stratagems, so unworthy of his genius, was to obtain time and seclusion for writing his apology, or vindication of his voyage, which has come down to us in his 'Remains.' 'The prophet David did make himself a fool, and suffered spittle to fall upon his beard, to escape from the hands of his enemies,' said Rawleigh in his last speech. Brutus, too, was another example. But his discernment often prevailed over this mockery of his spirit. The king licensed him to reside at his own house on his arrival in London; on which Manoury observed, that the king showed by this indulgence, that his majesty was favourably inclined towards him; but Rawleigh replied, 'They used all these kinds of flatteries to the Duke of Byron, to draw him fairly into prison, and then they cut off his head. I know they have concluded among them, that it is expedient that a man should die, to re-assure the traffic which I have broke with Spain.' And Manoury adds, from whose narrative we have all these particulars, that Sir Walter broke out in this rant: 'If he could but save himself for this time, he would plot such plots, as should make the king think himself happy to send for him again, and restore him to his estate, and would force the king of Spain to write into England in his favour.'

Rawleigh at length proposed a flight to France with Manoury, who declares that it was then he revealed to Stucley what he had hitherto concealed, that Stucley might double his vigilance. Rawleigh now perceived that he had two rogues to bribe instead of one, and that they were playing into one another's hands. Proposals are now made to Stucley through Manoury, who is as compliant as his brother-knave. Rawleigh presented Stucley with 'a jewel made in the fashion of hail powdered with diamonds, with a ruby in the midst.' But Stucley observing to his kinsman and friend, that he must lose his office of Vice-admiral, which had cost him six hundred pounds, in case he suffered Rawleigh to escape; Rawleigh solemnly assured him that he should be no loser, and that his lady should give him one thousand pounds when they got into France or Holland. About this time the French quack took his leave; the part he had to act was performed; the juggle was complete: and two wretches had triumphed over the sagacity and magnanimity of a sage and a hero, whom misfortune had levelled to folly; and who, in violating the dignity of his own character, had only equalled himself with vulgar knaves; men who exulted that the circumventer was circumvented; or, as they expressed it, 'the great cozeners was cozened.' But our story does not here conclude, for the treacheries of Stucley were more intricate. This perfect villain had obtained a warrant of indemnity, to authorize his compliance with any offer to assist Rawleigh in his escape; this wretch was the confidant and the executioner of Rawleigh; he carried about him a license to betray him, and was making his profit of the victim before he delivered him to the sacrifice. Rawleigh was still plotting his escape: at Salisbury he had despatched his confidential friend Captain King to London, to secure a boat at Tilbury; he had also a secret interview with the French agent. Rawleigh's servant mentioned to Captain King, that his boatswain had a ketch of his own, and was ready at his service for 'thirty pieces of silver'; the boatswain and Rawleigh's servant acted Judas, and betrayed the plot to Mr William Herbert, cousin to Stucley, and thus the treachery was kept among themselves as a family concern. The night for flight was now fixed, but he could not part without his friend Stucley, who had promised never to quit him; and who, indeed, informed by his cousin Herbert, had suddenly surprised Rawleigh putting on a false beard. The party met at the appointed place; Sir Lewis Stucley with his son, and Rawleigh disguised. Stucley in saluting King, asked whether he had not shown himself an honest man? King hoped he would continue so. They had not rowed twenty strokes, before the watermen observed, that Mr. Herbert had lately taken boat, and made towards the bridge, but had returned down the river after them. Rawleigh instantly expressed his apprehensions, and wished to return home; he consulted King—the watermen took fright—Stucley acted his part well; damning his ill-fortune to have a friend whom he would save, so full of doubts and fears, and threatening to pistol the watermen if they did not proceed. Even King was over-

come by the earnest conduct of Stucley, and a new spirit was infused into the rowers. As they drew near Greenwich, a wherry crossed them. Rawleigh declared it came to discover them. King tried to allay his fears, and assured him that if once they reached Gravesend, he would hazard his life to get to Tilbury. But in these delays and discussions, the tide was falling; the watermen declared they could not reach Gravesend before morning; Rawleigh would have landed at Purfleet, and the boatswain encouraged him; for there it was thought he could procure horses for Tilbury. Sir Lewis Stucley too was zealous; and declared he was content to carry the cloak-bag on his own shoulders, for half a mile, but King declared that it was useless, they could not at that hour get horses, to go by land.

They rowed a mile beyond Woolwich, approaching two or three ketches, when the boatswain doubted whether any of these were the one he had provided to furnish them. 'We are betrayed!' cried Rawleigh, and ordered the watermen to row back: he strictly examined the boatswain, alas! his ingenuity was baffled by a shuffling villain, whose real answer appeared when a wherry hailed the boat; Rawleigh observed that it contained Herbert's crew. He saw that all was now discovered. He took Stucley aside; his ingenious mind still suggesting projects for himself to return home in safety, or how Stucley might plead that he had only pretended to go with Rawleigh, to seize on his private papers. They whispered together, and Rawleigh took some things from his pocket, and handed them to Stucley; probably more 'rubies powdered with diamonds.'—Some effect was instantaneously produced; for the tender heart of his friend Stucley relented, and he not only repeatedly embraced him with extraordinary warmth of affection, but was voluble in effusions of friendship and fidelity. Stucley persuaded Rawleigh to land at Gravesend, the strange wherry which had dogged them landing at the same time; these were people belonging to Mr Herbert and Sir William St John, who, it seems, had formerly shared in the spoils of this unhappy hero. On Greenwich bridge, Stucley advised Captain King that it would be advantageous to Sir Walter, that King should confess that he had joined with Stucley to betray his master; and Rawleigh lent himself to the suggestion of Stucley, of whose treachery he might still be uncertain; but King, a rough and honest seaman, declared that he would not share in the odium. At the moment he refused, Stucley arrested the captain in the king's name, committing him to the charge of Herbert's men. They then proceeded to a tavern, but Rawleigh, who now viewed the monster in his true shape, observed, 'Sir Lewis, these actions will not turn out to your credit; and on the following day, when they passed through the Tower-gate, Rawleigh turning to King, observed, 'Stucley and my servant Cotterell have betrayed me. You need be in no fear of danger, but as for me, it is I who am the mark that is shot at.' Thus concludes the narrative of Captain King. The fate of Rawleigh soon verified the prediction.

This long narrative of treachery will not, however, be complete, unless we wind it up with the fate of the infamous Stucley. Fiction gives perfection to its narratives, by the privilege it enjoys of disposing of its criminals in the most exemplary manner; but the labours of the historian are not always refreshed by this moral pleasure. Retribution is not always discovered in the present stage of human existence, yet history is perhaps equally delightful as fiction, whenever its perfect catastrophes resemble those of romantic invention. The present is a splendid example.

I have discovered the secret history of Sir Lewis Stucley, in several manuscript letters of the times.

Rawleigh, in his admirable address from the scaffold, where he seemed to be rather one of the spectators than the sufferer, declared he forgave Sir Lewis, for he had forgiven all men; but he was bound in charity to caution all men against him, and such as he is! Rawleigh's last and solemn notice of the treachery of his 'kinsman and friend' was irrevocably fatal to this wretch. The hearts of the people were open to the deepest impressions of sympathy, melting into tears at the pathetic address of the magnanimous spirit who had touched them: in one moment Sir Lewis Stucley became an object of execration throughout the nation; he soon obtained a new title, that of 'Sir Judas,' and was shunned by every man. To remove the Cain-like mark, which God and men had fixed on him, he

published an apology for his conduct; a performance which, at least, for its ability, might raise him in our consideration; but I have since discovered, in one of the manuscript letter-writers, that it was written by Dr Stern, who had been a chaplain to Henry Prince of Wales. The writer pleads in Stucley's justification, that he was a spy agent; that it was lawful to lie for the discovery of treason; that he had a personal hatred towards Rawleigh, for having abridged his father of his share of some promoney; and then enters more into Rawleigh's character who 'being desperate of any fortune here, aggravated the height of his mind, would have made up his loss elsewhere, upon any terms against his sovereign and his country. Is it not marvel,' continues the penman of Stucley, 'that he was angry with me at his death for bringing him back? Besides, being a man of so great wit, it was no small grief, that a man of mean wit should be thought to go beyond him. No? *Sic ardet diuturne. Neque enim lex justior ulla est quam necesse facit arte perire sua.* (This apt alimony betrays Dr Stern. But why did you not execute your commission more openly?)—Why? My commission was to the contrary to discover his pretensions, and to seize his secret papers,' &c.*

But the doctor, though no unskilful writer, here was in vain; for what ingenuity can veil the turpitude of an and practised treachery? To keep up appearances, Sir Judas resorted more than usually to court; where, however, he was perpetually enduring rebuffs, or aversion, as one infected with the plague of treachery. He offered a king, in his own justification, to take the sacrament, whatever he had laid to Rawleigh's charge was true, as would produce two unexceptionable witnesses to do as like. 'Why, then,' replied his majesty, 'the more malicious was Sir Walter to utter these speeches at his death.' Sir Thomas Badger, who stood by, observed, 'Let the king take off Stucley's head, as Stucley has done Sir Walter's, and let him at his death take the sacrament and his oath upon it, and I'll believe him; but till Stucley loses his head, I shall credit Sir Walter Rawleigh's bare affirmance before a thousand of Stucley's oaths. When Stucley, on pretence of giving an account of his office, placed himself in the audience chamber of the lord admiral, and his lordship passed him without any notice, Sir Judas attempted to address the earl; but with a bitter look his lordship exclaimed, 'Base fellow! darest thou, who art the scorn and contempt of men, offer thyself in my presence? Were it not in my own house, I would cudgel thee with my staff for presuming on this sauciness.' This exalting affront Stucley hastened to convey to the king; his majesty answered him, 'What wouldst thou have me do? Wouldst thou have me hang him? Of my soul, if I should hang all that speak ill of thee, all the trees of the country would not suffice, so great is the number!'

One of the frequent crimes of that age, ere the forgery of bank-notes existed, was the clipping of gold; and this was one of the private amusements suitable to the character of our Sir Judas. Treachery and forgery are the same crime in a different form. Stucley received out of the exchequer five hundred pounds, as the reward of his espionage and perfidy. It was the price of blood, and was hardly in his hands ere it was turned into the fraudulent coin of 'the Cheater.' He was seized in the palace of Whitehall, for diminishing the gold coin. 'The manner of the discovery,' says the manuscript-writer, 'was strange if my occasions would suffer me to relate the particulars.' On his examination he attempted to shift the crime to his own son, who had fled, and on his man, who being taken, in the words of the letter-writer, was 'willing to set the saddle upon the right horse, and accused his master.' Manoury too, the French empiric, was arrested at Plymouth for the same crime, and accused his worthy friend. But such was the interest of Stucley with government, bought probably with his last shilling, and, as one says, with his last shirt, that he obtained his own, and his son's pardon, for a crime that ought to have finally concluded the history of this blessed family.† A more solemn and

* Stucley's humble petition, touching the bringing up Sir W. Rawleigh, 4to, 1616: republished in Sumner's Tracts, vol. iii, 731.

† The anecdotes respecting Stucley I have derived from manuscript letters, and they were considered to be of so dangerous a nature, that the writer recommends secrecy, and requests after reading that 'they may be burnt.' With such injunctions I have generally found that the letters were the more carefully preserved.

—tragic catastrophe was reserved for the perfidious Stucley. He was deprived of his place of vice-admiral, and left destitute in the world. Abandoned by all human beings, and most probably, by the son whom he had tutored in the arts of villany, he appears to have wandered about an infamous and distracted beggar. It is possible that even so seared a conscience may have retained some remaining touch of sensibility.

—All are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

And Camden has recorded, among his historical notes on James I., that in August, 1620, 'Lewis Stucley, who betrayed Sir Walter Rawleigh, died in a manner mad.' Such is the catastrophe of one of the most perfect domestic tales; an historical example not easily paralleled of moral retribution.

The secret practices of the 'Sir Judas' of the court of James I., which I have discovered, throw light on an old tradition which still exists in the neighbourhood of Affeton, once the residence of this wretched man. The country people have long entertained a notion that a hidden treasure lies at the bottom of a well in his grounds, guarded by some supernatural power; a tradition no doubt originating in this man's history, and an obscure allusion to the gold which Stucley received for his bribe, or the other gold which he clipped, and might have there concealed. This is a striking instance of the many historical facts which, though entirely unknown or forgotten, may be often discovered to lie hid, or disguised, in popular traditions.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF THE LAST HOURS OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

The close of the life of Sir Walter Rawleigh was as extraordinary as many parts of his varied history: the promptitude and sprightliness of his genius, his carelessness of life, and the equanimity of that great spirit in quitting the world, can only be paralleled by a few other heroes and sages:—Rawleigh was both! But it is not simply his dignified yet active conduct on the scaffold, nor his admirable speech on that occasion, circumstances by which many great men are judged, when their energies are excited for a moment to act so great a part, before the eyes of the world assembled at their feet; it is not these only which claim our notice.

We may pause with admiration on the real grandeur of Rawleigh's character; not from a single circumstance, however great, but from a tissue of continued little incidents, which occurred from the moment of his condemnation till he lay his head on the block. Rawleigh was a man of such mark, that he deeply engaged the attention of his contemporaries; and to this we owe the preservation of several interesting particulars of what he did and what he said, which have entered into his life; but all has not been told in the published narratives. Contemporary writers in their letters have set down every fresh incident, and eagerly caught up his sense, his wit, and what is more delightful, those marks of the natural cheerfulness of his invariable presence of mind: nor could these have arisen from any affectation or parade, for we shall see that they served him even in his last tender farewell to his lady, and on many unpremeditated occasions.

I have drawn together in a short compass all the facts which my researches have furnished, not omitting those which are known, concerning the feelings and conduct of Rawleigh at these solemn moments of his life; to have preserved only the new would have been to mutilate the statue, and to injure the whole by an imperfect view.

Rawleigh one morning was taken out of his bed in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. The story is well known.—Yet pleading with 'a voice grown weak by sickness and an age he had at that instant on him,' he used every means to avert his fate: he did, therefore value the life he could so easily part with. His judges there at least, respected their state criminal, and they addressed him in a tone far different from that which he had fifteen years before listened to from Coke. Yelverton, the attorney-general, said, 'Sir Walter Rawleigh hath been as a star at which the world have gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide.' And the lord chief-justice noticed Rawleigh's great work:—'I know that

you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work; I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better than I am able to give you.' But the judge ended with saying, 'execution is granted.' It was stifling Rawleigh with roses! the heroic sage felt as if listening to fame from the voice of death.

He declared, that now being old, sickly, and in disgrace, and 'certain were he allowed to live, to go to it again, life was wearisome to him, and all he entreated was to have leave to speak freely at his farewell, to satisfy the world that he was ever loyal to the king, and a true lover of the commonwealth; for this he would seal with his blood.'

Rawleigh, on his return to his prison, while some were deploring his fate, observed, that 'the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution.'

That last night of his existence was occupied by writing what the letter-writer calls 'a remembrancer to be left with his lady,' to acquaint the world with his sentiments, should he be denied their delivery from the scaffold as he had been at the bar of the King's Bench. His lady visited him that night, and amidst her tears acquainted him, that she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body; to which he answered smiling, 'It is well Bess, that thou mayest dispose of that, dead, thou hadst not always the disposing of when it was alive.' At midnight he entreated her to leave him. It must have been then, that, with unshaken fortitude, Rawleigh sat down to compose those verses on his death, which being short, the most appropriate may be repeated.

'Even such is Time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, or all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!'

He has added two other lines expressive of his trust in his resurrection. Their authenticity is confirmed by the writer of the present letter, as well as another writer, enclosing 'half a dozen verses, which Sir Walter made the night before his death, to take his farewell of poetry, wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth.' The enclosure is not now with the letter. Chamberlain, the writer, was an intelligent man of the world, but not imbued with any deep tincture of literature. On the same night Rawleigh wrote this distich on the candle burning dimly:

'Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.'

At this solemn moment, before he lay down to rest, and at the instant of parting from his lady, with all his domestic affections still warm, to express his feelings in verse was with him a natural effusion, and one to which he had long been used. It is peculiar in the fate of Rawleigh, that having before suffered a long imprisonment with an expectation of a public death, his mind had been accustomed to its contemplation, and had often dwelt on the event which was now passing. The soul, in its sudden departure, and its future state, is often the subject of his few poems; that most original one of 'the Farewell,

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand, &c.

is attributed to Rawleigh, though on uncertain evidence. But another, entitled 'the Pilgrimage,' has this beautiful passage:

'Give me my scallop-shell of quiet.
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy immortal diet;
My battle of salvation.
My gown of glory. Hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven.'

Rawleigh's cheerfulness was so remarkable, and his fearlessness of death so marked, that the Dean of Westminster, who attended him, at first wondering at the hero, reprehended the lightness of his manner; but Rawleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he would rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the joys within. The Dean says, that he made no

more of his death than if he had been to take a journey; 'Not,' said he, 'but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier.' The writer of a manuscript letter tells us, that the Dean declared he died not only religiously, but he found him to be a man as ready and as able to give, as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Rawleigh answered, 'As the fellow, that, drinking of St Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, "that was good drink if a man might tarry by it." The day before, in passing from Westminster-hall to the Gate-house, his eye had caught Sir Hugh Breston in the throng, and calling on him, Rawleigh requested that he would see him die to-morrow. Sir Hugh, to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. "Farewell!" exclaimed Rawleigh, "I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." In going from the prison to the scaffold, among others who were pressing hard to see him, an old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, inasmuch that Rawleigh noticed him, and asked, 'whether he would have ought of him?' The old man answered, 'Nothing but to see him, and to pray God for him.' Rawleigh replied, 'I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will.' Observing his bald head, he continued, 'but take this night-cap, (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore) for thou hast more need of it now than I.'

His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant, if not rich. Oldys describes it, but mentions, that 'he had a wrought night-cap under his hat, this we have otherwise disposed of; he wore a ruff-band, a black wrought velvet night-gown over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings.'

He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness as he had passed to it: and observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested they would approach him, as he wished that they should all witness what he had to say. The request was complied with by several. His speech is well known; but some copies contain matters not in others. When he finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any bels to defame him after death:—'And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave.' He embraced all the lords and other friends with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast, says a letter-writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the head-man to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, 'I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?' He passed the edge lightly over his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, 'This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases,' and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, 'This is that, that will cure all sorrows.' After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner knelt down to ask his forgiveness, which Rawleigh with an embrace gave, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, 'and then, fear not, but strike home.' When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. 'It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right,' said Rawleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—for, having lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal; but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Rawleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike! man!' In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot, by any discomposure of his posture, which, like his mind, was immovable.

In all the time he was upon the scaffold, and before, says one of the manuscript letter-writers, there appeared not the least alteration in him, either in his voice or countenance; but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension as if he had been come thither rather to his

spectator than a sufferer; say, the beholders were much more sensible than did he, so that he hath passed here in the opinion of men such honour and reputation, as it is thought his greatest enemies are they that are so sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to be much to his advantage.

The people were deeply affected at the sight, as much, that one said, that 'we had not such another to cut off;' and another 'wished the head and brains upon Secretary Naunton's shoulders.' The observer for this; he was a wealthy citizen, and great brewer, and one who haunted Paul's Walk. Commotion was made, and the citizen summoned to the privy-council. He pleaded that he intended no disrespect to Mr Secretary; but only spoke in reference to the old proverb, 'two heads were better than one.' His excuse was allowed at the moment; but when afterwards called on for contribution to St Paul's cathedral, and having subscribed a hundred pounds, the Secretary observed to him, as 'two were better than one, Mr Wickmark' either for fear, or charity, the witty citizen doubled his subscription.

Thus died this glorious and gallant cavalier, of whom Osborne says, 'His death was managed by him with high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had some Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman.'

After having read the preceding article, we are astonished at the greatness, and the variable nature of an extraordinary man, and this happy genius. With Gains, who once meditated to write his life, we may pause, in pronouncing 'his character is ambiguous;' but we shall hesitate to decide, that Rawleigh knew better how to die than to live. 'His glorious hours,' says a contemporary, 'were his arraignment and execution;—but never was forgotten the intermediate years of his lettered improvement!'

LITERARY UNIONS.

SECRET HISTORY OF RAWLEIGH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD, AND VASARI'S LIVES.

An union of talents, differing in their qualities, may carry some important works to a more extended perfection. In a work of great enterprise, the aid of a friendly hand may be absolutely necessary to complete the labours of the projector, who may have neither the courage, no leisure, nor all acquisitions necessary for performing the favourite task which he has otherwise matured. Many great works, commenced by a master genius have remained unfinished, or have been deficient for want of the friendly succour. The public had been grateful to Johnson, had he united in his dictionary the labours of some learned etymologist. Speed's Chronicle owes most of its value, as it does its ornaments, to the hand of Sir Robert Cotton, and other curious researchers, who contributed entire portions. Gougeon's esteemed work of the 'Origin of the Arts and Sciences' was greatly indebted to the fraternal zeal of a devoted friend. The still valued books of the Port-royal Society were all formed by this happy union. The secret history of many eminent works would show the advantages which may be derived from this combination of talents, differing in their nature. Cumberland's masterly versions of the fragments of the Greek dramatic poets had never been given to the poetical world, had he not accidentally possessed the manuscript notes of his relative, the learned Bentley. This treasure supplied that research in the most obscure works, which the volcanic studies of Cumberland could never have explored; a circumstance which he concealed from the world, proud of the Greek erudition which he thus cheaply possessed. Yet by this literary union, Bentley's vast erudition made those researches which Cumberland could not; and Cumberland gave the nation a copy of the domestic drama of Greece, of which Bentley was incapable.

There is a large work, which is still celebrated, of which the composition has excited the astonishment even of the philosophic Hume, but whose secret history remains yet to be disclosed. This extraordinary volume is 'The History of the World, by Rawleigh.' I shall transcribe Hume's observation that the reader may observe the literary phenomenon. 'They were struck with the extensive

* The chief particulars in this narrative are drawn from two manuscript letters of the day, in the Sloane collection, under their respective dates, Nov. 3, 1618, Larkin to Sir Tho. Pickering; Oct. 31, 1618, Chamberlain's letters.

genius of the man, who being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most replete and sedentary lives; and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work, as his History of the World. Now when the truth is known, the wonderful in this literary mystery will disappear, except in the eloquent, the grand, and the pathetic passages interspersed in that venerable volume. We may, indeed, pardon the astonishment of our calm philosopher, when we consider the recalcitrant matter contained in this work, and recollect the little time which this adventurous spirit, whose life was passed in fabricating his own fortune, and in perpetual enterprise, could allow to such erudite pursuits. Where could Rawleigh obtain that familiar acquaintance with the rabbins, of whose language he was probably entirely ignorant? His numerous publications, the effusions of the most active mind, though excellent in their kind, were evidently composed by one who was not abstracted in curious and remote inquiries, but full of the daily business and the wisdom of human life. His confinement in the tower, which lasted several years, was indeed sufficient for the composition of this folio volume, and of a second which appears to have occupied him. But in that imprisonment it singularly happened that he lived among literary characters, with the most intimate friendship. There he joined the Earl of Northumberland, the patron of the philosophers of his age, and with whom Rawleigh pursued his chemical studies; and Serjeant Hoskins, a poet and a wit, and the poetical 'father' of Ben Jonson, who acknowledged that 'it was Hoskins who had polished him'; and that Rawleigh often consulted Hoskins on his literary works, I learn from a manuscript. But however literary the atmosphere of the Tower proved to Rawleigh, no particle of Hebrew, and perhaps little of Grecian lore, floated from a chemist and a poet. The truth is, that the collection of the materials of this history was the labour of several persons, who have not all been discovered. It has been ascertained, that Ben Jonson was a considerable contributor; and there was an English philosopher from whom Descartes, it is said, even by his own countrymen, borrowed largely—Thomas Hariot, whom Anthony Wood charges with infusing into Rawleigh's volume philosophical notions, while Rawleigh was composing his History of the World. But if Rawleigh's pursuits surpassed even those of the most replete and sedentary lives, as Hume observed, we must attribute this to a Dr Robert Burrel, Rector of Northwold, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Rawleigh, and had been his chaplain. All, or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's history for Criticisms, Chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors were performed by him, for Sir Walter.* Thus a simple fact, when discovered, clears up the whole mystery; and we learn how that knowledge was acquired, which as Hume sagaciously detected, required 'a recluse and sedentary life,' such as the studies and the habits would be of a country clergyman in a learned age.

The secret history of another work, still more celebrated than the History of the World, by Sir Walter Rawleigh, will doubtless surprise its numerous admirers.

* I draw my information from a very singular manuscript in the Lansdowne collection, which I think has been mistaken for a boy's ciphering book, of which it has much the appearance. No. 741. fo. 57, as it stands in the auctioneer's catalogue. It appears to be a collection closely written, extracted out of Anthony Wood's papers; and as I have discovered in the manuscript, numerous notices not elsewhere preserved, I am inclined to think, that the transcriber copied them from that mass of Anthony Wood's papers, of which more than one sack full was burnt at his desire before him, when dying. If he so, this MS. is the only register of many curious facts.

Ben Jonson has been too freely censured for his own free censures, and particularly for one he made on Sir Walter Rawleigh, who, he told Drummond, 'esteemed more fame than conscience. The best wits in England were employed in making his history: Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punic war, which he altered and set in his book.' Jonson's powerful advocate Mr Gifford has not alleged a word in the defence of our great Bard's free conversational strictures; the secret history of Rawleigh's great work had never been discovered; on this occasion, however, Jonson only spoke what he knew to be true—and there may have been other truths, in those conversations which were set down at random by Drummond, who may have chiefly recollected the satirical touches.

Without the aid of a friendly hand, we should probably have been deprived of the delightful history of Artists by Vasari: although a mere painter and goldsmith, and not a literary man, Vasari was blessed with the nice discernment of one deeply conversant with art, and saw rightly what was to be done, when the idea of the work was suggested by the celebrated Paulus Jovius as a supplement to his own work of the 'Eulogiums, of illustrious men.' Vasari approved of the project; but on that occasion judiciously observed, not blinded by the celebrity of the literary man who projected it, that 'it would require the assistance of an artist to collect the materials, and arrange them in their proper order; for although Jovius displayed great knowledge in his observations, yet he had not been equally accurate in the arrangement of his facts in his book of Eulogiums.' Afterwards, when Vasari began to collect his information, and consulted Paulus Jovius on the plan, although that author highly approved of what he saw, he alleged his own want of leisure and ability to complete such an enterprise; and this was fortunate: we should otherwise have had, instead of the rambling spirit which charms us in the volumes of Vasari, the verbose babble of a declaimer. Vasari, however, looked round for the assistance he wanted; a circumstance which Tiraboschi has not noticed; like Hogarth, he required a literary man for his scribe. I have discovered the name of the chief writer of the Lives of the Painters, who wrote under the direction of Vasari, and probably often used his own natural style, and conveyed to us those reflections which surely come from their source. I shall give the passage, as a curious instance where the secret history of books is often detected in the most obscure corners of research. Who could have imagined that in a collection of the lives *de' Santi e Beati dell' ordine de' Predicatori*, we are to look for the writer of Vasari's lives? Don Serafini Razzi, the author of this ecclesiastical biography, has this reference: 'Who would see more of this may turn to the lives of the painters, sculptors and architects, written for the greater part by Don Silvano Razzi, my brother, for the Signor Cavaliero M. Giorgio Vasari, his great friend.*'

The discovery that Vasari's volumes were not entirely written by himself, though probably under his dictation, and, unquestionably, with his communications; as we know that Dr Morrell wrote the 'Analysis of Beauty' for Hogarth, will perhaps serve to clear up some unaccountable mistakes or omissions which appear in that series of volumes, written at long intervals, and by different hands. Mr Fuseli has alluded to them in utter astonishment; and cannot account for Vasari's 'incredible dereliction of reminiscence, which prompted him to transfer what he had rightly ascribed to Giorgione in one edition to the elder Parma in the subsequent ones.' Again: Vasari's memory was either so treacherous, or his rapidity in writing so inconsiderate, that his account of the Capella Sistina, and the stanze of Raffaello, is a mere heap of errors and unpardonable confusion.' Even Bottari, his learned editor, is at a loss to account for his mistakes. Mr Fuseli finely observes, 'He has been called the Herodotus of our art; and if the main simplicity of his narrative, and the desire of heaping anecdote on anecdote, entitle him in some degree to that appellation, we ought not to forget that the information of every day adds something to the authenticity of the Greek historian, whilst every day furnishes matter to question the credibility of the Tuscan.' All this strongly confirms the suspicion that Vasari employed different hands at different times to write out his work. Such mistakes would occur to a new writer, not always conversant with the subject he was composing on, and the disjointed materials of which were often found in a disordered state. It is, however, strange that neither Bottari nor Tiraboschi appear to have been aware that Vasari employed others to write for him; we see that from the first suggestion of the work he had originally proposed that Paulus Jovius should hold the pen for him.

The principle illustrated in this article might be pursued; but the secret history of two great works so well known are as sufficient as twenty others of writings less celebrated. The literary phenomenon which had puzzled the calm inquiring Hume to cry out 'a miracle!' has been

* I find this quotation in a sort of polemical work of natural philosophy, entitled 'Saggio di Storia Letteraria Fiorentina del Secolo XVII, da Giovanne Clemente Nelli, Lucca, 1769,' p. 58. Nelli also refers to what he had said on this subject in his *Pianie ad alzata di S. M. del Fiore*, p. vi. vii; a work on architecture. See Brunet; and Haym, Bib. Ital. de' MSS.

solved by the discovery of a little fact on literary unions, which derives importance from this circumstance.

OF A BIOGRAPHY PAINTED.

There are objects connected with literary curiosity, which, though they may never gratify our sight, yet whose very history is literary; and the originality of their invention, should they excite imitation, may serve to constitute a class. I notice a book-curiosity of this nature.

This extraordinary volume may be said to have contained the travels and adventures of Charles Magius, a noble Venetian; and this volume, so precious, consisted only of eighteen pages, composed of a series of highly-finished miniature paintings on vellum, some executed by the hand of Paul Veronese. Each page, however, may be said to contain many chapters; for, generally, it is composed of a large centre-piece, surrounded by ten small ones, with many apt inscriptions, allegories, and allusions; the whole exhibiting romantic incidents in the life of this Venetian nobleman. But it is not merely as a beautiful production of art that we are to consider it; it becomes associated with a more elevated feeling in the occasion which produced it. The author, who is himself the hero, after having been long calumniated, resolved to set before the eyes of his accusers the sufferings and adventures he could perhaps have but indifferently described: and instead of composing a tedious volume for his justification, invented this new species of pictorial biography. The author minutely described the remarkable situations in which fortune had placed him; and the artists, in embellishing the facts he furnished them with to record, emulated each other in giving life to their truth, and putting into action, before the spectator, incidents which the pen had less impressively exhibited. This unique production may be considered as a model, to represent the actions of those who may succeed more fortunately by this new mode of perpetuating their history; discovering, by the aid of the pencil, rather than by their pen, the forms and colours of an extraordinary life.

It was when the Ottomans (about 1571) attacked the Isle of Cyprus, that this Venetian nobleman was charged by his republic to review and repair the fortifications. He was afterwards sent to the Pope to negotiate an alliance: he returned to the senate, to give an account of his commission. Invested with the chief command, at the head of his troops, Magius threw himself into the island of Cyprus, and after a skillful defence, which could not prevent its fall, at Famagusta, he was taken prisoner by the Turks, and made a slave. His age and infirmities induced his master, at length, to sell him to some Christian merchants; and after an absence of several years from his beloved Venice, he suddenly appeared, to the astonishment and mortification of a party who had never ceased to calumniate him; whilst his own noble family were compelled to preserve an indignant silence, having had no communications with their lost and enslaved relative. Magius now returned to vindicate his honour, to reinstate himself in the favour of the senate, and to be restored to a venerable parent amidst his family: to whom he introduced a fresh branch, in a youth of seven years old, the child of his misfortunes, who, born in trouble, and a stranger to domestic endearments, was at one moment united to a beloved circle of relations.

I shall give a rapid view of some of the pictures of this Venetian nobleman's life. The whole series has been elaborately drawn up by the Duke de la Valliere, the celebrated book-collector, who dwells on the detail with the curiosity of an amateur.*

In a rich frontispiece, a Christ is expiring on the cross. Religion, leaning on a column, contemplates the Divinity, and Hope is not distant from her. The genealogical tree of the house of Magius, with an allegorical representation of Venice, its nobility, power, and riches: the arms of Magius, in which is inserted a view of the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, of which he was made a knight; his portrait, with a Latin inscription: 'I have passed through arms and the enemy, amidst fire and water, and the Lord

* The duke's description is not to be found, as might be expected, in his own valued catalogue, but was a contribution to Gaignat's II. 16, where it occupies fourteen pages. This singular work sold at Gaignat's sale for 902 livres. It was then the golden age of literary curiosity, when the rarest things were not rubbish; and that price was even then considered extraordinary though the work was an unique. It must consist of about 180 subjects, by Italian artists.

conducted me to a safe asylum, in the year of grace 1571.' The portrait of his son, aged seven years, finished with the greatest beauty, and supposed to have come from the hand of Paul Veronese; it bears this inscription: 'Overcome by violence and artifice, almost dead before his birth, his mother was at length delivered of him, full of life, with all the loveliness of infancy; under the divine protection, his birth was happy, and his life with greater happiness shall be closed with good fortune.'

A plan of the isle of Cyprus, where Magius commanded, and his first misfortune happened, his slavery by the Turks—The painter has expressed this by an emblem of a tree shaken by the winds and scathed by the lightning; but from the trunk issues a beautiful green branch shining in a brilliant sun, with this device—'From this fallen trunk springs a branch full of vigour.'

The missions of Magius to raise troops in the province of la Puglia—In one of these Magius is seen returning to Venice; his final departure,—a thunderbolt is viewed falling on his vessel—his passage by Corfu and Zante, and his arrival at Candia.

His travels to Egypt—The centre figure represents this province raising its right hand extended towards a palm-tree, and the left leaning on a pyramid, inscribed 'Celebrated throughout the world for her wonders.' The smaller pictures are the entrance of Magius into the port of Alexandria; Rosetta, with a caravan of Turks and different nations; the city of Grand Cairo, exterior and interior, with views of other places; and finally, his return to Venice.

His journey to Rome—the centre figure an armed Pal-las seated on trophies, the Tybor beneath her feet, a globe in her hands, inscribed *Quod rerum victrix ac dominas* 'Because she is the Conquerress and Mistress of the World.' The ten small pictures are views of the cities in the Pope's dominion. His first audience at the conclave, forms a pleasing and fine composition.

His travels into Syria—the principal figure is a female emblematical of that fine country; she is seated in the midst of a gay orchard, and embraces a bundle of roses, inscribed *Mundi delicia*—The delight of the universe. The small compartments are views of towns and ports, and the spot where Magius collected his fleet.

His pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he was made a knight of the holy sepulchre—the principal figure represents Devotion, inscribed *Ducit*. 'It is she who conducts me.' The compartments exhibit a variety of objects, with a correctness of drawing, which are described as belonging to the class and partaking of the charms, of the pencil of Claude Lorraine. His vessel is first viewed in the roadstead at Venice beat by a storm; arrives at Zante to refresh; enters the port of Simiso; there having landed, he and his companions are proceeding to the town on asses, for Christians were not permitted to travel in Turkey on horses—In the church at Jerusalem the bishop, in his pontifical habit, receives him as a knight of the holy sepulchre, arraying him in the armour of Godfrey of Bouillon, and placing his sword in the hands of Magius. His arrival at Bethlem, to see the cradle of the Lord—and his return by Jaffa with his companions, in the dress of pilgrims; the groups are finely contrasted with the Turks mingling amongst them.

The taking of the city of Famagusta, and his slavery—The middle figure, with a dog at its feet, represents Fidelity, the character of Magius who ever preferred it to his life or his freedom, inscribed *Captiva*—'She has reduced me to slavery.' Six smaller pictures exhibit the different points of the island of Cyprus, where the Turks effected their descents. Magius retreating to Famagusta, which he long defended, and where his cousin, a skillful engineer, was killed. The Turks compelled to raise the siege, but return with greater forces—the sacking of the town and the palace, where Magius was taken.—One picture exhibits him brought before a bashaw, who has him stripped, to judge of his strength and fix his price, when after examination he is sent among other slaves.—He is seen bound and tied up among his companions in misfortune—again he is forced to labour, and carries a cask of water on his shoulders.—In another picture, his master, finding him weak of body, conducts him to a slave merchant to sell him. In another we see him leading an ass loaded with packages; his new master, finding him tottering on his way, showers his blows on him, while a soldier is seen purloining one of the packages from the

her exhibits Magius sinking with fatigue on while his master would raise him up by an of the bastinado. The varied details of these ages are pleasingly executed.

of his slavery—The middle figure kneeling to a light breaking from it, inscribed 'He breaks to express the confidence of Magius. The seen landing with their pillage and their slaves. the pictures are seen two ships on fire; a of Cyprus preferring death to the loss of her the miseries of slavery, determined to set fire sel in which she was carried; she succeeded, mes communicated to another.

ra to Venice—The painter for his principal chosen a Pallas, with a helmet on her head, the e arm, and her lance in the other, to describe s with which Magius had supported his misfor- Reducit—'She brings me back.' In the compartments he is seen at the custom-house he enters the house of his father; the old man meet him, and embraces him.

a is filled by a single picture, which represents of Venice, with the Doge on his throne; Ma- its an account of his different employments, and i hand a scroll, on which is written, *Quod com- cci; quod restat agendum, pure fide complectar*— me what you committed to my care; and I will ith the same fidelity what remains to be done.' ived by the senate with the most distinguished ad is not only justified, but praised and honoured. at magnificent of these paintings is the one at- Paul Veronese. It is described by the Duke ere as almost unparalleled for its richness, its nd its brilliancy. It is inscribed *Pater meus et dereliquerunt me; Dominus autem assumpsit* 'father and my brothers abandoned me; but ok me under his protection.' This is an allu- accusation raised against him in the open en the Turks took the isle of Cyprus, and his ted either the confidence or the courage to de- us. In the front of this large picture, Magius son by the hand, conducts him to be reconciled others and sisters-in-law, who are on the op- ; his hand holds this scroll, *Vos cogitastis ille; sed Deus convertit illud in bonum*—'You dea to me; but the Lord has turned it to good.' In des to the satisfaction, he had given the senate, honours they had decreed him. Another scene ed, where Magius appears in a magnificent le in the midst of all his family, with whom a conciliation has taken place: on his left hand s opening with an enchanting effect, and mag- namented, with the villa of his father, on which t wreaths seem dropping on the roof, as if from in the perspective the landscape probably repra- neighbourhood of Magius's early days. e the most interesting incidents which I have on the copious description of the Duke de la The idea is new of this production, an auto- in a series of remarkable scenes, painted under the describer of them, in which too he has pre- the fulness of his feelings and his minutest re- ; but the novelty becomes interesting from the of the noble Magius, and the romantic fancy ired this elaborate and costly curioity. It was without some trouble that I have drawn up this nt; but while thus employed, I seemed to be a very uncommon romance.

CAUSE AND PRETEXT.

important principle in morals and in politics, not the cause for the pretext, nor the pretext for the by this means to distinguish between the con- the ostensible, motive. On this principle his- be recomposed in a new manner; it would not the *circumstances* and *characters* as they usually When we mistake the characters of men, we e nature of their actions, and we shall find in the scet history, that some of the most important adern history were produced from very differ- s than their ostensible ones. Polybius, the sophical writer of the ancients, has marked out distinction of *cause* and *pretext*, and aptly illus- observation by the facts which he explains.

Amílcar, for instance, was the first author and contriver of the second Punic war, though he died ten years before the commencement of it. 'A statesman,' says the wise and grave historian, 'who knows not how to trace the origin of events, and discern the different sources from whence they take their rise, may be compared to a physician, who neglects to inform himself of the causes of those distempers which he is called in to cure. Our pains can never be better employed than in searching out the causes of events; for the most trifling incidents give birth to matters of the greatest moment and importance.' The latter part of this remark of Polybius points out another principle which has been often verified by history, and which furnished the materials of the little book of 'Grands Evenemens par les petites Causes.'

Our present inquiry concerns 'cause and pretext.'

Leo X projected an alliance of the sovereigns of Christendom against the Turks. The avowed object was to oppose the progress of the Ottomans against the Mamelukes of Egypt, who were more friendly to the Christians; but the concealed motive with his holiness was to enrich himself and his family with the spoils of Christendom, and to aggrandize the papal throne by war; and such indeed, the policy of these pontiffs had always been in those mad crusades which they excited against the East.

The Reformation, excellent as its results have proved in the cause of genuine freedom, originated in no purer source than human passion and selfish motives: it was the progeny of avarice in Germany, of novelty in France, and of love in England. The latter is elegantly alluded to by Gray,

'And gospel-light first beam'd from Bullen's eyes.'

The Reformation is considered by the Duke of Nevers in a work printed in 1590, as it had been by Francis I in his apology in 1537, as a *coup d'état* of Charles V, towards universal monarchy. The duke says, that the Emperor silently permitted Luther to establish his principles in Germany, that they might split the confederacy of the elective princes, and by this division facilitate their more easy conquest, and play them off one against another, and by these means to secure the imperial crown, hereditary in the house of Austria. Had Charles V not been the mere creature of his politics, and had he felt any zeal for the Catholic cause, which he pretended to fight for, never would he have allowed the new doctrines to spread for more than twenty years without the least opposition.

The famous league in France was raised for 'religion and the relief of public grievances;' such was the pretext! After the princes and the people had alike become its victims, this 'league' was discovered to have been formed by the pride and the ambition of the Guises, aided by the machinations of the Jesuits against the attempts of the Prince of Condé to dislodge them from their 'seat of power.' While the Huguenots pillaged, burnt, and massacred, declaring in their manifestoes, that they were only fighting to *release the king*, whom they asserted was a prisoner of the Guises; the catholics repaid them with the same persecution and the same manifestoes, declaring that they only wished to *liberate the Prince of Condé*, who was the prisoner of the Huguenots. The people were led on by the cry of 'religion;' but this civil war was not in reality so much Catholic against Huguenot, as Guise against Condé. A parallel event occurred between our Charles I and the Scotch Covenanters; and the king expressly declared, in 'a large declaration, concerning the late tumults in Scotland,' that religion is only *pretended*, and used by them as a cloak to palliate their *intended rebellion*, which he demonstrated by the facts he alleged. There was a revolutionary party in France, which, taking the name of *Frondeurs*, shook that kingdom under the administration of Cardinal Mazarine, and held out for their pretext the public freedom. But that faction, composed of some of the discontented French princes and the mob, was entirely organized by Cardinal De Retz, who held them in hand, to check or to spur them as the occasion required, from a mere personal pique against Mazarine, who had not treated that vivacious genius with all the deference he exacted. This appears from his own memoirs.

We have smiled at James I threatening the states-general by the English ambassador, about Vorstius, a Dutch professor, who had espoused the doctrines of Arminius against those of the contra-remonstrants, or Calvinists; the ostensible subject was religious, or rather metaphysical-religious doctrines, but the concealed one was a

struggle for predominance between the Pensionary Barneveldt, assisted by the French interest, and the Prince of Orange, supported by the English. 'These were the real sources,' says Lord Hardwicke, a statesman and a man of letters, deeply conversant with secret and public history, and a far more able judge than Diodati the Swiss Divine, and Brandt the ecclesiastical historian, who in the synod of Dort could see nothing but what appeared in it; and gravely narrate the idle squabbles on phrases concerning predestination or grace. Hales, of Eaton, who was secretary to the English ambassador at this synod, perfectly accords with the account of Lord Hardwicke. 'Our synod,' writes that judicious observer, 'goes on like a watch; the main wheels upon which the whole business turns are least in sight; for all things of moment are acted in private session; what is done in public is only for show and entertainment.'

The cause of the persecution of the Jansenists was the jealousy of the Jesuits; the pretext was *la grace suffisante*. The learned La Croze observes, that the same circumstance occurred in the affair of Nestorius and the church of Alexandria; the pretext was orthodoxy, the cause was the jealousy of the church of Alexandria; or rather the fiery and turbulent Cyril, who personally hated Nestorius. The opinions of Nestorius, and the council which condemned them, were the same in effect. I only produce this remote fact to prove that ancient times do not alter the truth of our principle.

When James II was so strenuous an advocate for toleration and liberty of conscience in removing the test act, this enlightened principle of government was only a pretext with that monk-ridden monarch; it is well known that the cause was to introduce and make the Catholics predominant in his councils and government. The result, which that eager and blind politician hurried on too fast, and which therefore did not take place, would have been, that 'liberty of conscience' would soon have become an 'overt act of treason,' before an inquisition of his Jesuits!

In all political affairs drop the pretexts and strike at the causes; we may thus understand what the heads of parties may choose to conceal.

POLITICAL FORGERIES AND FICTIONS.

A writer whose learning gives value to his eloquence, in his Bampton Lectures has censured, with that liberal spirit so friendly to the cause of truth, the calumnies and rumours of parties, which are still industriously retailed, though they have been often confuted. Forged documents are still referred to, or tales unsupported by evidence are confidently quoted. Mr Heber's subject confined his inquiries to theological history; he has told us that 'Augustine is not ashamed, in his dispute with Faustus, to take advantage of the popular slanders against the followers of Manes, though his own experience, for he had himself been of that sect, was sufficient to detect this falsehood.' The Romanists, in spite of satisfactory answers, have continued to urge against the English protestant the romance of Parker's consecration; while the protestant persists in falsely imputing to the Catholic public formularies, the systematic omission of the second commandment. 'The calumnies of Rimius and Sinistra against the Moravian brethren are cases in point,' continues Mr Heber. 'No one now believes them, yet they once could deceive even Warburton.' We may also add the obsolete calumny of Jews crucifying boys—of which a monument raised to Hugh of Lincoln perpetuates the memory, and which a modern historian records without any scruple of doubt; several authorities, which are cited on this occasion, amount only to the single one of Matthew Paris, who gives it as a popular rumour. Such accusations usually happened when the Jews were too rich and the king was too poor!

The falsehoods and forgeries raised by parties are overwhelming! It startles a philosopher, in the calm of his study, when he discovers how writers, who, we may presume, are searchers after truth, should, in fact, turn out to be searchers after the grossest fictions. This alters the habits of the literary man: it is an unnatural depravity of his pursuits—and it proves that the personal is too apt to predominate over the literary character.

I have already touched on the main point of the present article in the one on 'Political Nick-names.' I have there shown how political calumny appears to have been reduced into an art; one of its branches would be

that of converting forgeries and fictions into authorities.

When one nation is at war with another, doubt that the two governments contrive to encourage the most atrocious libels on each other, to preserve their independence cheerfully to the expenses of the and England formerly complained of Hostians employed the same policy against the and Persians. Such is the origin of a vast position papers and volumes, which some date, confound the labours of the and too often serve the purposes of the whom they become authorities. The curious libels which were drawn out of Cromwell's time against James the First in the character of that monarch, yet are now to by party writers, though in their own obsolete and doubtful. During the civil the First, such spurious documents exist speeches which were never spoken; of ten by the names subscribed; printed declared; battles never fought, and victoried! Such is the language of Rushworth, of this evil spirit of party-forgeries, while b pected of having rescinded or suppressed not agreeable to his patron Cromwell. perhaps, a necessary list might be drawn forgeries of our own, which have been on to as genuine, but which are the invention trusts! Bayle ingeniously observes, that every century such productions should a skilful discriminator, to save the future rors he can hardly avoid. 'How many error by the satires of the sixteenth ce of the present age will be no less active in they will still be preserved in public librar

The art and skill with which some have forged narrative, render its detection a When young Maitland, the brother to the der to palliate the crime of the assassins Murray, was employed to draw up a prete between him, Knox, and others, to stigmal odium of advising to dethrone the young substitute the regent for their sovereign, duced so dramatic a performance, by giv son his peculiar mode of expression, that it long baffled the incredulity of those w consequence deny the truth of a narrat correct in its particulars! 'The fiction pan, enclosing the young Pretender, bro renits to the cause of the Whigs than the observes Lord John Russell.

Among such party narratives, the bloody Colonel Kirk, has been worked up all his eloquence and pathos; and, from its picion has arisen of its truth. Yet, so fa Kirk, or the reign of James the Second, history, it is, as Ritson too honestly expen dent and a barefaced lie.' The simpl Kennet in a few words: he probably was ture of this political fiction. Hume was n self the fabricator of the tale; but he had cal authority. The origin of this fable, pious fraud of the Whig party, to whom Ki himself odious; at that moment stories st ing were greedily swallowed, and which, ates, have become a part of the history of original story, related more circumstantia more affecting, nor perhaps more truly. Wanley's 'Wonders of the Little World,' relieving it from the tediousness of old W

A governor of Zealand, under the bold gundy, had in vain sought to seduce the a beautiful wife of a citizen. The governo husband on an accusation of treason; wife appeared as the suppliant, the gov brief eloquence, succeeded as a lover, o her husband's life could only be spared ance. The woman, in tears and in av without a hope of vengeance only delaye our! Pointing to the prison, the governor seek your husband, enter there, and take

The wife, in the bitterness of her thoughts, yet without the consolation that she had snatched her husband from the grave, passed into the prison; there in a cell, to her astonishment and horror, she beheld the corpse of her husband laid out in a coffin, ready for burial! Drowning over it, she at length returned to the governor, fiercely exclaiming, 'You have kept your word! you have restored to me my husband! and be assured the favour shall be repaid!' The inhuman villain, terrified in the presence of his intrepid victim, attempted to appease her vengeance, and more, to win her to his wishes. Returning home, she assembled her friends, revealed her whole story, and under their protection, she appealed to Charles the Bold, a strict lover of justice, and who now awarded a singular but an exemplary catastrophe. The duke first commanded that the criminal governor should instantly marry the woman whom he had made a widow, and at the same time sign his will, with a clause importing, that he should die before his lady he constituted her his heiress. All this was concealed from both sides, rather to satisfy the duke than the parties themselves. This done, the unhappy woman was dismissed alone! The governor was conducted to the prison to suffer the same death he had inflicted on the husband of his wife; and when this lady was desired once more to enter the prison, she beheld her second husband headless in his coffin as she had her first! Such extraordinary incidents in so short a period overpowered the feeble frame of the sufferer; she died—leaving a son, who inherited the rich accession of fortune so fatally obtained by his injured and suffering mother.

Such is the tale of which the party story of Kirk appeared to Ritson to have been a *refacimento*; but it is rather the foundation than the superstructure. This critic was right in the main, but not by the by; in the general, not in the particular. It was not necessary to point out the present source, when so many others of a parallel nature exist. This tale, universally told, Mr Douce considers as the origin of 'Measure for Measure,' and was probably some traditional event; for it appears sometimes with a change of names and places, without any of incident. It always turns on a soldier, a brother, or a husband executed; and a wife, or sister, a deceived victim, to save them from death. It was, therefore, easily transferred to Kirk, and Pomfret's poem of 'Cruelty and Lust' long made the story popular. It could only have been in this form that it reached the historian, who, it must be observed, introduces it as a 'story commonly told of him;' but popular tragic romances should not enter into the dusty documents of a history of England, and much less be particularly specified in the index! Br-lefrevre, in his old version of the tale, has given the circumstance of 'the Captain, who having seduced the wife under the promise to save her husband's life, exhibited him soon afterwards through the window of her apartment suspended on a gibbet.' This forms the horrid incident in the history of 'the bloody Colonel,' and served the purpose of a party, who wished to bury him in odium. Kirk was a soldier of fortune, and a loose liver, and a great blusterer, who would sometimes threaten to decimate his own regiment; but is said to have forgotten the menace the next day. Hatred as such military men will always be, in the present instance Colonel Kirk has been shamefully calumniated by poets and historians, who suffer themselves to be duped by the forgeries of political parties!

While we are detecting a source of error into which the party feelings of modern historians may lead them, let us confess that they are far more valuable than the ancient; for to us, at least, the ancients have written history without producing authorities! Modern historians must furnish their readers with the truest means to become their critics, by providing them with their authorities; and it is only by judiciously appreciating these that we may confidently accept their discoveries. Unquestionably the ancients have often introduced into their histories many tales similar to the story of Kirk—popular or party forgeries! The mellifluous copiousness of Livy conceals many a tale of wonder; the graver of Tacitus seizes many a fatal stroke; and the secret history of Suetonius too often raises a suspicion of those whispers, *Quid rex in aurem regina dixerit, quid Juno fabulata sit cum Jove*. It is certain that Plutarch has often told, and varied too in the telling, the same story, which he has applied to different persons. A critic in the *Ritsonian* style has said of the

grave Plutarch, *Mendax ille Plutarchus qui vitas oratorum, dolis et erroribus conestas, olim conscribillaui*.^{*} 'That lying Plutarch, who formerly scribbled the lives of the orators, made up of fables and blunders! There is in Italian a scarce book, of a better design than execution, of the Abbate Lancellotti, *Farfaloni degli antichi storici*.—'Flim-flams of the ancients.' Modern historians have to dispute their passage to immortality step by step; and however fervid be their eloquence, their real test as to value, must be brought to the humble references in their margin. Yet these must not terminate our inquiries; for in tracing a story to its original source, we shall find that fictions have been sometimes grafted on truths or hearsays, and to separate them as they appeared in their first stage, is the pride and glory of learned criticism.

EXPRESSION OF SUPPRESSED OPINION.

A people denied the freedom of speech or of writing, have usually left some memorials of their feelings in that silent language which addresses itself to the eye. Many ingenious inventions have been contrived, to give vent to their suppressed indignation. The voluminous grievance which they could not trust to the voice or the pen, they have carved in wood, or sculptured on stone; and have sometimes even facetiously concealed their satire among the playful ornaments, designed to amuse those of whom they so fruitlessly complained! Such monuments of the suppressed feelings of the multitude are not often inspected by the historian—their minuteness escapes all eyes but those of the philosophical antiquary; nor are these satirical appearances always considered as grave authorities, which unquestionably they will be found to be by a close observer of human nature. An entertaining history of the modes of thinking, or the discontents of a people, drawn from such dispersed efforts in every era, would cast a new light of secret history over many dark intervals.

Did we possess a secret history of the Saturnalia, it would doubtless have afforded some materials for the present article. In those revels of venerable radicalism, when the senate was closed, and the *Pileus*, or cap of liberty, was triumphantly worn, all things assumed an appearance contrary to what they were; and human nature, as well as human laws, might be said to have been *parodied*. Among so many whimsical regulations in favour of the licentious rabble, there was one which forbade the circulation of money; if any one offered the coin of the state, it was to be condemned as an act of madness, and the man was brought to his senses by a penitential fast for that day. An ingenious French antiquary seems to have discovered a class of wretched medals, cast in lead or copper, which formed the circulating medium of these mob Lords, who, to ridicule the idea of money, used the basest metals, stamping them with grotesque figures or odd devices,—such as a sow; a chimerical bird; an emperor in his car, with a monkey behind him; or an old woman's head, *Accu Laurentia*, either the traditional old nurse of Romulus, or an old courtesan of the same name, who bequeathed the fruits of her labours to the Roman people! As all things were done in mockery, this base metal is stamped with a c., to ridicule the *senatus consulto*, which our antiquary happily explains,† in the true spirit of this government of mockery, *Saturnalius consulto*, agreeing with the legend of the reverse, inscribed in the midst of four tails, or bones, which they used as dice, *Qui ludit arram det, quod satis sit*—Let them who play give a pledge, which will be sufficient. This mock money served not only as an expression of the native irony of the radical gentry of Rome during their festival, but had they spoken their mind out, meant a ridicule of money itself; for these citizens of equality have always imagined that society might proceed without this contrivance of a medium which served to represent property, in which they themselves must so little participate.

A period so glorious for exhibiting the suppressed sense

* Taylor, Annot. ad Lysiam

† Baudelot de Dairval de l'Utilité des Voyages, II. 646.

There is a work, by Ficorini on these lead coins or tickets. They are found in the cabinets of the curious metallist. Pinkerton, referring to this entertaining work, regrets that 'Such curious remains have almost escaped the notice of metallists, and have not yet been ranged in one class, or named. A special work on them would be highly acceptable.' The time has perhaps arrived when antiquaries may begin to be philosophers, and philosophers antiquaries! The unhappy separation of erudition from philosophy, and of philosophy from erudition, has hitherto thrown impediments in the progress of the human mind, and the history of man.

times of the populace, as were these *Saturnalia*, had been nearly lost for us, had not some notions been preserved by Lucian; for we glean but sparingly from the solemn pages of the historian, except in the remarkable instance which Suetonius has preserved of the arch-mime who followed the body of the Emperor Vespasian at his funeral. This officer, as well as a similar one, who accompanied the general to whom they granted a triumph, and who was allowed the unrestrained licentiousness of his tongue, were both the organs of popular feeling, and studied to gratify the rabble, who were their real masters. On this occasion the arch-mime, representing both the exterior personage and the character of Vespasian, according to custom, inquired the expense of the funeral? He was answered, 'ten millions of sesterces!' In allusion to the love of money which characterized the emperor, his mock representative exclaimed, 'Give me the money, and, if you will, throw my body into the Tiber!'

All these mock officers and festivals among the ancients, I consider as organs of the suppressed opinions and feelings of the populace, who were allowed no other, and had not the means of the printing ages to leave any permanent records. At a later period, before the discovery of the art, which multiplies, with such facility, libels or panegyrics; when the people could not speak freely against those rapacious clergy, who sheared the fleece and cared not for the sheep, many a secret of popular indignation was confided not to books (for they could not read) but to pictures and sculptures, which are books which the people can always read. The sculptors and illuminators of those times, no doubt shared in common the popular feelings, and boldly trusted to the paintings or the carvings which met the eyes of their luxurious and indolent masters their satirical inventions. As far back as in 1300, we find in Wolfius* the description of a picture of this kind, in a MS. of *Æsop's Fables*, found in the Abbey of Fulda, among other emblems of the corrupt lives of the churchmen. The present was a wolf, large as life, wearing a monkish cowl, with a shaven crown, preaching to a flock of sheep, with these words of the apostle in a label from his mouth, — 'God is my witness how I long for you all in my bowels.' And underneath was inscribed, — 'This hooded wolf is the hypocrite of whom it is said in the Gospel, "Beware of false prophets!"' Such exhibitions were often introduced into articles of furniture. A cushion was found in an old abbey, in which was worked a fox preaching to geese, each goose holding in his bill his praying beads! In the stone wall, and on the columns of the great church at Strasburg was once viewed a number of wolves, bears, foxes, and other mischievous animals carrying holy-water, crucifixes, and tapers; and others more indelicate. These, probably as old as the year 1300, were engraven in 1617, by a protestant; and were not destroyed till 1685, by the pious rage of the catholics, who seemed at length to have rightly construed these silent lampoons; and in their turn broke to pieces the protestant images as the others had done the papistical dolls. The carved seats and stalls in our own cathedrals exhibit subjects, not only strange and satirical, but even indecent. At the time they built churches they satirized the ministers; a curious instance how the feelings of the people struggle to find a vent. It is conjectured that rival orders satirized each other, and that some of the carvings are caricatures of certain monks. The margins of illuminated manuscripts frequently contain ingenious caricatures, or satirical allegories. In a magnificent chronicle of Froissart I observed several. A wolf, as usual, in a monk's frock and cowl, stretching his paw to bless a cock, bending its head submissively to the wolf; or a fox with a crossier, dropping beads, which a cock is picking up; to satirize the blind devotion of the bigots; perhaps the figure of the cock alluded to our Gallic neighbours. A cat in the habit of a nun, holding a platter in its paws to a mouse approaching to lick it; alluding to the allurements of the abbesses to draw young women into their convents; while sometimes I have seen a sow in an abbess's veil, mounted on stilts; the sex marked by the sow's dugs. A pope sometimes appears to be thrust by devils into a caldron; and cardinals are seen roasting on spits! These ornaments must have been generally executed by monks themselves; but these more ingenious members of the ecclesiastical order appear to have sympathized with the people, like the curates in our church, and saved the pampered abbot and the purple bishop. Church-

* Lect. Mem. I, ad. an. 1300.

men were the usual objects of the suppressed malignancy of the people in those days; but the knights and lords have not always escaped from the 'curse at a but deep,' of their satirical pencils.

As the Reformation, or rather the Revolution, was tending, this custom became so general, that in our dialogues of Erasmus, where two Franciscans are entertained by their host, it appears that such satirical allusions were hung up as common furniture in the apartments of inns. The facetious genius of Erasmus either invents or describes one which he had seen of an ape as the ape of a Franciscan sitting by a sick man's bed, dipping ghostly counsel, holding up a crucifix in one hand, and with the other he is fitching a purse out of the sick man's pocket. Such are 'the straws' by which we may now observe from what corner the wind rises! Mr Dixon recently informed us, that Geyler, whom he calls a herald of the Reformation, preceding Luther by two years, had a stone chair or pulpit in the cathedral at Strasburg, from which he delivered his lectures, or rather the thunders of his anathemas against the monks. The stone pulpit was constructed under his own superintendence, and is covered with very indecent figures of men and nuns, expressly designed by him to expose their licentious manners. We see Geyler doing what for us had been done!

In the curious folios of Sauval, the *Stowe of Paris* there is a copious chapter entitled '*Heresiques, leur état*.' In this enumeration of their attempts to give us to their suppressed indignation, it is very remarkable, preceding the time of Luther, the minds of many were perfectly Lutheran respecting the idolatrous worship of a Roman church; and what I now notice would have entered into that significant *Historia Reformationis ecclesiæ formationem*, which was formerly projected by certain writers.

Luther did not consign the pope's decretals to the flames till 1520—this was the first open act of reformation in insurrection, for hitherto he had submitted to the court of Rome. Yet in 1490, thirty years preceding this event, I find a priest burnt for having snatched the last derision from the hands of another celebrating mass. Twelve years afterwards, 1502, a student repaid in same deed, trampling on it; and in 1523 the resolute Anne de Bourg, a counsellor in the parliament of Paris to use the expression of Sauval, 'corrupted the world' it is evident that the Huguenots were fast on the march. From that period I find continued accounts which prove that the Huguenots of France, like the Puritans of England, were most resolute iconoclasts. They struck off the heads of Virgins and little Jesuses, or blunted their daggers by chipping the wooden saints, which were then fast at the corners of streets. Every morning discovered to scandalous treatment they had undergone in the night. Then their images were painted on the walls, but these were heretically scratched and disfigured; and, since the saints could not defend themselves, a royal edict was published in their favour, commanding that all holy paintings in the streets should not be allowed short of ten feet from the ground! They entered churches at night, tearing up or breaking down the *prieurs*, the *benitoires*, the crucifixes, the colossal *ecce-homos*, which they did not always succeed in dislodging for want of time or tools. Amidst these battles with wooden adversaries, we may smile at the frequent solemn processions instituted to ward off the vengeance of the parish saint; the wooden was expiated by a silver image, secured by iron bars, and attended by the king and the nobility, carrying the new saint, with prayers that he would protect himself from the heretics!

In the early period of the Reformation, an instance occurs of the art of concealing what we wish only the few should comprehend, at the same time that we are addressing the public. Curious collectors are acquainted, with 'The Olivetan Bible': this was the first translation published by the protestants, and there seems no doubt that Calvin was the chief, if not the only translator; but at that moment not choosing to become responsible for this new version, he made use of the name of an obscure rector, Robert Pierre Olivetan. Calvin, however, prefixed a Latin preface, remarkable for delivering positions very opposite to those tremendous doctrines of absolute predetermination, which in his theological despotism he afterwards assumed. De Bure describes this first protestant Bible not only as rare, but when found as usually imperfect,

much soiled, and dog-eared, as the well-read first edition of Shakspeare, by the perpetual use of the multitude. But a curious fact has escaped the detection both of De Bore and Bebe; at the end of the volume are found *ten verses*, which, in a concealed manner, authenticate the translation; and which no one, unless initiated into the secret, could possibly suspect. The verses are not poetical, but I give the first sentence:

Lecture entendis et verité adressed
Viens donc ouyr instantement sa promesse
Et vis parler ———— &c.

The first letter of every word of these ten verses form a perfect distich, containing information important to those to whom the Olivetan Bible was addressed.

Lee Vaudots, peuple evangelique
Ost m'le tresor en publique.

An anagram had been too inartificial a contrivance to have answered the purpose of concealing from the world at large this secret. There is an adroitness in the invention of the initial letters of all the words through these ten verses. They contained a communication necessary to authenticate the version, but which at the same time, could not be suspected by any person not instructed with the secret.

When the art of medal-engraving was revived in Europe, the spirit, we are now noticing, took possession of those less perishable and more circulating vehicles. Satiric medals were almost unknown to the ancient mint, notwithstanding those of the Saturnalia, and a few which bear miserable puns on the unlucky names of some consuls. Medals illustrate history, and history reflects light on medals; but we should not place such unreserved confidence on medals, as their advocates who are warm in their favourite study. It has been asserted, that medals are more authentic memorials than history itself; but a medal is not less susceptible of the bad passions than a pamphlet or an engraving. Ambition has its vanity, and engraves a dubious victory; and Flattery will practise its art, and deceive us in gold! A calumny or a fiction on metal may be more durable than on a fugitive page; and a libel has a better chance of being preserved, when the artist is skilful, than simple truths when miserably executed. Medals of this class are numerous, and were the precursors of those political satires exhibited in caricature prints. There is a large collection of wooden cuts about the time of Calvin, where the Romish religion is represented by the most grotesque forms which the ridicule of the early Reformers could invent. More than a thousand figures attest the exuberant satire of the designers. This work is equally rare and costly.*

Satires of this species commenced in the freedom of the Reformation; for we find a medal of Luther in a monk's habit, satirically bearing for its reverse Catharine de Bora, the nun whom this monk married; the first step of his personal reformation! Nor can we be certain that Catharine was not more concerned in that great revolution than appears in the voluminous lives we have of the great reformer. However, the reformers were as great sticklers for medals as the 'papalists.' Of Pope John VIII, an effeminate voluptuary, we have a medal with his portrait, inscribed *Pope Jean*! and another of Innocent X, dressed as a woman holding a spindle; the reverse, his famous mistress, Donna Olympia, dressed as a Pope, with the tiara on her head, and the keys of St Peter in her hands!

When, in the reign of Mary, England was groaning under Spanish influence, and no remonstrance could reach the throne, the queen's person and government were made ridiculous to the people's eyes, by prints or pictures, representing her majesty naked, meagre, withered, and wrinkled, with every aggravated circumstance of deformity that could disgrace a female figure, seated in a regal chair; a crown on her head, surrounded with M. R. and A. in cartels, accompanied by small letters; *Maria Regina Anglie*! a number of Spaniards were sucking her to skin and bone, and a specification was added of the money, rags, jewels, and other presents with which she had secretly gratified her husband Philip.† It is said that the queen suspected some of her own council of this invention, who alone were privy to these transactions. It is, however, in this manner that the voice, which is suppressed by authority, comes at length in another shape to the eye.

* Mr Douce possesses a portion of this very curious collection: for a complete one, De Bore asked about twenty pounds.

† Warren's Life of Sir Thomas Pope, p. 82.

The age of Elizabeth, when the Roman pontiff and all his adherents were odious to the people, produced a remarkable caricature, an ingenious invention—a gorgon's head! A church bell forms the helmet; the ornaments, instead of the feathers, are a wolf's head in a mitre devouring a lamb, an ass's head with spectacles reading, a goose holding a rosary; the face is made out with a fish for the nose, a chalice and water for the eye, and other priestly ornaments for the shoulder and breast, on which rolls of parchment pardons hang.*

A famous Bishop of Munster, Bernard de Galen, who, in his charitable violence for converting protestants, got himself into such celebrity that he appears to have served as an excellent sign-post to the inns in Germany, was the true church militant: and his figure was exhibited according to the popular fancy. His head was half mitre and half helmet; a crossier in one hand and a sabre in the other; half a rochet and half a cuirass; he was made performing mass as a dragoon on horseback, and giving out the charge when he ought the *Te, missa est*! He was called the *converter*! and the 'Bishop of Munster' became popular as a sign-post in German towns; for the people like fighting men, though they should even fight against themselves.

It is rather curious to observe of this new species of satire, so easily distributed among the people, and so directly addressed to their understandings, that it was made the vehicle of national feeling. Ministers of state condescended to invent the devices. Lord Orford says, that caricatures on cards were the invention of George Townshend in the affair of Byng, which was soon followed by a pack. I am informed of an ancient pack of cards which has caricatures of all the Parliamentarian Generals, which might be not usefully shuffled by a writer of secret history. We may be surprised to find the grave Sully practising this artifice on several occasions. In the civil wars of France the Duke of Savoy had taken by surprise Saluces, and struck a medal; on the reverse a centaur appears shooting with a bow and arrow, with the legend *Opportune*! But when Henry the Fourth had reconquered the town, he published another, on which Hercules appears killing the centaur, with the word *Opportunus*. The great minister was the author of this retort! A medal of the Dutch ambassador at the court of France, Van Beuningen, whom the French represent as a haughty burgomaster, but who had the vivacity of a Frenchman, and the haughtiness of a Spaniard, as Voltaire characterizes him, is said to have been the occasion of the Dutch war in 1672; but wars will be hardly made for an idle medal. Medals may, however, indicate a preparatory war. Louis the Fourteenth was so often compared to the sun at its meridian, that some of his creatures may have imagined that, like the sun, he could dart into any part of Europe as he willed, and be as cheerfully received. The Dutch minister, whose christian name was *Joshua*, however, had a medal struck of Joshua stopping the sun in his course, inferring that this miracle was operated by his little republic. The medal itself is engraved in Van Loon's voluminous *Histoire Medallique du Pays Bas*, and in Marchand's *Dictionnaire Historique*, who labours to prove against twenty authors that the Dutch ambassador was not the inventor; it was not, however, unworthy of him, and it conveyed to the world the high feeling of her power which Holland had then assumed. Two years after the noise about this medal, the republic paid dear for the device; but thirty years afterwards this very burgomaster concluded a glorious peace, and France and Spain were compelled to receive the mediation of the Dutch Joshua with the French sun.* In these vehicles of national satire, it is odd that the phlegmatic Dutch, more than any other nation, and from the earliest period of their republic, should have indulged freely, if not licentiously. It was a republican humour. Their taste was usually gross. We owe to them, even in the reign of Elizabeth, a severe medal on Leicester, who having retired in disgust from the government of their provinces, struck a medal with his bust, reverse, a dog and sheep,

Non gregem, sed ingratos imitus dextro:

on which the angry juvenile states struck another, repre-

* This ancient caricature, so descriptive of the popular feelings, is tolerably given in Malcolm's History of 'Caricaturing,' plate II, fig. 1.

† The history of this medal is useful in more than one respect; and may be found in Prosper Marchand.

seating an ape and young ones, reverse, Leicester near a fire,

*Fugiens fumum, incidit in ignem.*¹

Another medal, with an excellent portrait of Cromwell, was struck by the Dutch. The protector, crowned with laurels, is on his knees, laying his head in the lap of the commonwealth, but loosely exhibiting himself to the French and Spanish ambassadors with gross indecency: the Frenchman, covered with a *fleurs de lis*, is pushing aside the grave Don, and disputes with him the precedence—*Retire toy; l'honneur appartient au roy mon maître, Louis le Grand*. Van Loon is very right in denouncing this same medal, so grossly flattering to the English, as most detestable and indelicate! But why does Van Loon envy us this lumpy invention? why does the Dutchman quarrel with his own cheese? The honour of the medal we claim, but the invention belongs to his country. The Dutch went on, commenting in this manner on English affairs, from reign to reign. Charles the Second declared war against them in 1672 for a malicious medal, though the States-General offered to break the die by purchasing it of the workman for one thousand ducats; but it served for a pretext for a Dutch war, which Charles cared more about than the *mala bestia* of his exergue. Charles also complained of a scandalous picture which the brothers De Witt had in their house, representing a naval battle with the English. Charles the Second seems to have been more sensible to this sort of national satire than we might have expected in a professed wit; a race, however, who are not the most patient in having their own sauce returned to their lips. The king employed Evelyn to write a history of the Dutch war, and enjoined him to make it a *little keen*, for the Hollanders had very unhandsonely abused him in their pictures, books, and libels.² The Dutch continued their career of conveying their national feeling on English affairs more triumphantly when their stadtholder ascended an English throne. The birth of the Pretender is represented by the chest which Minerva gave to the daughters of Cecrops to keep, and which, opened, discovered an infant with a serpent's tail: *Infantumque vident appareturque draconem*; the chest perhaps alluding to the removal of the warming-pan: and in another, James and a Jesuit flying in terror, the king throwing away a crown and sceptre, and the Jesuit carrying a child, *Res misce est*, the words applied from the mass. But in these contests of national feeling, while the grandeur of Louis the Fourteenth did not allow of these ludicrous and satirical exhibitions; and while the political idolatry which his forty academicians paid to him, exhausted itself in the splendid fictions of a series of famous medals, amounting to nearly four hundred; it appears that we were not without our reprisals: for I find Prosper Marchand, who writes as a Hollander, censuring his own country for having at length adulated the grand monarch by a complimentary medal. He says, 'The English cannot be reproached with a similar *debonairé*.' After the famous victories of Marlborough, they indeed inserted in a medal the head of the French monarch and the English queen, with this inscription, *Ludovicus Magnus, Anna Major*. Long ere this, one of our queens had been exhibited by ourselves with considerable energy. On the defeat of the Armada, Elizabeth, Pinkerton tells us, struck a medal representing the English and Spanish fleets, *Hesperidum regem devicit virgo*. Philip had medals dispersed in England of the same impression, with this addition, *Negatus*. *Est meretrix vulgi*. These the queen suppressed, but published another medal, with this legend:

*Hesperidum regem devicit virgo; negatur,
Est meretrix vulgi: res eo deterior.*

An age fertile in satirical prints was the eventful era of Charles the First; they were showered from all parties, and a large collection of them would admit of a critical historical commentary, which might become a vehicle of the most curious secret history. Most of them are in a bad style, for they are all allegorical; yet that these satirical exhibitions influenced the eyes and minds of the people is evident, from an extraordinary circumstance. Two grave collections of historical documents adopted them. We are surprised to find prefixed to Rushworth's and Nalson's historical collections, two such political prints! Nalson's was an act of retributive justice; but he seems to have been aware, that satire in the shape of pictures is a language very attractive to the multitude;

for he has introduced a caricature print in the solemn folio of the trial of Charles the First. Of the happiest of these political prints is one by Taylor the water-poet, not included in his folio, but prefixed to his 'Mad fashions, odd fashions or the emblems of these distracted times.' It is the figure of a man whose eyes have left their sockets, and whose legs have usurped the place of his arms; a horse on his hind legs is drawing a cart; a church is inverted; fish fly in the air; a candle burns with the flame downwards; and the mouse and rabbit are pursuing the cat and the fox!

The animosities of national hatreds have been a fertile source of these vehicles of popular feeling—which discover themselves in severe or grotesque caricatures. The French and the Spaniards mutually exhibited one another under the most extravagant figures. The political caricatures of the French, in the seventeenth century, are numerous. The *badouins* of Paris amused themselves for their losses, by giving an emetic to a Spaniard, to make him render up all the towns his victories had obtained; seven or eight Spaniards are seen seated around a large turnip, with their frizzled mustachios, their hats *en pot à buerre*; their long rapiers, with their pummels down to their feet, and their points up to their shoulders; their ruffs stiffened by many rows, and pieces of garlic stuck in their girdles. The Dutch were exhibited in as great variety as the uniformity of frings would allow. We have largely participated in the vindictive spirit, which these grotesque emblems keep up among the people; they mark the secret feelings of national pride. The Greeks despised foreigners, and considered them only as fit to be slaves; the ancient Jews, inflated with a false idea of their small territory, would be masters of the world: the Italians placed a line of demarcation for genius and taste, and marked it by their mountains. The Spaniards once imagined that the conferences of God with Moses on Mount Sinai were in the Spanish language. If a Japanese becomes the friend of a foreigner, he is considered as committing treason to his emperor; and rejected as a false brother in a country which we are told is figuratively called *Tenbo*, or the kingdom under the Heavens. John Bullism is not peculiar to Englishmen; and patriotism is a noble virtue, when it secures our independence without depriving us of our humanity.

The civil wars of the league in France, and those in England under Charles the First, bear the most striking resemblance; and in examining the revolutionary scenes exhibited by the graver in the famous satire *Menippés*, we discover the foreign artist revelling in the caricature of his ludicrous and severe exhibition; and in that other revolutionary period of *La Fronde*, there was a mania for *political songs*; the curious have formed them into collections; and we, not only have 'the Rump songs' of Charles the First's times, but have repeated this kind of evidence of the public feeling at many subsequent periods. Caricatures and political songs might with us furnish a new sort of history; and perhaps would preserve some truths, and describe some particular events, not to be found in more grave authorities.

AUTOGRAPHS.†

The art of judging of the characters of persons by their writing can only have any reality, when the pen, acting without constraint, may become an instrument guided by, and indicative of the natural dispositions. But regulated as the pen is now too often by a mechanical process, which the present race of writing-masters seem to have contrived for their own convenience, a whole school exhibits a similar hand-writing; the pupils are forced in their automatic motions, as if acted on by the pressure of a steam-engine; a bevy of beauties will now write such fac-similes of each other, that in a heap of letters presented to the most sharp-sighted lover, to select that of his mistress—though like Bassanio among the caskets, his happiness should be risked on the choice—he would despair of fixing on the right one, all appearing to have come from the

* A passage may be found in Aristotle's politics, vol. i. c. 2 —7: where Aristotle advises Alexander to govern the Greeks like his subjects, and the barbarians like slaves; for that the one he was to consider as companions, and the other as creatures of an inferior race.

† A small volume which I met with at Paris, entitled 'L'Art de juger du Caractère des Hommes sur leurs Ecritures,' is curious for its illustrations, consisting of twenty-four plates, exhibiting fac-similes of the writing of eminent and other persons, correctly taken from the original autographs.

rolling-press. Even brothers of different tempers been taught by the same master to give the same to their letters, the same regularity to their line, and made our hand-writings as monotonous as are our characters in the present habits of society. The true physiognomy of writing will be lost among our rising generation: it is no longer a face that we are looking on, but a useful mask of a single pattern; and the fashionable writing of our young ladies is like the former tightness of their mother's youthful days, when every one had what was supposed to be a fine shape!

Assuredly Nature would prompt every individual to have a distinct sort of writing, as she has given a peculiar maintenance—a voice—and a manner. The flexibility of muscles differs with every individual, and the hand will follow the direction of the thoughts, and the emotions and the habits of the writers. The phlegmatic will portray his words, while the playful haste of the volatile will scarcely sketch them; the slovenly will blot and efface and scrawl, while the neat and orderly minded will view themselves in the paper before their eyes. The merchant's clerk will not write like the lawyer or the poet. Even nations are distinguished by their writing; the vivacity and variability of the Frenchman, and the delicacy and suppleness of the Italian, are perceptibly distinct from the slowness and strength of pen discoverable in the phlegmatic German, Dane, and Swede. When we are in grief, we do not write as we should in joy. The elegant and correct mind, which has acquired the fortunate habit of a fixity of attention, will write with scarcely an erasure on the page, as Fenelon and Gray and Gibbon; while we find in Pope's manuscripts the perpetual struggles of correction, and the eager and rapid interlunations struck off in heat. Lavater's notion of hand-writing is by no means chimerical; nor was General Paoli fanciful, when he told Mr Northcote, that he had decided on the character and dispositions of a man from his letters, and the hand-writing.

Long before the days of Lavater, Shenstone in one of his letters said, 'I want to see Mrs Jago's hand-writing, that I may judge of her temper.' One great truth must however be conceded to the opponents of the *physiognomy of writing*; general rules only can be laid down. Yet the vital principle must be true, that the hand-writing bears an analogy to the character of the writer, as all voluntary actions are characteristic of the individual. But many causes operate to counteract or obstruct this result. I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a school-boy's tagged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness, which polished his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs.

Oldys, in one of his curious notes, was struck by the distinctness of character in the hand-writings of several of our kings. He observed nothing farther than the mere fact, and did not extend his idea to the art of judging of the natural character by the writing. Oldys has described these hand-writings with the utmost correctness, as I have often verified. I shall add a few comments.

'Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen.'—The vehemence of his character conveyed itself into his writing; bold, hasty, and commanding, I have no doubt the assessor of the Pope's supremacy and its triumphant destroyer, split many a good quill.

'Edward the Sixth wrote a fair legible hand.' We have this promising young prince's diary, written by his own hand; in all respects he was an assiduous pupil, and he had scarcely learned to write and to reign when we lost him.

'Queen Elizabeth writ an upright hand, like the bastard Italian.' She was indeed a most elegant calligrapher,

whom Roger Ascham had taught all the elegancies of the pen. The French editor of the little autographical work I have noticed has given the autograph of her name, which she usually wrote in a very large tall character, and painfully elaborate. He accompanies it with one of the Scottish Mary, who at times wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; when in haste and distress of mind, in several letters during her imprisonment which I have read, much the contrary. The French editor makes this observation: 'Who could believe that these writings are of the same epoch? The first denotes asperity and ostentation; the second indicates simplicity, softness, and nobleness. The one is that of Elizabeth, queen of England; the other that of her cousin, Mary Stuart. The difference of these two hand-writings answers most evidently to that of their characters.'

'James the First writ a poor ungainly character, all awry, and not in a straight line.' James certainly wrote a slovenly scrawl, strongly indicative of that personal negligence which he carried into all the little things of life; and Buchanan, who had made him an excellent scholar, may receive the disgrace of his pupil's ugly scribble, which sprawls about his careless and inelegant letters.

'Charles the First wrote a fair open Italian hand, and more correctly perhaps, than any prince we ever had.' Charles was the first of our monarchs who intended to have domiciliated taste in the kingdom, and it might have been conjectured from this unfortunate prince, who so finely discriminated the manners of the different painters, which are in fact their hand-writings, that he would have not been insensible to the elegancies of the pen.

'Charles the Second wrote a little fair running hand, as if wrote in haste, or uneasy till he had done.' Such was the writing to have been expected from this illustrious vagabond, who had much to write, often in odd situations, and could never get rid of his natural restlessness, and vivacity.

'James the Second writ a large fair hand.' It is characterised by his phlegmatic temper, as an exact detailer of occurrences, and the matter-of-business genius of the writer.

'Queen Ann wrote a fair round hand;' that is the writing she had been taught by her master, probably without any alteration of manner naturally suggested by herself; the copying hand of a common character.

This subject of autographs associates itself with what has been dignified by its professors as calligraphy, or the art of beautiful writing. As I have something curious to communicate on that subject considered professionally, it shall form our following article.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING-MASTERS.

There is a very apt letter from James the First to prince Henry when very young, on the neatness and fairness of his hand-writing; the royal father suspecting that the prince's tutor, Mr, afterwards Sir Adam Newton, had helped out the young prince in the composition; and that in this specimen of calligraphy he had relied also on the pains of Mr Peter Bales, the great writing-master, for touching up his letters; his majesty shows a laudable anxiety that the prince should be impressed with the higher importance of the one over the other. James shall himself speak. 'I confess I long to receive a letter from you that may be wholly yours, as well matter as form; as well formed by your mind as drawn by your fingers; for ye may remember, that in my book to you I warn you to beware with (of) that kind of wit that may fly out at the end of your fingers; not that I commend not a fair hand-writing; *sed hoc farito, illud non omitto*; and the other is *multo magis præcipuum*.' Prince Henry, indeed, wrote with that elegance which he borrowed from his own mind, and in an age when such minute elegance was not universal among the crowned heads of Europe. Henry IV, on receiving a letter from prince Henry, immediately opened it, a custom not usual with him, and comparing the writing with the signature, to decide whether it were of one hand, Sir George Carew, observing the French king's hesitation, called Mr Douglas to testify to the fact; on which Henry the Great, admiring an art in which he had little skill, and looking on the neat elegance of the writing before him, politely observed, 'I see that in writing fair, as in other things, the elder must yield to the younger.'

Had this anecdote of neat writing reached the professors of calligraphy, who in this country have put forth such

painful panegyrics on the art, these royal names had unquestionably blazoned their pages. Not, indeed, that these penmen require any fresh inflation; for never has there been a race of professors in any art, who have exceeded in solemnity and pretensions the practitioners in this simple and mechanical craft. I must leave to more ingenious investigators of human nature, to reveal the occult cause which has operated such powerful delusions on these 'Vive la Plume!' men, who have been generally observed to possess least intellectual ability, in proportion to the excellence they have obtained in their own art. I suspect this maniacal vanity is peculiar to the writing-masters of England; and I can only attribute the immense importance which they have conceived of their art, to the perfection to which they have carried the art of short-hand writing; an art which was always better understood, and more skilfully practised, in England, than in any other country. It will surprise some when they learn that the artists in verse and colours, poets and painters, have not raised loftier pretensions to the admiration of mankind. Writing-masters, or calligraphers, have had their engraved 'effigies,' with a Fame in flourishes, a pen in one hand, and a trumpet in the other; and fine verses inscribed, and their very lives written! They have compared

'The nimbly-turning of their silver quill,'

to the beautiful in art, and the sublime in invention; nor is this wonderful, since they discover the art of writing, like the invention of language, in a divine original; and from the tablets of stone which the Deity himself delivered, they trace their German broad-text, or their fine running-hand.

One, for 'the bold striking of those words, *Vive la Plume!*' was so sensible of the reputation that this last piece of command of hand would give the book which he thus adorned, and which his biographer acknowledges was the product of about a minute—(but then how many years of flourishing had that single minute cost him!)—that he claims the glory of an artist, observing,—

'We seldom find

The man of business with the artist join'd.'

Another was flattered that his writing could impart immortality to the most wretched compositions!—

'And any lines prove pleasing, when you write.'

Sometimes the calligrapher is a sort of hero:—

'To you, you rare commander of the quill,
Whose wit and worth, deep learning, and high skill,
Speak you the honour of great Tower Hill!

The last line became traditionally adopted by those who were so lucky as to live in the neighbourhood of this Parnassus. But the reader must form some notion of that charm of calligraphy which has so bewitched its professors, when,

'Soft, bold, and free, your manuscripts still please.'

'How justly bold in Snell's improving hand
The Pen at once joins freedom with command!
With softness strong, with ornaments not vain,
Loose with proportion, and with neatness plain;
Not swell'd, not full, complete in every part,
And artful most, when not affecting art.'

And these describe those penciled knots and flourishes, 'the angels, the men, the birds, and the beasts, which as one of them observed, he could

'Command

Even by the gentle motion of his hand,'
all the species *miracula* of calligraphy!

'Thy tender strokes imitatively fine,
Crown'd with perfection every flowing line;
And to each grand performance add a grace,
As curling hair adorns a beautiful face:
In every page new fancies give delight,
And sporting round the margin charm the sight.

One Massey, a writing-master, published, in 1763, 'The Origin and Progress of Letters.' The great singularity of this volume is 'A new species of biography never attempted before in English.' This consists of the lives of 'English Penmen,' otherwise writing-masters! If some have foolishly enough imagined that the sedentary lives of authors are void of interest from deficient incident and interesting catastrophe, what must they think

of the barren labours of those, who, in the days of the 'dish, dash, long-tail fly,' the less they become known to the public; for what can the most skilful writer do but wear away his life in leaning over his pen-copy, or sometimes snatch a pen to decorate a page, though he cannot compose the page? Massey is a very original notion on writing-masters: he says some of those calligraphers, who had obtained praise by their excellence in the art, afterwards effected not *carelessly, lest their promotion should be suspected as being owing to such an ordinary acquisition!*

Massey is an enthusiast, fortunately for his art. He considers that there are *schools of writing*, men of painting or sculpture; and expatiates with that fraternal feeling on 'a natural genius, a tender sensibility in the sprigged letters, and penciled knots and flourishes'; while this Vasari of writing-masters rules controversies and the libels of many a rival penman. 'George Shelley, one of the most celebrated men who have made a shining figure in the commercial English calligraphy, born I suppose of obscure parents because brought up in Christ's hospital, yet now a humble blue-coat he laid the foundation of his calligraphic excellence and lasting fame, for he was elected master to the hospital.' Shelley published his 'New writing'; but, alas! Snell, another blue-coat, transgressed the other. 'He was a genius who would bear no law near the throne.'—'I have been informed that those jealous heart-burnings, if not bickerings, between Snell and Col. Ayres, another of our great reformers in the writing commonwealth, both eminent men, yet, like our celebrated poets, *Pope and Addison*, or, to carry the comparison still higher, like *Cæsar and Pompey*, one can bear no superior, and the other no equal.' Indeed, a great Snell practised a little stratagem against Mr Shelley, which, if writing-masters held courts-martial, as he ought to have appeared before his brethren, he is of his works he procured a number of friends to write letters, in which Massey confesses 'are some airy strokes upon Shelley,' as if he had arrogated to himself in his book of 'Natural Writing.' This is great fault with penciled knots and sprigged letters. Shelley, who was an advocate for ornaments in fine penmanship, which Snell utterly rejected, had parodied a well-known line of Herbert's in favour of his favourite decorations:

'A Knot may take him who from letters flies,
And turn delight into an exercise.'

These reflections created ill-blood, and even an open interference among several of the *superior artists in writing*. The commanding genius of Snell, had a more warm contest when he published his 'Standard Rules,' pretending to have demonstrated them as Euclid would. This proved a bone of contention, and occasioned a terrific quarrel between Mr Snell and Mr Clark. This quarrel about "Standard Rules" ran so high between them, that they could scarce forbear *scurrilous language terms*, and a treatment of each other unbecoming gentlemen. Both sides in this dispute had their abettors; and to my which had the most truth and reason, *non nostrum est tantas componere lites*; perhaps both parties might be so fond of their own schemes. They should have left them to people to choose which they liked best. A candid politician is our Massey, and a philosophical historian too: for he winds up the whole story of this civil war by describing its result, which happened as all such great controversies have ever closed. 'Who now-a-days takes those *Standard Rules*, either one or the other, for their guide in writing? This is the finest lesson ever offered to the furious heads of parties, and to all their men; let them meditate on the nothingness of their 'standard rules'—by the fan of Mr Snell!

It was to be expected when once these writing-masters imagined that they were artists, that they would be infected with those plague-spots of genius, envy, detraction, and all the *jalousie du metier*. And such to this hour we find them! An extraordinary scene of this nature has long been exhibited in my neighbourhood, where two doughty champions of the quill have been posting up libels in their windows respecting the inventor of a new art of writing, the Cartairian or the Lewisian? When the great German philosopher asserted that he had discovered the me-

thod of fluxions before Sir Isaac, and when the dispute grew so violent that even the calm Newton sent a formal defiance in set terms, and got even George the Second to try to arbitrate, (who would rather have undertaken a campaign) the method of fluxions was no more cleared up, than the present affair between our two heroes of the quill.

A recent instance of one of these egregious caligraphers may be told of the late Tomkins. This vainest of writing-masters dreamed through life that penmanship was one of the fine arts, and that a writing-master should be seated with his peers in the Academy! He bequeathed to the British Museum his *opus magnum*; a copy of Macklin's Bible, profusely embellished with the most beautiful and varied decorations of his pen; and as he conceived that both the workman and the work would alike be darling objects with posterity, he left something immortal with the legacy, his fine bust by Chantry! unaccompanied by which they were not to receive the unparalleled gift. When Tomkins applied to have his bust, our great sculptor abated the usual price, and courteously kind to the feelings of the man, said that he considered Tomkins as an artist! It was the proudest day of the life of our writing-master!

But an eminent artist and wit now living, once looking on this fine bust of Tomkins, declared, that 'this man had died for want of a dinner!'—a fate, however, not so lamentable as it appeared! Our penman had long felt that he stood degraded in the scale of genius by not being received at the Academy, at least among the class of *engravers*; the next approach to academic honour he conceived would be that of appearing as a *guest* at their annual dinner. 'These invitations are as limited as they are select, and all the Academy persisted in considering Tomkins as a writing-master! Many a year passed, every intrigue was practised, every remonstrance was urged, every stratagem of courtesy was tried; but never ceasing to deplore the failure of his hopes, it preyed on his spirits, and the luckless caligrapher went down to his grave—without dining at the Academy! This authentic anecdote has been considered as 'satire improperly directed'—by some friend of Mr Tomkins—but the criticism is much too grave! The fable of Mr Tomkins as a writing-master, presents a striking illustration of the class of men here delineated. I am a mere historian—and am only responsible for the veracity of this fact. That 'Mr Tomkins lived in familiar intercourse with the Royal Academicians of his day, and was a frequent guest at their private tables,' and moreover was a most worthy man, I believe—but it is less true that he was ridiculously mortified by being never invited to the Academic dinner, on account of his caligraphy? He had some reason to consider that his art was of the exalted class, to which he aspired to raise it, when his friend concludes his eulogy of this writing-master thus—'Mr Tomkins, as an artist, stood foremost in his own profession, and his name will be handed down to posterity with the *Heroes* and *Statesmen*, whose excellences his penmanship has contributed to illustrate and to commemorate.' I always give the *Pour* and the *Contre*!

Such men about such things have produced public contests, *combats à l'outrance*, where much ink was spilt by the knights in a joust of goose-quills; these solemn trials have often occurred in the history of writing-masters, which is enlivened by public defiances, proclamations, and judicial trials by umpires! The prize was usually a golden pen of some value. One as late as the reign of Anne took place between Mr German and Mr More. German having courteously insisted that Mr More should set the copy, he thus set it, ingeniously quaint!

As more, and More, our understanding clears,
So more and more our ignorance appears.

The result of this pen-combat was really lamentable; they displayed such an equality of excellence that the umpires refused to decide, till one of them espied that Mr German had omitted the title of an *i*! But Mr More was evidently a man of genius, not only by his couplet, but in his 'Essay on the Invention of Writing,' where occurs this noble passage: 'Art with me is of no party. A noble emulation I would cherish, while it proceeded neither from, nor to malevolence. Bala had his Johnson, Norman his Mason, Ayres his Matlock and his Shelley; yet Art the while was no sufferer. The busy-body who officiously employs himself in creating misunderstandings be-

tween artists, may be compared to a turn-stile, which stands in every man's way, yet hinders nobody; and he is the slanderer who gives ear to the slander.'

Among these knights of the 'Plume volant,' whose chivalric exploits astounded the beholders, must be distinguished Peter Bales in his joust with David Johnson. In this tilting match the guerdon of caligraphy was won by the greatest of caligraphers; its arms were assumed by the victor, azure, a pen or; while 'the golden pen,' carried away in triumph, was painted with a hand over the door of the caligrapher. The history of this renowned encounter was only traditionally known, till with my own eyes I pondered on this whole trial of skill in the precious manuscript of the champion himself; who, like Cæsar, not only knew how to win victories, but also to record them. Peter Bales was a hero of such transcendent eminence, that his name has entered into our history. Holiingshed chronicles one of his curiosities of microscopic writing, at a time when the taste prevailed for admiring writing which no eye could read! In the compass of a silver penny this caligrapher put more things than would fill several of these pages. He presented Queen Elizabeth with the manuscript set in a ring of gold covered with a crystal; he had also contrived a magnifying glass of such power, that, to her delight and wonder, her majesty read the whole volume, which she held on her thumb nail, and 'commended the same to the lords of the council, and the ambassadors;' and frequently, as Peter often heard, did her majesty vouchsafe to wear this caligraphic ring.

'Some will think I labour on a cobweb'—modestly exclaimed Bales in his narrative, and his present historian much fears for himself! The reader's gratitude will not be proportioned to my pains, in condensing such copious pages into the size of a 'silver penny,' but without its worth!

For a whole year had David Johnson affixed a challenge 'To any one who should take exceptions to this my writing and teaching.' He was a young friend of Bales, daring and longing for an encounter; yet Bales was magnanimously silent, till he discovered that he was 'doing much less in writing and teaching' since this public challenge was proclaimed! He then set up his counter challenge, and in one hour afterwards Johnson arrogantly accepted it, 'in a most despicable and arrogant manner.' Bales's challenge was delivered 'in good terms.' 'To all Englishmen and strangers.' It was to write for a gold pen of twenty pound's value in all kinds of hands, 'best, straightest and fastest,' and most kind of ways; a full, a mean, a small, with line and without line; in a slow set hand, a mean facile hand, and a fast running hand; and farther, 'to write truest and speediest, most secretary and clerk-like, from a man's mouth, reading or pronouncing, either English or Latin.'

Young Johnson had the hardihood now of turning the tables on his great antagonist, accusing the veteran Bales of arrogance. Such an absolute challenge says he, was never witnessed by man, 'without exception of any in the world!' And a few days after meeting Bales, 'of set purpose to affront and disgrace him what he could, showed Bales a piece of writing of secretary's hand, which he had very much laboured in fine abortive parchment,' uttering to the challenger these words: 'Mr Bales, give me one shilling out of your purse, and if within six months you better, or equal this piece of writing, I will give you forty pounds for it.' This legal deposit of the shilling was made, and the challenger, or appellant, was thereby bound by law to the performance.

The day before the trial a printed declaration was affixed throughout the city, taunting Bales's 'proud poverty,' and his pecuniary motives, as 'a thing ungentle, base, and mercenary, and not answerable to the dignity of the golden pen!' Johnson declares he would maintain his challenge for a thousand pounds more, but for the respondent's inability to perform a thousand groats. Bales retorts on the libel; declares it as a sign of his rival's weakness, 'yet who so bold as blind Bayard, that hath not a word of Latin to cast at a dog, or say Bo! to a goose!'

On Michaelmas day, 1696, the trial opened before five

* I have not met with More's Book, and am obliged to transcribe this from the *Biog. Brit.*

† This was written in the reign of Elizabeth. Holyoke notices 'virgin-perchment made of an abortive skin; membrana virgo.' Peacham on Drawing, calls parchment simply an abortive.

judges: the appellant and the respondent appeared at the appointed place, and an ancient gentleman was intrusted with 'the golden pen.' In the first trial, for the manner of teaching scholars, after Jonson had taught his pupil a fortnight, he would not bring him forward! This was awarded in favour of Bales.

The second, for secretary and clerk-like writing, dictating to them both in English and in Latin, Bales performed best, being first done; written straightest without line, with true orthography; the challenger himself confessing that he wanted the Latin tongue, and was no clerk!

The third and last trial for fair writing in sundry kinds of hands, the challenger prevailed for the beauty and most 'authentic proportions,' and for the superior variety of the Roman hand. In the court hand the respondent exceeded the appellant, and likewise in the set text; and in bastard secretary was also somewhat perfecter.

At length Bales perhaps perceiving an equilibrium in the judicial decisions, to overwhelm his antagonist, presented what he distinguishes as his 'master-piece,' composed of secretary and Roman hand four ways varied, and offering the defendant to let pass all his previous advantages if he could better thus specimen of calligraphy! The challenger was silent! At this moment some of the judges perceiving that the decision must go in favour of Bales, in consideration of the youth of the challenger, lest he might be disgraced to the world, requested the other judges not to pass judgment in public. Bales assures us, that he in vain remonstrated; for by these means the winning of the golden pen might not be so famously spread as otherwise it would have been. To Bales the prize was awarded. But our history has a more interesting close; the subtle Machiavellism of the first challenger!

When the great trial had closed, and Bales, carrying off the golden pen, exultingly had it painted and set up for his sign, the baffled challenger went about reporting that he had won the golden pen, but that the defendant had obtained the same by 'plots and shifts, and other base and cunning practices.' Bales vindicated his claim, and offered to show the world his 'master-piece' which had acquired it. Jonson issued an 'Appeal to all impartial Pen-men,' which he spread in great numbers through the city for ten days, a libel against the judges and the victorious defendant! He declared that there had been a subtle combination with one of the judges concerning the place of trial; which he expected to have been before 'pen-men,' but not before a multitude like a stage-play, and shouts and tumults, with which the challenger had hitherto been unacquainted. The judges were intended to be twelve; but of the five, four were the challenger's friends, honest gentlemen, but unskilled in judging of most hands; and he offered again forty pounds to be allowed in six months to equal Bales's master-piece. And he closes his 'appeal' by declaring that Bales had lost in several parts of the trial, neither did the judges deny that Bales possessed himself of the golden pen by a trick! Before judgment was awarded, alleging the sickness of his wife to be extreme, he desired she might have a *sight of the golden pen to comfort her!* The ancient gentleman who was the holder, taking the defendant's word, allowed the golden pen to be carried to the sick wife; and Bales immediately pawned it, and afterwards, to make sure work, sold it at a great loss, so that when the judges met for their definitive sentence, our pen nor penny-worth was to be had! The judges being ashamed of their own conduct, were compelled to give such a verdict as suited the occasion:

Bales rejoins: he publishes to the universe the day and the hour when the judges brought the golden pen to his house, and while he checks the insolence of this Bobadil, to show himself no recreant, assumes the golden pen for his sign.

Such is the shortest history I could contrive of this chivalry of the pen: something mysteriously clouds over the fate of the defendant; Bales's history, like Cæsar's, is but an *ex-parte* evocation. Who can tell whether he has not slurred over his defeats, and only dwelt on his victories?

There is a strange phrase connected with the art of the calligrapher, which I think may be found in most, if not in all modern languages. *To write like an angel!* Ladies have been frequently compared to angels; they are beautiful as angels, and sing and dance like angels; but however intelligible these are, we do not so easily connect penmanship with the other celestial accomplishments. This fanciful phrase,

however, has a very human origin. Among those early Greeks who emigrated to Italy, and afterwards to France, in the reign of Francis I, was one Angelo Frasco, whose beautiful calligraphy excited the admiration of the learned. The French monarch had a Greek cast, modelled by his writing. The learned Henry Stephens, who, like our Porson for correctness and exactness was one of the most elegant writers of Greek, had not the practice from our Angelo. His name became synonymous for beautiful writing, and gave birth to the vulgar proverb or familiar phrase, *to write like an angel!*

THE ITALIAN HISTORIANS.

It is remarkable that the country, which has long been political independence, may be considered as the present of modern history. The greater part of the historians have abstained from the applause of their contemporaries, while they have not the less elaborately composed their posthumous folios, consecrated solely to us and posterity! The true principles of national glory are opened by the grandeur of the minds of these ascetic political freedom. It was their indignant spirit, seeking to console its injuries by confiding them to their next manuscripts, which raised up this singular phenomenon in the literary world.

Of the various causes which produced such a lofty race of patriots, one is prominent. The proud recollection of their Roman fathers often troubled the dreams of the son. The petty rival republics, and the petty despotic principalities, which had started up from some great families, who, at first came forward as the protectors of the people from their exterior enemies or their interior factions, at length settled into a corruption of power; a power which had been conferred on them to preserve liberty and law. These factions often strook by their jealousies, their fears, and their hatreds, that divided land, which groaned whenever they witnessed the 'Ultramontanes' descending from their Alps and their Apennines. Petrarch, in a noble exhortation, warmed by Livy and ancient Rome, impatiently beheld the French and the Germans passing the mountain 'Enemies,' he cries, 'so often conquered, prepared to strike with swords, which formerly served us to raise our trophies: shall the mistress of the world bear cease forged by hands which she has so often bound to her backs?' Machiavel, in his 'Exhortations to free Italy from the barbarians,' rouses his country against their changeable masters, the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards; closing with the verse of Petrarch, that short shall be the battle for which patriot virtue arms to show the world—

"Che l'antico valore
Ne ge' Italici cuor non è ancor morto."

Nor has this sublime patriotism declined even in more recent times; I cannot resist from preserving in this place a sonnet by Filicaja, which I could never read without participating in the agitation of the writer, for the ancient glory of his degenerated country! The energetic personification of the close, perhaps, surpasses even his more celebrated sonnet, preserved in Lord Byron's notes to the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold.'

Dov'è Italia, il tuo braccio? e a che ti servi
Tu dell'atru? non è, oio scorgo il vero,
Di chi t'offende il defensor men fero:
Ambe nemici sono, ambo fur servi.
Così dunque l'onor, così conservi
Gli avanzi tu del glorioso Impero?
Così al valor, così al valor primiero
Che a te fide giuro, la fede osservi?
Or va: repudia il valor prison, e sposa
L'ozio, e fra il sangue, i gemiti, e le strida
Nel periglio maggior dormi e riposa!
Dormi, Adultera vil! fin che omicida
Spada altrice ti svegli, e sommarchiassa,
E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t'uccida!

Oh, Italy! where is thine arm? What purpose serves
So to be helped by others? Deem I right,
Among offenders thy defender stands!
Both are thy enemies—both were thy servants!
Thus dost thou honour—thus dost thou preserve
The mighty boundaries of the glorious empire?
And thou to Valour, to thy prime Valour
Thou swor'st to fight to thee, thy faith thou keep'st?
Go! and let one thyself from the old Valiance,
And many slowness! and I midst the blood,
The heavy groans and cries of agony,
In thy last danger sleep, and seek repose!

Sleep, vile Adulterers! the homickid sword
Vengeful, shall waken thee; and lull'd to slumber,
While naked in thy minion's arms, shall strike!

Among the domestic contests of Italy the true principles of political freedom were developed; and in that country we may find the origin of Philosophical History, which includes so many important views and so many new results, unknown to the ancients.

Machiavel seems to have been the first writer who discovered the secret of what may be called *comparative history*. He it was who first sought in ancient history for the materials which were to illustrate the events of his own times; by fixing on analogous facts, similar personages, and parallel periods. This was enlarging the field of history, and opening a new combination for philosophical speculation. His profound genius advanced still further; he not only explained modern by ancient history, but he deduced those results or principles founded on this new sort of evidence, which guided him in forming his opinions. History had hitherto been, if we except Tacitus, but a story well told, and in writers of limited capacity, the detail and number of facts had too often been considered as the only valuable portion of history. An erudition of facts is not the philosophy of history; an historian unskilful in the art of applying his facts amasses impure ore, which he cannot strike into coin. The chancellor D'Aguessseau, in his instructions to his son on the study of history, has admirably touched on this distinction. 'Minds which are purely historical mistake a fact for an argument; they are so accustomed to satisfy themselves by repeating a great number of facts and enriching their memory, that they become incapable of reasoning on principles. It often happens that the result of their knowledge breeds confusion and universal indecision: for their facts, often contradictory, only raise up doubts. The superfluous and the frivolous occupy the place of what is essential and solid, or at least so overload and darken it, that we must sail with them in a sea of trifles to get to firm land. Those who only value the philosophical part of history, fall into an opposite extreme; they judge of what has been done by that which should be done; while the others always decide on what should be done by that which has been; the first are the dupes of their reasoning, the second of the facts which they mistake for reasoning. We should not separate two things which ought always to go in concert, and mutually lend an aid, *reason and example*. Avoid equally the contempt of some philosophers for the science of facts, and the distaste or the incapacity which those who confine themselves to facts often contract for whatever depends on pure reasoning. True and solid philosophy should direct us in the study of history, and the study of history should give perfection to philosophy. Such was the enlightened opinion, as far back as at the beginning of the last century, of the studious chancellor of France, before the more recent designation of *Philosophical History* was so generally received, and so familiar on our title-pages.

From the moment that the Florentine secretary conceived the idea that the history of the Roman people, opening such varied spectacles of human nature, served as a point of comparison to which he might perpetually recur to try the analogous facts of other nations, and the events passing under his own eye; a new light broke out and ran through the vast extents of history. The maturity of experience seemed to have been obtained by the historian, in his solitary meditations. Livy in the grandeur of Rome, and Tacitus in its fated decline, exhibited for Machiavel a moving picture of his own republics—the march of destiny in all human governments! The text of Livy and Tacitus revealed to him many an imperfect secret—the fuller truths he drew from the depth of his own observations on his own times. In Machiavel's 'Discourses on Livy,' we may discover the foundations of our *Philosophical History*.

The example of Machiavel, like that of all creative genius, influenced the character of his age, and his history of Florence produced an emulative spirit among a new dynasty of historians.

These Italian historians have proved themselves to be an extraordinary race, for they devoted their days to the composition of historical works, which they were certain could not see the light during their lives! They nobly determined that their works should be posthumous, rather than be compelled to mutilate them for the press. These historians were rather the saints than the martyrs of history; they did not always personally suffer for truth, but

during their protracted labour they sustained their spirits by anticipating their glorified after-state.

Among these Italian historians must be placed the illustrious Guicciardini, the friend of Machiavel. No perfect edition of this historian existed till recent times. The history itself was posthumous; nor did his nephew venture to publish it, till twenty years after the historian's death. He only gave the first sixteen books, and these castrated. The obnoxious passages consisted of some statements relating to the papal court, then so important in the affairs of Europe; some account of the origin and progress of the papal power; some eloquent pictures of the abuses and disorders of that corrupt court; and some free caricatures on the government of Florence. The precious fragments were fortunately preserved in manuscript, and the Protestants procured transcripts which they published separately, but which were long very rare.* All the Italian editions continued to be reprinted in the same truncated condition, and appear only to have been reinstated in the immortal history, so late as in 1775! Thus it required two centuries, before an editor could venture to give the world the pure and complete text of the manuscript of the lieutenant-general of the papal army, who had been so close and so indignant an observer of the Roman cabinet.

Idriani, whom his son entitles *gentilium Florentino*: the writer of the pleasing dissertation 'on the ancient painters noticed by Pliny,' prefixed to his friend Vasari's biographies; wrote, as a continuation of Guicciardini, a history of his own times in twenty-two books, of which Denina gives the highest character for its moderate spirit, and from which De Thou has largely drawn and commends for its authenticity. Our author, however, did not venture to publish his history during his lifetime: it was after his death that his son became the editor.

Nardi, of a noble family and high in office, famed for a translation of Livy which rivals its original in the pleasure it affords, in his retirement from public affairs wrote a history of Florence, which closes with the loss of the liberty of his country, in 1531. It was not published till fifty years after his death; even then the editors suppressed many passages which are found in manuscript in the libraries of Florence and Venice, with other historical documents of this noble and patriotic historian.

About the same time the senator Philip Nerli was writing his '*Commentarij de' fatti civili*,' which had occurred in Florence. He gave them with his dying hand to his nephew, who presented the MSS to the Grand Duke; yet although this work is rather an apology than a crimination of the Medici family for their ambitious views and their over-grown power, probably some state-reason interfered to prevent the publication, which did not take place till 150 years after the death of the historian!

Bernardino Segni composed a history of Florence still more valuable, which shared the same fate as that of Nerli. It was only after his death that his relatives accidentally discovered this history of Florence, which the author had carefully concealed during his lifetime. He had abstained from communicating to any one the existence of such a work while he lived, that he might not be induced to check the freedom of his pen, nor compromise the cause and the interests of truth. His heirs presented it to one of the Medici family, who threw it aside. Another copy had been more carefully preserved, from which it was printed, in 1713, about 150 years after it had been written. It appears to have excited great curiosity, for Lenglet du Fresnoy observes, that the scarcity of this history is owing to the circumstance 'of the Grand Duke having bought up the copies.' Du Fresnoy, indeed, has noticed more than once this sort of address of the Grand Duke; for he observes on the Florentine history of Bruto, that the work was not common; the Grand Duke having bought up the copies, to suppress them. The author was even obliged to fly from Italy, for having delivered his opinions too freely on the house of the Medici. This honest historian thus expresses himself at the close of his work. 'My design has but one end; that our posterity may learn by these notices the root and the causes of so many troubles which we have suffered, while they expose the malignity of those men who have raised them up, or prolonged them; as well as the goodness of those who did all which they could to turn them away.'

* They were printed at Basle in 1568—at London in 1693—in Amsterdam, 1693. How many attempts to echo the voice of suppressed truth!—Haym's Bib. Ital. 1833.

It was the same motive, the fear of offending the great personages or their families, of whom these historians had so freely written, which deterred Benedetto Varchi from publishing his well-known 'Storie Fiorentine,' which was not given to the world till 1721, a period which appears to have roused the slumbers of the literary men of Italy to recur to their native historians. Varchi, who wrote with so much zeal the history of his father-land, is noticed by Nardi as one who never took an active part in the events he records; never having combined with any party, and living merely as a spectator. This historian closes the narrative of a horrid crime of Peter Lewis Farnese with this admirable reflection: 'I know well this story, with many others which I have freely exposed, may hereafter prevent the reading of my history; but also I know, that besides what Tacitus has said on this subject, the great duty of an historian is not to be more careful of the reputation of persons than is suitable with truth, which is to be preferred to all things, however detrimental it may be to the writer.'*

Such was that free manner of thinking and of writing which prevailed in these Italian historians, who, often living in the midst of the ruins of popular freedom, poured forth their injured feelings in their secret pages; without the hope, and perhaps without the wish, of seeing them published in their life-time: a glorious example of self-denial and lofty patriotism!

Had it been inquired of these writers why they did not publish their histories, they might have answered, in nearly the words of an ancient sage, 'Because I am not permitted to write as I would; and I would not write as I am permitted.' We cannot imagine that these great men were in the least insensible to the applause they denied themselves; they were not of tempers to be turned aside; and it was the highest motive which can inspire an historian, a stern devotion to truth, which reduced them to silence, but not to inactivity! These Florentine and Venetian historians, ardent with truth, and profound in political sagacity, were solely writing these legacies of history for their countrymen, hopeless of their gratitude! If a Frenchman wrote the English history, that labour was the aliment of his own glory; if Hume and Robertson devoted their pens to history, the motive of the task was less glorious than their work; but here we discover a race of historians, whose patriotism alone instigated their secret labour, and who substituted for fame and fortune that mightier spirit, which, amidst their conflicting passions, has developed the truest principles, and even the errors, of Political Freedom!

None of these historians, we have seen, published their works in their life-time. I have called them the saints of history, rather than the martyrs. One, however, had the intrepidity to risk this awful responsibility, and he stands

* My friend Merivale, whose critical research is only equalled by the elegance of his taste, has supplied me with a note which proves, but too well, that even writers who compose uninfluenced by party feelings, may not, however, be sufficiently scrupulous in weighing the evidence of the facts which they collect. Mr Merivale observes, 'The strange and improbable narrative with which Varchi has the misfortune of closing his history, should not have been even hinted at without adding, that it is denounced by other writers as a most impudent forgery, invented years after the occurrence is supposed to have happened, by the "Apostate" bishop Petrus Paulus Vergerius. See its refutation in Amiani, Hist. di Fano II, 149 et seq. 160.'

Varchi's character, as an historian, cannot but suffer greatly from his having given it insertion on such authority. The responsibility of an author for the truth of what he relates should render us very cautious of giving credit to the writers of memoirs not intended to see the light till a distant period. The credibility of Vergerius, as an acknowledged libeller of Pope Paul III. and his family, appears still more conclusively from his article in Bayle, note K. It must be added, that the calumny of Vergerius may be found in Wolfius's Lect. Mem. II. 691, in a tract de Iolo Lauretano, published 1556. Varchi is more particular in his details of this monstrous tale. Vergerius's libels, universally read at the time, though they were collected afterwards, are now not to be met with, even in public libraries. Whether there was any truth in the story of Peter Lewis Farnese I know not; but crimes of as monstrous a die occur in the authentic Guicciardini. The story is not yet forgotten, since in the last edition of Haym's Biblioteca Italiana, the best edition is marked as that which at p. 639 contains 'la sceleratezza di Pier Lewis Farnese.' I am of opinion that Varchi believed the story, by the solemnity of his proposition. Whatever be its truth, the historian's feeling was elevated and intrepid.

forth among the most illustrious and ill-fated examples of historical martyrdom!

This great historian is Giannone, whose civil history of the kingdom of Naples is remarkable for its plain inquiries concerning the civil and ecclesiastical constitution, the laws and customs of that kingdom. With interruptions from his professional avocations at the twenty years were consumed in writing this history. Its searches on ecclesiastical usurpations, and seven satires on the clergy, are the chief subjects of his bit and unreserved pen. These passages, curious, grave and dignant, were afterwards extracted from the history by Vernet, and published in a small volume, under the title of 'Anecdotes Ecclesiastiques,' 1738. When Giannone consulted with a friend on the propriety of publishing his history, his critic, in admiring the work, predicted this of the author. 'You have,' said he, 'placed as we head a crown of thorns, and of very sharp ones; the historian set at naught his own personal repose; and in this elaborate history saw the light. From that time the historian never enjoyed a day of quiet! Rome tempted at first to extinguish the author with his work; the books were seized on; and copies of the first are of extreme rarity. To escape the fangs of imperial power, the historian of Naples flew from Naples to the publication of his immortal work. The fugitive excommunicated author sought an asylum at Vienna where, though he found no friend in the emperor, prince Eugene and other nobles became his patrons. Fleeing to quit Vienna, he retired to Venice, when a new persecution arose from the jealousy of the state inquisitors, one night landed him on the borders of the pope's dominions. Escaping unexpectedly with his life to Geneva, was preparing a supplemental volume to his celebrated history, when, enticed by a treacherous friend to a castle village, Giannone was arrested by an order of the king of Sardinia; his manuscripts were sent to Rome, and the historian imprisoned in a fort. It is curious that the imprisoned Giannone wrote a vindication of the rights of the king of Sardinia, against the claims of the court of Rome. This powerful appeal to the feelings of this sovereign was at first favourably received; but, under the secret influence of Rome, the Sardinian monarch, on the extraordinary plea that he kept Giannone as a prisoner of war that he might preserve him from the papal power, ordered that the vindicator of his rights should be more closely confined than before! and, for this purpose, transferred his state-prisoner to the Citadel of Turin, where, after twelve years of persecution and of agitation, our great historian closed his life!

Such was the fate of this historical martyr, whose work the catholic Haym describes as *opera scritta con molto fuoco e troppa libertà*. He hints that this History is only paralleled by De Thou's great work. This Italian history will ever be ranked among the most philosophical. But profound as was the masculine genius of Giannone, such was his love of fame, that he wanted the intrepidity requisite to deny himself the delight of giving his history to the world, though some of his great predecessors had set him a noble and dignified example.

One more observation on these Italian historians. All of them represent man in his darkest colours; their drama is terrific; the actors are monsters of perfidy, of inhumanity, and inventors of crimes which seem to want a name! They were all 'princes of darkness;' and the age seemed to afford a triumph to Manichæism! The worst passions were called into play by all parties. But if something is to be ascribed to the manners of the times, much more may be traced to that science of politics, which sought for mastery in an undefinable struggle of ungovernable political power; in the remorseless ambition of the despots, and the hatreds and jealousies of the republics. These Italian historians have formed a perpetual satire on the contemptible simulation and dissimulation, and the inexpiable crimes of that system of politics, which has derived a name from one of themselves—the great, may we add, the calumniated, Machiavel?

OF PALACES BUILT BY MINISTERS.

Our ministers and court favourites, as well as those on the continent, practised a very impolitic custom, and one likely to be repeated, although it has never failed to cast a popular odium on their name, exciting even the envy of their equals—in the erection of palaces for themselves,

which outvied those of the sovereign; and which, to the eyes of the populace, appeared as a perpetual and insolent exhibition of what they deemed the ill-earned wages of peculation, oppression, and court-favour. We discover the seduction of this passion for ostentation, this haughty sense of their power, and this self-idolatry, even among the most prudent and the wisest of our ministers; and not one but lived to lament over this vain act of imprudence. To these ministers the noble simplicity of Pitt will ever form an admirable contrast; while his personal character, as a statesman, descends to posterity, unstained by calumny.

The houses of Cardinal Wolsey appear to have exceeded the palaces of the sovereign in magnificence; and potent as he was in all the pride of pomp, the 'great Cardinal' found rabid envy pursuing him so close at his heels, that he relinquished one palace after the other, and gave up as gifts to the monarch, what, in all his overgrown greatness, he trembled to retain for himself. The state satire of that day was often pointed at this very circumstance, as appears in Skilton's 'Why come ye not to Court?' and Roy's 'Rede me, and be not wrothe.' Skilton's railing rhymes leave their bitter teeth in his purple pride; and the style of both these satirists, if we use our own orthography, shows how little the language of the common people has varied during three centuries.

Set up the wretch on high
In a throne triumphantly;
Make him a great state
And he will play check-mate
With royal majesty—
The King's Court
Should have the excellence,
But Hampton Court
Hath the pre-eminence;
And York's Place
With my Lord's grace.
To whose magnificence
Is all the confluence,
Suits, and supplications;
Embassies of all nations.

Roy, in contemplating the palace, is maliciously reminded of the butcher's lad, and only gives plain sense in plain words.

Hath the Cardinal any gay mansion?
Great palaces without comparison,
Most glorious of outward sight,
And within decked point-device,*
More like unto a paradise
Than an earthly habitation.
He cometh then of some noble stock?
His father could match a bullock,
A butcher by his occupation.

Whatever we may now think of the structure, and the low apartments of Wolsey's palace, it is described not only in his own times, but much later, as of unparalleled magnificence; and indeed Cavendish's narrative of the Cardinal's entertainment of the French ambassadors, gives an idea of the ministerial-prelate's imperial establishment, very puzzling to the comprehension of a modern spectator. Six hundred persons, I think, were banqueted and slept in an abode which appears to us so mean, but which Stowe calls 'so stately a palace.' To avoid the odium of living in this splendid edifice, Wolsey presented it to the king, who, in recompense, suffered the Cardinal occasionally to inhabit this wonder of England, in the character of keeper of the king's palace;† so that Wolsey only dared to live in his own palace by a subterfuge! This perhaps was a tribute which ministerial brightness paid to popular feeling, or to the jealousy of a royal master.

I have elsewhere shown the extraordinary elegance and prodigality of expenditure of Buckingham's residences: they were such as to have extorted the wonder, even of

* Point-device, a term ingeniously explained by my learned friend Mr Douce. He thinks that it is borrowed from the laces of the needle, as we have point-lace, so point-device, i. e. a point, a stitch, and device, devised or invented; applied to describe any thing uncommonly exact, or worked with the nicety and precision of stitches made or devised by the needle. — Illustrations of Shakespeare, I, 93. But Mr Gifford has since observed that the origin of the expression is, perhaps, yet to be sought for; he derives it from a mathematical phrase, a point device, or a given point, and hence exact, correct, &c. *See Jonson, Vol. IV, 170. See for various examples—Mr Marston's Glossary, Art. Point-device.*
† *Lysons's Engravings* v. 82.

Bassompierre, and unquestionably excited the indignation of those who lived in a poor court, while our gay and thoughtless minister alone could indulge in the wanton profusion.

But Wolsey and Buckingham were ambitious and adventurous; they rose and shone the comets of the political horizon of Europe. The Roman tiara still haunted the imagination of the Cardinal; and the egotistic pride of having out-rivalled Richelieu and Olivarez, the nominal ministers but the real sovereigns of Europe, kindled the buoyant spirits of the gay, the gallant, and the splendid Villiers. But what 'folly of the wise' must account for the conduct of the profound Clarendon, and the sensible Sir Robert Walpole, who, like the other two ministers, equally became the victims of this imprudent passion for the ostentatious pomp of a palace. This magnificence looked like the vaunt of insolence in the eyes of the people, and covered the ministers with a popular odium.

Clarendon House is now only to be viewed in a print; but its story remains to be told. It was built on the site of Grafton-street; and when afterwards purchased by Monk, the Duke of Albemarle, he left his title to that well known-street. It was an edifice of considerable extent and grandeur. Clarendon reproaches himself in his life for 'his weakness and vanity,' in the vast expense incurred in this building, which he acknowledges had 'more contributed to that gust of envy that had so violently shaken him, than any misdemeanor that he was thought to have been guilty of.' It ruined his estate; but he had been encouraged to it by the royal grant of the land, by that passion for building to which he owns 'he was naturally too much inclined,' and perhaps by other circumstances, among which was the opportunity of purchasing the stones which had been designed for the rebuilding of St Paul's; but the envy it drew on him, and the excess of the architect's proposed expense, had made his life 'very uneasy, and near insupportable.' The truth is, that when this palace was finished, it was imputed to him as a state-crime; all the evils in the nation, which were then numerous, pestilence, conflagration, war, and defeats, were discovered to be in some way connected with Clarendon-house; or, as it was popularly called, either Dunkirk-House, or Tangier-Hall, from a notion that it had been erected with the golden bribery which the chancellor had received for the sale of Dunkirk and Tangiers. He was reproached with having profaned the sacred stones dedicated to the use of the church. The great but unfortunate master of this palace, who, from a private lawyer, had raised himself by alliance even to royalty, the father-in-law of the Duke of York, it was maliciously suggested, had persuaded Charles the Second to marry the Infanta of Portugal, knowing (but how Clarendon obtained the knowledge, his enemies have not revealed) that the Portuguese Princess was not likely to raise any obstacle to the inheritance of his own daughter to the throne. At the Restoration, among other enemies, Clarendon found that the royalists were none the least active; he was reproached by them for preferring those who had been the cause of their late troubles. The same reproach has been incurred in the late restoration of the Bourbons. It is perhaps difficult and more political to maintain active men, who have obtained power, than to reinstate inferior talents, who at least have not their popularity. This is one of the parallel cases which so frequently strike us in exploring political history; and the ultras of Louis the Eighteenth are only the royalists of Charles the Second. There was a strong popular delusion carried on by the wits and the *Misuses*, who formed the court of Charles the Second, that the government was as much shared by the Hydes as the Stuarts. We have in the state-poems, an unsparing lampoon, entitled, 'Clarendon's House-warming;' but a satire yielding nothing in severity I have discovered in manuscript; and it is also remarkable for turning chiefly on a pun of the family name of the Earl of Clarendon. The witty and malicious rhymers, after making Charles the Second demand the great seal, and resolve to be his own chancellor, proceeds, reflecting on the great political victim.

Lo! his whole ambition already divides
The sceptre between the Stuarts and the Hydes.
Behold, in the depth of our plague and wars,
He built him a palace out-braves the stars;
Which house (we Dunkirk, he Clarendon, names)
Looks down with shame upon St James;
But 'tis not his golden globe that will save him,

Being less than the custom-house farmers gave him;
His chapel for consecration calls,
Whose sacrifice plundered the stores from Paul's.
When Queen Dido landed she bought as much ground
As the *Hyde* of a lusty fat bull would surround;
But when the said *Hyde* was cut into thongs,
A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs:
So here in court, church, and country, far and wide,
Here's naught to be seen but *Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!*
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our hides of land, 'tis now land of Hydes!

Clarendon-House was a palace, which had been raised with at least as much fondness as pride; and Evelyn tells us, that the garden was planned by himself, and his lordship; but the cost, as usual, trebled the calculation, and the noble master grieved in silence amidst this splendid pile of architecture.* Even when in his exile the sale was proposed to pay his debts, and secure some provision for his younger children, he honestly tells us, that 'he remained still so infatuated with the delight he had enjoyed, that though he was deprived of it, he hearkened very unwillingly to the advice.' In 1683 Clarendon-House met its fate, and was abandoned to the brokers, who had purchased it for its materials. An affecting circumstance is recorded by Evelyn on this occasion. In returning to town with the Earl of Clarendon, the son of the great earl, 'in passing by the glorious palace his father built but few years before, which they were now demolishing, being sold to certain undertakers, I turned my head the contrary way till the coach was gone past by, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it, which must needs have grieved him, that in so short a time this pomp was fallen.' A feeling of infinite delicacy, so perfectly characteristic of Evelyn!

And now to bring down this subject to times still nearer. We find that Sir Robert Walpole had placed himself exactly in the situation of the great minister we have noticed; we have his confession to his brother Lord Walpole, and to his friend Sir John Hynde Cotton. The historian of this minister observes, that his magnificent buildings at Houghton drew on him great obloquy. On seeing his brother's house at Wolterton, Sir Robert expressed his wishes that he had contented himself with a similar structure. In the reign of Anne, Sir Robert sitting by Sir John Hynde Cotton, alluding to a sumptuous house which was then building by Harley, observed, that to construct a great house was a high act of imprudence in any minister! It was a long time after, when he had become prime minister, that he forgot the whole result of the present article, and pulled down his family mansion at Houghton to build its magnificent edifice; it was then Sir John Hynde Cotton reminded him of the reflection which he had made some years ago: the reply of Sir Robert is remarkable—'Your recollection is too late; I wish you had reminded me of it before I began building, for then it might have been of service to me!'

The statesman and politician then are susceptible of all the seduction of ostentation and the pride of pomp! Who could have credited it? But bewildered with power, in the magnificence and magnitude of the edifices which their colossal greatness inhabits, they seem to contemplate on its image!

Sir Francis Walsingham died and left nothing to pay his debts, as appears by a curious fact noticed in the anonymous life of Sir Phi in Sidney prefixed to the *Arcadia*, and evidently written by one acquainted with the family history of his friend and hero. The chivalric Sidney, though sought after by court beauties, solicited the hand of the daughter of Walsingham, although, as it appears, she could have had no other portion than her own virtues and her father's name. 'And herein,' observes our anonymous biographer, 'he was exemplary to all gentlemen not to carry their love in their purses.' On this he notices this secret history of Walsingham.

'This is that Sir Francis who impoverished himself to enrich the state, and indeed made England his heir; and was so far from building up of fortune by the benefit of his place, that he demolished that fine estate left by his ancestors to purchase dear intelligence from all parts of Christendom. He had a key to unlock the pope's cabinet;

* At the gateway of the Three King's Inn, near Dover-street, in Piccadilly, are two pilasters with Corinthian capitals, which belonged to Clarendon-House, and are perhaps the only remains of that edifice.

and as if master of some invisible whispering-gallery, secrets of Christian princes met at his closet. Walpole then if he bequeathed no great wealth to his daughter, being privately interred in the quire of Paul's, as mentioned to his creditors, though not so much as our master debited to his memory.'

Some curious inquirer may afford us a strange great ministers of state who have voluntarily decreed an augmentation of their private fortune, while they are their days to the noble pursuits of patriotic glory! The labour of this research will be great, and the result small!

'TAXATION NO TYRANNY'

Such was the title of a famous political tract, sent in at a moment when a people, in a state of insurrection, forth a declaration that taxation was tyranny! It was against an insignificant tax they protested, but against taxation itself! and in the temper of the moment, a direct proposition appeared an insolent paradox. It was instantly run down by that everlastingly party which is back as in the laws of our Henry the First, are denoted by the odd descriptive term of *acephali*, a people without heads! the strange equality of levellers!

These political monsters in all times have had a succession of ideas of taxation and tyranny, and which one name instantly suggests the other! This belongs to one Gigli of Siena, who published the first *acephali* dictionary of the Tuscan language,† of which word leaves amused the Florentines; these having lost the honour of being consigned to the flames by the hands of the hangman for certain popular errors; such as, for instance, under the word *Gram Duca* we find *Fed Gubelli*! (see Taxes!) and the word *Gubelli* was chosen by a reference to *Gran Duca! Grand-Duke* and *we* were synonymous, according to this mordacious lexicographer! Such grievances, and the mode of expressing them, are equally ancient. A Roman consul, by levying a tax on salt during the Punic war, was nicknamed *salinator* and condemned by the 'majesty' of the people! He had formerly done his duty to the country, but the salt was now his reward! He retired from Rome, let his hair grow, and by his sordid dress, and melancholy air, evoked his acute sensibility. The Romans at length wanted a *salter* to command the army—as an injured man, he refused—but he was told that he should bear the caprice of the Roman people with the tenderness of a son for the murmurs of a parent! He had lost his reputation by a progressive tax on salt, though this tax had provided an army and obtained a victory!

Certain it is that Gigli and his numerous adherents are wrong; for were they freed from all restraints as much as if they slept in forests and not in houses: were the inhabitants of wilds and not of cities, so that every man should be his own law-giver, with a perpetual immunity from all taxation, we could not necessarily infer their political happiness. There are nations where taxation is hardly known, for the people exist in such utter wretchedness, that they are too poor to be taxed: of which the Chinese, among others, exhibit remarkable instances. When Nero would have abolished all taxes, in his excessive passion for popularity, the senate thanked him for his good will to the people, but assured him that this was a certain means not of repairing, but of ruining the commonwealth. Bodin, in his curious work 'the Republic,' has noticed a class of politicians who are in too great favour with the people. 'Many seditious citizens, and desirous of innovations, did of late years promise immunity of taxes and subsidies to our people; but neither could they do it, or if they could have done it, they would not.'

*Cowell's Interpreter, art. *Acephali*. This by-name we unexpectedly find in a grave antiquarian law-dictionary! probably derived from Pliny's description of a people whom some travellers had reported to have found in this predicament, in their fright and haste in attempting to land on a hostile shore among the savages. How it came to be introduced into the laws of Henry the First remains to be told by some profound antiquary; but it was common in the middle ages. Cowell says, 'Those are called *acephali* who were the levellers of that age, and acknowledged no head or superior.'

† *Vocabulario di Santa Caterina e della Lingua Saneza*, 1717. This pungent lexicon was prohibited at Rome by desire of the Court of Florence. The history of this suppressed work may be found in *Il Giornale de' Letterati d'Italia*, Tomo xxiv.—1410. In the last edition of Havnia's 'Bibliographia Italiana,' 1803, it is said to be reprinted at Manila, nell'Isola Filippine!—For the book-licensors it is a great way to go for it.

or if it were done, should we have any commonweals, being the ground and foundation of one.*

The undisguised and naked term of 'taxation' is, however, so odious to the people, that it may be curious to observe the arts practised by governments, and even by the people themselves, to veil it under some mitigating term. In the first breaking out of the American troubles, they probably would have yielded to the mother-country the right of taxation, modified by the term *regulation* (of their trade; this I infer from a letter of Dr. Robertson, who observes, that 'the distinction between *taxation* and *regulation* is mere folly'). Even despotic governments have condescended to disguise the contributions forcibly levied, by some appellative which should partly conceal its real nature. Terms have often influenced circumstances, as names do things; and conquest or oppression, which we may allow to be synonyms, appears benevolence whenever it claims as as what it exacts as a tribute.

A sort of philosophical history of taxation appears in the narrative of Wood, in his inquiry on Homer. He tells us that 'the presents (a term of extensive signification in the East) which are distributed annually by the bashaw of Damascus to the several Arab princes through whose territory he conducts the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, are, at Constantinople, called a *free gift*, and considered as an act of the sultan's generosity towards his indigent subjects; while, on the other hand, the Arab sheikhs deny even a right of passage through the districts of their command, and exact those sums as a *tax* due for the permission of going through their country. In the frequent bloody contests which the adjustment of these fees produce, the Turks complain of *robbery*, and the Arabs of *invasion*.'*

Here we trace taxation through all its shifting forms, accommodating itself to the feelings of the different people; the same principle regulated the alternate terms proposed by the buccanniers, when they asked what the weaker party was sure to give, or when they levied what the others paid only as a common toll.

When Louis the Eleventh of France beheld his country exhausted by the predatory wars of England, he bought a peace of our Edward the Fourth by an annual sum of fifty thousand crowns, to be paid at London, and likewise granted pensions to the English ministers. Holingshead and all our historians call this a yearly *tribute*; but Comines, the French memoir writer, with a national spirit, denies that these gifts were either *pensions* or *tributes*. 'Yet,' says Bodin, a Frenchman also, but affecting a more philosophical indifference, 'it must be either the one or the other; though I confess, that those who receive a pension to obtain peace, commonly boast of it as if it were a *tribute*.'† Such are the shades of our feelings in this history of taxation and tribute. But there is another artifice of applying soft names to hard things, by veiling a tyrannical act by a term which presents no disagreeable idea to the imagination. When it was formerly thought desirable, in the relaxation of morals which prevailed in Venice to institute the office of censor, three magistrates were elected bearing this title; but it seemed so harsh and austere in that dissipated city, that these reformers of manners were compelled to change their title; when they were no longer called *censors*, but *I signori sopra il bon vivere della città*, all agreed on the propriety of the office under the softened term. Father Joseph the secret agent of Cardinal Richelieu, was the inventor of *lettres de cachet*, disguising that instrument of despotism by the amusing term of a *sealed letter*. Ex-patriation would have been merciful compared with the result of that *billet-doux*, a sealed letter from his majesty!

Burke reflects with profound truth—'Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point which, by way of eminence, becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of *taxing*. Most of the contests in the ancient common-

wealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered.'*

One party clamorously asserts that taxation is their grievance, while another demonstrates that the annihilation of taxes would be their ruin! The interests of a great nation, among themselves, are often contrary to each other, and each seems alternately to predominate and to decline. 'The sting of taxation,' observes Mr Hallam, 'is wastefulness; but it is difficult to name a limit beyond which taxes will not be borne without impatience when faithfully applied.' In plainer words, this only signifies, we presume, that Mr Hallam's party would tax us without 'wastefulness!' Ministerial or opposition, whatever be the administration, it follows that 'taxation is no tyranny;' Dr Johnson then was terribly abused in his day for a vow *et prætera nihila*.

Still shall the innocent word be hateful, and the people will turn even on their best friend, who in administration inflicts a new impost; as we have shown by the fate of the Roman *Salinator*! Among ourselves, our government, in its constitution, if not always in its practice, long had a consideration towards the feelings of the people, and often contrived to hide the nature of its exactions, by a name of blandishment. An enormous grievance was long the office of purveyance. A purveyor was an officer who was to furnish every sort of provision for the royal house, and sometimes for great lords, during their progresses or journeys. His oppressive office, by arbitrarily fixing the market-prices, and compelling the countrymen to bring their articles to market, would enter into the history of the arts of grinding the labouring class of society; a remnant of feudal tyranny! The very title of this officer became odious; and by a statute of Edward III, the hateful name of *purveyor* was ordered to be changed into *acheteur* or *buyer*! A change of name, it was imagined, would conceal its nature! The term often devised strangely contrasted with the thing itself. Levies of money were long raised under the pathetic appeal of *benevolences*. When Edward IV was passing over to France, he obtained, under this gentle demand, money towards 'the great journey,' and afterwards having 'rode about the more part of the lands, and used the people in such fair manner, that they were liberal in their gifts; Old Fabian adds, 'the which way of the levying of this money was after-named a *benevolence*.' Edward IV was courteous in this newly-invented style, and was besides the handsomest tax-gatherer in his kingdom! His royal presence was very dangerous to the purses of his loyal subjects, particularly to those of the females. In his progress, having kissed a widow for having contributed a larger sum than was expected from her estate, she was so overjoyed at the singular honour and delight that she doubled her *benevolence*, and a second kiss had ruined her! but in the succeeding reign of Richard III, the term had already lost the freshness of its innocence. In the speech which the Duke of Buckingham delivered from the Hustings in Guildhall, he explained the term to the satisfaction of his auditors, who even then were as cranes-humoured as the livery of this day, in their notions of what now we gently call 'supplies.' 'Under the plausible name of *benevolence*, as it was held in the time of Edward IV, your goods were taken from you much against your will, as if by that name was understood that every man should pay not what he pleased, but what the king would have him; or, as a marginal note in Buck's Life of Richard III, more pointedly has it, that 'the name of *benevolence* signified that every man should pay, not what he of his own good will list, but what the king of his good will list to take.'* Richard III, whose business, like that of all usurpers, was to be popular, in a statute even condemns this 'benevolence' as 'a new imposition,' and enacts that 'none shall be charged with it in future; many families having been ruined under these pretended gifts.

* Burke's Works, vol. i. 286.

† Daines Barrington, in 'Observations on the Statutes,' gives the marginal note of Buck as the words of the Duke; they certainly served his purpose to amuse, better than the veracious ones; but we expect from a grave antiquary inviolable authenticity. The Duke is made by Barrington a sort of wit, but the pithy quaintness is Buck's.

* Bodin's six books of a Commonwealth, translated by Richard Knolles, 1606. A work replete with the practical knowledge of politics; and of which Mr Dugald Stewart has delivered a high opinion. Yet this great politician wrote a volume to anathematize those who doubted the existence of sorcerers, and witches, &c, whom he condemns to the flames! See his 'Démonomaine des Sorciers.' 1593.

† Wood's Inquiry on Homer, p. 133.

‡ Bodin's Commonwealth, translated by R. Knolles, p. 146.

His successor, however, found means to levy 'a benevolence'; but when Henry VIII demanded one, the citizens of London appealed to the act of Richard III. Cardinal Wolsey insisted that the law of a murderous usurper should not be enforced. One of the common-council courageously replied, that 'King Richard, conjointly with parliament, had enacted many good statutes.' Even then the citizen seems to have comprehended the spirit of our constitution—that taxes should not be raised without consent of parliament!

Charles the First, amidst his urgent wants, at first had hoped, by the pathetic appeal to *benevolence*, that he should have touched the hearts of his unfriendly commoners; but the term of *benevolence* proved unlucky. The registers of *taxation* took full advantage of a significant meaning, which had long been lost in the custom; asserting by this very term that all levies of money were not compulsory, but the voluntary gifts of the people. In that political crisis, when in the fullness of time all the national grievances, which had hitherto been kept down, started up with one voice, the courteous term strangely contrasted with the rough demand. Lord Digby said 'the granting of *subsidies*, under so preposterous a name as of a *benevolence*, was—a *malevolence*.' And Mr Grimstone observed, that 'They have granted a benevolence, but the nature of the *thing* agrees not with the name.' The nature indeed had so entirely changed from the name, that when James I had tried to warm the hearts of his 'benevolent' people, he got 'little money, and lost a great deal of love.' 'Subsidies,' that is, grants made by parliament, observes Arthur Wilson, a dispassionate historian, 'get more of the people's money, but exactions enslave the mind.'

When *benevolences* had become a grievance, to diminish the odium they invented more inviting phrases. The subject was cautiously informed that the sums demanded were only *loans*; or he was honoured by a letter under the *privy seal*; a bond which the king engaged to repay at a definite period; but privy seals at length got to be hawked about to persons coming out of church. 'Privy seals,' says a manuscript letter, 'are flying thick and threefold in sight of all the world, which might surely have been better performed in delivering them to every man privately at home.' The *general loan*, which in fact was a forced loan, was one of the most crying grievances under Charles I. Ingenious in the destruction of his own popularity, the king contrived a new mode, of '*secret instructions to commissioners*.*' They were to find out persons who could bear the largest rates. How the commissioners were to acquire this secret and inquisitorial knowledge appears in the bungling contrivance. It is one of their orders that after a number of inquiries have been put to a person, concerning others who had spoken against loan-money, and what arguments they had used, this person was to be charged in his majesty's name, and upon his allegiance, not to disclose to any other the answer he had given. A striking instance of that fatuity of the human mind, when a weak government is trying to do what it knows not how to perform: it was seeking to obtain a secret purpose by the most open and general means; a self-destroying principle!

Our ancestors were children in finance; their simplicity has been too often described as tyranny! but from my soul do I believe, on this obscure subject of taxation, that old Burleigh's advice to Elizabeth includes more than all the squabbling pamphlets of our political economists—'win hearts, and you have their hands and purses!'

THE BOOK OF DEATH.

Montaigne was fond of reading minute accounts of the deaths of remarkable persons; and, in the simplicity of his heart, old Montaigne wished to be learned enough to form a collection of these deaths, to observe 'their words, their actions, and what sort of countenance they put upon it.' He seems to have been a little over curious about deaths, in reference, no doubt, to his own, in which he was certainly deceived; for we are told that he did not die as he had promised himself,—expiring in the adoration of the mass; or, as his preceptor Buchanan would have called it, in 'the act of rank idolatry.'

I have been told of a privately printed volume, under the singular title of 'The Book of Death,' where an amateur has compiled the pious memorials of many of our eminent men in their last moments: and it may form a

* These 'Private Instructions to the Commissioners for the General Loan' may be found in Rushworth, i, 418.

companion-piece to the little volume on '*Les grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*.' This work, if it must be monotonous; the deaths of the righteous must resemble each other; the learned and the eloquent can only receive in silence that hope which awaits 'the tenant of the grave.' But this volume will not establish any decisive principle; since the just and the religious are not always encountered death with indifference, as even in a fit composure of mind.

The functions of the mind are connected with those of the body. On a death-bed a fortnight's disease may reduce the firmest to a most wretched state; while, on the contrary, the soul struggles, as it were in torture, in a robust frame. Nani, the Venetian historian, has *correctly* described the death of Innocent X, who was a character unblemished by vices, and who died at an advanced age, with too robust a constitution. *Dopo lunga e terribile agonia, con dolore e con pena, aspettando l'ultima di quel corpo robusto, egli spirò ai sette di Gennaio, nel ottantesimo primo de suoi anni.* 'After a long and terrible age, with great bodily pain and difficulty, his soul separated itself from that robust frame, and expired in his eighty-first year.'

Some have composed sermons on death, while they passed many years of anxiety, approaching to madness, contemplating their own. The certainty of an imminent separation from all our human sympathies may, even in a death-bed, suddenly disorder the imagination. The great physician of our times told me of a general, who had climbed the cannon's mouth, dropping down in terror, when informed by him that his disease was rapid and fatal. Some have died of the strong imagination of death. There is a print of a knight brought on the scaffold to suffer: as viewed the headsman; he was blinded, and knelt down to receive the stroke. Having passed through the whole ceremony of a criminal execution, accompanied by all in disgrace, it was ordered that his life should be spared; instead of the stroke from the sword, they poured cold water over his neck. After this operation the knight remained motionless; they discovered that he had expired in the very imagination of death! Such are among the many causes which may affect the mind in the hour of its trial. The habitual associations of the natural character are most likely to prevail—though not always! The intrepid Marshal Biron disgraced his exit by womanish tears, and raging imbecility; the virtuous Erasmus, with miserable groans was heard crying out *Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem!* Bayle having prepared his proof for the printer, pointed to where it lay when dying. The last words which Lord Chesterfield was heard to speak were, when the valet opening the curtains of the bed, announced Mr Dayroles—'Give Dayroles a chair!' 'This good-breeding,' observed the late Dr Warren his physician, 'only quits him with his life.' The last words of Nelson were, 'Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor. The tranquil grandeur which cast a new majesty over Charles the First on the scaffold, appeared when he declared—'I fear not death! Death is not terrible to me.' And the characteristic pleasantry of Sir Thomas More exhilarated his last moments, when observing the weakness of the scaffold, he said, in mounting it, 'I pray you see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself!' Sir Walter Raleigh passed a similar jest when going to the scaffold.

My ingenious friend Dr Sherwen has furnished me with the following anecdotes of death. In one of the bloody battles fought by the Duke of Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains, the other after long silence thus offered him consolation. 'My friend, whoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away.'

At the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the royal victim looking at the soldiers who had pointed their fuses, said, 'Grenadiers! lower your arms, otherwise you will miss, or only wound me.' To two of them who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said, 'A loyal soldier who has been so often exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear.'

After a similar caution on the part of Sir George Lisle, or Sir Charles Lucas, when murdered in nearly the same manner at Colchester, by the soldiers of Fairfax, the loyal

hero in answer to their assertions and assurances that they would take care not to miss him, nobly replied 'You have often missed me when I have been nearer to you in the field of battle.'

When the governor of Cadix, the Marquis de Solano, was murdered by the enraged and mistaken citizens, to one of his murderers who had run a pike through his back, he calmly turned round and said, 'Coward to strike there! Come round, if you dare—face, and destroy me!'

Mr Abernethy in his Physiological Lectures has ingeniously observed, that 'Shakspeare has represented Mercutio continuing to jest, though conscious that he was mortally wounded; the expiring Hotspur thinking of nothing but honour; and the dying Falstaff still cracking his jests upon Harlow's nose. If such facts were duly attended to, they would prompt us to make a more liberal allowance for each other's conduct under certain circumstances than we are accustomed to do.' The truth seems to be, that whenever the functions of the mind are not disturbed by 'the nervous functions of the digestive organs,' the personal character predominates even in death, and its habits and associations exist to its last moments. Many religious persons may have died without showing in their last moments any of those exterior acts, or employing those fervent expressions, which the collector of 'The Book of Death' would only deign to chronicle; their hope is not quenched in their last hour.

Yet many with us have delighted to taste of death long before they have died, and have placed before their eyes 'the furniture of mortality.' The horrors of a charnel-house is the scene of their pleasure. The 'Midnight Meditations' of Quarles preceded Young's 'Night Thoughts' by a century, and both these poets loved preternatural terror.

'If I must die, I'll snatch at every thing
That may but mind me of my latest breath;
Death's-heads, Graves, Knells, Blacks,* Tombs, all
these shall bring
Into my soul such useful thoughts of death,
That this sable king of fears
Shall not catch me unawares.' QUARLES.

But it may be doubtful whether the *thoughts of death* are useful, whenever they put a man out of the possession of his faculties. Young pursued the scheme of Quarles; he raved about him an artificial emotion of death; he darkened his sepulchral study, placing a skull on his table by midnight; as Dr Donne had his portrait taken, first winding a sheet over his head and closing his eyes; keeping the melancholy picture by his bed-side as long as he lived, to remind him of his mortality. Young even in his garden had his conceits of death: at the end of an avenue was reared a seat of an admirable chiaro oscuro, which, when approached, presented only a painted surface, with an inscription, alluding to the deception of the things of this world. 'To be looking at 'The mirror which flatters not,' to discover ourselves only as a skeleton with the horrid life of corruption about us, has been among those penitential inventions, which have often ended in shaking the innocent by the passions which are only natural to the damned. Without adverting to those numerous testimonies, the diatribes of fanatics, I shall offer a picture of an accomplished and innocent lady, in a curious and unaffected transcript we have left of a mind of great sensibility, where the preternatural terror of death might perhaps have hastened the premature one she suffered.

From the 'Reliquie Gethiniane,'† I quote some of Lady Gethin's ideas on 'Death.'—The very thoughts of death disturb one's reason; and though a man may have many excellent qualities, yet he may have the weakness of not commanding his sentiments. Nothing is worse for one's health, than to be in fear of death. There are some so wise, as neither to hate nor fear it; but for my part I have an aversion for it, and with reason; for it is a rash inconsiderate thing, that always comes before it is looked for. It always comes unseasonably, parts friends, ruins beauty, laughs at youth, and draws a dark veil over all the pleasures of life. This dreadful evil is but the evil of a moment, and what we cannot by any means avoid; and

it is that which makes it so terrible to me; for were it uncertain, hope might diminish some part of the fear; but when I think I must die, and that I may die every moment, and that too a thousand several ways, I am in such a fright as you cannot imagine. I see dangers where, perhaps, there never were any. I am persuaded 'tis happy to be somewhat dull of apprehension in this case; and yet the best way to cure the pensiveness of the thoughts of death is to think of it as little as possible. She proceeds by enumerating the terrors of the fearful, who 'cannot enjoy themselves in the pleasantest places, and although they are neither on sea, river, or creek, but in good health in their chamber, yet are they so well instructed with the fear of dying, that they do not measure it only by the present dangers that wait on us. Then is it not best to submit to God! But some people cannot do it as they would; and though they are not destitute of reason but perceive they are to blame, yet at the same time that their reason condemns them, their imagination makes their hearts feel what it pleases.'

Such is the picture of an ingenious and a religious mind, drawn by an amiable woman, who, it is evident, lived always in the fear of death. The Gothic skeleton was ever haunting her imagination. In Dr Johnson the same horror was suggested by the thoughts of death. When Boswell once in conversation persecuted Johnson on this subject, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death; he answered in a passion, 'No, Sir! let it alone! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives! The art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time!' But when Boswell persisted in the conversation, Johnson was thrown into such a state of agitation, that he thundered out, 'Give us no more of this!' and, further, sternly told the trembling and too curious philosopher, 'Don't let us meet to-morrow.'

It may be a question whether those who by their preparatory conduct have appeared to show the greatest indifference for death, have not rather betrayed the most curious art to disguise its terrors. Some have invented a mode of escaping from life in the midst of convivial enjoyment. A mortuary preparation of this kind has been recorded of an amiable man, Moncrieff, the author of 'Histoire des Charis' and 'L'Art de Plaire,' by his literary friend La Place, who was an actor in, as well as the historian of the singular narrative. One morning La Place received a note from Moncrieff, requesting that he would immediately select for him a dozen volumes most likely to amuse, and of a nature to withdraw the reader from being occupied by melancholy thoughts. La Place was startled at the unusual request, and flew to his old friend, whom he found deeply engaged in being measured for a new peruke, and a taffety robe de chambre, earnestly enjoining the utmost expedition. 'Shut the door!'—said Moncrieff, observing the surprise of his friend. 'And now that we are alone, I confide my secret: on rising this morning, my valet in dressing me showed me on this leg this dark spot—from that moment I knew I "was condemned to death;" but I had presence of mind enough not to betray myself.' 'Can a head so well organised as yours imagine that such a trifle is a sentence of death?'—'Don't speak so loud, my friend!—or rather deign to listen a moment. At my age it is fatal! The system from which I have derived the felicity of a long life has been, that whenever any evil, moral or physical, happens to us, if there is a remedy, all must be sacrificed to deliver us from it—but in a contrary case, I do not choose to wrestle with destiny and to begin complaints, endless as useless! All that I request of you, my friend, is to assist me to pass away the few days which remain for me, free from all cares, of which otherwise they might be too susceptible. But do not think,' he added with warmth, 'that I mean to elude the religious duties of a citizen, which so many of late affect to condemn.' The good and virtuous curate of my parish is coming here under a pretext of an annual contribution, and I have even ordered my physician, on whose confidence I can rely. Here is a list of ten or twelve persons, friends beloved! who are mostly known to you. I shall write to them this evening, to tell them of my condemnation; but if they wish me to live, they will do me the favour to assemble here at five in the evening, where they may be certain of finding all those objects of amusement, which I shall study to discover suitable to their tastes. And you, my old friend, with my doctor, are two on whom I most depend.'

La Place was strongly affected by this appeal—neither

* A skull was the term for mourning in James the First and Charles the First's time.

† The discovery of the nature of this rare volume, of what it contains, and what collected, will be found in the latter part of the First Series of these Curiousities of Literature.

Socrates, nor Cato, nor Seneca looked more serenely on the approach of death.

'Familiarise yourself early with death,' said the good old man with a smile.—It is only dreadful for those who dread it.*

During ten days after this singular conversation, the whole of Moncriff's remaining life, his apartment was open to his friends, of whom several were ladies; all kinds of games were played till nine o'clock, and that the sorrows of the host might not disturb his guests, he played the *chevallet* at his favourite game of *piquet*: a supper, seasoned by the wit of the master, concluded at eleven. On the tenth night, in taking leave of his friend, Moncriff whispered to him, 'Adieu, my friend! to-morrow morning I shall return your books.' He died, as he foresaw, the following day.

I have sometimes thought that we might form a history of this *fear of death*, by tracing the first appearances of the skeleton which haunts our funeral imagination. In the modern history of mankind we might discover some very strong contrasts in the notion of death entertained by men at various epochs. The following article will supply a sketch of this kind.

HISTORY OF THE SKELETON OF DEATH.

Enthanasia! Enthanasia! an easy death! was the exclamation of Augustus; it was what Antonius Pius enjoyed; and it is that for which every wise man will pray, said Lord Orrery, when perhaps he was contemplating on the close of Swift's life.

The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to fever, to misfortune, to all the evils of life; for these might change! But though they did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity; and in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep; and ever the friend of the unhappy! To the eternal sleep of death they dedicated their sepulchral monuments—*Eternali Somno*! If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul. A butterfly on the extremity of an extinguished lamp, held up by the messenger of the Gods intently gazing above, implied a dedication of that soul; Love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, the flame thus naturally extinguishing itself, elegantly denoted the cessation of human life; a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus, or the emblems of epicurean life traced on it, in a skull wreathed by a chariot of flowers, such as they wore at their convivial meetings, a flask of wine, a patera, and the small bones used as dice; all these symbols were indirect allusions to death, veiling its painful recollections. They did not pollute their imagination with the contents of a charnel-house. The sarcophagi of the ancients rather recall to us the remembrance of the activity of life; for they are sculptured with battles or games, in basso relievo; a sort of tender homage paid to the dead, observes Mad. De Staël, with her peculiar refinement of thinking.

It would seem that the Romans had even an aversion to mention death in express terms, for they disguised its very name by some periphrasis, such as *dissociare viam*, 'he has departed from life'; and they did not say that their friend had died, but that he had *lived*; *visit*! In the old Latin chronicles, and even the *Fædera* and other documents of the middle ages, we find the same delicacy about using the fatal word *Death*, especially when applied to kings and great people. '*Transire a Sæculo—Vitam suam mutare—Si quid de eo humanitus contigerit, &c.*' I am indebted to Mr Morville for this remark. Even among a people less refined, the obtrusive idea of death has been studiously avoided: we are told that when the Emperor of Morocco inquires after any one who has recently died, it is against etiquette to mention the word 'death'; the answer is 'his destiny is closed!' But this tenderness is only reserved for 'the elect' of the Mussulmen. A Jew's death is at once plainly expressed, 'He is dead, sir! asking your pardon for mentioning such a contemptible wretch?' i. e. a Jew! A Christian's is described by 'The infidel is dead?' or 'The cuckold is dead!'

* Montfaucon, *L'Antiquité Expliquée*, I, 362.

The artists of antiquity have so rarely attempted to personify Death, that we have not discovered a single revolting image of this nature in all the works of antiquity*—to conceal its deformity to the eye, as well as to elude its suggestion to the mind, seems to have been an universal feeling, and it accorded with a fundamental principle of ancient art; that of never offering to the eye a distortion of form in the violence of passion, which destroyed the beauty of its representation; such is shown in the *Laocoon*, where the mouth only opens sufficiently to indicate the suppressed agony of superior humanity, without expressing the loud cry of vulgar suffering. Pausanias considered as a personification of death a female figure, whose teeth and nails, long and crooked, were engraven on a coffin of cedar, which enclosed the body of *Cypselus*; this female was unquestionably only one of the *Færes*, or the Fates, 'watchful to cut the thread of life.' Hesiod describes *Atropos* indeed as having sharp teeth, and long nails, waiting to tear and devour the dead; but this image was in a barbarous era. Catullus ventured to personify the Sister-Destines as three Crones; 'but in general, Winkelmann observes, 'they are portrayed as beautiful virgins, with winged heads, one of whom is always in the attitude of writing on a scroll.' Death was a nonentity to the ancient artist. Could he exhibit what represents nothing? Could he animate into action what lies in a state of eternal tranquillity? Elegant images of repose and tender sorrow were all he could invent to indicate the state of death. Even the terms which different nations have bestowed on a burial-place are not associated with emotions of horror. The Greeks called a burying-ground by the soothing term of *Cemetion*, or, 'the sleeping-place'; the Jews, who had no horrors of the grave, by *Beth-haim*, or 'the house of the living'; the Germans, with religious simplicity, 'God's field.'

Whence, then, originated that stalking skeleton, suggesting so many false and sepulchral ideas, and which for us has so long served as the image of death?

When the christian religion spread over Europe, the world changed! the certainty of a future state of existence, by the artifices of wicked worldly men, terrified instead of consoling human nature; and in the resurrection the ignorant multitude seemed rather to have dreaded retribution, than to have hoped for remuneration. The Founder of christianity every where breathes the blessedness of social feelings. It is 'our Father!' whom he addresses. The horrors with which christianity was afterwards disguised arose in the corruptions of christianity among those insane ascetics, who, misinterpreting 'the word of life,' trampled on nature; and imagined that to secure an existence in the other world it was necessary not to exist in the one in which God had placed them. The dominion of mankind fell into the usurping hands of those imperious monks whose artifices trafficked with the terrors of ignorant and hypochondriac 'Kaisers and kings.' The scene was darkened by penances and by pilgrimages, by midnight vigils, by miraculous shrines, and bloody flagellations; spectres started up amidst their terrors; millions of masses increased their supernatural influence. Amidst this general gloom of Europe, their troubled imaginations were frequently predicting the end of the world. It was at this period that they first beheld the grave yawn, and Death in the Gothic form of a gaunt anatomy parading through the universe! The people were frightened, as they viewed every where hung before their eyes, in the twilight of their cathedrals, and their 'pale chieftains,' the most revolting emblems of death. They startled the traveller on the bridge; they stared on the sinner in the carvings of his table and chair; the spectre moved in the hangings of the apartment; it stood in the niche, and was the picture of their sitting-room; it was worn in their rings, while the illuminator shaded the bony phantom in the margins of their 'horæ,' their primers, and their breviaries. Their barbarous taste perceived no absurdity in giving action to a heap of dry bones, which could only keep together in a state of immovability and repose; nor that it was burlesquing the awful idea of the resurrection, by ex-

* A representation of Death by a skeleton appears among the Egyptians; a custom more singular than barbarous prevailed, of enclosing a skeleton of beautiful workmanship in a small coffin, which the bearer carried round at their entertainments; observing, 'after death you will resemble this figure: drink then! and be happy!' a symbol of Death in a convivial party was not designed to excite terrific or gloomy ideas.

habiting the incorruptible spirit under the unnatural and ludicrous figure of mortality drawn out of the corruption of the grave.

An anecdote of these monkish times has been preserved by old Gerard Leigh; and as old stories are best set off by old words, Gerard speaketh! 'The great Maximilian the emperor came to a monastery in high Almaine (Germany,) the monks whereof had caused to be curiously painted the charnel of a man, which they termed—death! When that well-learned emperor had beholden it awhile, he called unto him his painter, commanding to blot the skeleton out, and to paint therein the image of—a fool. Wherewith the abbot, humbly beseeching him to the contrary, said, "It was a good remembrance!"—"Nay," quoth the emperor, "as vermin that annoyeth man's body cometh unlooked for, so doth death, which here is but a faded image, and life is a certain thing, if we know to deserve it." The original mind of Maximilian the Great is characterised by this curious story of converting an emblem of death into a party-coloured fool; and such satirical allusions to the folly of those who persisted in their notion of the skeleton were not unusual with the artists of those times; we find the figure of a fool sitting with some drollery between the legs of one of these skeletons.†

This story is associated with an important fact. After they had successfully terrified the people with their charnel-house figure, a reaction in the public feelings occurred, for the skeleton was now employed as a medium to convey the most facetious, satirical, and burlesque notions of human life. Death, which had so long harassed their imaginations, suddenly changed into a theme fertile in coarse humour. The Italians were too long accustomed to the study of the beautiful to allow their pencil to sport with deformity; but the Gothic taste of the German artists, who could only copy their own homely nature, delighted to give human passions to the hideous physiognomy of a noseless skull; to put an eye of mockery or malignity into its hollow socket, and to stretch out the gaunt anatomy into the postures of a Hogarth; and that the ludicrous might be carried to its extreme, this imaginary being, taken from the bone-house, was viewed in the action of dancing! This blending of the grotesque with the most disgusting image of mortality, as the more singular part of this history of the skeleton, and indeed of human nature itself!

'The Dance of Death' erroneously considered as Holbein's with other similar dances, however differently treated, have one common subject which was painted in the arcades of burying-grounds, or on town-halls and in market-places. The subject is usually The Skeleton in the act of leading all ranks and conditions to the grave, personated after nature, and in the strict costume of the times. This invention opened a new field for genius; and when we can for a moment forget their luckless choice of their bony and bloodless hero, who to abuse us by a variety of action becomes a sort of horrid harlequin in these pantomimical scenes, we may be delighted by the numerous human characters, which are so vividly presented to us. The origin of this extraordinary invention is supposed to be a favourite pageant, or religious mummer, invented by the clergy, who in these ages of barbarous christianity always found it necessary to amuse, as well as to frighten the populace; a circumstance well known to have occurred in so many other grotesque and licentious festivals they allowed the people. This pageant was performed in churches, in which the chief characters in society were supported in a sort of masquerade, mixing together in a general dance, in the course of which every one in his turn vanished from the scene, to show how one after the other died off.‡ The subject was at once poetical and ethical; and two poets and painters of Germany adopting the skeleton, set forth this chimerical Ulysses of another world to roam among the men and manners of their own. One Macabre composed a popular poem, and the old Gaulish version referred to is still printed at Troyes, in France, with the ancient blocks of wood-cuts under the title of 'La grande Danse Macabre des hommes et des femmes.' Merian's 'Totent Tans,' or the 'Dance of the Dead,' is a curious set of prints of a dance of death from an ancient painting, I think not entirely defaced, in a cemetery at Basle, in Switzerland. It was ordered to be painted by a council

which was held there during many years, to commemorate the mortality occasioned by a plague in 1430. The prevailing character of all these works is unquestionably grotesque and ludicrous; not, however, that genius, however barbarous, could refrain in this large subject of human life from inventing scenes often imagined with great delicacy of conception, and even great pathos! Such is the new-married couple, whom Death is leading, beating a drum, and in the rapture of the hour, the bride seems with a melancholy look, now insensible of his presence; or Death is seen issuing from the cottage of the poor widow with her youngest child, who waves his hand sorrowfully, while the mother and the sister vainly answer; or the old man, to whom death is playing on a psaltery, seems anxious; that his withered fingers should once more touch the strings, while he is carried off in calm tranquillity. The greater part of these subjects of death are, however, ludicrous and it may be a question, whether the spectators of these dances of death did not find their mirth more excited than their religious emotions. Ignorant and terrified as the people were at the view of the skeleton, even the grossest simplicity could not fail to laugh at some of those domestic scenes and familiar persons drawn from among themselves. The skeleton, skeleton as it is in the creation of genius, gesticulates and mimics, which even its hideous skull is made to express every diversified character, and the result is hard to describe; for we are at once amused and disgusted with so much genius founded on so much barbarism.

When the artist succeeded in conveying to the eye the most ludicrous notions of death, the poets also discovered in it a fertile source of the burlesque. The curious collector is acquainted with many volumes where the most extraordinary topics have been combined with this subject. They made the body and the soul debate together, and ridicule the complaints of a damned soul! The greater part of the poets of the time were always composing on the subject of Death in their humorous pieces.* Such historical records of the public mind, historians, intent on political events, have rarely noticed.

Of a work of this nature, a popular favourite was long the one entitled '*Le fait mourir et les excuses inutiles qu'on apporte a cette necessité; Le tout en vers burlesques*, 1658.' Jacques Jacques, a canon of Ambrun, was the writer, who humorously says of himself, that he gives his thoughts just as they lie on his heart, without dissimulation; 'for I have nothing double about me except my name! I tell thee some of the most important truths in laughing; it is for thee d'y penser tout a bon.' This little volume was procured for me with some difficulty in France; and it is considered as one of the happiest of this class of death-poems of which I know not of any in our literature.

Our canon of Ambrun, in facetious rhymes, and with the naïveté of expression which belongs to his age, and an idiomatic turn fatal to a translator, excels in pleasantry; his haughty hero condescends to hold very amusing dialogues with all classes of society, and delights to confound their 'excuses inutiles.' The most miserable of men, the galley-slave, the medicant, alike would escape when he appears to them. 'Were I not absolute over them,' Death exclaims, 'they would confound me with their long speeches; but I have business, and must gallop on!' His geographical rhymes are droll.

'Ce que j'ai fait dans l'Afrique
Je le fais bien dans l'Amérique;
On l'appelle monde nouveau
Mais ce sont des brides à veau;
Nulle terre à moy n'est nouvelle
Je vay partout sans qu'on m'appelle,
Mon bras de tout tems commande
Dans le pays de Canada;
J'ai tenu de tout tems en bride
La Virginie et la Floride,
Et j'ai bien donné sur le bec
Aux Français du fort de Kebec.
Lorsque je veux je fais la nique
Aux Incas, aux Rois de Mexique.
Et montre aux nouveaux Grenadins
Qu'ils sont des foux et des badins.
Chacun sait bien comme je matte
Ceux du Bresil et de la Platte,
Ainsi que les Taupinembous—
En un mot, je fais voir à tout

* Goujet Bib. Française, vol. x, 186

* The acrobatics of Armorie, p. 190.

† A wood-cut preserved in Mr Dibdin's Bib. Dec. 1, 35.

‡ My well-read friend Mr Douce has poured forth his curious knowledge on this subject in a dissertation prefixed to a valuable edition of Holbein's 'Dance of Death.'

Que ce que nait dans la nature,
Doit prendre de moy tablature !*

The perpetual employments of Death display copious invention with a facility of humour.

'Egalement je vay regeant,
Le conseiller et le sergent,
Le gentilhomme et le berger,
Le bourgeois at le boulanger,
Et la maistresse et la servante
Et la niece comme la tante ;
Monsieur l'abbé, monsieur son moine,
Le petit clerc et le chanoine,
Sans choix jo mets dans mon butin
Maistre Claude, maistre Martin,
Dame Luce, dame Perrette, &c.
J'en prends un dans le temps qu'il pleure
A quelque autre, au contraire à l'heure
Que demisurement il rit
Je donne e coup qui le frit.
J'en prends un, pendant qu'il se love ;
En se couchant l'autre l'enleve.
Je prends la malade et le sain
L'un aujourd'hui, l'autre le demain.
J'en surprends un dedans son lit
L'autre a l'estude quand il lit.
J'en surprends un le ventre plein
Je mené l'autre par le faim.
J'attrape l'un pendant qu'il prie,
Et l'autre pendant qu'il renie,
J'en saisis un au cabaret
Entre le blanc et le claret,
L'autre qui dans son oratoire
A son Dieu rend honneur et gloire :
J'en surprends un lors qu'il se pisme
Le jour qu'il epouse sa femme,
L'autre le jour que plein du deuil
La sienne il voit dans le cercueil ;
Un à pied et l'autre à cheval
Dans le jeu l'un, et l'autre au bal ;
Un qui mange et l'autre qui boit,
Un qui paye et l'autre qui doit.
L'un en été lorsqu'il moissonne
L'autre en vendanges dans l'autre
L'un criant almanachs nouveaux—
Un qui demande son aumône
L'autre dans le temps qu'il la donne.
Je prends le bon maistre Clement,
Au temps qu'il rend un lanement,
Et prends la dame Catherine
Le jour qu'elle prend medicine.'

This veil of gaiety in the old canon of Ambrun covers deeper and more philosophical thoughts than the singular mode of treating so solemn a theme. He has introduced many scenes of human life, which still interest, and he addresses the 'Teste à triple couronne,' as well as the 'forat de galere,' who exclaims, 'Laissez moi vivre dans mes fers,' 'le gueu,' the 'bourgeois,' the 'chanoine,' the 'pauvre soldat,' the 'medicin,' in a word, all ranks in life are exhibited, as in the 'dances of death.' But our object of noticing those burlesque paintings and poems is to show, that after the monkish Goths had opened one general scene of melancholy and tribulation over Europe, and given birth to that dismal *skeleton of death*, which still terrifies the imagination of many, a reaction of feeling was experienced by the populace, who at length came to laugh at the gloomy spectre which had so long terrified them!

THE RIVAL BIOGRAPHERS OF HEYLIN.

Peter Heylin was one of the popular writers of his times, like Fuller and Howell, who, devoting their amusing pens to subjects which deeply interested their own busy age, will not be slighted by the curious. We have nearly outlived their divinity, but not their politics. Metaphysical absurdities are luxuriant weeds which must be cut down by the scythe of Time; but the great passions branching from the tree of life are still 'growing with our growth.'

There are two biographies of our Heylin, which led to a literary quarrel of an extraordinary nature; and, in the progress of its secret history, all the feelings of rival authorship were called out.

Heylin died in 1682. Dr Barnard, his son-in-law, and a scholar, communicated a sketch of the author's life to be

* *Tablature d'un luth*, Cotgrave says, is the belly of a lute, meaning 'all in nature must dance to my music!'

prefixed to a posthumous folio, of which Heylin's son was the editor. This life was given by the son, but anonymously, which may not have gratified the author, the son-in-law.

Twenty years had elapsed when, in 1682, appeared 'The Life of Dr Peter Heylin, by George Vernon.' The writer, alluding to the prior life prefixed to the posthumous folio, asserts, that in borrowing something from Barnard, Barnard had also 'Excerpted passages out of my papers, the very words as well as matter, when he had them in his custody, as any reader may discern who will be at the pains of comparing the life now published with what is extant before the *Keimalea Ecclesiastica*;' the quaint, pedantic title, after the fashion of the day, of the posthumous folio.

This strong accusation seemed countenanced by a dedication to the son and the nephew of Heylin. Roused now into action, the indignant Barnard soon produced a more complete Life, to which he prefixed 'A necessary Vindication.' This is an unsparing castigation of Vernon, the literary pet whom the Heylins had fondled in preference to their learned relative. The long smothered family grudge, the suppressed mortifications of literary pride, after the subterranean grumblings of twenty years, now burst out, and the volcanic particles flew about in caustic pleasant-ries and sharp invectives; all the lava of an author's vengeance, mortified by the choice of an inferior rival.

It appears that Vernon had been selected by the son of Heylin, in preference to his brother-in-law Dr Barnard, from some family disagreement. Barnard tells us, in describing Vernon, that 'No man, except himself, who was totally ignorant of the Doctor, and all the circumstances of his life, would have engaged in such a work, which was never primarily laid out for him, but by reason of some unhappy differences, as usually fall out in families; and he who loves to put his oar in troubled waters, instead of closing them up hath made them wider.'

Barnard tells his story plainly. Heylin, the son, intending to have a more elaborate life of his father prefixed to his works, Dr Barnard, from the high reverence in which he held the memory of his father-in-law, offered to contribute it. Many conferences were held, and the son intrusted him with several papers. But suddenly his caprice, more than his judgment, fancied that George Vernon was worth John Barnard. The doctor affects to describe his rejection with the most stoical indifference. He tells us, 'I was satisfied, and did patiently expect the coming forth of the work, not only term after term, but year after year, a very considerable time for such a tract. But at last, instead of the life, came a letter to me from a bookseller in London, who lived at the sign of the Black Boy, in Fleet Street.'

Now it seems that he who lived at the Black Boy had combined with another who lived at the Fleur de Luce, and that the Fleur de Luce had assured the Black Boy that Dr Barnard was concerned in writing the Life of Heylin,—this was a strong recommendation. But lo! it appeared that 'one Mr Vernon, of Gloucester,' was to be the man! a gentle thin-skinned authoring, who bleated like a lamb, and who was so fearful to trip out of its shelter, that it allows the Black Boy and the Fleur de Luce to communicate its papers to any one they choose, and erase, or add, at their pleasure.

It occurred to the Black Boy, on this proposed arithmetical criticism, that the work required addition, subtraction, and division: that the fittest critic, on whose name, indeed, he had originally engaged in the work, was our Dr Barnard; and he sent the package to the doctor, who resided near Lincoln.

The doctor, it appears, had no appetite for a dish dressed by another, while he himself was in the very act of the cookery; and it was suffered to lie cold for three weeks at the carrier's.

But entreated and overcome, the good doctor at length sent to the carrier's for the life of his father-in-law. 'I found it, according to the bookseller's description most lame and imperfect; ill begun, worse carried on, and abruptly concluded.' The learned doctor exercised that plenitude of power with which the Black Boy had invested him;—he very obligingly showed the author in what a confused state his materials lay together, and how to put them in order;

'Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec ludus ordo.'

If his rejections were copious, to show his good will as

well as his severity, his additions were generous, though he used the precaution of carefully distinguishing by 'distinct paragraphs' his own insertion amidst Vernon's mass, with a gentle hint, that 'He knew more of Heylin than any man now living, and ought therefore to have been the biographer.' He returned the MS. to the gentleman with great civility, but none he received back! When Vernon pretended to ask for improvements, he did not imagine that the work was to be improved by being nearly destroyed; and when he asked for correction, he probably expected all might end in a compliment.

The narrative may now proceed in Vernon's details of his doleful mortifications, in being 'altered and mangled' by Dr Barnard.

'Instead of thanks from him (Dr Barnard,) and the return of common civility, he disfigured my papers, that so sooner came into his hands, but he fell upon them as a lion rampant, or the cat upon the poor cock in the fable, saying, *Tu hodie mihi discerperis*—so my papers came home miserably clawed, blotted, and blurred; whole sentences dismembered, and pages scratched out; several leaves omitted which ought to be printed,—shamefully he used my copy; so that before it was carried to the press, he swooped away the second part of the life wholly from it—in the room of which he shuffled in a preposterous conclusion at the last page, which he printed in a different character, yet could not keep himself honest, as the poet saith,

Dicitque tua pagina, fur es.

MARTIAL.

for he took out of my copy Doctor Heylin's dream, his sickness, his last words before his death, and left out the burning of his surplice. He so mangled and metamorphosed the whole life I composed, that I may say as Socia did, *Ego met mihi non credo ille alter, Sonia, me malis mutavit mediis*—*Plaut.*

Doctor Barnard would have 'patiently endured these wrongs;' but the accusation Vernon ventured on, that Barnard was the plagiarist, required the doctor 'to return the poisoned chalice to his own lips,' that 'himself was the plagiarist both of words and matter.' The fact is, that this reciprocal accusation was owing to Barnard having had a prior perusal of Heylin's papers, which afterwards came into the hands of Vernon: they both drew their waters from the same source. 'These papers Heylin himself had left for 'a rule to guide the writer of his life.'

Barnard keenly retorts on Vernon for his surreptitious use of whole pages from Heylin's works, which he has appropriated to himself without any marks of quotation. 'I am so such excerptor (as he calls me;) he is of the honour of the man who took all the ships in the Attic haven for his own, and yet was himself not master of any one vessel.'

Again:—

'But all this while I misunderstand him, for possibly he meaneth his own dear words I have excerpted. Why doth he not speak in plain downright English, that the word may see my faults? For every one does not know what is excerpting. If I have been so bold to pick or snap a word from him, I hope I may have the benefit of the dreg. What words have I robbed him of? and how have I become the richer for them? I was never so taken with him as to be once tempted to break the commandments, because I love plain speaking, plain writing, and plain dealing, which he does not: I hate the word excerpted; and the action imported in it. However, he is a facetious man, and thinks there is no elegance nor wit but in his own way of talking. I must say as Tully did, *Malim equidem indisertam prudentiam quam stultam loquacitatem.*'

In his turn he accuses Vernon of being a perpetual transcriber, and for the Malone minuteness of his history.

'But how have I excerpted his matter? Then I am sure to rob the spittle-house; for he is so poor and put to hard shifts, that has much ado to compose a tolerable story, which he hath been hammering and conceiving in his head for four years together, before he could bring forth his fatus of intolerable transcriptions to molest the reader's patience and memory. How doth he run himself out of breath, sometimes for twenty pages and more, at other times fifteen, ordinarily nine and ten, collected out of Dr Heylin's old books, before he can take his wind again to return to his story. I never met with such a transcriber in all my days; for want of matter to fill up a vacuum, of

which his book was in much danger, he hath set down the story of Westminster, as long as the ploughman's tale in Chaucer, which to the reader would have been more pertinent and pleasant. I wonder he did not transcribe bills of chancery, especially about a tedious suit my father had for several years about a lease at Norton.'

In his rallery of Vernon's affected metaphors and comparisons, 'his similitudes and dissimilitudes strangely hooked in, and fetched as far as the Antipodes,' Barnard observes, 'The man hath also a strange opinion of himself that he is Doctor Heylin; and because he writes his life, that he hath his natural parts, if not acquired. The soul of St Augustine (say the schools) was Pythagorically transfused into the corpse of Aquinas; so the soul of Dr Heylin into a narrow soul. I know there is a question in philosophy, *an anima sint aequales?* Whether souls be alike? But there's a difference between the spirits of Elijah and Elisha: so small a prophet with so great a one!'

Dr Barnard concludes by regretting that good counsel came now unseasonable, else he would have advised the writer to have transmitted his task to one who had been an ancient friend of Dr Heylin, rather than ambitiously have assumed it, who was a professed stranger to him, by reason of which no better account could be expected from him than what he has given. He hits off the character of this piece of biography—'A life to the half; an imperfect creature, that is not only lame (as the honest bookseller said,) but wanteth legs, and all other integral parts of a man; nay the very soul that should animate a body like Dr Heylin. So that I must say of him as Plutarch doth of Tib. Gracchus, "that he is a bold undertaker and rash talker of those matters he does not understand." And so I have done with him, unless he creates to himself and me a future trouble.'

Vernon appears to have slunk away from the duel. The son of Heylin stood corrected by the superior life produced by their relative; the learned and vivacious Barnard probably never again ventured to alter and improve the works of an author kneeling and praying for corrections. These bleating lambs, it seems, often turn out roaring lions!

OF LENGLET DU FRESNOY.

The '*Methode pour etudier l'Histoire*,' by the Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy, is a master-key to all the locked-up treasures of ancient and modern history, and to the more secret stores of the obscurer memorialists of every nation. The history of this work and its author are equally remarkable. The man was a sort of curiosity in human nature, as his works are in literature. Lenglet du Fresnoy is not a writer merely laborious; without genius, he still has a hardy originality in his manner of writing and of thinking; and his vast and restless curiosity fermenting his immense book-knowledge, with a freedom verging on cynical causticity, led to the pursuit of uncommon topics. Even the prefaces to the works which he edited are singularly curious, and he has usually added *bibliothèques*, or critical catalogues of authors, which we may still consult for notices on the writers of romances—of those on literary subjects—on alchemy, or the hermetic philosophy; of those who have written on apparitions, visions, &c.—an historical treatise on the secret of confession, &c.; besides these '*Pieces Justificatives*,' which constitute some of the most extraordinary documents in the philosophy of History. His manner of writing secured him readers even among the unlearned; his mordacity, his sarcasm, his derision, his pregnant interjections, his unguarded frankness, and often his strange opinions, contribute to his reader's amusement more than comports with his graver tasks; but his peculiarities cannot alter the value of his knowledge, whatever they may sometimes detract from his opinions; and we may safely admire the ingenuity, without quarrelling with the sincerity of the writer, who having composed a work on *L'Usage des Romans*, in which he gayly impugned the authenticity of all history, to prove himself not to have been the author, ambidexterously published another of *L'Histoire justifiée contre les Romans*; and perhaps it was not his fault that the attack was spirited, and the justification dull.

This '*Methode*' and his '*Tablettes Chronologiques*, of nearly forty other publications are the only ones which outlived their writer: volumes, merely curious, are exiled to the shelf of the collector; the very name of an author

merely curious—that shadow of a shade—is not always even preserved by a dictionary-compiler in the universal clarity of his alphabetical mortuary.

The history of this work is a striking instance of those imperfect beginnings, which have often closed in the most important labours. This admirable 'Methode' made its first meagre appearance in two volumes in 1713. It was soon reprinted at home and abroad, and translated into various languages. In 1729 it assumed the dignity of four quartos; but at this stage it encountered the vigilance of government, and the lacerating hand of a celebrated censor Gros de Boze. It is said, that from a personal dislike of the author, he cancelled one hundred and fifty pages from the printed copy submitted to his censorship. He had formerly approved of the work, and had quietly passed over some of these obnoxious passages: it is certain that Gros de Boze, in a dissertation on the Janus of the ancients in this work, actually erased a high commendation of himself,* which Lenglet had, with unusual courtesy, bestowed on Gros de Boze; for as a critic he is most poisonous of panegyric, and there is always a caustic flavour even in his drops of honey. This censor either affected to disdain the commendation, or availed himself of it as a trick of policy. This was a trying situation for an author, now proud of a great work, and who himself partook more of the bull than of the lamb. He who winced at the scratch of an epithet, beheld his perfect limbs bruised by erasures and mutilated by cancels. This sort of troubles indeed was not unusual with Lenglet. He had occupied his old apartment in the Bastille so often, that at the sight of the officer who was in the habit of conducting him there, Lenglet would call for his night-cap and snuff; and finish the work he had then in hand at the Bastille; where he told Jordan, that he made his edition of Marot. He often silently restituted an epithet or a sentence which had been condemned by the censor, at the risk of returning once more; but in the present desperate affair he took his revenge by collecting the castrations into a quarto volume, which was sold clandestinely. I find, by Jordan, in his *voyage littéraire*, who visited him, that it was his pride to read these cancels to his friends, who generally, but secretly, were of opinion that the decision of the censor was not so wrong as the harshness of Lenglet insisted on. All this increased the public rumour, and raised the price of the cancels. The craft and mystery of authorship was practised by Lenglet to perfection, and he often exulted, not only in the subterfuges by which he parried his censors, but in his bargains with his booksellers, who were equally desirous to possess, while they half-fear to enjoy, his uncertain or his perilous copyrights. When the unique copy of the *Methode*, in its pristine state, before it had suffered any disfigurements, made its appearance at the sale of the curious library of the censor Gros de Boze, it provoked a Roxburgh companion, where the collectors, eagerly out-bidding each other, the price of this uncastrated copy reached to 1500 livres; an event more extraordinary in the history of French bibliography, than in our own. The curious may now find all these cancel sheets, or castrations, preserved in one of those works of literary history, to which the Germans have contributed more largely than other European nations; and I have discovered that even the erasures, or *brasures*, are amply furnished in another bibliographical record.†

This *Methode*, after several later editions, was still enlarging itself by fresh supplements; and having been translated by men of letters in Europe, by Coletti in Italy, by Mencken in Germany, and by Dr Rawlinson in England, these translators have enriched their own editions by more copious articles, designed for their respective nations. The sagacity of the original writer now renovated his work by the infusions of his translators; like old Æson, it had its veins filled with green juices; and thus

* This fact appears in the account of the minuter erasures. † The castrations are in Beyer's *Memorie historico-criticae Horum rariorum*, p. 166. The bruises are carefully noted in the Catalogue of the Duke de la Vallière, 4467. Those who are curious in such singularities will be gratified by the extraordinary opinions and results in Beyer; and which after all were purloined from a manuscript 'Abridgment of Universal History,' which was drawn up by Count de Boulaivilliers, and more adroitly, than delicately, inserted by Lenglet in his own work. The original manuscript exists in various copies, which were afterwards discovered. The mituter corrections, in the Duke de la Vallière's catalogue, furnish a most enthralling article in the dryness of bibliography.

his old work was always undergoing the magic process of rejuvenescence.*

The personal character of our author was as singular as many of the uncommon topics which engaged his inquiries; these we might conclude had originated in mere eccentricity, or were chosen at random. But Lenglet has shown no deficiency of judgment in several works of acknowledged utility; and his critical opinions, his last editor has shown, have, for the greater part, been sanctioned by the public voice. It is curious to observe how the first direction which the mind of a hardy inquirer may take, will often account for that variety of uncommon topics he delights in, and which, on a closer examination, may be found to bear an invisible connexion with some preceding inquiry. As there is an association of ideas, so in literary history there is an association of research; and a very judicious writer may thus be impelled to compose on subjects which may be deemed strange or injudicious.

This observation may be illustrated by the literary history of Lenglet du Fresnoy. He opened his career by addressing a letter and a tract to the Sorbonne, on the extraordinary affair of Maria d'Agreda, abbess of the monastery of the Immaculate Conception in Spain, whose mystical life of the Virgin, published on the decease of the abbess, and which was received with such rapture in Spain, had just appeared at Paris, where it excited the murmurs of the poets, and the inquiries of the curious. This mystical life was declared to be founded on apparitions and revelations experienced by the abbess. Lenglet proved, or asserted, that the abbess was not the writer of this pretended life, though the manuscript existed in her hand-writing; and secondly, that the apparitions and revelations recorded were against all the rules of apparitions and revelations which he had painfully discovered. The affair was of a delicate nature. The writer was young and incredulous; a grey-beard, more deeply versed in theology, replied, and the Sorbonists silenced our philosopher in embryo.

Lenglet confined these researches to his portfolio; and so long a period as fifty-five years had elapsed before they saw the light. It was when Calmet published his *Dissertations on Apparition*, that the subject provoked Lenglet to return to his forsaken researches. He now published all he had formerly composed on the affair of Maria d'Agreda, and two other works; the one '*Traité historique et dogmatique sur les Apparitions, les Visions, et les Révelations particulières*,' in two volumes; and '*Recueil de Dissertations anciennes et nouvelles, sur les Apparitions, &c.*' with a catalogue of authors on this subject, in four volumes. When he edited the *Roman de la Rose*, in compiling the glossary of this ancient poem, it led him to reprint many of the earliest French poets; to give an enlarged edition of the *Arrets d'Amour*, that work of love and chivalry, in which his fancy was now so deeply imbedded; while the subject of Romance itself naturally led to the taste of romantic productions which appeared in '*L'Usage des Romans*,' and its accompanying copious nomenclature of all romances and romance-writers, ancient and modern. Our vivacious Abbé had been bewildered by his delight in the works of a chemical philosopher; and though he did not believe in the existence of apparitions, and certainly was more than a sceptic in history, yet it is certain that the 'grand œuvre' was an article in his creed; it would have ruined him in experiments, if he had been rich enough to have been ruined. It altered his health; and the most important result of his chemical studies appears to have been the invention of a syrup, in which he had great confidence; but its trial blew him up into a tympany, from which he was only relieved by having recourse to a drug, also of his own discovery, which, in counteracting the syrup, reduced him to an alarming state of atrophy. But the mischances of the historian do not enter into his history; and our curiosity must be still eager to open Lenglet's '*Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique*,' accompanied by a catalogue of the writers in this mysterious science, in two volumes; as well as his enlarged edition of the works of a great Paracelsian, Nicholas la Ferre. This philosopher was appointed by Charles the Second superintendent over the royal laboratory at St James's: he was also a member of the Royal Society, and the friend of Boyle, to whom he

* The last edition, enlarged by Dronet, is in 15 volumes, but is not later than 1772. It is still an inexhaustible manual for the historical student, as well as his *Tablées Chronologiques*.

communicated the secret of infusing young blood into old veins, with a notion that he could renovate that which admits of no second creation.* Such was the origin of Du Fresnoy's active curiosity on a variety of singular topics, the germs of which may be traced to three or four of our author's principal works.

Our Abbé promised to write his own life, and his pugnacious vivacity, and hardy frankness, would have seasoned a piece of auto-biography; an amateur has, however, written it in the style which amateurs like, with all the truth he could discover, enlivened by some secret history, writing the life of Lenglet with the very spirit of Lenglet; it is a mask taken from the very features of the man, not the insipid wax-work of an hyperbolic eulogist.

Although Lenglet du Fresnoy commenced in early life his career as a man of letters, he was at first engaged in the great chase of political adventure; and some striking facts are recorded, which show his successful activity. Michault describes his occupations by a paraphrased delicacy of language, which an Englishman might not have so happily composed. The minister for foreign affairs, the Marquis de Torcy, sent Lenglet to Lisle, where the court of the Elector of Cologne was then held; 'He had particular orders to watch that the two ministers of the elector should do nothing prejudicial to the king's affairs.' He seems, however, to have watched many other persons, and detected many other things. He discovered a captain, who agreed to open the gates of Mons to Marlborough, for 100,000 piastres; the captain was arrested on the parade, the letter of Marlborough was found in his pocket, and the traitor was broken on the wheel. Lenglet denounced a foreign general in the French service, and the event warranted the prediction. His most important discovery was that of the famous conspiracy of Prince Cellamar, one of the chimerical plots of Alberoni; to the honour of Lenglet, he would not engage in its detection, unless the minister promised that no blood should be shed. These successful incidents in the life of an honourable spy were rewarded with a moderate pension. Lenglet must have been no vulgar intriguer; he was not only perpetually confined by his very patrons when he resided at home for the freedom of his pen, but I find him early imprisoned in the citadel of Strasburgh for six months: it is said for purloining some curious books from the library of the Abbé Bignon, of which he had the care. It is certain that he knew the value of the scarcest works, and was one of those lovers of bibliography who trade at times in costly rarities. At Vienna he became intimately acquainted with the poet Rousseau and Prince Eugene. The prince, however, who suspected the character of our author, long avoided him. Lenglet insinuated himself into the favour of the prince's librarian; and such was his bibliographical skill, that this acquaintance ended in Prince Eugene laying aside his political dread, and preferring the advice of Lenglet to his librarian's, to enrich his magnificent library. When the motive of Lenglet's residence at Vienna became more and more suspected, Rousseau was employed to watch him; and not yet having quarrelled with his brother spy, he could only report that the Abbé Lenglet was every morning occupied in working on his 'Tablettes Chronologiques,' a work not worthy of alarming the government; that he spent his evenings at a violin player's married to a French woman, and returned home

* The Dictionnaire Historique, 1789, in their article Nich. Le Fevre, notices the third edition of his 'Course of Chemistry,' that of 1684, in two volumes; but the present one of Lenglet du Fresnoy's is more recent, 1731, enlarged into five volumes, two of which contain his own additions. I have never met with this edition, and it is wanting at the British Museum. Le Fevre published a tract on the great cordial of Sir Walter Raveligh, which may be curious.

† This anonymous work of 'Memoires de Monsieur l'Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy,' although the dedication is signed G. F., is written by Michault, of Dijon, as a presentation copy to Count de Vienne in my possession proves. Michault is the writer of two volumes of agreeable 'Melanges Historiques, et Philologiques,' and the present is a very curious piece of literary history. The Dictionnaire Historique has compiled the article of Lenglet entirely from this work; but the Journal des Savans was too accurate in this opinion. 'Eux-ci la peine de faire un livre pour apprendre au public qu'un homme de lettres, fut Esaxon, Ecroco, bizarre, fougueux, cynique incapable d'amitié, de decence, de soumission aux loix?' &c. Yet they do not deny that the bibliography of Lenglet du Fresnoy is at all deficient in curiosity.

at eleven. As soon as our historian had discovered that the poet was a brother spy and newsmonger on the side of Prince Eugene, their reciprocal civilities cooled. Lenglet now imagined that he owed his six months' retirement in the citadel of Strasburgh to the secret officiousness of Rousseau: each grew suspicious of the other's fidelity; and spies are like lovers, for their mutual jealousies settled into the most inveterate hatred. One of the most defamatory libels is Lenglet's intended dedication of his edition of Marot to Rousseau, which being forced to suppress in Holland, by order of the States-general; at Brussels, by the intervention of the Duke of Aremberg; and by every means the friends of the unfortunate Rousseau could contrive; was however many years afterwards at length subjoined by Lenglet to the first volume of his work on Romances; where an ordinary reader may wonder at its appearance unconnected with any part of the work. In this dedication or 'éloge historique' he often addresses 'Mon cher Rousseau,' but the irony is not delicate, and the calumny is heavy. Rousseau lay too open to the unlicensed causticity of his accuser. The poet was then expatriated from France for a false accusation against Saurin, in attempting to fix on him those criminal couplets, which so long disturbed the peace of the literary world in France, and of which Rousseau was generally supposed to be the writer; but of which on his death-bed he solemnly protested that he was guiltless. The *coup de grace* is given to the poet, stretched on this rack of invective, by just accusations on account of those infamous epigrams, which appear in some editions of that poet's works; a lesson for a poet, if poets would be lessoned, who indulge their imagination at the cost of their happiness, and seem to invent crimes, as if they themselves were criminals.

But to return to our Lenglet. Had he composed his own life, it would have offered a sketch of political servitude and political adventure, in a man too intractable for the one, and too literary for the other. Yet to the honour of his capacity, we must observe that he might have chosen his patrons, would he have submitted to patronage. Prince Eugene at Vienna; Cardinal Passionei at Rome; or Mons. Le Blanc, the French minister, would have held him on his own terms. But 'Liberty and my books' was the secret ejaculation of Lenglet; and from that moment all things in life were sacrificed to a jealous spirit of independence, which broke out in his actions as well as in his writings; and a passion for study for ever crushed the worm of ambition.

He was as singular in his conversation, which, says Jordan, was extremely agreeable to a foreigner, for he delivered himself without reserve on all things, and on all persons, seasoned with secret and literary anecdotes. He refused all the conveniences offered by an opulent sister, that he might not endure the restraint of a settled dinner hour. He lived to his eightieth year, still busied, and then died by one of those grievous chances, to which aged men of letters are liable: our caustic critic slumbered over some modern work, and, falling into the fire, was burnt to death. Many characteristic anecdotes of the Abbé Lenglet have been preserved in the *Dictionnaire Historique*, but I shall not repeat what is of easy recurrence.

THE DICTIONARY OF TREVoux.

A learned friend, in his very agreeable 'Trimester, or a three months' journey in France and Switzerland,' could not pass through the small town of Trevoux without a literary association of ideas which should accompany every man of letters in his tours, abroad or at home. A mind well informed cannot travel without discovering that there are objects constantly presenting themselves, which suggest literary, historical, and moral facts. My friend writes, 'As you proceed nearer to Lyons you stop to dine at Trevoux, on the left bank of the Soane. On a sloping hill, down to the water-side, rises an amphitheatre, crowned with an ancient Gothic castle, in venerable ruin; under it is the small town of Trevoux, well known for its Journal and Dictionary, which latter is almost an encyclopædia, as there are few things of which something is not said in that most valuable compilation, and the whole was printed at Trevoux. The knowledge of this circumstance greatly enhances the delight of any visitor who has consulted the book and is acquainted with its merits: and must add much to his local pleasures.'

A work from which every man of letters may be continually deriving such varied knowledge, and which is little

known but to the most curious readers, claims a place in these volumes; nor is the history of the work itself without interest. Eight large folios, each consisting of a thousand closely printed pages, stand like a vast mountain, of which, before we climb, we may be anxious to learn the security of the passage. The history of dictionaries is the most mutable of all histories; it is a picture of the inconstancy of the knowledge of man; the learning of one generation passes away with another; and a dictionary of this kind is always to be repaired, to be rescinded, and to be enlarged.

The small town of Trevoux gave its name to an excellent literary journal, long conducted by the Jesuits, and to this dictionary—as Edinburgh has to its critical Review and Annual Register, &c. It first came to be distinguished as a literary town from the Duc du Maine, as prince sovereign of Dombes, transferring to this little town of Trevoux not only his parliament and other public institutions, but also establishing a magnificent printing house, in the beginning of the last century. The duke, probably to keep his printers in constant employ, instituted the *Journal de Trevoux*; and this, perhaps, greatly tended to bring the printing house into notice; so that it became a favourite with many good writers, who appear to have had no other connexion with the place; and this dictionary borrowed its first title, which it always preserved, merely from the place where it was printed. Both the journal and the dictionary were, however, consigned to the cares of some learned Jesuits; and perhaps the place always indicated the principles of the writers, of whom none were more eminent for elegant literature than the Jesuits.

The first edition of this dictionary sprung from the spite of rivalry, occasioned by a French dictionary published in Holland, by the protestant Basnage de Beauval. The duke set his Jesuits hastily to work; who, after a pompous announcement that this dictionary was formed on a plan suggested by their patron, did little more than pilage Furetiere, and rummage Basnage, and produced three new folios without any novelties; they pleased the Duc du Maine and no one else. This was in 1704. Twenty years after it was republished and improved; and editions increasing, the volumes succeeded each other, till it reached to its present magnitude and value in eight large folios, in 1771, the only edition now esteemed. Many of the names of the contributors to this excellent collection of words and things, the industry of Monsieur Barbier has revealed in his *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, art. 10782. The work, in the progress of a century, evidently became a favourite receptacle with men of letters in France, who eagerly contributed the smallest or the largest articles with a zeal honourable to literature and most useful to the public. They made this dictionary their common-place book for all their curious acquisitions; every one competent to write a short article preserving an important fact, did not aspire to compile the dictionary, or even an entire article in it; but it was a treasury in which such mites collected together formed its wealth; and all the literati may be said to have been engaged in perfecting these volumes during a century. In this manner, from the humble beginnings of three volumes, in which the plagiarist much more than the contributor was visible, eight were at length built up with more durable materials, and which claim the attention and the gratitude of the student.

The work, it appears interested the government itself, as a national concern, from the tenor of the following anecdotes.

Most of the minor contributors to this great collection were satisfied to remain anonymous; but as might be expected among such a number, sometimes a contributor was anxious to be known to his circle; and did not like this penitential abstinence of fame. An anecdote recorded of one of this class will amuse: a Monsieur Lautour du Chatel, avocat au parlement de Normandie, voluntarily devoted his studious hours to improve this work, and furnished near three thousand articles to the supplement of the edition of 1752. This ardent scholar had had a lively quarrel thirty years before with the first authors of the dictionary. He had sent them one thousand three hundred articles, on condition that the donor should be handsomely thanked in the preface of the new edition, and further receive a copy *en grand papier*. They were accepted. The conductors of the new edition, in 1721, forgot all the promises—nor thanks, nor copy! Our learned avocat, who was a little irritable, as his nephew who wrote his life ac-

knowledges, as soon as the great work appeared, astonished, like Dennis, that 'they were railing his own thunder,' without saying a word, quits his country town, and ventures, half dead with sickness and indignation, on an expedition to Paris, to make his complaint to the chancellor; and the work was deemed of that importance in the eye of government, and so zealous a contributor was considered to have such an honourable claim, that the chancellor ordered, first, that a copy on large paper, should be immediately delivered to Monsieur Lautour, richly bound and free of carriage; and secondly, as a reparation of the unperformed promise, and an acknowledgment of gratitude, the omission of thanks should be inserted and explained in the three great literary journals of France; a curious instance among others of the French government often mediating, when difficulties occurred in great literary undertakings, and considering not lightly the claims and the honour of men of letters.

Another proof, indeed, of the same kind, concerning the present work, occurred after the edition of 1752. One Jamet l'aîné, who had with others been usefully employed on this edition, addressed a proposal to the government for an improved one, dated from the Basile. He proposed that the government should choose a learned person, accustomed to the labour of the researches such a work requires; and he calculated, that if supplied with three amanuenses, such an editor would accomplish his task in about ten or twelve years; the produce of the edition would soon repay all the expenses and capital advanced. This literary projector did not wish to remain idle in the Basile. Fifteen years afterwards the last improved edition appeared, published by the associated booksellers of Paris.

As for the work itself, it partakes of the character of our Encyclopedias; but in this respect it cannot be safely consulted, for widely has science enlarged its domains and corrected its errors since 1771. But it is precious as a vast collection of ancient and modern learning, particularly in that sort of knowledge which we usually term antiquarian and philological. It is not merely a grammatical, scientific and technical dictionary, but it is replete with divinity, law, moral philosophy, critical and historical learning, and abounds with innumerable miscellaneous curiosities. It would be difficult, whatever may be the subject of inquiry, to open it, without the gratification of some knowledge neither obvious nor trivial. I heard a man of great learning declare, that whenever he could not recollect his knowledge he opened Hoffman's *Lexicon Universale Historicum*, where he was sure to find what he had lost. The works are similar; and valuable as are the German's four folios, the eight of the Frenchman may safely be recommended as their substitute, or their supplement. As a Dictionary of the French Language it bears a peculiar feature, which has been presumptuously dropped in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*: the last invents phrases to explain words, which therefore have no other authority than the writer himself! this of Trevoux is furnished, not only with mere authorities, but also with quotations from the classical French writers—an improvement which was probably suggested by the English Dictionary of Johnson. One nation improves by another.

QUADRIO'S ACCOUNT OF ENGLISH POETRY.

It is, perhaps, somewhat mortifying in our literary researches to discover that our own literature has been only known to the other nations of Europe comparatively within recent times. We have at length triumphed over our continental rivals in the noble struggles of genius, and our authors now see their works printed even at foreign presses, while we are furnishing with our gratuitous labours nearly the whole literature of a new empire; yet so late as in the reign of Anne, our poets were only known by the Latin versifiers of the *Muse Anglicanæ*; and when Boileau was told of the public funeral of Dryden, he was pleased with the national honours bestowed on genius, but he declared that he never heard of his name before. This great legislator of Parnassus has never alluded to one of our own poets, so insular then was our literary glory! The most remarkable fact, or perhaps assertion, I have met with, of the little knowledge which the continent had of our writers, is a French translation of Bishop Hall's *Characters of Virtues and Vices*. It is a duodecimo, printed at Paris of 109 pages, 1610, with this title, *Caracteres de Vertus et de Vices: tirés de l'Anglais de M. Jean Hall*. In a dedication to the Earl of Salisbury, the translator informs his lordship that *ce livre est la premiere tra-*

duction de l'Anglois jamais imprimée aucun vulgaire. The first translation from the English ever printed in any modern language! Whether the translator is a bold liar, or an ignorant blunderer, remains to be ascertained; at all events it is a humiliating demonstration of the small progress which our home literature had made abroad in 1810!

I come now to notice a contemporary writer, professedly writing the history of our Poetry, of which his knowledge will open to us as we proceed with our enlightened and amateur historian.

Father Quadrio's *Della Storia e della ragione d'ogni Poesia*,—is a gigantic work, which could only have been projected and persevered in by some hypochondriac monk, who, to get rid of the *crassi* of life, could discover no pleasanter way than to bury himself alive in seven monstrous closely-printed quartos, and every day be compiling something on a subject which he did not understand. Fortunately for Father Quadrio, without taste to feel, and discernment to decide, nothing occurred in this progress of literary history and criticism to abridge his volumes and his amusements; and with diligence and erudition unparalleled, he has here built up a receptacle for his immense, curious, and trifling knowledge on the poetry of every nation. Quadrio is among that class of authors whom we receive with more gratitude than pleasure, fly to sometimes to quote, but never linger to read; and fix on our shelves, but seldom have in our hands.

I have been much mortified, in looking over this voluminous compiler, to discover, although he wrote so late as about 1750, how little the history of English Poetry was known to foreigners. It is assuredly our own fault. We have two long neglected the bibliography and the literary history of our own country. Italy, Spain and France, have enjoyed eminent bibliographers—we have none to rival them. Italy may justly glory in her Tiraboschi and her Mazzuchelli; Spain in the Bibliothecas of Nicholas Antonio; and France, so rich in bibliographical treasures, affords models to every literary nation of every species of literary history. With us, the partial labour of the hermit Anthony for the Oxford writers, compiled before philosophical criticism existed in the nation; and Warton's History of Poetry, which was left unfinished at its most critical period, when that delightful antiquary of taste had just touched the threshold of his Paradise—these are the sole great labours to which foreigners might resort, but these will not be found of much use to them. The neglect of our own literary history has, therefore, occasioned the errors, sometimes very ridiculous ones, of foreign writers respecting our authors. Even the lively Chaudon, in his 'Dictionnaire Historique,' gives the most extraordinary accounts of most of the English writers. Without an English guide to attend such weary travellers, they have too often been deceived by the *Mirages* of our literature. They have given blundering accounts of works which do exist, and chronicled others which never did exist; and have often made up the personal history of our authors, by confounding two or three into one. Chaudon, mentioning Dryden's tragedies, observes that Atterbury translated two into Latin verse, entitled *Achitophel* and *Abalom*!*

Of all these foreign authors none has more egregiously failed than this good Father Quadrio. In this universal history of poetry, I was curious to observe what sort of figure we made; and whether the fertile genius of our original poets had struck the foreign critic with admiration, or with critical censure. But little was our English poetry known to its universal historian. In the chapter on those who have cultivated 'la melica poesia in propria lingua tra Tedeschi, Fiamminghi e Inglesi'† we find the following list of English poets.

* Of John Cowper; whose rhymes and verses are preserved in manuscript in the college of the most holy Trinity, in Cambridge.

† Arthur Kelton flourished in 1548, a skilful English poet; he composed various poems in English; also he lauds the Cambrains and their genealogy.

‡ The works of W. Wycherley in English prose and verse. These were the only English poets whom Quadrio at first could muster together! In his subsequent additions he caught the name of Sir Philip Sidney with an adventurous criticism, 'le sue poesie assai buone.' He ther-

was lucky enough to pick up the title—not the volume surely—which is one of the rarest; 'Flori poetici de A. Cowley,' which he calls 'poesie amorose;' this must mean that early volume of Cowley's, published in his thirteenth year, under the title of 'Poetical Blossoms.' Further he laid hold of 'John Donne' by the shirt, and 'Thomas Creech,' at whom he made a full pause; informing his Italians, that his poems are reputed by his nation as 'assai buone.' He has also 'Le opere di Guglielmo;' but to this christian name, as it would appear, he had not ventured to add the surname. At length in his progress of inquiry, in this fourth volume (for they were published at different periods) he suddenly discovers a host of English poets—in Waller, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Roscommon, and others, among whom is Dr Swift; but he acknowledges their works have not reached him. Shakespeare at length appears on the scene; but Quadrio's notions are derived from Voltaire, whom, perhaps, he boldly translates. Instead of improving our drama, he conducted it a *totale rovina nelle sue forze monstruose, che si chiaman tragedie; alcune scene vi abbia luminose e belle e alcuni tratti si trovano terribili e grandi*. Otway is said to have composed a tragic drama on the subject of 'Venezia Salvata;' he adds with surprise, 'ma affatto regolare.' Regularity is the essence of genius with such critics as Quadrio. Dryden is also mentioned; but the only drama specified is 'King Arthur.' Addison is the first Englishman who produced a classical tragedy; but though Quadrio writes much about the life of Addison, he never alludes to the Spectator.

We come now to a more curious point. Whether Quadrio had read our comedies may be doubtful; but he distinguishes them by very high commendation. Our comedy, he says, represents human life, the manners of citizens and the people, much better than the French and Spanish comedies, in which all the business of life is mixed up with love affairs. The Spaniards had their gallantry from the Moors, and their manners from chivalry; to which they added their timid African taste, differing from that of other nations. I shall translate what he now adds of English comedy.

'The English more skilfully even than the French, have approximated to the true idea of comic subjects, choosing for the argument of their invention the customary and natural objects of the citizens and the populace. And when religion and decorum were more respected in their theatres, they were more advanced in this species of poetry, and merited not a little praise, above their neighbouring nations. But more than the English and the French, (to speak according to pure and bare truth,) have the Italians signalized themselves.' A sly, insinuating criticism! But, as on the whole, for reasons which I cannot account for, Father Quadrio seems to have relished our English comedy, we must value his candour. He praises our comedy; 'per il bello ed il buono;' but, as he is a methodical Aristotelian, he will not allow us that liberty in the theatre, which we are supposed to possess in parliament—by delivering whatever we conceive to the purpose. His criticism is a specimen of the irrefragable. 'We must not abandon legitimate rules to give mere pleasure thereby; because pleasure is produced by, and flows from, the beautiful; and the beautiful is chiefly drawn from the good order and unity in which it consists.'

Quadrio succeeded in discovering the name of one of our greatest comic geniuses; for, alluding to our diversity of action in comedy, he mentions in his fifth volume, page 148,—'Il celebre Benjanson nella sua commedia intitolato *Bartolomeo Fociere*, e in quella altra commedia intitolato *Ipsam Vertz*.' The reader may decipher the poet's name and his *Pair*; but it required the critical sagacity of Mr Douce to discover that by *Ipsam Vertz* we are to understand Shadwell's comedy of *Epsom Wells*. The Italian critic had transcribed what he and his Italian printer could not spell; we have further discovered the source of his intelligence in St Evremood, who had classed Shadwell's comedy with Ben Jonson's. To such shifts is the writer of an universal history *d'ogni poesia*, miserably reduced!

Towards the close of the fifth volume we at last find the sacred muse of Milton,—but, unluckily, he was a man 'di pochissima religione,' and spoke of Christ like an Arian. Quadrio quotes Ramsay for Milton's vomiting forth abuse on the Roman church. His figures are said to be often mean, unworthy of the majesty of his subject; but in a later place, excepting his religion, our poet, it is decided on, is worthy 'di molti laudi.'

* Even recently il Cavaliere Onofrio Boni, in his Elogio of Lanzi, in naming the three Augustan periods of modern literature, fixes them, for the Italians, under Leo the Tenth; for the French, under Lewis the Fourteenth, or the Great; and for the English, under Charles the Second!

† Quadrio, Vol. II, p. 418.

Thus much for the information the curious may obtain on English poetry, from its universal history. Quadrio unquestionably writes with more ignorance than prejudice against us: he has not only highly distinguished the comic genius of our writers, and raised it above that of our neighbours, but he has also advanced another discovery, which ranks us still higher for original invention, and which I am confident, will be as new as it is extraordinary to the English reader.

Quadrio, who, among other erudite accessories to his work, has exhausted the most copious researches on the origin of Punch and Harlequin, has also written, with equal curiosity and value, the history of Puppet-shows. But whom has he lauded? whom has he placed paramount, above all other people, for their genius of invention in improving this art?—The English! and the glory which has hitherto been universally conceded to the Italian nation themselves, appears to belong to us! For we, it appears, while others were dandling and pulling their little representatives of human nature into such awkward and unnatural motions, first invented pulleys, or wires, and gave a fine and natural action to the artificial life of these gesticulating machines!

We seem to know little of ourselves as connected with the history of puppet-shows; but in an article in the curious Dictionary of Trevoux, I find that John Brioché, to whom had been attributed the invention of *Marionettes*, is only to be considered as an improver; in his time (but the learned writers supply no date,) an *Englishman* discovered the secret of moving them by springs, and without strings; but the *Marionettes* of Brioché were preferred for the pleasantries which he made them deliver. The erudite Quadrio appears to have more successfully substantiated our claims to the pulleys or wires, or springs of the puppets, than any of our own antiquaries; and perhaps the uncommemorated name of this Englishman was that Powell, whose Solomon and Sheba were celebrated in the days of Addison and Steele; the former of whom has composed a classical and sportive Latin poem on this very subject. But Quadrio might well rest satisfied, that the nation, which could boast of its *Pantocchini*, surpassed, and must ever surpass the puny efforts of all doll-loving people!

'POLITICAL RELIGIONISM.'

In Professor Dugald Stewart's first Dissertation on the progress of Philosophy, I find this singular and significant term. It has occasioned me to reflect on those contests for religion, in which a particular faith has been made the ostensible pretext, while the secret motive was usually political. The historians, who view in these religious wars only religion itself, have written large volumes, in which we may never discover that they have either been a struggle to obtain predominance, or an expedient to secure it. The hatreds of ambitious men have disguised their own purposes, while Christianity has borne the odium of loosening a destroying spirit among mankind; which, had Christianity never existed, would have equally prevailed in human affairs. Of a mortal malady, it is not only necessary to know the nature, but to designate it by a right name that we may not err in our mode of treatment. If we call that religion which we shall find for the greater part is political, we are likely to be mistaken in the regimen and the cure.

Fox, in his 'Acts and Monuments,' writes the martyrology of the protestants in three mighty folios; where, in the third, 'the tender mercies' of the catholics are 'cut in wood' for those who might not otherwise be enabled to read or spell them. Such pictures are abridgments of long narratives, but they leave in the mind a fulness of horror. Fox made more than one generation shudder; and his volume, particularly this third, chained to a reading-desk in the halls of the great, and in the aisles of churches, often detained the loiterer, as it furnished some new scene of papistical horrors to paint forth on returning to his fire-side. The protestants were then the martyrs, because, under Mary, the protestants had been thrown out of power.

Dodd has opposed to Fox three curious folios, which he calls 'the Church History of England,' exhibiting a most abundant martyrology of the catholics, inflicted by the hands of the protestants; who in the succeeding reign of Elizabeth, after long trepidations and balancings, were confirmed into power. He grieves over the delusion and seduction of the black-letter romance of honest John Fox, which, he says, 'has obtained a place in protestant

churches next to the Bible, while John Fox himself is esteemed little less than an evangelist.' Dodd's narratives are not less pathetic; for the situation of the catholic, who had to secrete himself, as well as to suffer, was more adapted for romantic adventures than even the melancholy but monotonous story of the protestants tortured in the cell, or bound to the stake. These catholics, however, were attempting all sorts of intrigues; and the mass and martyrs of Dodd to the parliament of England were only traitors and conspirators!

Heylin, in his history of the Puritans and the Presbyterians, blackens them for political evils. He is the Spaniel of history, delighting himself with horrors at which the painter himself must have started. He tells of their 'oppositions' to monarchical and episcopal government; their 'innovations' in the church; and their 'embroideries' of the kingdoms. The sword rages in their hands; treason, sacrilege, plunder; while 'more of the blood of Englishmen had poured like water within the space of four years, than had been shed in the civil wars of York and Lancaster in four centuries!'

Neale opposes a more elaborate history; where these 'great and good men,' the puritans and the presbyterians, 'are placed among the reformers,' while their fame is blanched into angelic purity. Neale and his party opined that the protestant had not sufficiently protested, and that the reformation itself needed to be reformed. They worried the impatient Elizabeth, and her ardent churchmen; and disputed with the learned James, and his courtly bishops, about such ceremonial trifles, that the historians may blush or smile who has to record them. And when the puritan was thrown out of preferment, and seceded into separation, he turned into a presbyter. Nonconformity was their daring sin, and their sullen triumph.

Calamy, in four painful volumes, chronicles the bloodless martyrology of the two thousand silenced and ejected ministers. Their history is not glorious, and their heroes are obscure; but it is a domestic tale! When the second Charles was restored, the presbyterians, like every other faction, were to be amused, if not courted. Some of the king's chaplains were selected from among them, and preached once. Their hopes were raised that they should, by some agreement, be enabled to share in that ecclesiastical establishment which they had so often opposed; and the bishops met the presbyters in a convocation at the Savoy. A conference was held between the high church, resuming the seat of power, and the low church, now prostrate; that is, between the old clergy who had recently been mercilessly ejected by the new, who in their turn were awaiting their fate. The conference was closed with arguments by the weaker, and votes by the stronger. Many curious anecdotes of this conference have come down to us. The presbyterians, in their last struggle, petitioned for indulgence; but oppressors who had become petitioners, only showed that they possessed no longer the means of resistance. This conference was followed up by the *Act of Uniformity*, which took place on Bartholomew day, August 24, 1662: an act which ejected Calamy's two thousand ministers from the bosom of the established church. Bartholomew day with this party was long paralleled, and perhaps is still with the dreadful French massacre of that fatal saint's day. The calamity was rather, however, of a private than of a public nature. The two thousand ejected ministers were indeed deprived of their livings; but this was, however, a happier fate than what has often occurred in these contests for the security of political power. This ejection was not like the expulsion of the Moriscoes, the best and most useful subjects of Spain, which was a human sacrifice of half a million of men, and the proscription of many Jews from that land of catholicism; or the massacre of thousands of Huguenots, and the expulsion of more than a hundred thousand by Louis the Fourteenth from France. The presbyterian divines were not driven from their father-land, and compelled to learn another language than their mother-tongue. Destitute as divines, they were suffered to remain as citizens; and the result was remarkable. These divines could not disrobe themselves of their learning and their piety, while several of them were compelled to become tradesmen; among these the learned Samuel Chandler, whose literary productions are numerous, kept a bookseller's shop in the Poultry.

Hard as this event proved in its result, it was however, pleaded, that 'It was but like for like.' And that the his-

tory of 'the like' might not be curtailed in the telling, opposed to Calamy's chronicle of the two thousand ejected ministers stands another, in folio magnitude, of the same sort of chronicle of the clergy of the church of England, with a title by no means less pathetic.

This is Walker's 'Attempt towards recovering an account of the Clergy of the Church of England who were sequestered, harassed, &c., in the late Times.' Walker is himself astonished at the size of his volume, the number of his sufferers, and the variety of the sufferings. 'Shall the church,' says he, 'not have the liberty to preserve the history of her sufferings, as well as the separation to set forth an account of theirs? Can Dr Calamy be acquitted for publishing the history of the *Bartholomew sufferers*, if I am condemned for writing that of the *sequestered loyalists*?' He allows that 'the number of the ejected amounts to two thousand,' and there were no less than 'seven or eight thousand of the episcopal clergy imprisoned, banished, and sent a starving,' &c. &c.

Whether the reformed were martyred by the catholics, or the catholics executed by the reformed; whether the puritans expelled those of the established church, or the established church ejected the puritans, all seems reducible to two classes, conformists and non-conformists, or, in the political style, the administration and the opposition. When we discover that the heads of all parties are of the same hot temperament, and observe the same evil conduct in similar situations; when we view honest old Latimer with his own hands hanging a mendicant friar on a tree, and the government changing the friars binding Latimer to the stake; when we see the French catholics cutting out the tongues of the protestants, that they might no longer protest; the haughty Luther writing submissive apologies to Leo the Tenth and Henry the Eighth for the scurrility with which he had treated them in his writings, and finding that his apologies were received with contempt, then retracting his retractions; when we find that haughtiest of the haughty, John Knox, when Elizabeth first ascended the throne, crouching and repenting of having written his famous excommunication against all female sovereignty; or pulling down the monasteries, from the axiom that when the rookery was destroyed, the rooks would never return; when we find his recent apologist admiring, while he apologizes for, some extraordinary proofs of Machiavelian politics—an impenetrable mystery seems to hang over the conduct of men who profess to be guided by the bloodless code of Jesus—but try them by a human standard, and treat them as *politicians*; and the motives once discovered, the actions are understood!

Two edicts of Charles the Fifth, in 1555, condemned to death the Reformed of the Low Countries, even should they return to the catholic faith, with this exception, however, in favour of the latter, that they shall not be burnt alive, but that the men shall be beheaded, and the women buried alive! Religion could not then be the real motive of the Spanish cabinet, for in returning to the ancient faith that point was obtained; but the truth is, that the Spanish government considered the reformed as *rebels*, whom it was not safe to re-admit to the rights of citizenship. The undisguised fact appears in the codicil to the will of the emperor, when he solemnly declares that he had written to the inquisition 'to burn and extirpate the heretics,' after trying to make Christians of them, because he is convinced that they never can become sincere catholics; and he acknowledges that he had committed a great fault in permitting Luther to return free on the faith of his safe conduct, as the emperor was not bound to keep a promise with a heretic. 'It is because that I destroyed him not, that heresy has now become strong, which I am convinced might have been stifled with him in its birth.'* The whole conduct of Charles the Fifth in this mighty revolution, was, from its beginning, censured by contemporaries as purely *political*. Francis the First observed, that the emperor, under the colour of religion, was placing himself at the head of a league to make his way to a predominant monarchy. The pretext of religion is no new thing, writes the Duke of Nevers. Charles the Fifth had never undertaken a war against the protestant princes, but with the design of rendering the imperial crown hereditary in the house of Austria; and he has only attacked the electoral princes to ruin them, and to abolish their right of election. Had it been zeal for the catholic religion, would he have delayed from 1519 to 1549 to arm, that he might have extinguished the Lutheran heresy,

* *Licorne's Critical History of the Inquisition.*

which he could easily have done in 1526? But he considered that this novelty would serve to divide the German princes; and he patiently waited till the effect was realized.*

Good men of both parties, mistaking the nature of these religious wars, have drawn horrid inferences! The dragonades of Louis XIV, excited the admiration of Bruyere; and Anquetil, in his 'Esprit de la Ligue,' compares the revocation of the edict of Nantes to a salutary amputation. The massacre of St Bartholomew in its own day, and even recently, has found advocates; a Greek professor at the time asserted that there were two classes of protestants in France, political and religious; and that 'the late ebullition of public vengeance was solely directed against the former.' Dr M'Crie cursing the catholic with a catholic's curse, execrates 'the stale sophistry of this calumniator.' But should we allow that the Greek professor who advocated their national crime was the wretch the calvinistic doctor describes, yet the nature of things cannot be altered by the equal violence of Peter Charpentier and Dr M'Crie.

This subject of 'Political Religionism' is indeed as nice as it is curious; *politics* have been so cunningly worked into the cause of religion, that the parties themselves will never be able to separate them; and to this moment, the most opposite opinions are formed concerning the same events, and the same persons. When public disturbances recently broke out at Nismes on the first restoration of the Bourbons, the protestants, who there are numerous, declared that they were persecuted for religion, and their cry echoed by their brethren the dissenters, resounded in this country. We have not forgotten the ferment it raised here; much was said, and something was done. Our minister however persisted in declaring that it was a mere *political* affair. It is clear that our government was right on the cause, and those zealous complainants wrong, who only observed the effect; for as soon as the Bourbonists had triumphed over the Bonapartists, we heard no more of those sanguinary persecutions of the protestants of Nismes, of which a dissenter has just published a large history. It is a curious fact, that when two writers at the same time were occupied in a life of Cardinal Ximenes, Flechier converted the cardinal into a saint, and every incident in his administration was made to connect itself with his religious character; Marsollier, a writer very inferior to Flechier, shows the cardinal merely as a politician. The elegancies of Flechier were soon neglected by the public, and the deep interests of truth soon acquired, and still retain, for the less elegant writer, the attention of the statesman.

A modern historian has observed, that 'the affairs of religion were the grand fomenters and promoters of the thirty years' war, which first brought down the powers of the North to mix in the politics of the Southern states.' The fact is indisputable, but the cause is not so apparent. Gustavus Adolphus, the vast military genius of his age, had designed, and was successfully attempting, to oppose the overgrown power of the imperial house of Austria, which had long aimed at an universal monarchy in Europe; a circumstance which Philip IV weakly hinted at to the world when he placed this motto under his arms—'*Sine ipso factum est nihil*,' an expression applied to Jesus Christ by St John.

TOLERATION.

An enlightened toleration is a blessing of the last age—it would seem to have been practised by the Romans, when they did not mistake the primitive Christians for seditious members of society; and was inculcated even by Mahomet, in a passage in the Koran, but scarcely practised by his followers. In modern history, it was condemned, when religion was turned into a political contest, under the aspiring house of Austria—and in Spain—and in France. It required a long time before its nature was comprehended—and to this moment it is far from being clear, either to the tolerators, or the tolerated.

It does not appear, that the precepts or the practice of Jesus and the apostles inculcate the *compelling* of any to be Christians;† yet an expression employed in the nuptial parable of the great supper, when the hospitable

* Nantié *Considerations Politiques*, p. 115. See a curious note in Harte's *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*, II, 129.

† Bishop Barlow's 'Several miscellaneous and weighty Cases of Conscience resolved, 1692.' His 'Case of a Toleration in Matters of Religion,' addressed to Robert Boyle, p. 29. This volume was not intended to have been given to the world, a circumstance which does not make it the less curious.

lord commanded the servant, finding that he had still room to accommodate more guests, 'to go out in the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,' was alleged as an authority by those catholics, who called themselves 'the convertors,' for using religious force, which, still alluding to the hospitable lord, they called 'a charitable and salutary violence.' It was this circumstance which produced Bayle's *Commeintaire philosophique sur ces Paroles de Jesus Christ*, published under the supposititious name of an *Englishman*, as printed at Canterbury in 1686, but really at Amsterdam. It is curious that Locke published his first letter on 'Toleration' in Latin at Gouda, in 1689—the second in 1690—and the third in 1692. Bayle opened the mind of Locke, and sometime after quotes Locke's Latin letter with high commendation.* The caution of both writers in publishing in foreign places, however, indicates the prudence which it was deemed necessary to observe in writing in favour of Toleration.

These were the first philosophical attempts; but the earliest advocates for Toleration may be found among the religious controversialists of a preceding period; it was probably started among the fugitive sects who had found an asylum in Holland. It was a blessing which they had gone far to find, and the miserable, reduced to human feelings, are compassionate to one another. With us the sect called 'the Independents' had, early in our revolution under Charles the First, pleaded for the doctrine of religious liberty, and long maintained it against the presbyterians. Both proved persecutors when they possessed power. The first of our respectable divines who advocated this cause was Jeremy Taylor, in his 'Discourse on the liberty of Prophesying,' 1647, and Bishop Hall, who had pleaded the cause of moderation in a discourse about the same period.† Locke had no doubt examined all these writers. The history of opinions is among the most curious of histories; and I suspect that Bayle was well acquainted with the pamphlets of our sectaries, who, in their flight to Holland, conveyed those curiosities of theology, which had cost them their happiness and their estates: I think he indicates this hidden source of his ideas, by the extraordinary ascription of his book to an *Englishman*, and fixing the place of its publication at *Canterbury*!

Toleration has been a vast engine in the hands of modern politicians. It was established in the United Provinces of Holland, and our numerous non-conformists took refuge in that asylum for disturbed consciences; it attracted a valuable community of French refugees; it conducted a colony of Hebrew fugitives from Portugal; conventicles of Brownists, quakers' meetings, French churches, and Jewish synagogues, and (had it been required) Mahometan mosques, in Amsterdam, were the precursors of its mart and its exchange; the moment they could preserve their consciences sacred to themselves, they lived without mutual persecution, and mixed together as good Dutchmen.

The excommunicated part of Europe seemed to be the most enlightened, and it was then considered as a proof of the admirable progress of the human mind, that Locke and Clarke and Newton corresponded with Leibnitz, and others of the learned in France and Italy. Some were astonished that philosophers, who differed in their religious opinions, should communicate among themselves with so much toleration.‡

It is not, however, clear, that had any one of these sects at Amsterdam obtained predominance, which was sometimes attempted, they would have granted to others the toleration they participated in common. The infancy of a party is accompanied by a political weakness, which disables it from weakening others.

* In the article *Sanctus*. Note F.

† Recent writers among our sectaries assert that Dr Owen was the first who wrote in favour of toleration, in 1648! Another claims the honour for John Goodwin, the chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, who published one of his obscure polemical tracts in 1644, among a number of other persons, who at that crisis did not venture to prefix their names to pleas in favour of Toleration, so delicate and so obscure did this subject then appear! In 1631, they translated the liberal treatise of Grotius de imperio summarum potentatum circa sacra; under the title of 'The authority of the highest powers about sacred things,' London, 8vo. 1631. To the honour of Grotius, the first of philosophical reformers, be it recorded, that he displeased both parties!

‡ J. P. Rabaut, sur la Revolution Française, p. 27

The catholic in this country pleads for toleration; in his own, he refuses to grant it. Here, the presbyterian, who had complained of persecution, once fixed in the seat of power, abrogated every kind of independence among others. When the flames consumed Servetus at Geneva, the controversy began, whether the civil magistrate might punish heretics, which Beza, the associate of Calvin, maintained: he triumphed in the small predestinating city of Geneva; but the book he wrote was fatal to the protestants a few leagues distant, among a majority of catholics. Whenever the protestants complained of the persecutions they suffered, the catholics for authority and sanction, never failed to appeal to the volume of their own Beza.

M. Necker de Saussure has recently observed on 'what trivial circumstances the change or the preservation of the established religion in different districts of Europe has depended!' When the Reformation penetrated into Switzerland, the government of the principality of Neuchâtel, wishing to allow liberty of conscience to all their subjects, invited each parish to vote 'for or against the adoption of the new worship; and in all the parishes, except two, the majority of suffrages declared in favour of the protestant communion.' The inhabitants of the small village of Creissier had also assembled; and forming an even number, there happened to be an equality of votes, for and against the change of religion. A shepherd being absent, tending the flocks on the hills, they summoned him to appear and decide this important question: when, having no liking to innovation, he gave his voice in favour of the existing form of worship; and this parish remained catholic, and is so at this day, in the heart of the protestant cantons.

I proceed to some facts, which I have arranged for the history of Toleration. In the memoirs of James the Second, when that monarch published 'The Declaration for Liberty of Conscience,' the catholic reasons and liberalises like a modern philosopher: he accuses 'the jealousy of our clergy, who had degraded themselves into strangers; and like mechanics in a trade, who are afraid of nothing so much as interlopers—they had therefore induced indifferent persons to imagine that their earnest contest was not about their faith, but about their temporal possessions. It was incongruous that a church, which does not pretend to be infallible, should constrain persons, under heavy penalties and punishments, to believe as she does: they delighted, he asserted, to hold an iron rod over dissenters and catholics; so sweet was dominion, that the very thought of others participating in their freedom made them deny the very doctrine they preached.' The chief argument the catholic urged on this occasion was the reasonableness of repealing laws which made men liable to the greatest punishments for that it was not in their power to remedy, for that no man could force himself to believe what he really did not believe.*

Such was the rational language of the most bigoted of zealots!—The fox can bleat like the lamb. At the very moment James the Second was uttering this mild expostulation, in his own heart he had snathematized the nation; for I have seen some of the king's private papers, which still exist: they consist of communications chiefly by the most bigoted priests, with the wildest projects, and most insatuated prophecies and dreams of restoring the true catholic faith in England! Had the Jesuit-led monarch retained the English throne, the language he now addressed to the nation would have been no longer used; and in that case it would have served his protestant subjects. He asked for toleration, to become intolerant! He devoted himself, not to the hundredth part of the English nation; and yet he was surprised that he was left one morning without an army! When the catholic monarch issued this declaration for 'liberty of conscience,' the Jekyll of his day observed, that 'It was but scaffolding: they intend to build another house; and when that house (Popery) is built, they will take down the scaffold.†

When the Presbytery was our lord, they who had endured the tortures of persecution, and raised such sharp outcries for freedom, of all men, were the most intolerant: hardly had they tasted of the Circæan cup of dominion, ere they were transformed into the most hideous or the most grotesque monsters of political power. To their eyes toleration was an hydra, and the dethroned bishops

* Life of James the Second, from his own papers, li. 114.

† This was a Baron Wallon. From Dr H. Sampson's Manuscript Diary.

had never so vehemently declaimed against what, in ludicrous rage, one of the high-flying presbyterians called 'a cursed intolerable toleration!' They advocated the rights of persecution, and 'Shallow Edwards,' as Milton calls the author of 'The Graugreua,' published a treatise *against toleration*. They who had so long complained of 'the licensers,' now sent all the books they condemned to penal fires. Prynne now vindicated the very doctrines under which he himself had so severely suffered; assuming the highest possible power of civil government, even to the infliction of death, on its opponents. Prynne lost all feeling for the ears of others!

The idea of toleration was not intelligible for too long a period in the annals of Europe: no parties probably could conceive the idea of toleration in the struggle for pre-dominance. Treaties are not proffered when conquest is the concealed object. Men were immolated! a massacre was a sacrifice! medals were struck to commemorate these holy persecutions! The destroying angel, holding in one hand a cross, and in other a sword, with these words—*Vgenottorum Strages*, 1572.—'The massacre of the Huguenots'—proves that toleration will not agree with that date. Castelnau, a statesman and a humane man, was at a loss how to decide on a point of the utmost importance to France. In 1532 they first began to burn the Lutherans or Calvinists, and to cut out the tongues of all protestants, 'that they might no longer protest.' According to Father Paul, fifty thousand persons had perished in the Netherlands, by different tortures, for religion. But a change in the religion of the state, Castelnau considered, would occasion one in the government: he wondered how it happened, that the more they punished with death, it only increased the number of the victims: martyrs produced proselytes. As a statesman, he looked round the great field of human actions in the history of the past; there he discovered that the Romans were more enlightened in their actions than ourselves; that Trajan commanded Pliny the younger not to molest the Christians for their religion; but should their conduct endanger the state, to put down *illegal assemblies*; that Julian the Apostate expressly forbid the execution of the Christians, who then imagined that they were securing their salvation by martyrdom; but he ordered all their goods to be *confiscated*—a severe punishment—by which Julian prevented more than he could have done by persecutions. 'All this,' he adds, 'we read in ecclesiastical history.'† Such were the sentiments of Castelnau, in 1560. Amidst perplexities of state necessity, and of our common humanity, the notion of toleration had not entered into the views of the statesman. It was also at this time that De Sainctes, a great controversial writer, declared, that had the fires lighted for the destruction of Calvinism not been extinguished, the sect had not spread! About half a century subsequent to this period Thuanus was perhaps the first great mind who appears to have insinuated to the French monarch and his nation, that they might live at peace with heretics; by which avowal he called down on himself the haughty indignation of Rome, and a declaration, that the man who spoke in favour of heretics must necessarily be one of the first class. Hear the afflicted historian: 'Have men no compassion, after forty years passed full of continual miseries? Have they no fear, after the loss of the Netherlands, occasioned by that frantic obstinacy which marked the times? I grieve that such sentiments should have occasioned my book to have been examined with a rigour that amounts to calumny.' Such was the language of Thuanus, in a letter written in 1606;‡ which indicates an approximation to toleration, but which term was not probably yet found in any dictionary. We may consider, as so many attempts at toleration, the great national synod of Dort, whose history is amply written by Brandt; and the mitigating protestantism of Laud, to approximate to the ceremonies of

the Roman church; but the synod, after holding about two hundred sessions, closed, dividing men into universalists and semi-universalists, supralapsarians and sublapsarians! The reformed themselves produced the *remonstrants*; and Laud's ceremonies ended in placing the altar eastward, and in raising the scaffold for the monarchy and the hierarchy. Error is circuitous when it will do what it has not yet learnt. They were pressing for conformity to do that which a century afterwards they found could only be done by toleration.

The secret history of toleration among certain parties has been disclosed to us by a curious document, from that religious Machiavel, the fierce ascetic republican John Knox, a calvinistical Pope. 'While the posterity of Abraham,' says that mighty and artful reformer, 'were few in number, and while they sojourned in different countries, they were merely required to avoid all participation in the idolatrous rites of the heathen; but as soon as they prospered into a kingdom, and had obtained possession of Canaan, they were strictly charged to suppress idolatry, and to destroy all the monuments and incentives. The same duty was now incumbent on the professors of the true religion in Scotland: formerly, when not more than ten persons in a county were enlightened, it would have been foolishness to have demanded of the nobility the suppression of idolatry. But now, when knowledge had been increased, &c.' Such are the men who cry out for toleration during their state of political weakness, but who cancel the bond by which they hold their tenure whenever they 'obtain possession of Canaan.' The only commentary on this piece of the secret history of toleration is the acute remark of Swift: 'We are fully convinced that we shall always tolerate them, but not that they will tolerate us.'

The truth is, that toleration was allowed by none of the parties; and I will now show the dilemmas into which each party thrust itself.

When the kings of England would forcibly have established episcopacy in Scotland, the presbyters passed an act *against the toleration of dissenters from presbyterian doctrines and discipline*; and thus, as Guthrie observes, they were committing the same violence on the conscience of their brethren, which they opposed in the king. The presbyterians contrived their famous covenant to dispossess the royalists of their livings; and the independents, who assumed the principle of toleration in their very name, shortly after enforced what they called the *engagement*, to eject the presbyterians! In England, where the dissenters were ejected, their great advocate Calamy complains that the dissenters were only making use of the same arguments which the most eminent reformers had done in their noble defence of the reformation against the papists, while the arguments of the established church against the dissenters were the same which were urged by the papists against the protestant reformation!§ When the presbyterians

* Dr McCre's Life of John Knox, ii, 122.

† I quote from an unpublished letter, written as late as in 1749, addressed to the author of 'The Free and Candid Disquisition,' by the Reverend Thomas Allen, Rector of Kettering, Northamptonshire. However extravagant his doctrine appears to us, I suspect that it exhibits the concealed sentiments of even some protestant churchmen! This rector of Kettering attributes the growth of schisms to the negligence of the clergy, and seems to have persecuted both the archbishops, 'to his detriment,' as he tells us, with singular plans of reform borrowed from monastic institutions. He wished to revive the practice inculcated by a canon of the council of Laodicea, of having prayers *ad horam nonum et ad vesperam*—prayers twice a day in the churches. But his grand project take in his own words:

'I let the archbishop know that I had composed an iremon, wherein I prove the necessity of an ecclesiastical power over consciences in matters of religion, which utterly silences their arguments who plead so hard for toleration. I took my scheme from 'a Discourse on Ecclesiastical Polity,' wherein the authority of the civil magistrate over the consciences of subjects in matters of external religion is asserted; the mischiefs and inconveniences of toleration are represented, and all pretences pleaded in behalf of liberty of conscience are fully answered. If this book were reprinted and considered, the king would know his power and the people their duty.'

The rector of Kettering seems not to have known that the author of this 'Discourse on Ecclesiastical Polity,' was the notorious Parker, immortalized by the satire of Marvell. This political apostate, from a republican and presbyterian, became a furious advocate for arbitrary government in church and state! He easily won the favour of James the Second, who made him Bishop of Oxford! His principles were so violent, that Father Petre, the confessor of James the Second!

* It is curious to observe that the catholics were afterwards ashamed of these indiscretions: they were unwilling to own that there were any medals which commemorate massacres. Thuanus, in his 53d book, has minutely described them. The medals, however, have become excessively scarce; but copies inferior to the originals have been sold. They had also pictures on similar subjects, accompanied by insulting inscriptions, which later they have effaced, sometimes very imperfectly. See Holli's Memoire, p. 312-14. This enthusiast advertised in the papers to request travellers to procure them.

† Memoires de Michel de Castelnau, Liv. I. c. 4.

‡ Life of Thuanus, by Rev. J. Collinson, p. 115.

were our masters, and preached up the doctrine of passive obedience in spiritual matters to the civil power, it was unquestionably passing a self-condemnation on their own recent opposition and detraction of the former episcopacy. Whenever men act from a secret motive entirely contrary to their ostensible one, such monstrous results will happen; and as extremes will join, however opposite they appear in their beginnings, John Knox and Father Petre, in office, would have equally served James the Second, as confessor and prime minister!

A fact relating to the famous Justus Lipsius proves the difficulty of forming a clear notion of Toleration. This learned man, after having been ruined by the religious wars of the Netherlands, found an honourable retreat in a professor's chair at Leyden, and without difficulty abjured papacy. He published some political works; and adopted as his great principle, that only *one religion* should be allowed to a people, and that no clemency should be granted to non-conformists, who, he declares, should be pursued by sword and fire; in this manner a single member would be cut off to preserve the body sound. *Ure, neca*—are his words. Strange notions these in a protestant republic; and, in fact, in Holland it was approving of all the horrors of their oppressors, the Duke D'Alva and Philip II, from which they had hardly recovered. It was a principle by which we must inevitably infer, says Bayle, that in Holland no other mode of religious belief but one sect should be permitted; and that those Pagans who had hanged the missionaries of the Gospel had done what they ought. Lipsius found himself sadly embarrassed when refuted by Theodore Cornbert,* the firm advocate of political and religious freedom, and at length Lipsius, that protestant with a catholic heart, was forced to eat his words, like Pistol his onion, declaring that the two objectionable words, *ure, neca*, were borrowed from medicine, meaning not literally *fire and sword*, but a strong efficacious remedy, one of those powerful medicines to expel poison. Jean de Serres, a warm Huguenot, carried the principle of Toleration so far in his 'Inventaire generale de l'Histoire de France,' as to blame Charles Martel for compelling the Frisians, whom he had conquered, to adopt Christianity! 'A pardonable zeal,' he observes, 'in a warrior; but in fact the minds of men cannot be gained over by arms, nor that religion forced upon them, which must be introduced into the hearts of men by reason.' It is curious to see a protestant, in his zeal for toleration, blaming a king for forcing idolators to become Christians; and to have found an opportunity to express his opinions in the dark history of the eighth century, is an instance how historians incorporate their passions in their works, and view ancient facts with modern eyes.

The protestant cannot grant toleration to the catholic, unless the catholic ceases to be a papist; and the Armenian church, which opened its wide bosom to receive every denomination of Christians, nevertheless were forced to exclude the papists, for their passive obedience to the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. The catholic has curiously told us, on this word *Toleration*, that, *Ce mot devient fort en usage a mesure que le nombre des tolerans augmente*.† It was a word which seemed of recent introduction, though the book is modern! The protestants have disputed much how far they might tolerate, or whether they should tolerate at all; 'a difficulty,' triumphantly exclaims the catholic, 'which they are not likely ever to settle, while they maintain their principles of pretended reformation: the consequences which naturally follow, excite horror to the Christian. It is the weak who raise such outcries for toleration; the strong find authority legitimate.'

A religion which admits not of toleration cannot be safely tolerated, if there is any chance of their obtaining a political ascendancy.

When Priscillian and six of his followers were condemned to torture and execution for asserting that the made sure of him! This letter of the rector of Keetering. In adopting the system of such a catholic bishop, confirms my suspicion, that toleration is condemned as an evil among some protestants!

* Cornbert was one of the fathers of Dutch literature, and even of their arts. He was the composer of the great national air of William of Orange: he was too a famous engraver, the master of Golzius. On his death-bed, he was still writing against the persecution of heretics.

† Dictionnaire de Trevoux, ad vocem *Toleration*. Printed in 1771.

three persons of the Trinity were to be considered as three different *accipiens* of the same being, Saint Ambrose and Saint Martin asserted the cause of offended humanity, and refused to communicate with the bishops who had called out for the blood of the Priscillianists; but Cardinal Baronius, the annalist of the church, was greatly embarrassed to explain how men of real purity could abstain from *applauding* the ardent zeal of the persecution: he preferred to give up the saints rather than to allow of toleration—for he acknowledges that the toleration which these saints would have allowed was not exempt from sin.*

In the preceding article, 'Political Religionism,' we have shown how to provide against the possible evil of the tolerated becoming the *tolerators*! Toleration has, indeed, been suspected of indifference to Religion itself; but with sound minds, it is only an indifference to the logomachies of theology—things 'not of God, but of man,' that have perished, and that are perishing around us!

APOLOGY FOR THE PARISIAN MASSACRE.

An original document now lying before me, the autograph letter of Charles the Ninth, will prove, that that unparalleled massacre, called by the world *religious*, was, in the French cabinet, considered merely as *political*: one of those revolting state expedients which a pretended instant necessity has too often inflicted on that part of a nation which, like the under-current, subterraneously works its way, and runs counter to the great stream, till the critical moment arrives when one, or the other, must cease.

The massacre began on St Bartholomew day, in August, 1572, lasted in France during seven days: that awful event interrupted the correspondence of our court with that of France. A long silence ensued; the one did not dare to tell the tale which the other could not listen to. But sovereigns know how to convert a mere domestic event into a political expedient. Charles the Ninth, on the birth of a daughter, sent over an ambassador extraordinary to request Elizabeth to stand as sponsor: by this the French monarch obtained a double purpose; it served to renew his interrupted intercourse with the silent Queen, and alarmed the French protestants by abating their hopes, which long rested on the aid of the English queen.

The following letter, dated 8th February, 1573, is addressed by the king to La Motte Fenehon, his resident ambassador at London. The king in this letter minutely details a confidential intercourse with his mother, Catharine de Medicis, who perhaps, may have dictated this letter to the secretary, although signed by the king with his own hand.† Such minute particulars could only have been known to herself. The Earl of Worcester (Worcester) was now taking his departure, having come to Paris on the baptism of the princess; and accompanied by Walsingham, our resident ambassador, after taking leave of Charles, had the following interview with Catharine de Medicis. An interview with the young monarch was usually concluded by a separate audience with his mother, who probably was still the directress of his councils.

The French court now renewed their favourite project of marrying the Duke D'Alençon with Elizabeth. They had long wished to settle this turbulent spirit, and the negotiation with Elizabeth had been broken off in consequence of the massacre at Paris. They were somewhat uneasy lest he should share the fate of his brother, the Duke of Anjou, who had not long before been expedited on the same fruitless errand; and Elizabeth had already objected to the disparity of their ages, the Duke of Alençon being only seventeen, and the maiden queen six and thirty; but Catharine observed, that D'Alençon was only one year

* Siemondii, Hist. des Français, I. 41. The character of the first person who introduced civil persecution into the Christian church has been described by Sulpicius Severus. See Dr MacLaine's note in his translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. I.—428.

† All the numerous letters which I have seen of Charles the Ninth, now in the possession of Mr Murray, are carefully signed by himself, and I have also observed postscripts written with his own hand: they are always countersigned by his secretary. I mention this circumstance, because in the Dictionnaire Historique, it is said that Charles, when died young, was so given up to the amusements of his age, that he would not even sign his despatches, and introduced the custom of secretaries subscribing for the king. This voluminous correspondence shows the falsity of this statement. History is too often composed of popular tales of this stamp.

younger than his brother, against whom this objection had not occurred to Elizabeth, for he had been sent back upon another pretext—one difficulty which the queen had contrived about his performing mass in his own house.

After Catharine de Medicis had assured the Earl of Worcester of her great affection for the Queen of England, and her and the king's strict intention to preserve it, and that they were therefore desirous of this proposed marriage taking place, she took this opportunity of inquiring of the Earl of Worcester the cause of the queen his mistress's marked coolness towards them. The narrative becomes now dramatic.

'On this Walsingham, who kept always close by the side of the count, here took on himself to answer, acknowledging that the said count had indeed been charged to speak on this head; and he then addressed some words in English to Worcester. And afterwards the count gave to my lady and mother to understand, that the queen his mistress had been waiting for an answer on two articles; the one concerning religion, and the other for an interview. My lady and mother instantly replied, that she had never heard any articles mentioned, on which she would not have immediately satisfied the Sieur Walsingham, who then took up the word; first observing that the count was not accustomed to business of this nature, but that he himself knew for certain that the cause of this negotiation for marriage not being more advanced, was really these two unsettled points: that his mistress still wished that the point of religion should be cleared up; for that they concluded in England that this business was designed only to amuse and never to be completed, (as happened in that of my brother the Duke of Anjou); and the other point concerned the interview between my brother the Duke of Alençon; because some letters, which may have been written between the parties* in such sort of matters, could not have the same force which the sight and presence of both the persons would undoubtedly have. But he added, another thing, which had also greatly retarded this business, was what had happened lately in this kingdom; and during such troubles, proceeding from religion, it could not have been well timed to have spoken with them concerning the said marriage; and that himself and those of his nation had been in great fear in this kingdom, thinking that we intended to extirpate all those of the said religion. On this, my lady and mother answered him instantly, and in order; That she was certain that the queen his mistress could never like nor value a prince who had not his religion at heart; and whoever would desire to have this otherwise, would be depriving him of what we hold dearest in this world; That he might recollect that my brother had always insisted on the freedom of religion, and that it was from the difficulty of its public exercise, which he always insisted on, which had broken off this negotiation: the Duke d'Alençon will be satisfied when this point is agreed on, and will hasten over to the queen, persuaded that she will not occasion him the pain and the shame of passing over the seas without happily terminating this affair. In regard to what has occurred these latter days, that he must have seen how it happened by the fault of the chiefs of those who remained here; for when the late admiral was treacherously wounded at Notre Dame, he knew the affliction it threw us unto, (fearful that it might have occasioned great troubles in this kingdom,) and the diligence we used to verify judicially whence it proceeded; and the verification was nearly finished, when they were so forgetful as to raise a conspiracy, to attempt the lives of myself, my lady and mother, and my brothers, and endanger the whole state; which was the cause, that to avoid this, I was compelled, to my very great regret, to permit what had happened in this city; but as he had witnessed, I gave orders to stop, as soon as possible, this fury of the people, and place every one in repose. On this, the Sieur Walsingham replied to my lady and mother, that the exercise of the said religion had been interdicted in this kingdom. To which she also answered, that this had not been done but for a good and holy purpose; namely, that the fury of the catholic people might the sooner be allayed, who else had been reminded of the past calamities, and would again have been let loose against those of the said religion, had

* These love-letters of Alençon to our Elizabeth are noticed by Camden, who observes that the queen became wearied by receiving so many, and to put an end to this trouble, she consented that the young duke should come over, conditionally, that he should not be offended if her suitor should return home suitless.

they continued to preach in this kingdom. Also should these once more fix on any chiefs, which I will prevent as soon as possible, giving him clearly and pointedly to understand, that what is done here is much the same as what has been done, and is now practised by the queen his mistress in her kingdom. For she permits the exercise but of one religion, although there are many of her people who are of another; and having also, during her reign, punished those of her subjects whom she found seditious and rebellious. It is true this has been done by the laws, but I indeed could not act in the same manner; for finding myself in such imminent peril, and the conspiracy raised against me and mine, and my kingdom, ready to be executed; I had no time to arraign and try in open justice as much as I wished, but was constrained, to my very great regret, to strike the blow (*lacher la main*) in what has been done in this city.'

This letter of Charles the Ninth, however, does not here conclude. 'My lady and mother' plainly acquaints the Earl of Worcester and Sir Francis Walsingham that 'her son had never interfered between their mistress and her subjects, and in return expects the same favour; although, by accounts they had received from England, many ships were arming to assist their rebels at Rochelle.' 'My lady and mother' advances another step, and declares that Elizabeth by treaty is bound to assist her son against his rebellious subjects; and they expect, at least, that Elizabeth will not only stop these armaments in all her ports, but exemplarily punish the offenders. I resume the letter.

'And on hearing this, the said Walsingham changed colour, and appeared somewhat astonished, as my lady and mother well perceived by his face; and on this, he requested the Count of Worcester to mention the order which he knew the queen his mistress had issued to prevent these people from assisting those of La Rochelle; but that in England, so numerous were the seamen and others who gained their livelihood by maritime affairs, and who would starve without the entire freedom of the seas, that it was impossible to interdict them.'

Charles the Ninth encloses the copy of a letter he had received from London, in part agreeing with an account the ambassador had sent to the king, of an English expedition nearly ready to sail for La Rochelle, to assist his rebellious subjects. He is still further alarmed, that Elizabeth fomented the *scartegaux*, and assists underhand the discontented. He urges the ambassador to hasten to the queen, to impart these complaints in the most friendly way, as he knows the ambassador can well do, and as, no doubt, Walsingham will have already prepared her to receive. Charles entreats Elizabeth to prove her good faith by deeds and not by words; to act openly on a point which admits of no dissimulation. The best proof of her friendship will be the marriage; and the ambassador, after opening this business to her chief ministers, who the king thinks are desirous of this projected marriage, is then 'to acquaint the queen with what has passed between her ambassadors and myself.'

Such is the first letter on English affairs which Charles the Ninth despatched to his ambassador, after an awful silence of six months, during which time La Motte Fénélon was not admitted into the presence of Elizabeth. The apology for the massacre of St Bartholomew comes from the king himself, and contains several remarkable expressions, which are at least divested of that style of bigotry and exultation we might have expected: on the contrary, this sanguinary and inconsiderate young monarch, as he is represented, writes in a subdued and sorrowing tone, lamenting his hard necessity, regretting he could not have recourse to the laws, and appealing to others for his efforts to check the fury of the people, which he himself had let loose. Catharine de Medicis, who had governed him from the tender age of eleven years, when he ascended the throne, might unquestionably have persuaded him that a conspiracy was on the point of explosion. Charles the Ninth died young, and his character is unfavourably viewed by the historians. In the voluminous correspondence which I have examined, could we judge by state letters of the character of him who subscribes them, we must form a very different notion: they are so prolix and so earnest, that one might conceive they were dictated by the young monarch himself!

PREDICTION.

In a curious treatise on 'Divination,' or the knowledge

of future events. Cicero has preserved a complete account of the state-contivances which were practised by the Roman government, to insul among the people those hopes and fears by which they regulated public opinion. The pagan creed, now become obsolete and ridiculous, has occasioned this treatise to be rarely consulted; it remains, however, as a chapter in the history of man!

To these two books of Cicero on 'Divination' perhaps a third might be added, on political and moral prediction. The principles which may even raise it into a science are self-evident; they are drawn from the heart of man, and they depend on the nature and connexion of human events! We presume we shall demonstrate the positive existence of such a faculty; a faculty which Lord Bacon describes of 'making things future and remote as present.' The aruspex, the augur, and the astrologer, have vanished with their own superstitions; but the moral and the political predictor, proceeding on principles authorized by nature and experience, has become more skilful in his observations on the phenomena of human history; and it has often happened that a tolerable philosopher has not made an indifferent prophet.

No great political or moral revolution has occurred which has not been accompanied by its prognostic; and men of a philosophic cast of mind, in their retirement, freed from the delusions of parties and of sects, at once intelligent in the *quiescent æquil homines*, while they are withdrawn from their conflicting interests, have rarely been confounded by the astonishment which overwhelms those who, absorbed in active life, are the mere creatures of sensation, agitated by the shadows of truth, the unsubstantial appearances of things! Intellectual nations are advancing in an eternal circle of events and passions which succeed each other, and the last is necessarily connected with its antecedent; the solitary force of some fortuitous incident only can interrupt this concatenated progress of human affairs.

That every great event has been accompanied by a presage or prognostic, has been observed by Lord Bacon. 'The shepherds of the people should understand the prognostics of state-tempests; below blasts of wind seemingly at a distance, and secret swellings of the sea, often precede a storm.' Such were the prognostics discerned by the politic Bishop Williams in Charles the First's time, who clearly foresaw and predicted the final success of the Puritanic party in our country: attentive to his own security, he abandoned the government and sided with the rising opposition, at a moment when such a change in public affairs was by no means apparent.*

In this spirit of foresight our contemplative antiquary Dugdale must have anticipated the scene which was approaching in 1641, in the destruction of our ancient monuments in cathedral churches. He hurried on his itinerant labours of taking draughts and transcribing inscriptions, as he says, 'to preserve them for future and better times.' Posterity owes to the prescient spirit of Dugdale the ancient Monuments of England, which bear the marks of the haste, as well as the zeal, which have perpetuated them.

Continental writers formerly employed a fortunate expression, when they wished to have an *Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem*: this history of the Reformation would have commenced at least a century before the Reformation itself! A letter from Cardinal Julian to Pope Eugenius IV., written a century before Luther appeared, clearly predicts the Reformation and its consequences. He observed that the minds of men were ripe for something tragical; he felt the axe striking at the root, and the tree beginning to bend, and that his party, instead of proping it, were hastening its fall.† In England, Sir Thomas More was not less prescient in his views; for when his son Roper was observing to him, that the Catholic religion, under 'the Defender of the Faith,' was in a most flourishing state, the answer of More was an evidence of political foresight.—'Truth it is, son Roper! and yet I pray God that we may not live to see the day that we would gladly be at league and composition with heretics, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves.' Whether our great chancellor or predicted

* See Rushworth, vol. i. p. 420. His language was decisive.

† This letter is in the works of Æneas Silvius; a copious extract is given by Brunet, in his 'Variations.' See also Meibohm, Cent. XIII, part ii. chap. note 2, m.

from a more intimate knowledge of the king's character, or from some private circumstances which may not have been recorded for our information, of which I have an obscure suspicion, remains to be ascertained. The minds of men of great political sagacity were unquestionably at that moment full of obscure indications of the approaching change: Erasmus, when at Canterbury before the tomb of Becket, observing it loaded with a vast profusion of jewels, wished that those had been distributed among the poor, and that the shrine had been only adorned with boughs and flowers; 'For,' said he, 'those who have heaped up all this mass of treasure will one day be plundered, and fall a prey to those who are in power.'—a prediction literally fulfilled about twenty years after it was made. The unknown author of the Visions of Piers Ploughman, who wrote in the reign of Edward the Third, surprised the world by a famous prediction of the fall of the religious houses from the hand of a king. The event was realized two hundred years afterwards, by our Henry the Eighth. The protestant writers have not scrupled to declare, that in this instance he was *divino numine affatus*. But moral and political prediction is not inspiration; the one may be wrought out by man; the other descends from God. The same principle which led Erasmus to predict that those who were 'in power' would destroy the rich shrines, because no other class of men in society could mate with so mighty a body as the monks, conducted the author of Piers Ploughman to the same conclusion; and since power only could accomplish that great purpose, he fixed on the highest as the most likely; and thus the wise prediction was, so long after, literally accomplished!

Sir Walter Raleigh foresaw the future consequences of the separatists and the sectaries in the national church, and the very scene his imagination raised in 1590 has been exhibited, to the letter of his description, two centuries after the prediction! His memorable words are, 'Time will even bring it to pass, if it were not resisted, that God would be turned out of churches into barns, and from thence again into the fields and mountains, and under hedges—all order of discipline and church-government left to narrowness of opinion and men's fancies, and as many kinds of religion spring up as there are parish-churches within England.' We are struck by the profound genius of Tacitus, who clearly foresaw the calamities which so long ravaged Europe on the fall of the Roman empire, in a work written five hundred years before the event! In that sublime anticipation of the future, he observed, 'When the Romans shall be hunted out from those countries which they have conquered, what will then happen? The revolted people, freed from their master-oppressor, will not be able to subsist without destroying their neighbours, and the most cruel wars will exist among all these nations.'

We are told that Solon at Athens, contemplating on the port and citadel of Murechia, suddenly exclaimed, 'How blind is man to futurity! Could the Athenians foresee what mischief this will do their city, they would even cut it with their own teeth, to get rid of it!'—a prediction verified more than two hundred years afterwards! Thales desired to be buried in an obscure quarter of Miletus, observing that that very spot would in time be the forum of Charlemagne, in his old age, observing from the window of a castle a Norman descent on his coast, tears started in the eyes of the aged monarch. He predicted, that since they dared to threaten his dominions while he was yet living, what would they do when he should be no more! A melancholy prediction, says De Foix, of their subsequent incursions, and of the protracted calamities of the French nation during a whole century!

There seems to be something in minds, which take in extensive views of human nature, which serves them as a kind of divination, and the consciousness of this faculty has been asserted by some. Cicero appeals to Africanus how he had always judged of the affairs of the Republic as a good diviner; and that its overthrow had happened, as he had foreseen, fourteen years before.* Cicero had not only predicted what happened in his own times, but also what occurred long after, according to the testimony of Cornelius Nepos. The philosopher indeed, affects no secret revelation, nor visionary second-sight; he honestly tells us that this art had been acquired merely by study, and the administration of public affairs, while he reminds his friend of several remarkable instances of his successful

* Ep. ad Att. Lib. 10, Ep. 4.

predictions. 'I do not divine human events by the arts practised by the augurs; but I use other signs.' Cicero then expresses himself with the guarded obscurity of a philosopher who could not openly ridicule the prevailing superstitions; but we perfectly comprehend the nature of his 'signs,' when, in the great pending event of the rival conflicts of Pompey and of Cæsar, he shows the means he used for his purpose. 'On one side I consider the humour and genius of Cæsar, and on the other the condition and the manner of civil wars.*' In a word, the political diviner foretold events by their dependence on general causes, while the moral diviner, by his experience of the personal character, anticipated the actions of the individual. Others, too, have asserted the possession of this faculty. De Vair, a famous chancellor of France, imagined the faculty was intuitive with him: by his own experience he had observed the results of this curious and obscure faculty, and at a time when the history of the human mind was so imperfectly comprehended, it is easy to account for the apparent egotism of this grave and dignified character. 'Born,' says he, 'with constitutional infirmity, a mind and body but ill adapted to be laborious, with a most treacherous memory, enjoying no gift of nature, yet able at all times to exercise a sagacity so great, that I do not know, since I have reached manhood, that any thing of importance has happened to the state, to the public, or to myself in particular, which I had not foreseen.†' This faculty seems to be described by a remarkable expression employed by Thucydides, in his character of Themistocles, of which the following is given as a close translation. 'By a species of sagacity peculiarly his own, for which he was in no degree indebted either to early education or after study, he was supereminently happy in forming a prompt judgment in matters that admitted but little time for deliberation; at the same time that he far surpassed all in his deductions of the future from the past; or was the best guesser of the future from the past.‡' Should this faculty of moral and political prediction be ever considered as a science, we can even furnish it with a denomination; for the writer of the life of Sir Thomas Brown, prefixed to his works, in claiming the honour of it for that philosopher, calls it 'the Stochastic,' a term derived from the Greek and from archery, meaning, 'to shoot at a mark.' This eminent genius, it seems, often 'hit the white.' Our biographer declares, that 'though he were no prophet, yet in that faculty which comes nearest to it he excelled, i. e. the Stochastic, wherein he was seldom mistaken as to future events, as well public as private.

We are not, indeed, inculcating the fanciful elements of an occult art: we know whence its principles may be drawn, and we may observe how it was practised by the wisest among the ancients. Aristotle, who collected all the curious knowledge of his times, has preserved some remarkable opinions on the art of divination. In detailing the various subterfuges practised by the pretended diviners of his day, he reveals the secret principle by which one of them regulated his predictions. He frankly declared that the future being always very obscure, while the past was easy to know, his predictions had never the future in view; for he decided from the past as it appeared in human affairs, which, however, lie concealed from the multitude.§ Such is the true principle by which a philosophical historian may become a skilful diviner.

Human affairs make themselves; they grow out of one another, with slight variations; and thus it is that they usually happen as they have happened. The necessary dependence of effects on causes, and the similarity of human interests and human passions, are confirmed by comparative parallels with the past. The philosophic sage of holy writ truly deduced the important principle, that 'the thing that hath been is that which shall be.' The vital facts of history, deadened by the touch of chronological antiquarianism, are restored to animation when we comprehend the principles which necessarily terminate in certain results, and discover the characters among mankind who are the usual actors in these scenes. The heart

of man beats on the same eternal springs; and whether he advances or retrogrades, he cannot escape out of the march of human thought. Hence, in the most extraordinary revolutions, we discover that the time and the place only have changed; for even when events are not strictly parallel, we detect the same conducting principles. Scipio Ammirato, one of the great Italian historians, in his curious discourses on Tacitus, intermingles ancient examples with the modern; that, he says, all may see how the truth of things is not altered by the changes and diversities of time. Machiavel drew his illustrations of modern history from the ancient.

When the French revolution recalled our attention to a similar eventful period in our own history, the neglected volumes which preserved the public and private history of our Charles the First and Cromwell were collected with eager curiosity. Often the scene existing before us, even the very personages themselves, opened on us in these forgotten pages. But as the annals of human nature did not commence with those of Charles the First, we took a still more retrograde step, and it was discovered in this wider range, that in the various governments of Greece and Rome, the events of those times had been only reproduced. Among them the same principles had terminated in the same results, and the same personages had figured in the same drama. This strikingly appeared in a little curious volume, entitled, 'Essai sur l'Histoire de la Révolution Française, par une Société d'Auteurs Latins,' published at Paris in 1801. The 'Society of Latin Authors,' who so imitatively have written the history of the French revolution, consists of the Roman historians themselves! By extracts ingeniously applied, the events of that melancholy period are so appositely described, indeed so minutely narrated, that they will not fail to surprise those who are not accustomed to detect the perpetual parallels which we meet with in philosophical history.

Many of these crises in history are close resemblances of each other. Compare the history of 'The League' in France with that of our own civil wars. We are struck by the similar occurrences performed by the same political characters who played their part on both those great theatres of human action. A satirical royalist of those times has commemorated the motives, the incidents, and the personages in the 'Satire Menippée de la Vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne'; and this famous 'Satire Menippée,' is a perfect Hudibras in prose! The writer discovers all the bitter ridicule of Butler in his ludicrous and severe exhibition of the 'États de Paris,' while the artist who designed the satirical prints becomes no contemptible Hogarth. So much are these public events alike in their general spirit and termination, that they have afforded the subject of a printed but unpublished volume, entitled 'Essai sur les Révolutions.*' The whole work was modelled on this principle. 'It would be possible,' says the eloquent writer, 'to frame a table or chart in which all the given imaginable events of the history of a people would be reduced to a mathematical exactness.' The conception is fanciful, but its foundation lies deep in truth.

A remarkable illustration of the secret principle divulged by Aristotle, and described by Thucydides, appears in the recent confession of a man of genius among ourselves. When Mr Coleridge was a political writer in the Morning Post and the Courier, at a period of darkness and utter confusion, that writer was then conducted by a tract of light not revealed to ordinary journalists, on the Napoleonic empire. 'Of that despotism in masquerade' he decided by 'the state of Rome under the first Cæsars; and of the Spanish American Revolution, by taking the war of the united provinces with Philip II, as the ground work of the comparison. 'On every great occurrence,' he says, 'I endeavoured to discover, in past history, the event that most nearly resembled it. I procured the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of difference from those of likeness, as the balance favoured the former or the latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same or different. In the essays "On the probable final Restoration of the Bourbons," I feel myself authorized to affirm, by the effect produced on many intelligent men, that were I

* This work was printed in London, as a first volume, but remained unpublished. This singularly curious production was suppressed, but reprinted at Paris. It has suffered the most cruel mutilations. I read, with surprise and instruction, the single copy which I was assured was the only one saved from the havoc of the entire edition.

* Epist. ad Al. Lib. 6, Ep. 4.

† This remarkable confession I find in Menage's Observations sur la Langue Française, Part II. p. 110.

‡ Οἰκεία γὰρ ζυνεσι, καὶ οὐτε προῶν ἐς αὐτὴν οὐδὲν, οὐτ' ἐπιῶν, τῶν τε παραχρῆμα ἐλαχίστης βούλης κρατ., ὡς γινώσκων, καὶ τῶν μάλιστα ὡν ἐπιλείπειν τοῦ γένους σου ἀριστος εὐεστῆς.

THUCYDIDES, LIB. I.

§ Arist. Rhét. lib. vii, c. 2.

dates wanting, it might have been suspected that the essays had been written within the last twelve months.*

In moral predictions on individuals, many have discovered the future character. The revolutionary character of Cardinal de Retz, even in his youth, was detected by the sagacity of Mazarine. He then wrote the history of the conspiracy of Fiesco with such vehement admiration of his hero, that the Italian politician, after its perusal, predicted that the young author would be one of the most turbulent spirits of the age! The father of Marshal Biron, even amid the glory of his son, discovered the cloud which, invisible to others, was to obscure it. The father, indeed, well knew the fiery passions of his son. 'Biron,' said the domestic seer, 'I advise thee, when peace takes place, to go and plant cabbages in thy garden. otherwise I warn thee, thou wilt lose thy head on a scaffold!' Lorenzo de Medici had studied the temper of his son Piero; for Guicciardini informs us, that 'he foresaw the imprudence and arrogance of his son would occasion the ruin of his family.' There is a remarkable prediction of James the First, of the evils likely to ensue from Laud's violence, in a conversation given by Hacket, which the king held with Archbishop Williams. When the king was hard pressed to promote Laud, he gave his reasons why he intended to 'keep Laud back from all place of rule and authority, because I find he hath a restless spirit, and cannot see when matters are well, but loves to toss and change, and to bring things to a pitch of reformation floating in his own brain, which endangers the steadfastness of that which is in a good pass. I speak not at random; he hath made himself known to me to be such an one.' James then gives the circumstances to which he alludes; and at length, when, still pursued by the archbishop, then the organ of Buckingham, as usual, this king's good-nature too easily yielded; he did not, however, without closing with this prediction: 'Then take him to you—but, on my soul, you will repent it!' The future character of Cromwell was apparent to two of our great politicians. 'This coarse unpromising man,' said Lord Falkland, pointing to Cromwell, 'will be the first person in the kingdom, if the nation comes to blows!' And Archbishop Williams told Charles the First confidentially, that 'There was that in Cromwell which foreboded something dangerous, and wished his majesty would either win him over to him, or get him taken off.' The Marquis of Wellesley's incomparable character of Buonaparte predicted his fall when highest in his glory; that great statesman then poured forth the sublime language of philosophical prophecy. 'His eagerness of power is so inordinate; his jealousy of independence so fierce; his keenness of appetite so feverish in all that touches his ambition, even in the most trifling things, that he must plunge into dreadful difficulties. He is one of an order of minds that by nature make for themselves great reverses.'

Lord Mansfield was once asked, after the commencement of the French revolution, when it would end? His lordship replied, 'It is an event without precedent, and therefore without prognostic.' The truth, however, is, that it had both. Our own history had furnished a precedent in the times of Charles the First. And the prognostics were so redundant, that a volume might be collected of passages from various writers who had predicted it. However ingenious might be a history of the Reformation before it occurred, the evidence could not be more authentic and positive than that of the great moral and political revolution which we have witnessed in our own days.

A prediction, which Bishop Butler threw out in a sermon before the House of Lords, in 1741, does honour to his political sagacity, as well as to his knowledge of human nature; he calculated that the irreligious spirit would produce, some time or other, political disorders, similar to those which, in the seventeenth century, had arisen from religious fanaticism. 'Is there no danger,' he observed, 'that all this may raise somewhat like that levelling spirit, upon atheistical principles, which in the last age prevailed upon enthusiastic ones? Not to speak of the possibility that different sorts of people may unite in it upon these contrary principles?' All this literally has been accomplished! Leibnitz, indeed, foresaw the results of those selfish, and at length demoralizing, opinions, which began to prevail through Europe in his day. These disorganizing

* Biographia Literaria, or Biographical sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 1807.—Vol. i., p. 214.

principles, conducted by a political sect, who tried 'to be worse than they could be,' as old Montaigne expresses it: a sort of men who have been audaciously congratulated as 'having a taste for evil,' exhibited to the astonished world the dismal catastrophe the philosopher had predicted. I shall give this remarkable passage. 'I find that certain opinions approaching those of Epicurus and Spinoza, are, little by little, insinuating themselves into the minds of the great rulers of public affairs, who serve as the guides of others, and on whom all matters depend: besides, these opinions are also sliding into fashionable books, and thus they are preparing all things to that general revolution which menaces Europe; destroying those generous sentiments of the ancients, Greek and Roman, which preferred the love of country and public good, and the cares of posterity, to fortune and even to life. Our public spirits,' as the English call them, excessively diminish, and are so more in fashion, and will be still less while the least vicious of these men preserve only one principle, which they call honour; a principle which only keeps them from not doing what they deem a low action, while they openly laugh at the love of country—ridicule those who are zealous for public ends—and when a well-intentioned man asks what will become of their posterity? they reply, "Then, as now!" But it may happen to these persons themselves to have to endure those evils which they believe are reserved for others. If this epidemical and intellectual disorder could be corrected, whose bad effects are already visible, those evils might still be prevented; but if it proceeds in its growth, Providence will correct man by the very revolution which must spring from it. Whatever may happen indeed, all must turn out as usual for the best in general at the end of the account, although this cannot happen without the punishment of those who contribute even to the general good by their evil actions.' The most superficial reader will hardly require a commentary on this very remarkable passage; he must instantly perceive how Leibnitz, in the seventeenth century, foresaw what has occurred in the eighteenth; and the prediction has been verified in the history of the actors in the late revolution, while the result, which we have not perhaps yet had, according to Leibnitz's own exhilarating system of optimism, is an education of good from evil.

A great genius, who was oppressed by malignant rivals in his own times, has been noticed by Madame de Staël, as having left behind him an actual prophecy of the French revolution; this was Guibert, who, in his commentary on Fœlard's Polybius, published in 1727, declared, that 'a conspiracy is actually forming in Europe, by means at once so subtle and efficacious, that I am sorry not to have come into the world thirty years later to witness its result. It must be confessed that the sovereigns of Europe wear very bad spectacles. The proofs of it are mathematical, if such proofs ever were, of a conspiracy.' Guibert unquestionably foresaw the anti-monarchical spirit gathering up its mighty wings, and rising over the universe! but could not judge of the nature of the impulse which he predicted; prophesying from the ideas in his luminous intellect, he seems to have been far more curious about, than certain of the consequences. Rousseau even circumstantially predicted the convulsions of modern Europe. He stood on the crisis of the French revolution, which he vividly foresaw, for he seriously advised the higher classes of society to have their children taught some useful trade: a notion highly ridiculed on the first appearance of the Emile; but at its hour the awful truth struck! He, too, foresaw the horrors of that revolution; for he announced that Emile designed to emigrate, because, from the moral state of the people, a virtuous revolution had become impossible.† The eloquence of Burke was often oracular; and

* Public spirit, and public spirits, were about the year 1700 household words with us. Leibnitz was struck by their significance, but it might now puzzle us to find synonyms, or even to explain the very terms themselves.

† This extraordinary passage is at the close of the third book of Emile, to which I must refer the reader. It is curious, however, to observe, that in 1760 Rousseau poured forth the following awful predictions, which were considered quite absurd. 'Vous vous fiez à l'ordre actuel de la société sans songer que cet ordre est sujet à des révolutions inévitables—le grand devient petit, le riche devient pauvre, le monarche devient sujet—nous approchons l'état de crise et du siècle des révolutions. Que fera donc dans la bassesse ce satrape que vous n'avez élevé que pour la grandeur? Que fera dans la pauvreté ce publicain qui ne s'est vu que d'or? Que fera de pourvu de tout, ce fatueux imbécille qui ne s'est point vu de lui-même?' &c. &c.

a speech of Pitt, in 1800, painted the state of Europe as it was only realized fifteen years afterwards.

But many remarkable predictions have turned out to be false. Whenever the facts on which the prediction is raised are altered in their situation, what was relatively true ceases to operate as a general principle. For instance, to that striking anticipation which Rousseau formed of the French revolution, he added, by way of note, as a remarkable prediction on MONARCHY. *Je tiens pour impossible que les grandes monarchies de l'Europe aient encore long-temps à durer; toutes ont brillé, et tout état qui brille est sur son déclin.* The predominant anti-monarchical spirit among our rising generation seems to hasten on the accomplishment of the prophecy; but if an important alteration has occurred in the nature of things, we may question the result. If by looking into the past, Rousseau found facts which sufficiently proved that nations in the height of their splendour and corruption had closed their career by failing an easy conquest to barbarous invaders, who annihilated the most polished people at a single blow; we now find that no such power any longer exists in the great family of Europe: the state of the question is therefore changed. It is now how corrupt nations will act against corrupt nations equally enlightened? But if the citizen of Geneva drew his prediction of the extinction of monarchy in Europe from that predilection for democracy which assumes that a republic must necessarily produce more happiness to the people than a monarchy, then we say that the fatal experiment was again repeated since the prediction, and the fact proved not true! The very excess of democracy inevitably terminates in a monarchical state; and were all the monarchies in Europe republics, a philosopher might safely predict the restoration of monarchy!

If a prediction be raised on facts which our own prejudices induce us to infer will exist, it must be chimerical. We have an universal Chronicle of the Monk Carion, printed in 1692, in which he announces that the world was about ending, as well as his chronicle of it; that the Turkish empire would not last many years; that after the death of Charles the Fifth the empire of Germany would be torn to pieces by the Germans themselves. This monk will no longer pass for a prophet; he belongs to that class of historians who write to humour their own prejudices, like a certain lady-prophetess, who, in 1611, predicted that grass was to grow in Cheapside about this time! The monk Carion, like others of greater name, had miscalculated the weeks of Daniel, and wished more ill to the Mahometans than suit the Christian cabinets of Europe to inflict on them; and, lastly, the monastic historian had no notion that it would please Providence to prosper the heresy of Luther! Sir James Macintosh once observed, 'I am sensible, that in the field of political prediction, veteran sagacity has often been deceived.' Sir James alluded to the memorable example of Harrington, who published a demonstration of the impossibility of re-establishing monarchy in England six months before the restoration of Charles the Second. But the author of the *Oceana* was a political fanatic, who ventured to predict an event, not by other similar events, but by a theoretical principle which he had formed, that 'the balance of power depends on that of property.' Harrington, in his contracted view of human nature, had dropped out of his calculation all the stirring passions of ambition and party, and the vacillations of the multitude. A similar error of a great genius occurs in De Foe. 'Child,' says Mr George Chalmers, 'foreseeing from experience that men's conduct must finally be decided by their principles, foretold the colonial revolt.' De Foe, allowing his prejudices to obscure his sagacity, reprobated that suggestion, because he deemed it *inherent* a more strenuous prompter than *enthusiasm*. The predictions of Harrington and De Foe are precisely such as we might expect from a petty calculator—a political economist, who can see nothing farther than immediate results; but the true philosophical predictor was Child, who had read the *past*. It is probable that the American emancipation from the mother-country of England was foreseen, twenty or thirty years before it occurred, though not perhaps by the administration. Lord Orford, writing in 1754 under the ministry of the Duke of Newcastle, blames 'The instructions to the governor of New York, which seemed better calculated for the latitude of Mexico, and for a Spanish tribunal, than for a free British settlement, and in such opulence and such haughtiness, that suspicions had long been conceived of their meditating to throw off the dependence on their mother country.' If

this was written at the time, as the author asserts, it is a very remarkable passage, observes the noble editor of his memoirs. The prognostics or presages of this revolution, it may now be difficult to recover; but it is evident that Child before the time when Lord Orford wrote this passage predicted the separation on true and philosophical principles.

Even when the event does not always justify the prediction, the predictor may not have been the less correct in his principles of divination. The catastrophe of human life, and the turn of great events, often prove accidental. Marshal Biron, whom we have noticed, might have ascended the throne instead of the scaffold; Cromwell and De Retz might have become only the favourite general, or the minister of their sovereigns. Fortuitous events are not comprehended in the reach of human prescience; such must be consigned to those vulgar superstitions which presume to discover the issue of human events, without pretending to any human knowledge. There is nothing supernatural in the prescience of the philosopher.

Sometimes predictions have been condemned as false ones, which, when scrutinized, we can scarcely deem to have failed; they may have been accomplished, and they may again revolve on us. In 1749, Dr Hartley published his 'Observations on Man,' and predicted the fall of the existing governments and hierarchies in two simple propositions; among others—

PROP. 81. It is probable that all the civil governments will be overturned.

PROP. 82. It is probable that the present forms of church-government will be dissolved.

Many were alarmed at these predicted falls of church and state. Lady Charlotte Wentworth asked Hartley when these terrible things would happen? The answer of the predictor was not less awful; 'I am an old man, and shall not live to see them; but you are a young woman, and probably will see them.' In the subsequent revolutions of America and of France, and perhaps now of Spain, we can hardly deny that these predictions had failed. A fortuitous event has once more thrown back Europe into its old corners; but we still revolve in a circle, and what is now dark and remote may again come round, when time has performed its great cycle. There was a prophetic passage in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, regarding the church, which long occupied the speculations of its expounders. Hooker indeed seemed to have done what no predictor of human events should do: he fixed on the period of its accomplishment. In 1597, he declared that it would 'peradventure fall out to be three-score and ten years, or if strength do awe, into four score.' Those who had outlived the revolution in 1641, when the long parliament pulled down the ecclesiastical establishment, and sold the church-lands,—a circumstance which Hooker had contemplated—and were afterwards returned to their places on the Restoration, imagined that the prediction had not yet been completed and were looking with great anxiety towards the year 1677, for the close of this extraordinary prediction! When Bishop Barlow, in 1675, was consulted on it, he endeavoured to dissipate the panic, by referring to an old historian, who had reproached our nation for their proneness to prophecies! The prediction of the venerable Hooker in truth had been fully accomplished, and the event had occurred without Bishop Barlow having recurred to it; so easy it seems to forget what we dislike to remember! The period of time was too literally taken and seems to have been only the figurative expression of man's age in scriptural language, which Hooker had employed; but no one will now deny that this prescient sage had profoundly foreseen the results of that rising party, whose designs on church and state were clearly depicted in his own luminous view.

The philosophical predictor in foretelling a crisis, from the appearances of things, will not rashly assign the period of time; for the crisis which he anticipates is calculated on by that inevitable march of events which generate each other in human affairs; but the period is always dubious, being either retarded or accelerated by circumstances of a nature incapable of entering into this moral arithmetic. It is probable, that revolution, similar to that of France, would have occurred in this country, had it not been counteracted by the genius of Pitt. In 1618, it was easy to foretell, by the political prognostics, that a mighty war throughout Europe must necessarily occur. At that moment, observes Bayle, the house of Austria aimed at an universal monarchy; the consequent domineering spirit of the ministers of the Emperor and the king of Spain, combined

with their determination to exterminate the new religions, excited a re-action to this imperial despotism; public opinion had been suppressed, till every people grew impatient: while their sovereigns, influenced by national feeling, were combining against Austria. But Austria was a vast military power, and her generals were the first of their class. The efforts of Europe would then be often repulsed! This state of affairs prognosticated a long war—and when at length it broke out, it lasted thirty years! The approach and the duration of the war might have been predicted: but the period of its termination could not have been foreseen.

There is, however, a spirit of political vaticination which presumes to pass beyond the boundaries of human prescience; it has been often ascribed to the highest source of inspiration by enthusiasts; but since 'the language of prophecy' has ceased, such pretensions are not less impious than they are unphilosophical. Knox the reformer possessed an extraordinary portion of this awful prophetic confidence: he appears to have predicted several remarkable events, and the fates of some persons. We are told, that, condemned to a galley at Rochelle, he predicted that 'within two or three years, he should preach the gospel at Saint Giles's in Edinburgh:' an improbable event, which happened. Of Mary and Darnley, he pronounced, that 'as the king, for the queen's pleasure, had gone to mass, the Lord, in his justice, would make her the instrument of his overthrow.' Other striking predictions of the deaths of Thomas Maitland, and of Kirkaldy of Grange, and the warning he solemnly gave to the Regent Murray not to go to Linlithgow, where he was assassinated, occasioned a barbarous people to imagine that the prophet Knox had received an immediate communication from Heaven. A Spanish friar and almanac-maker, predicted in clear and precise words, the death of Henry the Fourth of France; and Piersce, though he had no faith in the vain science of astrology, yet, alarmed at whatever menaced the life of a beloved monarch, consulted with some of the king's friends, and had the Spanish almanac laid before his majesty. That high-spirited monarch thanked them for their solicitude, but utterly slighted the prediction; the event occurred, and in the following year the Spanish friar spread his own fame in a new almanac. I have been occasionally struck at the Jeremiahs of honest George Withers, the vaticinating poet of our civil wars: some of his works afford many solemn predictions. We may account for many predictions of this class, without the intervention of any supernatural agency. Among the busy spirits of a revolutionary age, the heads of a party, such as Knox, have frequently secret communications with spies or with friends. In a constant source of concealed information, a shrewd, confident and enthusiastic temper will find ample matter for mysterious prescience. Knox exercised that deep sagacity which took in the most enlarged views of the future, as appears by his Machiavelian foresight on the barbarous destruction of the monasteries and the cathedrals.—The best way to keep the monks from returning, is to pull down their seats. In the case of the prediction of the death of Henry the Fourth, by the Spanish friar, it resulted either from his being acquainted with the plot, or from his being made an instrument for their purpose by those who were. It appears that rumours of Henry's assassination were rife in Spain and Italy, before the event occurred. Such vaticinators as George Withers will always rise in those disturbed times which his own prosaic metre has forcibly depicted.

It may be on that darkness, which they find
Within their hearts, a sudden light hath shined,
Making reflections of some things to come,
Which leave within them musings troublesome
To their weak spirits: or too intricate
For them to put in order, and relate.
They act as men in ecstasies have done—
Striving their cloudy visions to declare—
And I, perhaps, among these may be one
That was let loose for service to be done:
I blunder out what worldly-judgent men
Count madness.—P. 7.*

Separating human prediction from inspired prophecy, we only ascribe to the faculties of man that acquired prescience which we have demonstrated that some great

* A dark lantern, offering a dim discovery, intermixed with remembrances, predictions, &c., 1682.

minds have unquestionably exercised. We have discovered its principles in the necessary dependence of effects on general causes, and we have shown that, impelled by the same motives, and circumscribed by the same passions, all human affairs revolve in a circle; and we have opened the true source of this yet imperfect science of moral and political prediction, in an intimate, but a discriminative, knowledge of the past.

Authority is sacred, when experience affords parallels and analogies. If much which may overwhelm when it shall happen, can be foreseen, the prescient statesman and moralist may provide defensive measures to break the waters, whose streams they cannot always direct; and venerable Hooker has profoundly observed, that 'the best things have been overthrown, not so much by puissance and might of adversaries, as through defect of council in those that should have upheld and defended the same.'⁶

The philosophy of history blends the past with the present, and combines the present with the future; each is but a portion of the other! The actual state of a thing is necessarily determined by its antecedent, and thus progressively through the chain of human existence; while 'the present is always full of the future,' as Lessnitz has happily expressed the idea.

A new and beautiful light is thus thrown over the annals of mankind, by the analogies and the parallels of different ages in succession. How the seventeenth century has influenced the eighteenth; and the results of the nineteenth as they shall appear in the twentieth, might open a source of predictions, to which, however difficult it might be to affix their dates, there would be some in exploring into causes, and tracing their inevitable effects.

The multitude live only among the shadows of things in the appearances of the present; the learned, banded with the past, can only trace whence, and how, all comes; but he, who is one of the people and one of the learned, the true philosopher, views the natural tendency and terminations which are preparing for the future!

DREAMS AT THE DAWN OF PHILOSOPHY.

Modern philosophy, theoretical or experimental, only amuses while the action of discovery is suspended or advances: the interest ceases with the inquirer when the catastrophe is ascertained, as in the romance whose denouement turns on a mysterious incident, which, once unfolded, all future agitation ceases. But in the true infancy of Science, philosophers were as an imaginative race as poets: marvels and portents, undemonstrable and undefinable, with occult fancies, perpetually beginning and never ending, were delightful as the shifting castles of Ariosto. Then science entranced the eye by its theamaturgy: when they looked through an optic tube, they believed they were looking into futurity; or, starting at some shadow darkening the glassy globe, beheld the absent person; while the mechanical inventions of art were toys and tricks, with sometimes an automaton, which frightened them with life.

The earlier votaries of modern philosophy only witnessed, as Gaffarel calls his collection, 'Unheard-of Curiosities.' This state of the marvellous, of which we are now forever deprived, prevailed among the philosophers and the virtuosi in Europe, and with ourselves, long after the establishment of the Royal Society. Philosophy then depended mainly on authority—a single one however was sufficient: so that when this had been repeated by fifty others, they had the authority of fifty honest men—whoever the first man might have been! They were then a blissful race of children, rambling here and there in a golden age of innocence and ignorance, where at every step each gifted discoverer whispered to the few, some half-concealed secret of nature, or played with some toy of art; some invention which with great difficulty performed what, without it, might have been done with great

* Hooker wrote this about 1560, and he wrote before the *Siccle des Révolutions* had begun, even among ourselves! He penetrated into this important principle merely by the force of his own meditation. At this moment, after more practical experience in political revolutions, a very intelligent French writer in a pamphlet, entitled '*M. de Villele*,' says 'Experience proclaims a great truth—namely, that revolutions themselves cannot succeed, except when they are favoured by a portion of the Government.' He illustrates the axiom by the different revolutions which have occurred in his nation within these thirty years. It is the same truth traced to its source by another road.

case. The cabinets of the lovers of mechanical arts formed enchanted apartments, where the admirers feared to stir or look about them; while the philosophers themselves half imagined they were the very thaumaturgi, for which the world gave them too much credit, at least for their quiet! Would we run after the shadows in this gleaming land of moonshine, or sport with these children in the fresh morning of science, ere Aurora had scarcely peeped on the hills, we must enter into their feelings, view with their eyes, and believe all they confide to us; and out of these bundles of dreams sometimes pick out one or two for our own dreaming. They are the fairy tales and the Arabian nights' entertainments of Science. But if the reader is stubbornly mathematical and logical, he will only be holding up a great torch against the muslin curtain, upon which the fantastic shadows playing upon it must vanish at the instant. It is an amusement which can only take place by carefully keeping himself in the dark.

What a subject, were I to enter on it, would be the narratives of magical writers! These precious volumes have been so constantly wasted by the profane, that now a book of real magic requires some to find it, as well as a magician to use it. Albertus Magnus, or Albert the Great, as he is erroneously styled—for this sage only derived this enviable epithet from his surname *De Groote*, as did Hugo Grotius—this sage, in his 'Admirable Secrets' delivers his opinion that these books of magic should be most precious preserved; for, he prophetically added, the time is arriving when they would be understood! It seems they were not intelligible in the thirteenth century; but, if Albertus has not miscalculated, in the present day they may be! Magical terms with talismanic figures may yet conceal many a secret; gunpowder came down to us in a sort of anagram, and the kaleidoscope, with all its interminable multiplications of forms, lay at hand, for two centuries, in Baptista Porta's 'Natural Magic.' The abbot Trithemius, in a confidential letter, happened to call himself a magician, perhaps at the moment he thought himself one, and sent three or four leaves stuffed with the names of devils, and with their evocations. At the death of his friend these leaves fell into the unwary hands of the Prior, who was so frightened on the first glance at the diabolical nomenclature, that he raised the country against the abbot, and Trithemius was nearly a lost man! Yet, after all, this evocation of devils has reached us in his 'Steganographia,' and proves to be only one of this ingenious abbot's polygraphic attempts at secret writing; for he had flattered himself that he had invented a mode of concealing his thoughts from all the world, while he communicated them to a friend. Roger Bacon promised to raise thunder and lightning, and disperse clouds, by dissolving them into rain. The first magical process has been obtained by Franklin; and the other, of far more use to our agriculturists, may perchance be found lurking in some corner which has been overlooked in the 'Opus majus' of our 'Doctor mirabilis.' Do we laugh at their magical works of art? Are we ourselves such indifferent artists? Cornelius Agrippa, before he wrote his 'Vanity of the Arts and Sciences,' intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communicating with spirits and demons. On good authority, that of Porphyrius, Pselus, Plotinus, Jamblicus—and on better, were it necessary to allege it—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarm with what the Greeks called *dæmones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters of fish, and our earth of insects. Yet this occult philosopher, who knew perfectly eight languages, and married two wives, with whom he had never exchanged a harsh word in any of them, was every where avoided as having by his side, for his companion, a personage no less than a demon! This was a great black dog whom he suffered to stretch himself out among his magical manuscripts, or lie on his bed, often kissing and patting him, and feeding him on choice morsels. Yet for this would Paulus Jovius and all the world have had him put to the ordeal of fire and fagot! The truth was afterwards boldly asserted by Wierus, his learned domestic, who believed that his master's dog was really nothing more than what he appeared! 'I believe,' says he, 'that he was a real natural dog; he was indeed black, but of a moderate size, and I have often led him by a string, and called him by the French name Agrippa had given him, Monsieur! and he had a female who was called Mademoiselle! I wonder how authors of

such great character should write so absurdly on his vanishing at his death, nobody knows how! But as it is probable that Monsieur and Mademoiselle must have generated some puppy demons, Wierus ought to have been more circumstantial.

Albertus Magnus, for thirty years, had never ceased working at a man of brass, and had cast together the qualities of his materials under certain consultations, which threw such a spirit into his man of brass, that it was reported his growth was visible; his feet, legs, thighs, shoulders, neck, and head, expanded, and made the city of Cologne uneasy at possessing one citizen too mighty for them all. This man of brass, when he reached his maturity, was so loquacious, that Albert's master, the great scholastic Thomas Aquinas, one day, tired of his babble, and declaring it was a devil, or devilish, with his staff knocked the head off; and, what was extraordinary, this brazen man, like any human being thus effectually silenced, 'word never spake more.' This incident is equally historical and authentic; though whether heads of brass can speak, and even prophecy, was indeed a subject of profound inquiry, even at a later period. Naudé, who never questioned their vocal powers, and yet was puzzled concerning the nature of this new species of animal, has no doubt most judiciously stated the question, whether these speaking brazen heads had a sensitive and reasoning nature, or whether demons spoke in them? But brass has not the faculty of providing its own nourishment, as we see in plants, and therefore they were not sensitive; and as for the act of reasoning, these brazen heads presumed to know nothing but the future: with the past and the present they seemed totally unacquainted, so that their memory and their observation were very limited; and as for the future, that is always doubtful and obscure—even to heads of brass! This learned man then infers, that 'These brazen heads could have no reasoning faculties, for nothing altered their nature; they said what they had to say, which no one could contradict; and having said their say, you might have broken the head for any thing more that you could have got out of it. Had they had any life in them, would they not have moved, as well as spoken? Life itself is but motion, but they had no lungs, no spleen; and, in fact, though they spoke, they had no tongue. Was a devil in them? I think not. Yet why should men have taken all this trouble to make, not a man, but a trumpet?

Our profound philosopher was right not to agitate the question whether these brazen heads had ever spoken? Why should not a man of brass speak, since a doll can whisper, a statue play chess, and brass ducks have performed the whole process of digestion? Another magical invention has been ridiculed with equal reason. A magician was annoyed, as philosophers still are, by passengers in the street; and he, particularly so, by having horses led to drink under his window. He made a magical horse of wood, according to one of the books of Hermes, which perfectly answered its purpose, frightening away the horses, or rather the grooms! the wooden horse, no doubt, gave some palpable kick. The same magical story might have been told of Dr Franklin, who finding that under his window the passengers had discovered a spot which they made too convenient for themselves, he charged it with his newly discovered electrical fire. After a few remarkable incidents had occurred, which at a former period had lodged the great discoverer of electricity in the Inquisition, the modern magician succeeded just as well as the ancient, who had the advantage of conning over the books of Hermes. Instead of ridiculing these works of magic, let us rather become magicians ourselves!

The works of the ancient alchemists have afforded numberless discoveries to modern chemists: nor is even their grand operation despaired of. If they have of late not been so renowned, this has arisen from a want of what Ashmole calls 'apertness,' a qualification early inculcated among these illuminated sages. We find authentic accounts of some who have lived three centuries, with tolerable complexions, possessed of nothing but a crucible and a bellows! but they were so unnecessarily mysterious, that whenever such a person was discovered, he was sure in an instant to disappear, and was never afterwards heard of.

In the 'Liber Patris Sapientie' this selfish cautiousness is all along impressed on the student, for the accomplishment of the great mystery. In the commentary on this precious work of the alchemist Norton who counsels,

'Be thou in a place secret, by thyself alone,
That no man see or hear what thou shalt say or do.
Trust not thy friend too much wherease or thou go,
For he thou trustest best, sometime may be thy foe.'

Ashmole observes, that 'Norton gives exceeding good advice to the student in this science where he bids him be secret in the carrying on of his studies and operations, and not to let any one know of his undertakings but his good angel and himself; and such a close and retired breast had Norton's master, who,

'When men disputed of colours of the rose,
He would not speak, but kept himself full close!'

We regret that by each leaving all his knowledge to 'his good angel and himself,' it has happened that 'the good angels,' have kept it all to themselves!

It cannot, however, be denied, that if they could not always extract gold out of lead, they sometimes succeeded in washing away the pimples on ladies' faces, notwithstanding that Sir Kenelm Digby poisoned his most beautiful lady, because, as Sancho would have said, he was one of those who would 'have his bread whiter than the finest wheaten.' Van Helmont, who could not succeed in discovering the true elixir of life, however hit on the spirit of hartshorn, which for a good while he considered was the wonderful elixir itself, restoring to life persons who seemed to have lost it. And though this delightful enthusiast could not raise a ghost, yet he thought he had; for he raised something aerial from spa-water, which mistaking for a ghost, he gave it that very name; a name which we still retain in *gas*, from the German *geist*, or ghost! Paracelsus carried the tiny spirits about him in the hilt of his great sword! Having first discovered the qualities of laudanum, this illustrious quack made use of it as an universal remedy; and distributed, in the form of pills, which he carried in the basket-hilt of his sword; the operations he performed were as rapid as they seemed magical. Doubtless we have lost some inconceivable secrets by some unexpected occurrences, which the secret itself, it would seem, ought to have prevented taking place. When a philosopher had discovered the art of prolonging life to an indefinite period, it is most provoking to find that he should have allowed himself to die at an early age! We have a very authentic history from Sir Kenelm Digby himself, that when he went in disguise to visit Descartes at his retirement at Esmond, lamenting the brevity of life, which hindered philosophers getting on in their studies, the French philosopher assured him that 'he had considered that matter; to render a man immortal was what he could not promise, but that he was very sure it was possible to lengthen out his life to the period of the patriarchs.' And when his death was announced to the world, the abbé Picot, an ardent disciple, for a long time would not believe it possible; and at length insisted, that if it had occurred, it must have been owing to some mistake of the philosophers.

The late Holcroft, Lomtherborough, and Cosway, imagining that they should escape the vulgar era of scriptural life by reorganizing their old bones, and moistening their dry marrow; their new principles of vitality were supposed by them to be found in the powers of the mind; this seemed more reasonable, but proved to be as little efficacious as those other philosophers who imagine they have detected the hidden principle of life in the eels frisking in vinegar, and allude to 'the book-binder who creates the book-worm!'

Paracelsus has revealed to us one of the grandest secrets of nature. When the world began to dispute on the very existence of the elementary folk, it was then that he boldly offered to give birth to a fairy, and has sent down to posterity the recipe. He describes the impurity which is to be transmuted into such purity, the gross elements of a delicate fairy, which, fixed in a phial, placed in fuming dung, will in due time settle into a full-grown fairy, bursting through its vitreous prison—on the vivifying principle by which the ancient Egyptians hatched their eggs in ovens. I recollect at Dr Farmer's sale the leaf which preserved this recipe: for making a fairy, forcibly folded down by the learned commentator; from which we must infer the credit he gave to the experiment. There was a greatness of mind in Paracelsus, who, having furnished a recipe to make a fairy, had the delicacy to refrain from it. Even Baptista Porta, one of the most enlightened philosophers, does not deny the possibility of engendering creatures, which 'at their full growth shall not exceed the

size of a mouse;' but he adds 'they are only pretty little dogs to play with.' Were these akin to the faeries of Paracelsus?

They were well convinced of the existence of such elemental beings; frequent accidents in mines showed the potency of the metallic spirits; which so tormented the workmen in some of the German mines, by blindness, giddiness, and sudden sickness, that they have been obliged to abandon mines well known to be rich in silver. A metallic spirit at one sweep annihilated twelve miners, who were all found dead together. The fact was unquestionable; and the safety-lamp was undiscovered!

Never was a philosophical imagination more beautiful than that exquisite *Palingenesis*, as it has been termed from the Greek, or a regeneration; or rather, the apparitions of animals and plants. Schott, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat. Nothing, they say, perishes in nature; all is but a continuation, or a revival. The semina of resurrection are concealed in extinct bodies, as in the blood of man; the ashes of roses will again revive into roses, though smaller and paler than if they had been planted: unsubstantial and odoriferous, they are not roses which grew on rose-trees, but their delicate apparitions; and, like apparitions, they are seen but for a moment! The process of the *Palingenesis*, this picture of immortality, is described. These philosophers having burst a flower, by calcination disengaged the salts from its ashes, and deposited them in a glass phial; a chemical mixture acted on it; till in the fermentation they assumed a bluish and spectral hue. This dust, thus excited by heat, shoots upwards into its primitive forms: by sympathy the parts unite, and while each is returning to its destined place, we see distinctly the stalk, the leaves, and the flower, arise: it is the pale spectre of a flower coming slowly forth from its ashes. The heat passes away, the magical scene declines, till the whole matter again precipitates itself into the chaos at the bottom. This vegetable phoenix lies thus concealed in its cold ashes, till the presence of heat produces this resurrection—in its absence it returns to its death. Thus the dead naturally revive; and a corpse may give out its shadowy reanimation, when not too deeply buried in the earth. Bodies corrupted in their graves have risen, particularly the murdered; for murderers are apt to bury their victims in a slight and hasty manner. Their salts, exhaled in vapour by means of their fermentation, have arranged themselves on the surface of the earth, and formed those phantoms, which at night have often terrified the passing spectator, as authentic history witnesses. They have opened the graves of the phantom, and discovered the bleeding corpse beneath; hence it is astonishing how many ghosts may be seen at night after a recent battle, standing over their corpses! On the same principle, my old philosopher Gaffarel conjectures on the raining of frogs; but these frogs, we must conceive, can only be the ghosts of frogs; and Gaffarel himself has modestly opened this fact by a 'peradventure.' A more satisfactory origin of ghosts modern philosophy has not afforded.

And who does not believe in the existence of ghosts? for, as Dr More forcibly says, 'That there should be so universal a *fame* and *fear* of that which never was, nor is, nor can be ever in the world, is to me the greatest miracle of all. If there had not been, at some time or other, true miracles, it had not been so easy to impose on the people by false. The alchemist would never go about to sophisticate metals to pass them off for true gold and silver, unless that such a thing was acknowledged as true gold and silver in the world.'

The Pharmacopœia of those times combined more of morals with medicine than our own. They discovered that the agate rendered a man eloquent and even witty; a laurel leaf placed on the centre of the skull, fortified the memory; the brains of fowls, and birds of swift wing, wonderfully helped the imagination. All such specifics have not disappeared, and have greatly reduced the chances of an invalid recovering, that which perhaps he never possessed. Lentils and rape-seed were a certain cure for the small pox, and very obviously, their grains resembling the spots of this disease. They discovered that those who lived on 'fair plants' became fair, those on fruitful ones were never barren; on the principle that Hercules acquired his mighty strength by feeding on the

marrow of lions. But their talismans, provided they were genuine, seem to have been wonderfully operative; and had we the same confidence, and melted down the guineas we give physicians, engraving on them talismanic figures, I would answer for the good effects of the experiment. Naudé, indeed, has utterly ridiculed the occult virtues of talismans, in his defence of Virgil, accused of being a magician: the poet, it seems, cast into a well a talisman of a horse-leech, graven on a plate of gold, to drive away the great number of horse-leeches which infested Naples. Naudé positively denies that talismans ever possessed any such occult virtues: Gaffarel regrets that so judicious a man as Naudé should have gone this length, giving the lie to so many authentic authors; and Naudé's paradox is indeed, as strange as his denial; he suspects the thing is not true because it is so generally told! 'It leads one to suspect,' says he, 'as animals are said to have been driven away from so many places by these talismans, whether they were ever driven from any one place.' Gaffarel, suppressing by his good temper his indignant feelings at such reasoning, turns the paradox on its maker:—As if, because of the great number of battles that Hannibal is reported to have fought with the Romans, we might not, by the same reason, doubt whether he fought any one with them.' The reader must be aware that the strength of the argument lies entirely with the firm believer in talismans. Gaffarel, indeed, who passed his days in collecting 'Curiosités inouïes,' is a most authentic historian of unparalleled events, even in his own times! Such as that heavy rain in Poitou, which showered down 'petites bestioles,' little creatures like bishops with their mitres, and monks with their capuchins over their heads; it is true, afterwards they all turned into butterflies!

The museums, the cabinets, and the inventions of our early virtuosi were the baby-house of philosophers. Baptista Porta, Bishop Wilkins, and old Ashmole, were they now living, had been enrolled among the quiet members of 'The Society of Arts,' instead of flying in the air, collecting 'A wing of the phoenix, as tradition goes;' or catching the disjointed syllables of an old dotting astrologer. But these early dilettanti had not derived the same pleasure from the useful inventions of the aforesaid 'Society of Arts,' as they received from what Cornelius Agrippa, in a fit of spleen, calls 'things vain and superfluous,' invented to no other end but for pomp and idle pleasure.' Baptista Porta was more skilful in the mysteries of art and nature than any man in his day. Having founded the *Academia degli Oziosi*, he held an inferior association in his own house, called *de Secretis*, where none was admitted but those elect who had communicated some secret; for, in the early period of modern art and science, the slightest novelty became a secret, not to be confided to the uninitiated. Porta was unquestionably a fine genius, as his works still show; but it was his misfortune that he attributed his own penetrating sagacity to his skill in the art of divination. He considered himself a prognosticator; and, what was more unfortunate, some eminent persons really thought he was. Predictions and secrets are harmless, provided they are not believed; but his Holiness finding Porta's were, warned him that magical sciences were great hindrances to the study of the Bible, and paid him the compliment to forbid his prophesying, Porta's genius was now limited, to astonish, and sometimes to terrify, the more ingenious part of *I Secreti*. On entering his cabinet, some phantom of an attendant was sure to be hovering in the air, moving as he who entered moved; or he observed in some mirror that his face was twisted on the wrong side of his shoulders, and did not quite think that all was right when he clapped his hand on it; or passing through a darkened apartment a magical landscape burst on him, with human beings in motion, the boughs of trees bending, and the very clouds passing over the sun; or sometimes banquets, battles, and hunting-parties, were in the same apartment. 'All these spectacles my friends have witnessed!' exclaims the self-delighted Baptista Porta. When his friends drank wine out of the same cup which he had used they were mortified with wonder: for he drank wine, and they only water! or on a summer's day, when all complained of the sirocco, he would freeze his guests with cold air in the room; or on a sudden, let off a flying dragon to sail along with a cracker in its tail, and a cat tied on its back; shrill was the sound, and awful was the concussion; so that it required strong nerves, in an age of apparitions and devils, to meet this great philosopher when in his best humour. Alber-

tus Magnus entertained the Earl of Holland, as that earl passed through Cologne, in a severe winter, with a warm summer scene, luxuriant in fruits and flowers. The fact is related by Trithemius—and this magical scene connected with his vocal head, and his books *de Secretis Mulierum*, and *De Mirabilibus*, confirmed the accusations they raised against the great Albert, for being a magician. His apologist, Theophilus Raynaud, is driven so hard to defend Albertus, that he at once asserts, the winter changed to summer, and the speaking head, to be two infamous fables! He will not believe these authenticated facts, although he credits a miracle which proves the sanctity of Albertus,—after three centuries, the body of Albert the great remained as sweet as ever!

'Whether such enchantments,' as old Mandeville cautiously observeth, two centuries preceding the days of Porta, were 'by craft or by nigromancy, I wot not.' But that they were not unknown to Chaucer, appears in his 'Frankelin's Tale,' where, minutely describing them, he communicates the same pleasure he must himself have received from the ocular illusions of 'the Tregetoure,' or 'Jogelour.' Chaucer ascribes the miracle to a 'natural magique;' in which, however, it was as unsettled, whether the 'Prince of Darkness' was a party concerned.

'For I am siker that there be sciences
By which men maken diverse apperances
Swiche as thise subtil tregetoures play.
For oft at festes have I wel herd say
That tregetoures, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and doun.
Sometime hath a mede come a grim leoun,
And sometime floures spring as in a mede,
Sometime a vine and grapes white and rede;
Sometime a castel al of lime and ston,
And whan hem liketh voideth it anon:
Thus semeth it to every mannes sight.'

Bishop Wilkins's museum was visited by Evelyn, who describes the sort of curiosities which occupied and amused the children of science. 'Here, too, there was a hollow statue, which gave a voice, and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance;' a circumstance, which, perhaps, they were not then aware revealed the whole mystery of the ancient oracles, which they attributed to demons, rather than to tubes, pulleys, and wheels. The learned Charles Patin, in his scientific travels, records, among other valuable productions of art, a cherry-stone, on which were engraven about a dozen and a half of portraits! Even the greatest of human geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, to attract the royal patronage, created a lion which ran before the French monarch, dropping *fleurs de lis* from its shaggy breast. And another philosopher who had a spinnet which played and stopped at command, might have made a revolution in the arts and sciences, had the half-taught child that was concealed in it not been forced, unluckily, to crawl into day-light, and thus it was proved that a philosopher might be an impostor!

The arts, as well as the sciences, at the first institution of the Royal Society, were of the most amusing class. The famous Sir Samuel Moreland had turned his house into an enchanted palace. Every thing was full of devices, which showed art and mechanism in perfection: his coach carried a travelling kitchen; for it had a fire-place and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cutlets, and roast an egg; and he dressed his meat by clock-work. Another of these virtuosi, who is described as 'a gentleman of superior order, and whose house was a knick-knackatory,' valued himself on his multifarious inventions, but most in 'sowing salads in the morning, to be cut for dinner.' The house of Winstanley, who afterwards raised the first Eddystone light-house, must have been the wonder of the age. If you kicked aside an old slipper, purposely lying in your way, up started a ghost before you; or if you sat down in a certain chair, a couple of gigantic arms would immediately clasp you in. There was an arbour in the garden, by the side of a canal; you had scarcely seated yourself, when you were sent out afloat to the middle of the canal—from whence you could not escape till this man of art and science would you up to the arbour. What was passing at the 'Royal Society' was also occurring at the 'Académie des Sciences' at Paris. A great and gony member of that philosophical body, on the departure of a stranger, would point to his legs, to

show the impossibility of conducting him to the door; yet the astonished visiter never failed finding the virtuoso waiting for him on the outside, to make his final bow! While the visiter was going down stairs, this inventive genius was descending with great velocity in a machine from the window: so that he proved, that if a man of science cannot force nature to walk down stairs, he may drive her out at the window!

If they travelled at home, they set off to note down prodigies. Dr Plot, in a magnificent project of journeying through England, for the advantage of 'Learning and Trade,' and the discovery of 'Antiquities and other Curiosities,' for which he solicited the royal aid which Leland enjoyed, among other notable designs, discriminates a class thus: 'Next I shall inquire of animals; and first of strange people.'—'Strange accidents that attend corporations of families, as that the deans of Rochester ever since the foundation by turns have died deans and bishops; the bird with a white breast that haunts the family of Oxenham near Exeter just before the death of any of that family; the bodies of trees that are seen to swim in a pool near Brereton in Cheshire, a certain warning to the heir of that honourable family to prepare for the next world.' And such remarkable as 'Number of children, such as the Lady Temple, who before she died saw seven hundred descended from her.' This fellow of the Royal Society, who lived nearly to 1700, was requested to give an edition of Pliny: we have lost the benefit of a most copious commentary! Bishop Hall went to 'the Spa.' The wood about that place was haunted not only by 'freebooters, but by wolves and witches; although these last are oftentimes but one.' They were called *loup garoux*; and the Greeks, it seems, knew them by the name of *Λυκαίστηνες*, men wolves; witches that have put on the shapes of those cruel beasts. 'We saw a boy there, whose half-face was devoured by one of them near the village; yet so, as that the ear was rather cut than bitten off.' Rumour had spread that the boy had had half his face devoured; when it was examined, it turned out that his ear had only been scratched! However, there can be no doubt of the existence of witch wolves; for Hall saw at Limburgh 'one of those miscreants executed, who confessed on the wheel to have devoured two and forty children in that form.' They would probably have found it difficult to have summoned the mothers who had lost the children. But observe our philosopher's reasoning: 'It would ask a large volume to scan his problem of *lycanthropy*.' He had laboriously collected all the evidence, and had added his arguments: the result offers a curious instance of acute reasoning on a wrong principle.*

Men of science and art then, passed their days in a bustle of the marvellous. I will furnish a specimen of philosophical correspondence in a letter to old John Aubrey. The writer betrays the versatility of his curiosity by very opposite discoveries. 'My hands are so full of work that I have no time to transcribe for Dr Henry More an account of the Barnstable apparition—Lord Keeper North would take it kindly from you—give a sight of this letter from Barnstable, to Dr Whitchcot.' He had lately heard of a Scotchman who had been carried by fairies into France; but the purpose of his present letter is to communicate other sort of apparitions than the ghost of Barnstable. He had gone to Glastonbury, 'to pick up a few berries from the holy thorn which flowered every Christmas day.' The original thorn had been cut down by a military saint in the civil wars; but the trade of the place was not damaged, for they had contrived not to have a single holy thorn, but several, 'by grafting and inoculation.' He promises to send these 'berries'; but requests Aubrey to inform 'that person of quality who had rather have a bush, than that it was impossible to get one for him. I am told,' he adds, 'that there is a person about Glaston-

* Hall's postulate is that God's work could not admit of any substantial change, which is above the reach of all infernal powers; but 'Herein the devil plays the double sophister; the sorcerer with sorcerers. Hee both deludes the witch's conceit and the beholder's eyes.' In a word, Hall believes, in what he cannot understand! Yet Hall will not believe one of the Catholic miracles of 'the Virgin of Louvain,' though Lipsius had written a book to commemorate 'the goddess,' as Hall sarcastically calls her; Hall was told, with great indignation, in the shop of the bookseller of Lipsius, that when James the First had just looked over this work, he flung it down, vociferating 'Damnation to him that made it, and to him that believes it!'

bury who hath a nursery of them, which he sells for a crown a piece,' but they are supposed not to be 'of the right kind.'

The main object of this letter is the writer's 'surprise of gold in this country;' for which he offers three reasons. Tacitus says there was gold in England, and that Agrappa came to a spot where he had a prospect of Ireland—from which place he writes; secondly, that 'an honest man' had in this spot found stones from which he had extracted good gold, and that he himself 'had seen in the broken stones a clear appearance of gold;' and thirdly, 'there is a story which goes by tradition in that part of the country, that in the hill alluded to there was a door into a hole, that when any wanted money, they used to go and knock there, that a woman used to appear, and give to such as came. At a time one by greediness or otherwise gave her offence, she flung to the door, and delivered this old saying, still remembered in the country:

"When all THE Daws be gone and dead,
Then . . . Hill shall shine gold red."

My fancy is, that this relates to an ancient family of this name, of which there is now but one man left, and he not likely to have any issue.' These are his three reasons; and some mines have perhaps been opened with no better ones! But let us not imagine that this great naturalist was credulous; for he tells Aubrey that 'he thought it was but a monkish tale, forged in the abbey, so famous in former time; but as I have learned not to despise our forefathers, I question whether this may not refer to some rich mine in the hill, formerly in use and now lost. I shall shortly request you to discourse with my lord about it, to have advice, &c. In the mean time it will be best to keep all private for his majesty's service, his lordship's, and perhaps some private person's benefit.' But he has also positive evidence: 'A mason not long ago coming to the rector of the abbey for a freestone, and sawing it, out came divers pieces of gold of 3l 10s value a piece, of ancient coins. The stone belonged to some chimney-work; the gold was hidden in it, perhaps, when the Dissolution was near. This last incident of finding coins in a chimney-piece, which he had accounted for very rationally, serves only to confirm his dream that they were coined out of the gold of the mine in the hill; and he becomes more urgent for 'a private search into these mines, which I have, I think, a way to.' In the postscript he adds an account of a well, which by washing wrought a cure on a person deep in the king's evil. 'I hope you don't forget your promise to communicate whatever thing you have, relating to your Idea.'

This promised *Idea* of Aubrey may be found in his MSS under the title of 'The Idea of Universal Education.' However whimsical, one would like to see it. Aubrey's life might furnish a volume of these Philosophical dreams; he was a person who from his incessant bustle and insatiable curiosity, was called 'The Carrier of Conceptions of the Royal Society.' Many pleasant nights were 'privately' enjoyed by Aubrey and his correspondent about the 'Mine in the Hill.' Ashmole's manuscripts at Oxford, contain a collection of many secrets of the Rosicrucians; one of the completest inventions is 'a Recipe how to walk invisible.' Such were the fancies which rocked the children of science in their cradles! and so feeble were the steps of our curious infancy! But I start in my dreams! dreading the reader may also have fallen asleep!

'Measure is most excellent,' says one of the oracles; 'to which also we bring in like manner persuaded, O most friendly and pious Asclepiades, here finish'—the dreams at the dawn of philosophy!

ON PUCK THE COMMENTATOR.

Literary forgeries recently have been frequently indulged in, and it is urged that they are of an innocent nature; but impostures more easily practised than detected leave their mischief behind, to take effect at a distant period; and as I shall show, may entrap even the judicious! It may require no high exertion of genius, to draw up a grave account of an ancient play-wright whose name has never reached us, or to give an extract from a volume inaccessible to our inquiries; and as dulness is no proof of spuriousness, forgeries, in time, mix with authentic documents.

We have ourselves witnessed versions of Spanish and Portuguese poets, which are passed on their unsuspecting readers without difficulty, but in which no parts of the pretended originals can be traced; and to the present hour,

whatever antiquaries may affirm, the poems of Chatterton and Ossian are veiled in mystery!

If we possessed the secret history of the literary life of George Stevens, it would display an unparalleled series of arch deception, and malicious ingenuity. He has been happily characterized by Mr Gifford, as 'the Puck of Commentators!' Stevens is a creature so spotted over with literary forgeries and adulterations, that any remarkable one about the time he flourished may be attributed to him. They were the habits of a depraved mind, and there was a darkness in his character many shades deeper than belonged to Puck; even in the playfulness of his invention, there was usually a turn of personal malignity, and the real object was not so much to raise a laugh, as to 'grin horribly a ghastly smile,' on the individual. It is more than rumoured, that he carried his ingenious malignity into the privacies of domestic life; and it is to be regretted, that Mr Nichols, who might have furnished much secret history of this extraordinary literary forgerer, has, from delicacy, mutilated his collective vigour.

George Stevens usually commenced his operations by opening some pretended discovery in the evening papers, which were then of a more literary cast; the *St James's Chronicle*, the *General Evening Post*, or the *Whitehall*, were they not dead in body and in spirit, would now bear witness to his successful efforts. The late Mr Boswell told me, that Stevens frequently wrote notes on Shakespeare, purposely to mislead or entrap Malone, and obtain for himself an easy triumph in the next edition! Stevens loved to assist the credulous in getting up for them some strange new thing, dancing them about with a Will o' the wisp—now alarming them by a shriek of laughter; and now like a grinning Pigwigin sinking them chin-deep into a quagmire! Once he presented them with a fictitious portrait of Shakespeare, and when the brotherhood were sufficiently divided in their opinions, he pounced upon them with a demonstration, that every portrait of Shakespeare partook of the same doubtful authority! Stevens usually assumed the *nom de guerre* of Collins, a pseudo-commentator, and sometimes of Amner, who was discovered to be an obscure puritanic minister who never read text or notes of a play-wright, whenever he explored into 'a thousand notable secrets' with which he has polluted the pages of Shakespeare! The marvellous narrative of the upas-tree of Java, which Darwin adopted in his plan of 'enlistering imagination under the banner of science,' appears to have been another forgery which amused our 'Puck.' It was first given in the *London Magazine*, as an extract from a Dutch traveller, but the extract was never discovered in the original author, and 'the effluvia of this noxious tree, which through a district of twelve or fourteen miles had killed all vegetation, and had spread the skeletons of men and animals, affording a scene of melancholy beyond what poets have described, or painters delineated,' is perfectly chimerical. A splendid flim-flam! When Dr Berkenhout was busied in writing, without much knowledge or skill, a history of our English authors, Stevens allowed the good man to insert a choice letter by George Peele, giving an account of 'a merry meeting at the Globe,' wherein Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Ned Alleyn are admirably made to perform their respective parts. As the nature of the 'Biographia Literaria' required authorities, Stevens ingeniously added, 'Whence I copied this letter I do not recollect.' However he well knew it came from 'the Theatrical Mirror,' where he had first deposited the precious original, to which he had unguardedly ventured to affix the date of 1600; unluckily, Peele was discovered to have died two years before he wrote his own letter! The date is adroitly dropped in Berkenhout! Stevens did not wish to refer to his original, which I have often seen quoted as authority. One of these numerous forgeries of our Puck, appears in an article in Isaac Reed's catalogue, art. 8708. 'The Boko of the Soudan, conteyninge strange matters touchynge his life and death, and the ways of his course, in two partes, 12mo,' with this marginal note by Reed. 'The foregoing was written by George Stevens, Esq, from whom I received it. It was composed merely to impose on "a literary friend," and had its effect; for he was so far deceived as to its authenticity that he gave implicit credit to it, and put down the person's name in whose possession the original books were supposed to be.'

One of the sort of inventions which I attribute to Stevens has been got up with a deal of romantic effect, to

embellish the poetical life of Milton; and unquestionably must have sadly perplexed his last matter-of-fact editor, who is not a man to comprehend a flim-flam!—for he has sanctioned the whole fiction, by preserving it in his biographical narrative! The first impulse of Milton to travel in Italy is ascribed to the circumstance of his having been found asleep at the foot of a tree in the vicinity of Cambridge, when two foreign ladies, attracted by the loveliness of the youthful poet, alighted from their carriage, and having admired him for some time as they imagined unperceived, the youngest, who was very beautiful, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines, put the paper with her trembling hand into his own! But it seems, for something was to account how the sleeping youth could have been aware of these minute particulars, unless he had been dreaming them,—that the ladies had been observed at a distance by some friends of Milton, and they explained to him the whole silent adventure. Milton, on opening the paper, read *four verses* from Guarini, addressed to those 'human stars' his own eyes! On this romantic adventure, Milton set off for Italy, to discover the fair 'incognita,' to which undiscovered lady we are told we stand indebted for the most impassioned touches in the *Paradise Lost*! We know how Milton passed his time in Italy, with Dati, and Gaddi, and Frescobaldi, and other literary friends, amidst its academies, and often busied in book-collecting. Had Milton's tour in Italy been an adventure of knight-errantry, to discover a lady whom he had never seen, at least he had not the merit of going out of the direct road to Florence and Rome, nor of having once alluded to this *Dame de ses pensées*, in his letters or inquiries among his friends, who would have thought themselves fortunate to have introduced so poetical an adventure in the numerous *causées* they showered on our youthful poet.

This *historiette*, scarcely fitted for a novel, first appeared where generally Stevens's literary amusements were carried on, in the *General Evening Post*, or the *St James's Chronicle*: and Mr Todd, in the improved edition of Milton's Life, obtained this spurious original, where the reader may find it; but the more curious part of the story remains to be told. Mr Todd proceeds, 'The preceding highly-coloured relation, however, is not singular; my friend, Mr Walker, points out to me a counter-part in the extract from the preface to *Poesies de Marguerite-Eleonore Clotilde, depuis Madame de Surville, Poete Francois du XV Siecle*. Paris, 1803.'

And true enough we find among 'the family traditions' of this same Clotilde, that Justine de Levis, great-grandmother of this unknown poetess of the fifteenth century, walking in a forest, witnessed the same beautiful *spectacle* which the Italian Unknown had at Cambridge; never was such an impression to be effaced, and she could not avoid leaving her tablets by the side of the beautiful sleeper, declaring her passion in her tablets to *four Italian verses*! The very number our Milton had melted to him! Oh! these *four verses*! they are as fatal in their number as the date of Peele's letter proved to George Stevens! Something still escapes in the most ingenious fabrication which serves to decompose the materials. It is well our veracious historian dropped all mention of Guarini—else that would have given that *coup de grace*—a fatal anachronism! However his invention supplied him with more originality than the adoption of this story and the *four verses* would lead us to infer. He tells us how Petrarch was jealous of the genius of his Clotilde's grandmother, and has even pointed out a sonnet which, 'among the traditions of the family,' was addressed to her! He narrates, that the gentleman, when he fairly awoke, and had read the 'four verses,' set off for Italy, which he run over till he found Justine, and Justine found him at a tournament at Modena! This parallel adventure disconcerted our two grave English critics—they find a tale which they wisely judge improbable, and because they discover the tale copied, they conclude that 'it is not singular.' This knot of perplexity is, however, easily cut through, if we substitute, which we are fully justified in, for 'Poete du XV Siecle'—'du XIX Siecle!' The 'Poesies' of Clotilde are as genuine a fabrication as Chatterton's; subject to the same objections, having many ideas and expressions which were unknown in the language at the time they are pretended to have been composed, and exhibiting many imitations of Voltaire and other poets. The present story of the *four Italian verses*, and the beautiful *Sleeper*, would be quite sufficient

evidence of the authenticity of 'the family traditions' of *Clotilde, depuis Madame de Surville*, and also Monsieur De Surville himself; a pretended editor, who is said to have found by mere accident the precious manuscript, and while he was copying for the press, in 1793, these pretty poems, for such they are, of his *grande tante*, was shot in the reign of terror, and so completely expired, that no one could ever trace his existence! The real editor, who we must presume to be the poet, published them in 1803.

Such then, is the history of a literary forgery! A Puck composes a short romantic adventure, which is quietly thrown out to the world in a newspaper or a magazine; some collector, such as the late Mr Bindley, who procured for Mr Todd his original, as it is, at least, as he is curious, houses the forlorn fiction—and it enters into literary history! A French Chatterton picks up the obscure tale, and behold, astonishes the literary inquirers of the very country whence the imposture sprang! But the four *Italian verses*, and the *Sleeping Youth*! Oh! Monsieur Vanderburg! for that gentleman is the ostensible editor of Clotilde's poesies of the fifteenth century, some ingenious persons are unlucky in this world! Perhaps one day we may yet discover that this 'romantic adventure' of *Milton and Justine de Leris* is not so original as it seems—it may lie hid in the *Astrée* of D'Urfé, or some of the long romances of the Scouderies, whence the English and the French Chattertons may have drawn it. To such literary inventors we say with Swift:

— Such are your tricks;
But since you hatch, pray your own chicks!

Will it be credited that for the enjoyment of a temporary piece of malice, Steevens would even risk his own reputation as a poetical critic? Yet this he ventured, by throwing out of his edition the poems of Shakespeare, with a remarkable hyper-criticism, that 'the strongest act of parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service.' Not only he denounced the sonnets of Shakespeare, but the sonnet itself, with an absurd question, 'What has truth or nature to do with Sonnets?' The secret history of this unwarrantable mutilation of a great author by his editor was, as I was informed by the late Mr Boswell, merely done to spite his rival commentator Malone, who had taken extraordinary pains in their elucidation. Steevens himself had formerly reprinted them, but when Malone from these sonnets claimed for himself one ivy leaf of a commentator's pride, behold, Steevens in a rage would annihilate even Shakespeare himself, that he might gain a triumph over Malone! In the same spirit, but with more caustic pleasantry, he opened a controversy with Malone respecting Shakespeare's wife! It seems that the poet had forgotten to mention his wife in his copious will; and his recollection of Mrs Shakespeare seems to mark the slowness of his regard, for he only introduced by an interlineation, a legacy to her of his 'second best bed with the furniture'—and nothing more! Malone naturally inferred that 'the poet had forgot her, and so recollected her as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her. He had already, as it is vulgarly expressed, cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed!' All this seems judicious, till Steevens asserts the conjugal affection of the bard, tells us, that the poet having, when in health, provided for her by settlement, or knowing that her father had already done so (circumstances entirely conjectural,) he bequeathed to her at his death, not *merely an old piece of furniture, but, perhaps, as a mark of peculiar tenderness,*

'The very bed that on his bridal night
Received him to the arms of Belvidera!'

Steevens's severity of satire marked the deep malevolence of his heart; and Murphy has strongly portrayed him in his address to the *Malvololi*.

Such another Puck was Horace Walpole! The King of Prussia's 'Letter' to Rousseau, and 'The Memorial' pretended to have been signed by noblemen and gentlemen, were fabrications, as he confesses, only to make mischief. It well became him, whose happier invention, the Castle of Otranto, was brought forward in the guise of forgery, so unfeelingly to have reprobated the innocent inventions of a Chatterton.

We have Pucks busied among our contemporaries: whoever shall discover their history will find it copious though intricate; the malignity at least will exceed, tenfold, the merriment.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

The preceding article has reminded me of a subject by no means incurious to the lovers of literature. A large volume might be composed on literary impostors; their modes of deception, however, were frequently repetitions; particularly those at the restoration of letters, when there prevailed a mania for burying spurious antiquities, that they might afterwards be brought to light to confound their contemporaries. They even perplex us at the present day. More sinister forgeries have been performed by Scotchmen, of whom Archibald Bower, Lauder, and Macpherson, are well known.

Even harmless impostures by some unexpected accident have driven an unwary inquirer out of the course. George Steevens must again make his appearance for a memorable trick played on the antiquary Gough. This was the famous tombstone on which was engraved the drinking-horn of Hardyknute to indicate his last fatal carouse; for this royal Dane died drunk! To prevent any doubt, the name, in Saxon characters, was sufficiently legible. Steeped in pickle to hasten a precocious antiquity, it was then consigned to the corner of a broker's shop, where the antiquarian eye of Gough often pored on the venerable odds and ends; it perfectly succeeded on the 'Director of the Antiquarian Society.' He purchased the relic for a trifle, and dissertations of a due size were preparing for the *Archæologia*! Gough never forgave himself nor Steevens, for this flagrant act of ineptitude. On every occasion in the *Gentleman's Magazine* when compelled to notice this illustrious imposture, he always struck out his own name, and muffled himself up under his titular office of 'The Director.' Gough never knew that this 'modern antique' was only a piece of retaliation. In reviewing Masters's Life of Baker he found two heads, one scratched down from painted glass by George Steevens who would have passed it off for a portrait of one of our kings. Gough, on the watch to have a fling at George Steevens, attacked his graphic performance, and reprobated a portrait which had nothing human in it! Steevens vowed, that wretched as Gough deemed his pencil to be, it should make 'The Director' ashamed of his own eyes, and be fairly taken in by something scratched much worse. Such was the origin of his adoption of this fragment of a clumsy-slab, which I have seen, and with a better judge wondered at the injudicious antiquary, who could have been duped by the slight and ill-formed scratches, and even with a false spelling of the name, which however succeeded in being passed off as a genuine Saxon inscription: but he had counted on his man! The trick is not so original as it seems. One De Grassis had engraved on marble the epitaph of a mule, which he buried in his vineyard: sometime after, having ordered a new plantation on the spot, the diggers could not fail of discerning what lay ready for them. The inscription imported that one Publius Grassus had raised this monument to his mule! De Grassis gave it out as an odd coincidence of names, and a prophecy about his own mule! It was a simple joke! The marble was thrown by, and no more thought of. Several years after it rose into celebrity, for with the erudite it then passed for an ancient inscription, and the antiquary Porcarchi inserted the epitaph in his work on 'Burials.' Thus De Grassis and his mule, equally respectable, would have come down to posterity, had not the story by some means got wind! An incident of this nature is recorded in Portuguese history, contrived with the intention to keep

* I have since been informed that this famous invention was originally a flim-flam of a Mr Thomas White, a noted collector and dealer in antiquities. But it was Steevens, who placed it in the broker's shop, where he was certain of catching the antiquary. When the late Mr Pegge, a profound brother, was preparing to write a dissertation on it, the first inventor of the flim stepped forward to save any further tragical termination: the wicked wit had already succeeded too well!

† The stone may be found in the British Museum. HARDENVT is the reading on the Harthacnut stone; but the true orthography of the name is HARDALNVT.

Sylvanus Urban, my excellent and old friend, seems a trifle uncourteous on this grave occasion—He tells us, however, that 'The history of this wanton trick, with a fac-simile of Schnebbelie's drawing may be seen in his volume LX. p. 217. He says that this wicked contrivance of George Steevens was to entrap this famous draftsman! Does Sylvanus then deny that 'the Director' was not also 'entrapped?' And that he always struck out his own name in the proof-sheets of the *Magazine* substituting his official designation, by which the whole society itself seemed to screen 'the Director!'

up the national spirit, and diffuse hopes of the new enterprise of Vasco de Gama, who had just sailed on a voyage of discovery to the Indies. Three stones were discovered near Cintra, bearing in ancient characters, a Latin inscription; a sibylline oracle addressed prophetically 'To the inhabitants of the West!' stating that when these three stones shall be found, the Ganges, the Indus, and the Tagus should exchange their commodities! This was the pious fraud of a Portuguese poet, sanctioned by the approbation of the king. When the stones had lain a sufficient time in the damp earth, so as to become apparently antique, our poet invited a numerous party to dinner at his country-house; in the midst of the entertainment a peasant rushed in, announcing the sudden discovery of this treasure! The inscription was placed among the royal collections as a sacred curiosity! The prophecy was accomplished, and the oracle was long considered genuine!

In such cases no mischief resulted; the annals of mankind were not confused by spurious dynasties and fabulous chronologies; but when literary forgeries are published by those whose character hardly admits of a suspicion that they are themselves the impostors, the difficulty of assigning a motive only increases that of forming a decision; to adopt or to reject them may be equally dangerous.

In this class we must place Annus of Viterbo, who published a pretended collection of historians of the remotest antiquity, some of whose names had descended to us in the works of ancient writers, while their works themselves had been lost. Afterwards he subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority, by passages from unknown authors. These at first were eagerly accepted by the learned; the blunders of the presumed editor, one of which was his mistaking the right name of the historian he forged, were gradually detected till at length the imposture was apparent! The pretended originals were more remarkable for their number than their volume; for the whole collection does not exceed 171 pages, which lessened the difficulty of the forgery; while the commentaries, which were afterwards published, must have been manufactured at the same time as the text. In favour of Annus, the high rank he occupied at the Roman court, his irreproachable conduct, and his declaration that he had recovered some of these fragments at Mantua, and that others had come from Armenia, induced many to credit these pseudo-historians. A literary war soon kindled; Nicéron has discriminated between four parties engaged in this conflict. One party decried the whole of the collection as gross forgeries; another obstinately supported their authenticity; a third decided that they were forgeries before Annus possessed them, who was only credulous; while a fourth party considered them as partly authentic, and described their blunders to the interpolations of the editor, to increase their importance. Such as they were, they scattered confusion over the whole face of history. The false Berosius opens his history before the deluge, when, according to him, the Chaldeans through preceding ages had faithfully preserved their historical evidences! Annus hints, in his commentary, at the archives and public libraries of the Babylonians; at the days of Noah comparatively seemed modern history with this dreaming editor. Some of the fanciful writers of Italy were duped: Sansovino, to delight the Florentine nobility, accommodated them with a new title of antiquity in their ancestor Noah, *Imperatore e monarca della genti, visse e morì in quelle parti*. The Spaniards complained that in forging these fabulous origins of different nations, a new series of kings from the ark of Noah had been introduced by some of their rhodomontade historians to pollute the sources of their history. Bodin's otherwise valuable works are considerably injured by Annus's supposititious discoveries. One historian died of grief, for having raised his elaborate speculations on these fabulous originals; and their credit was at length so much reduced, that Pignoria and Maffei both announced to their readers that they had not referred in their works to the pretended writers of Annus! Yet, to the present hour, these presumed forgeries are not always given up. The problem remains unsolved—and the silence of the respectable Annus, in regard to the forgery, as well as what he affirmed when alive, leave us in doubt whether he really intended to laugh at the world by these fairy tales of the giants of antiquity. Sanchoniathon, as preserved by Eusebius, may be classed among these ancient writings, or forgeries, and has been equally rejected and defended.

Another literary forgery supposed to have been grafted on those of Annus, involved the Inghirami family. It was

by digging in their grounds that they discovered a number of Etruscan antiquities, consisting of inscriptions, and also fragments of a chronicle, pretended to have been composed sixty years before the vulgar era. The characters on the marbles were the ancient Etruscan, and the historical work tended to confirm the pretended discoveries of Annus. They were collected and enshrined in a magnificent folio by Curtius Inghirami, who, a few years after, published a quarto volume exceeding one thousand pages to support their authenticity. Notwithstanding the erudition of the forger, these monuments of antiquity betrayed their modern condiment. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters; it was more difficult to defend the small italic letters, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides that there were dots on the letter i, a custom not practised till the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Breviary; but Inghirami discovered that there had been an intercourse between the Etruscans and the Hebrews, and that David had imitated the writings of Noah and his descendants! Of Noah the chronicle details speeches and anecdotes!

The Romans, who have preserved so much of the Etruscans, had not, however, noticed a single fact recorded in these Etruscan antiquities. Inghirami replied, that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of the Etrurian augurs, who alone was permitted to draw his materials from the archives, and who, it would seem, was the only scribe who has favoured posterity with so much secret history. It was urged in favour of the authenticity of these Etruscan monuments, that Inghirami was so young an antiquary at the time of the discovery, that he could not even explain them; and that when fresh researches were made on the spot, other similar monuments were also disinterred, where evidently they had long lain; the whole affair, however contrived, was confined to the Inghirami family. One of them, half a century before, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and to him is ascribed the honour of the forgeries which he buried where he was sure they would be found. This, however, is a mere conjecture! Inghirami, who published and defended their authenticity, was not concerned in their fabrication; the design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Volaterra, the family estate of the Inghirami; and for this purpose one of its learned branches had bequeathed his posterity a collection of spurious historical monuments, which tended to overturn all received ideas on the first ages of history.*

It was probably such impostures, and those of the *false decretals of Isidore*, which were forged for the maintenance of the papal supremacy, and for eight hundred years formed the fundamental basis, of the canon law, the discipline of the church, and even the faith of Christianity, which led to the monstrous pyrrhonism of father Hardouin, who, with immense erudition, had persuaded himself, that, excepting the Bible and Homer, Herodotus, Plautus, Pliny the elder, with fragments of Cicero, Virgil, and Horace, all with remains of classical literature were forgeries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries! In two dissertations he imagined that he had proved that the *Æneid* was not written by Virgil, nor the Odes of Horace by that poet. Hardouin was one of those wrong-headed men, who once having fallen into a delusion, whatever afterwards occurs to them on their favourite subject only tends to strengthen it. He died in his own faith! He seems not to have been aware, that by ascribing such prodigal inventions as Plutarch, Thucydides, Livy, Tacitus, and other historians, to the men he did, he was raising up an unparalleled age of learning and genius when monks could only write meagre chronicles, while learning and genius themselves lay in an enchanted slumber with a suspension of all their vital powers.

There are numerous instances of the forgeries of small or documents. The Prayer-Book of Columbus presented to him by the Pope, which the great discoverer of a new world bequeathed to the Genoese republic, has a codicil in his own writing as one of the leaves testifies, but as volumes composed against its authenticity deny. The famous description in Petrarch's Virgil, so often quoted, of his first rencontre with Laura in the church of St Clair on a Good

* The volume of these pretended Antiquities is entitled *Etruscarum Antiquitatum fragmenta*. 8v. Franc. 1637. That which Inghirami published to defend their authenticity is in Italian. *Discorso sopra opposizioni fatte all' Antichità Toscana &c.* Firenze, 1645.

Friday, 6 April, 1327, it has been recently attempted to be shown is a forgery. By calculation, it appears that the 6 April, 1327, fell on a Monday! The Good Friday seems to have been a blunder of the manufacturer of the note. He was entrapped by reading the second sonnet, as it appears in the printed editions!

Era il giorno ch' al sol si scolorano
Per la pietà del suo fattore i rai.

'It was on the day when the rays of the sun were obscured by compassion for his Maker.' The forger imagined this description alluded to Good Friday and the eclipse at the Crucifixion. But how stands the passage in the MS. in the imperial library of Vienna, which Abbé Costain has found?

Era il giorno ch' al sol si colora rano
Per la pietà da suo fattore, ai rai
Quand lo fu preso; e non mi guardai
Che ben vostri occhi dentro mi legaro.

'It was on the day that I was captivated, devotion for its Maker appeared in the rays of a brilliant sun, and I did not well consider that it was your eyes that enchained me.'

The first meeting, according to the Abbé Costain, was not in a church, but in a meadow—as appears by the 91st sonnet. The Laura of Sade, was not the Laura of Petrarch; but Laura de Baux, unmarried, and who died young, residing in the vicinity of Vaucluse. Petrarch had often viewed her from his own window, and often enjoyed her society amidst her family.* If the Abbé Costain's discovery be confirmed, the good name of Petrarch is freed from the idle romantic passion for a married woman. It would be curious if the famous story of the first meeting with Laura in the church of St Clare originated in the blunder of the forger's misconception of a passage which was incorrectly printed, as appears by existing manuscripts!

Literary forgeries have been introduced into bibliography; dates have been altered; fictitious titles affixed; and books have been reprinted, either to leave out, or to interpolate whole passages! I forbear entering minutely into this part of the history of literary forgery, for this article has already grown voluminous. When we discover, however, that one of the most magnificent of amateurs, and one of the most critical of bibliographers, were concerned in a forgery of this nature, it may be useful to spread an alarm among collectors. The duke de la Vallière, and the Abbé de St Leger, once concerted together to supply the eager purchaser of literary rarities with a copy of *De Tribus Impostoribus*, a book, by the date, pretended to have been printed in 1598, though, probably, a modern forgery of 1698. The title of such a work had long existed by rumour, but never was a copy seen by man! Works printed with this title have all been proved to be modern fabrications. A copy, however, of the *introwvable* original was sold at the Duke de la Vallière's sale! The history of this volume is curious. The Duke and the abbé having manufactured a text, had it printed in the old Gothic character, under the title *De Tribus Impostoribus*. They proposed to put the great bibliopoliſt, De Bure, in good humour, whose agency would sanction the imposture. They were afterwards to dole out copies at twenty-five louis each, which would have been a reasonable price for a book which no one ever saw! They invited De Bure to dinner, flattered and cajoled him, and, as they imagined, at a moment they had wound him up to their pitch, they exhibited their manufacture; the keen eyed-glance of the renowned cataloguer of the 'Bibliographic Instructive' instantly shot like lightning over it, and, like lightning destroyed the whole edition. He not only discovered the forgery, but reprobated it! He refused his sanction; and the forging duke and abbé, in confusion, suppressed the *livre introwvable*; but they owed a grudge to the honest bibliographer, and attempted to write down the work whence the de Bures derive their fame.

Among the extraordinary literary impostors of our age,

* I draw this information from a little 'new year's gift,' which my learned friend, the Rev. S. Weston, presented to his friends in 1822, entitled, 'A visit to Vaucluse,' accompanied by a Supplement.' He derives his account apparently from a curious publication of L'Abbé Costain de Pusigner d'Avignon, which I with other inquirers have not been able to procure, but which it is absolutely necessary to examine, before we can decide on the very curious but unsatisfactory accounts we have hitherto possessed of the Laura of Petrarch.

if we except Lauder, who, detected by the Ithuriel pen of Bishop Douglas, lived to make his public recantation of his audacious forgeries, and Chatterton, who has buried his inexplicable story in his own grave; a tale, which seems but half told; we must place a man well known in the literary world under the assumed name of George Psalmanazar. He composed his autobiography as the penance of contrition, not to be published till he was no more, when all human motives had ceased which might cause his veracity to be suspected. The life is tedious; but I have curiously traced the progress of the mind in an ingenious imposture, which is worth preservation. The present literary forgery consisted of personating a converted islander of Formosa; a place then little known, but by the reports of the Jesuits, and constructing a language and history of a new people, and a new religion, entirely of his own invention! This man was evidently a native of the south of France; educated in some provincial college of the Jesuits, where he had heard much of their discoveries of Japan; he had looked over their maps, and listened to their comments. He forgot the manner in which the Japanese wrote; but supposed, like orientlists, they wrote from the right to the left, which he found difficult to manage. He set about excogitating an alphabet; but actually forgot to give names to his letters, which afterwards baffled him before literary men.

He fell into gross blunders; having inadvertently affirmed that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually, he persisted in not lessening the number. It was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island, without occasioning a depopulation. He had made it a principle in this imposture never to vary when he had once said a thing. All this was projected in haste, fearful of detection by those about him.

He was himself surprised at his facility of invention, and the progress of his forgery. He had formed an alphabet, a considerable portion of a new language, a grammar, a new division of the year into twenty months, and a new religion! He had accustomed himself to write his language; but being an inexperienced writer with the unusual way of writing backwards, he found this so difficult, that he was compelled to change the complicated forms of some of his letters. He now finally quitted his home, assuming the character of a Formosan convert, who had been educated by the Jesuits. He was then in his fifteenth or sixteenth year. To support his new character, he practised some religious mummeries; he was seen worshipping the rising and setting sun. He made a prayer-book, with rude drawings of the sun, moon, and stars, to which he added some gibberish prose and verse, written in his invented character, muttering or chanting it, as the humour took him. His custom of eating raw flesh seemed to assist his deception more than the sun and moon.

In a garrison at Sluys he found a Scotch regiment in the Dutch pay; the commander had the curiosity to invite our Formosan to confer with Innes, the chaplain of the regiment. This Innes was probably the chief cause of the imposture being carried to the extent it afterwards reached. Innes was a clergyman, but a disgrace to his cloth. As soon as he fixed his eye on our Formosan, he hit on a project; it was nothing less than to make Psalmanazar the ladder of his own ambition, and the stepping-place for him to climb up to a good living! Innes was a worthless character; as afterwards appeared, when by an audacious imposition, Innes practised on the Bishop of London, he avowed himself to be the author of an anonymous work, entitled 'A modest Inquiry after Moral Virtue;' for this he obtained a good living in Essex; the real author, a poor Scotch clergyman, obliged him afterwards to disclaim the work in print, and to pay him the profit of the edition which Innes had made! He lost his character, and retired to the solitude of his living; if not penitent, at least mortified.

Such a character was exactly adapted to become the foster-father of imposture. Innes courted the Formosans, and easily won on the adventurer, who had hitherto in vain sought for a patron. Meanwhile no time was lost by Innes to inform the unsuspecting and generous Bishop of London of the prize he possessed—to convert the Formosan was his ostensible pretext; to procure preferment his concealed motive. It is curious enough to observe, that the ardour of conversion died away in Innes, and the most marked neglect of his convert prevailed, while the answer of the bishop was protracted or doubtful. He had at first proposed to our Formosan impostor to procure his dis-

charge, and convey him to England; this was eagerly consented to by our pliant adventurer. A few Dutch schellings, and fair words, kept him in good humour; but no letter coming from the bishop, there were fewer words, and not a stiver! This threw a new light over the character of Innes; Innes grew jealous lest they should pluck the bird which he had already in his net. He resolved to baptize the impostor—which only the more convinced Psalmanazaar that Innes was one himself; for before this time Innes had practised a stratagem on him, which had clearly shown what sort of a man his Formosan was.

The stratagem was this: he made him translate a passage in Cicero, of some length, into his pretended language, and give it him in writing; this was easily done, by Psalmanazaar's facility of inventing characters. After Innes had made him construe it, he desired to have another version of it on another paper. The proposal, and the arch manner of making it, threw our impostor into the most visible confusion. He had had but a short time to invent the first paper, less to recollect it; so that in the second transcript not above half the words were to be found which existed in the first. Innes assumed a solemn air, and Psalmanazaar was on the point of throwing himself on his mercy, but Innes did not wish to unmask the impostor; he was rather desirous of fitting the mask closer to his face. Psalmanazaar, in this hard trial, had given evidence of uncommon facility, combined with a singular memory. Innes cleared his brow, smiled with a friendly look, and only hinted in a distant manner, that he ought to be careful to be better provided for the future! An advice which Psalmanazaar afterwards bore in mind, and at length produced the forgery of an entire new language; and which, he remarkably observes, 'by what I have tried since I came into England, I cannot say but I could have compassed it with less difficulty than can be conceived had I applied closely to it.' When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, which was submitted to the judgment of the first scholars, it appeared to them grammatical, and was pronounced to be a real language, from the circumstance that it resembled no other! and they could not conceive that a stripling could be the inventor of a language. If the reader is curious to examine this extraordinary imposture, I refer him to that literary curiosity, 'An historical and geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanazaar, a Native of the said Isle,' 1704; with numerous plates, wretched inventions! of their dress! religious ceremonies! their tabernacle and altars to the sun, the moon, and the ten stars! their architecture! the viceroy's castle! a temple! a city house! a countryman's house! and the Formosan alphabet! In his conferences before the Royal Society with a Jesuit just returned from China, the Jesuit had certain strong suspicions that our hero was an impostor. The good father remained obstinate in his own conviction, but could not satisfactorily communicate it to others; and Psalmanazaar, after politely asking pardon for the expression, complains of the Jesuit that 'he *lied most impudently, mentitur impudentissime!*' Dr Mead absurdly insisted Psalmanazaar was a Dutchman or a German; some thought him a Jesuit in disguise, a tool of the non-jurors; the catholics thought him bribed by the protestants to expose their church; the presbyterians that he was paid to explode their doctrine, and cry up episcopacy! This fabulous history of Formosa seems to have been projected by his artful prompter Innes, who put Varenus into Psalmanazaar's hands to assist him; trumpeted forth in the domestic and foreign papers on account of this converted Formosan; maddened the booksellers to hurry the author, who was scarcely allowed two months to produce this extraordinary volume: and as the former accounts which the public possessed of this island were full of monstrous absurdities and contradictions, these assisted the present imposture. Our forger resolved not to describe new and surprising things as they had done, but rather studied to clash with them, probably that he might have an opportunity of pretending to correct them. The first edition was immediately sold; the world was more divided than ever in opinion: in a second edition he prefixed a vindication!—the unhappy forger got about twenty guineas for an imposture, whose delusions spread far and wide! Some years afterwards Psalmanazaar was en-

gaged in a minor imposture; one man had persuaded him to father a white composition called the *Formosan Japan!* which was to be sold at a high price! It was curious for its whiteness, but it had its faults. The project failed, and Psalmanazaar considered the miscarriage of the *white Formosan Japan* as a providential warning to repent of all his impostures of Formosa!

Among these literary forgeries may be classed several ingenious ones fabricated for a political purpose. We had certainly numerous ones during our civil wars in the reign of Charles I. This is not the place to continue the controversy respecting the mysterious *Eikon Basilike*, which has been ranked among them, from the ambiguous claim of Gauden. A recent writer who would probably incline not to leave the monarch were he living, not only his head but the little fame he might obtain by the 'Verses' said to be written by him at Carisbrooke Castle, would deprive him also of these. Henderson's death-bed recantation is also reckoned among them; and we have a large collection of 'Letters of Sir Henry Martin to his Lady of Delight,' which were certainly the satirical effusions of a wit of that day, but by the price they have obtained, are probably considered as genuine ones, and exhibit an amusing picture of his loose rambling life. There is a ludicrous speech of the strange Earl of Pembroke, which was forged by the inimitable Butler, and Sir John Firkenshead, a great humorist and wit, had a busy pen in these spurious letters and speeches.

OF LITERARY FILCHERS.

An honest historian at times will have to inflict severe strokes on his favourites. This has fallen to my lot, for in the course of my researches, I have to record that we have both forgers and purloiners, as well as other more obvious impostors, in the republic of letters! The present article descends to relate anecdotes of some contrivances to possess our literary curiosities by other means than by purchase; and the only apology which can be alleged for the *splendida peccata*, as St Austin calls the virtues of the heathens, of the present innocent criminals, is their excessive passion for literature, and otherwise the respectability of their names. According to Grose's 'Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue,' we have had celebrated collectors, both in the learned and vulgar idioms. But one of them, who had some reasons too to be tender on this point, distinguishes this mode of completing his collections, not by *book-stealing*, but by *book-coining*. On some occasions, in mercy, we must allow of softening names. Were not the Spartans allowed to steal from one another, and the bunglers only punished?

It is said that Pinelli made occasional additions to his literary treasures sometimes by his skill in an art which lay much more in the hand than in the head: however, as Pinelli never stirred out of his native city but once in his lifetime, when the plague drove him from home, his field of action was so restricted, that we can hardly conclude that he could have been so great an enterpriser in this way. No one can have lost their character by this sort of exercise in a confined circle, and be allowed to prosper! A light-fingered Mercury would hardly haunt the same spot: however, this is, as it may be! It is probable that we owe to this species of accumulation many precious manuscripts in the Cottonian collection. It appears by the manuscript note-book of Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief-justice of the king's bench from the second to the seventh year of Charles the First, that Sir Robert Cotton had in his library, records, evidences, ledger-books, original letters, and other state-papers, belonging to the king; for the attorney-general of that time, to prove this, showed a copy of the *pardon* which Sir Robert had obtained from King James for *embezzling records*, &c.*

Gough has more than insinuated that Rawlinson and his friend Umfreville 'he under very strong suspicions'; and he asserts that the collector of the Wilton treasures made as free as Dr Willis with his friend's coins. But he has also put forth a declaration relating to Bishop More, the famous collector, that 'the bishop collected his library by *plundering* those of the clergy in his diocese; some he paid with sermons or more modern books; others, less civilly, only with a *quad illiterati cum libris?*' This *plundering* then consisted rather of *cajoling* others out of what they knew not how to value; and this is an advantage which every skilful lover of books must enjoy over those

* Lansdowne MS. 886, in the former printed catalogue, Art. 79.

whose apprenticeship has not expired. I have myself been plundered by a very dear friend of some such literary curiosities, in the days of my innocence and of his precocity of knowledge. However, it does appear that Bishop More did actually lay violent hands in a snug corner on some irresistible little charmer; which we gather from a precaution adopted by a friend of the bishop, who one day was found busy in *hiding his rarest books*, and locking up as many as he could. On being asked the reason of this odd occupation, the bibliopoliſt ingenuouſly replied, 'the Bishop of Ely dines with me to-day.' This fact is quite clear, and here is another as indisputable. Sir Robert Saville writing to Sir Robert Cotton, appointing an interview with the founder of the Bodleian Library, cautions Sir Robert, that 'If he held any book so dear as that he would be loath to lose it, he should not let Sir Thomas out of his sight, but set "the book" aside before hand.' A surprise and detection of this nature has been revealed in a piece of secret history by Amelot de la Houssaie, which terminated in very important political consequences. He assures us that the personal dislike which Pope Innocent X. bore to the French had originated in his youth, when cardinal, from having been detected in the library of an eminent French collector, of having purloined a most rare volume. The delirium of a collector's rage overcame even French politesse; the Frenchman not only openly accused his illustrious culprit, but was resolved that he should not quit the library without replacing the precious volume—from accusation and denial both resolved to try their strength; but in this literary wrestling-match the book dropped out of the cardinal's robes!—and from that day he hated the French—at least their more curious collectors!

Even an author on his dying-bed, at those awful moments, should a collector be by his side, may not be considered secure from his too curious hands. Sir William Dugdale possessed the minutes of King James's life, written by Camden, till within a fortnight of his death; as also Camden's own life, which he had from Hacket, the author of the *ſilio* life of Bishop Williams; who, adds Aubrey, 'did *ſteal* it from Mr Camden, as he lay a dying!' He afterwards corrects his information, by the name of Dr Thorndyke, which, however, equally answers our purpose, to prove that even dying authors may dread such collectors!

The medallists have, I suspect, been more predatory than these substractors of our literary treasures: not only from the facility of their conveyance, but from a peculiar contrivance which of all those things which admit of being secretly purloined, can only be practised in this department—for they can steal and no human hand can search them with any possibility of detection—they can pick a cabinet and swallow the curious things, and transport them with perfect safety, to be digested at their leisure. An adventure of this kind happened to Baron Stoeck, the famous antiquary. It was in looking over the gems of the royal cabinet of medals, that the keeper perceived the loss of one; his place, his pension, and his reputation were at stake; and he insisted that Baron Stoeck should be most minutely examined: in this dilemma, forced to confession, this erudite collector assured the keeper of the royal cabinet, that the strictest search would not avail: 'Alas, sir! I have it here within,' he said, pointing to his breast—an emetic was suggested by the learned practitioner himself, probably from some former experiment. This was not the first time that such a natural cabinet had been invented; the antiquary Vaillant, when attacked at sea by an Algerine, zealously swallowed a whole series of Syrian kings; when he landed at Lyons, groaning with his concealed treasure, he hastened to his friend, his physician, and his brother antiquary Dufour,—who at first was only anxious to inquire of his patient, whether the medals were of the higher empire? Vaillant showed two or three, of which nature had kindly relieved him. A collection of medals was left to the city of Exeter, and the donor accompanied the bequest by a clause in his will, that should a certain antiquary, his old friend and rival, be desirous of examining the coins, he should be watched by two persons, one on each side. La Croze informs us in his life, that the learned Charles Patin, who has written a work on medals, was one of the present race of collectors; Patin offered the curators of the public library at Basle to draw up a catalogue of the cabinet of Amerback there preserved, containing a good number of medals; but they would have been more numerous, had the catalogue-writer not

diminished both them and his labour, by sequestering some of the most rare, which was not discovered till this plunderer of antiquity was far out of their reach.

When Gough touched on this odd subject in the first edition of his 'British Topography,' 'An Academic' in the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1772, insinuated that this charge of literary pilfering was only a jocular one; on which Gough, in his second edition, observed that this was not the case, and that 'one might punt out enough *light-fingered antiquaries* in the present age, to render such a charge extremely probable against earlier ones.' The most extraordinary part of this slight history is, that our public denouncer sometime after proved himself to be one of these 'light-fingered antiquaries;' the deed itself, however, was more singular than disgraceful. At the disinterment of the remains of Edward the First, around which, thirty years ago, assembled our most erudite antiquaries, Gough was observed, as Stevens used to relate, in a wrapping great coat of unusual dimensions; that witty and malicious 'Puck,' so capable himself of inventing mischief, easily suspected others, and divided his glance as much as the living piece of antiquity, as on the elder. In the act of closing up the relics of royalty, there was found wanting an entire fore-finger of Edward the first; and as the body was perfect when opened, a murmur of dissatisfaction was spreading, when 'Puck' directed their attention to the great antiquary in the watchman's great coat—from whence too surely was extracted Edward the First's great fore-finger!—so that 'the light-fingered antiquary' was recognized ten years after he had denounced the race, when he came to 'try his hand.'⁴

OF LORD BACON AT HOME.

The history of Lord Bacon would be that of the intellectual faculties, and a theme so worthy of the philosophical biographer remains yet to be written. The personal narrative of this master-genius or inventor most for ever be separated from the *scala intellectus* he was perpetually ascending: and the domestic history of this creative mind must be consigned to the most humiliating chapter in the volume of human life: a chapter already sufficiently enlarged, and which has irrefutably proved how the greatest minds are not freed from the infirmities of the most vulgar.

The parent of our philosophy is now to be considered in a new light one which others do not appear to have observed. My researches into contemporary notices of Bacon have often convinced me that his philosophical works, in his own days and among his own countrymen, were not only not comprehended, but often ridiculed, and sometimes reprobated; that they were the occasion of many slights and mortifications which this depreciated man endured; but that from a very early period in his life, to that last record of his feelings which appears in his will, this 'servant of posterity,' as he prophetically called himself, sustained his mighty spirit with the confidence of his own posthumous greatness. Bacon cast his views through the maturity of ages, and perhaps amidst the scepticisms and the rejectors of his plans, may have felt at times all that idolatry of fame, which has now consecrated his philosophical works.

At college, Bacon discovered how 'that scrap of Grecian knowledge, the peripatetic philosophy,' and the scholastic babble, could not serve the ends and purposes of knowledge; that syllogisms were not things, and that a new logic might teach us to invent and judge by induction. He found that theories were to be built upon experiments. When a young man, abroad, he began to make those observations on Nature, which afterwards led on to the four-

* It is probable that this story of Gough's pocketing the fore-finger of Edward the First, was one of the malicious inventions of George Stevens, after he discovered that the antiquary was among the few admitted to the untombing of the royal corpse: Stevens himself was not there! Sylvanus Urban who must know much more than he cares to record of 'Puck,'—has, however, given the following 'secret history' of what he calls 'ungentlemanly and unwarrantable attacks' on Gough, by Stevens. It seems that Stevens was a collector of the works of Hogarth, and while engaged in forming his collection, wrote an abrupt letter to Gough, to obtain from him some early impressions, by purchase or exchange. Gough resented the manner of his address by a rough refusal, for it is admitted to have been 'a peremptory one.' Thus arose the implacable vengeance of Stevens, who used to boast that all the mischievous tricks he played on the grave antiquary, who was rarely over-kind to any one, was but a pleasant kind of revenge!

dations of the new philosophy. At sixteen, he philosophised; at twenty-six, he had framed his system into some form; and after forty years of continued labours, unfinished to his last hour, he left behind him sufficient to found the great philosophical reformation.

On his entrance into active life, study was not however his prime object. With his fortune to make, his court connexions and his father's example opened a path for ambition. He chose the practice of common law as his means, while his inclinations were looking upwards to political affairs as his end. A passion for study however had strongly marked him; he had read much more than was required in his professional character, and this circumstance excited the mean jealousies of the minister Cecil, and the attorney-general Coke. Both were mere practical men of business, whose narrow conceptions and whose stubborn habits assume, that whenever a man acquires much knowledge foreign to his profession, he will know less of professional knowledge than he ought. These men of strong minds, yet limited capacities, hold in contempt all studies alien to their habits.

Bacon early aspired to the situation of solicitor-general; the court of Elizabeth was divided into factions; Bacon adopted the interests of the generous Essex, which were inimical to the party of Cecil. The queen, from his boyhood, was delighted by conversing with her 'young lord-keeper,' as she early distinguished the precocious gravity and the ingenious turn of mind of the future philosopher. It was unquestionably to attract her favour, that Bacon presented to the queen his *Maxims and Elements of the Common Law*, not published till after his death. Elizabeth suffered her minister to form her opinions on the legal character of Bacon. It was alleged that Bacon was addicted to more general pursuits than law, and the miscellaneous books which he was known to have read formed the accusation. This was urged as a reason why the post of solicitor-general should not be conferred on a man of speculation, more likely to distract than to direct her affairs. Elizabeth, in the height of that political prudence which marked her character, was awayed by the vulgar notion of Cecil, and believed that Bacon, who afterwards filled the situation both of solicitor-general and lord chancellor, was 'A man rather of show than of depth.' We have been recently told by a great lawyer, that 'Bacon was a master.'

On the accession of James the First, when Bacon still found the same party obstructing his political advancement, he appears, in some momentary fit of disgust, to have meditated on a retreat into a foreign country; a circumstance which has happened to several of our men of genius, during a fever of solitary indignation. He was for some time thrown out of the sunshine of life, but he found its shade more fitted for contemplation; and, unquestionably, philosophy was benefited by his solitude at Gray's Inn. His hand was always on his work, and better thoughts will find an easy entrance into the mind of those who feed on their thoughts, and live amidst their reveries. In a letter on this occasion, he writes, 'My ambition now I shall only put upon my pen, whereby I shall be able to maintain memory and merit, of the times succeeding.' And many years after when he had finally quitted public life, he told the king, 'I would live to study, and not study to live: yet I am prepared for *dote obolum* Bellicario; and I that have borne a bag, can bear a wallet.'

Ever were the *times succeeding* in his mind. In that delightful Latin letter to Father Fulgentio, where, with the simplicity of true grandeur, he takes a view of all his works, and in which he describes himself as 'one who served posterity,' in communicating his past and his future designs, he adds, that 'they require some ages for the ripening of them.' There, while he despairs of finishing what was intended for the sixth part of his *Instauration*, how nobly he despairs! 'Of the perfecting this I have cast away all hopes; but in future ages, perhaps, the design may bud again.' And he concludes by avowing, that the zeal and constancy of his mind in the great design, after so many years, had never become cold and indifferent. He remembers how, forty years ago, he had composed a juvenile work about those things, which, with confidence, but with too pompous a title, he had called *Temporis Partus Maximus*; the great birth of time! Besides the public dedication of his *Novum Organum* to James the First, he accompanied it with a private letter. He wishes the king's favour to the work, which he accounts as much

as a hundred years time; for he adds, 'I am persuaded the work will gain upon men's minds in *ages*.'

In his last will appears his remarkable legacy of fame. 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own countrymen after some time be passed over.' Time seemed always personated in the imagination of our philosopher, and with time he wrestled with a consciousness of triumph.

I shall now bring forward sufficient evidence to prove how little Bacon was understood, and how much he was even despised, in his philosophical character.

In those prescient views by which the genius of Verulam has often anticipated the institutions and the discoveries of succeeding times, there was one important object which even his foresight does not appear to have contemplated. Lord Bacon did not foresee that the English language would one day be capable of embalming all that philosophy can discover, or poetry can invent; that his country should at length possess a national literature of its own, and that it should exult in classical compositions which might be appreciated with the finest models of antiquity. His taste was far unequal to his invention. So little he esteemed the language of his country, that his favourite works are composed in Latin; and he was anxious to have what he had written in English preserved in that 'universal language which may last as long as books last.' It would have surprised Bacon to have been told, that the most learned men in Europe have studied English authors to learn to think and to write. Our philosopher was surely somewhat mortified, when in his dedication of the *Essays* he observed, that 'of all my other works my *Essays* have been most current; for that as it seems, they come home to men's business and bosoms.' It is too much to hope to find in a vast and profound inventor a writer also who bestows immortality on his language. The English language is the only object in his great survey of art and of nature, which owes nothing of its excellence to the genius of Bacon.

He had reason indeed to be mortified at the reception of his philosophical works; and Dr Rawley, even some years after the death of his illustrious master, had occasion to observe, that 'His fame is greater and sounds louder in foreign parts abroad than at home in his own nation; thereby verifying that divine sentence, a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house.' Even the men of genius, who ought to have comprehended this new source of knowledge thus opened to them, reluctantly entered into it; so repugnant are we suddenly to give up ancient errors which time and habit have made apart of ourselves. Harvey, who himself experienced the sluggish obstinacy of the learned, which repelled a great but a novel discovery, could however in his turn deride the amazing novelty of Bacon's *Novum Organum*. Harvey said to Aubrey, that 'Bacon was no great philosopher; he writes philosophy like a lord chancellor.' It has been suggested to me that Bacon's philosophical writings have been much over-rated. His experimental philosophy from the era in which they were produced must be necessarily defective; the time he gave to them could only have been had at spare hours; but like the great prophet on the mount, Bacon was doomed to view the land afar, which he himself could never enter.

Bacon found but small encouragement for his new learning among the most eminent scholars, to whom he submitted his early discoveries. A very copious letter by Sir Thomas Bodley on Bacon's desiring him to return the manuscript of *Cogitata et Visa*, some portion of the *Novum Organum* has come down to us; it is replete with objections to the new philosophy. 'I am one of that crew,' says Sir Thomas, 'that say we possess a far greater holdfast of certainty in the sciences than you will seem to acknowledge. He gives a hint too that Solomon complained 'of the infinite making of books in his time;' that all Bacon delivers is only 'by averment without other force of argument, to disclaim all our axioms, maxims, &c, left by tradition from our elders unto us, which have passed all probations of the sharpest wits that ever were;' and he concludes, that the end of all Bacon's philosophy, by 'a fresh creating new principles of sciences, would be to be dispossessed of the learning we have;' and he fears that it would require as many ages as have marched before us that knowledge should be perfectly achieved. Bodley truly compares himself to 'the carrier's horse which cannot plough the beaten way in which I was trained.'

Bacon did not lose heart by the timidity of 'the carrier's horse': a smart vivacious note in return shows his quick apprehension.

'As I am going to my house in the country, I shall want my papers, which I beg you therefore to return. You are slothful, and you help me nothing, so that I am half in conceit you affect not the argument; for myself I know well you love and affect. I can say no more, but *non canimus surdis, respondere omnia syllas*. If you be not of the lodgings chalked up, whereof I speak in my preface, I am but to pass by your door. But if I had you a fortnight at Gorbambury, I would make you tell another tale; or else I would add a cogitation against libraries, and be revenged on you that way.'

A keen but playful retort of a great author too conscious of his own views to be angry with his critic! The lodgings chalked up is some sarcasm which we must supply from our own conception; but the threatened cogitation against libraries must have caused Bodley's cheek to tingle.

Let us now turn from the scholastic to the men of the world, and we shall see what sort of notion these critics entertained of the philosophy of Bacon. Chamberlain writes, 'This week the lord chancellor hath set forth his new work called *Instauratio Magna*, or a kind of *Novum Organum* of all philosophy. In sending it to the king, he wrote that he wished his majesty might be so long in reading it as he hath been in composing and polishing it, which is well near thirty years. I have read no more than the bare title, and am not greatly encouraged by Mr Cuffe's judgment,* who having long since perused it, gave this censure, that a fool could not have written such a work, and a wise man would not.' A month or two afterwards we find that 'The king cannot forbear sometimes in reading the lord chancellor's last book to say, that it is like the *peace of God, that surpasseth all understanding*.'

Two years afterwards the same letter-writer proceeds with another literary paragraph about Bacon. 'This lord busies himself altogether about books, and hath set out two lately, *Historia Ventorum*, and *de Vita et Morte*, with promise of more. I have yet seen neither of them, because I have not leisure: but if the life of Henry the Eighth (the Seventh), which they say he is about, might come out after his own manner (meaning his Moral Essays), I should find time and means enough to read it.' When this history made its appearance, the same writer observes, 'My Lord Verulam's history of Henry the Seventh is come forth; I have not read much of it, but they say it is a very pretty book.'†

Bacon, in his vast survey of human knowledge, included even its humbler provinces, and condescended to form a collection of apophthegms: his lordship regretted the loss of a collection made by Julius Caesar, while Plutarch indiscriminately drew much of the dregs. The wits, who could not always comprehend his plans, ridiculed the sage. I shall now quote a contemporary poet, whose works, for by their size they may assume that distinction, were never published. A Dr Andrews wasted a sportive pen on fugitive events; but though not always deficient in humour and wit, such is the freedom of his writings, that they will not often admit a quotation. The following is indeed but a strange pun on Bacon's title, derived from the town of St Alban's and his collection of apophthegms;

ON LORD BACON PUBLISHING APOPTHEGMS.

When learned Bacon wrote essays,
He did deserve and hath the praise;
But now he writes his *apophthegms*
Surely he doses or he dreams;
One said, *St Alban* now is grown unable,
And is in the high-road-way—to *Dunstable*. [i. e. *Dunce-table*.]

To the close of his days were Lord Bacon's philosophical pursuits still disregarded and depreciated by ignorance and envy, in the forms of friendship or rivalry. I shall now give a remarkable example. Sir Edward Coke was a mere great lawyer, and like all such, had a mind so walled in by law-knowledge, that in its bounded views it shut out the horizon of the intellectual faculties, and the whole of

* Henry Cuffe, secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, and executed, being concerned in his treason. A man noted for his classical acquirements and his genius, who perished early in life.

† Chamberlain adds the price of this moderate sized folio, which was six shillings.

his philosophy lay in the statutes. In the library at Holham there must be found a presentation copy of Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, the *Instauratio Magna*, 1620. It was given to Coke, for it bears the following note on the title-page in the writing of Coke:

Edw. Coke, *Ex dono authoris.*

Auctori consilium

Instaurare parat veterum documenta saphorum
Instaura leges, justitiamque prius.

The verses not only reprove Bacon for going out of his profession, but must have alluded to his character as a prerogative lawyer, and his corrupt administration of the chancery. The book was published in October, 1620, a few months before the impeachment. And so far one may easily excuse the causticity of Coke; but how he really valued the philosophy of Bacon appears by this: in this first edition there is a device of a ship passing between Hercules's pillars; the *plus ultra*, the proud exaltation of our philosopher. Over this device Coke has written a miserable distich in English, which marks his utter contempt of the philosophical pursuits of his illustrious rival. This ship passing beyond the columns of Hercules he sarcastically conceals as 'The Ship of Fools,' the famous satire of the German Sebastian Brandt, translated by Alexander Barclay:

It deserveth not to be read in schools,

But to be freighted in the Ship of Fools.

Such then was the fate of Lord Bacon; a history not written by his biographers, but which may serve as a comment on that obscure passage dropped from the pen of his chaplain, and already quoted, that he was more valued abroad than at home.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is an extraordinary circumstance in our history, that the succession to the English dominion, in two remarkable cases, was never settled by the possessors of the throne themselves during their lifetime; and that there is every reason to believe this mighty transfer of three kingdoms became the sole act of their ministers, who considered the succession merely as a state expedient. Two of our most able sovereigns found themselves in this predicament; Queen Elizabeth, and the Protector Cromwell! Cromwell probably had his reasons not to name his successor; his positive election would have dissatisfied the opposite parties of his government, whom he only ruled while he was able to cajole them. He must have been aware that latterly he had need of conciliating all parties to his usurpation, and was probably as doubtful on his death-bed whom to appoint his successor, as at any other period of his reign. Ludlow suspects that Cromwell was 'so discomposed in body or mind, that he could not attend to that matter; and whether he named any one is to me uncertain.' All that we know is the report of the Secretary Thurlow and his chaplains, who, when the protector lay in his last agonies, suggested to him the propriety of choosing his eldest son, and they tell us that he agreed to this choice. Had Cromwell been in his senses, he would have probably fixed on *Henry*, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, rather than on *Richard*, or possibly had not chosen either of his sons!

Elizabeth, from womanish infirmity, or from state-reasons, could not endure the thoughts of her successor; and long threw into jeopardy the politics of all the cabinets of Europe, each of which had its favourite candidate to support. The legitimate heir to the throne of England was to be the creature of her breath, yet Elizabeth would not speak him into existence! This had, however, often raised the discontents of the nation, and we shall see how it harassed the queen in her dying hours. It is even suspected that the queen still retained so much of the woman, that she could never overcome her perverse dislike to name a successor, so that according to this opinion, she died and left the crown to the mercy of a party! This would have been acting unworthy of the magnanimity of her great character—and as it is ascertained that the queen was very sensible that she lay in a dying state several days before the natural catastrophe occurred, it is difficult to believe that she totally disregarded so important a circumstance. It is, therefore, reasoning *a priori*, most natural to conclude, that the choice of a successor must have occupied her thoughts as well as the anxiety of her min-

ers; and that she would not have left the throne in the most unsettled state at her death as she had persevered during her whole life. How did she express herself when bequeathing the crown to James the First, or did she breathe it at all?

In the popular pages of her female historian, Miss Ikin has observed, that 'the closing scene of the long and eventful life of Queen Elizabeth was marked by that peculiarity of character and destiny which attended her from the cradle, and pursued her to the grave.' The last days of Elizabeth were, indeed, most melancholy—she died a victim of the higher passions, and perhaps as much of grief as of age, refusing all remedies and even nourishment. But in all the published accounts, I can nowhere discover how she conducted herself respecting the circumstance of our present inquiry. The most detailed narrative, or as Gray the poet calls it, 'the Earl of Monmouth's *Id account* of Queen Elizabeth's death,' is the one most deserving notice; and there we find the circumstance of its inquiry introduced. The queen, at that moment, was reduced to so sad a state, that it is doubtful whether her agents was at all sensible of the inquiries put to her by her ministers respecting the succession. The Earl of Monmouth says, 'on Wednesday, the 23d of March, she was speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her council, and by putting her hand to her head when a king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew it was the man she desired should reign after her.' Such signs as that of a dying woman putting her hand to her head was, to say the least, a very ambiguous acknowledgment of the right of the Scottish monarch to the English throne. The 'odd' but very naïve account of Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, is not furnished with dates, nor with the exactness of a diary. Something might have occurred on a preceding day which had not reached him. Camden describes the death-bed scene of Elizabeth; by this authentic writer it appears that she had confided her state-secret of the succession to the lord admiral (the Earl of Nottingham;) and when the earl found the queen almost at her extremity, he communicated her *Majesty's secret to the council*, who commissioned the lord admiral, the lord keeper, and the secretary to wait on her agents, and acquaint her that they came in the name of the rest to learn her pleasure in reference to the succession. The queen was then very weak, and answered them with faint voice, that she had already declared, that as she held a royal sceptre, so she desired no other than a royal successor. When the secretary requested her to explain herself, the queen said, 'I would have a king succeed me; and who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the king of Scots?' Here this state-conversation was put an end to by the interference of the archbishop advising her majesty to turn her thoughts to God. 'Never,' she replied, as my mind wandered from him.'

An historian of Camden's high integrity would hardly have forged a fiction to please the new monarch; yet Camden has not been referred to on this occasion by the exact search, who draws his information from the letters of the French ambassador, Villeroy; information which it appears the English ministers had confined to this ambassador; nor do we get any distinct ideas from Elizabeth's more recent popular historian, who could only transcribe the account of Cary. He had told us a fact which he could not be mistaken in, that the queen fell speechless on Wednesday, 23d of March, on which day, however, she called her council, and made that sign with her hand, which, as the lords chose to understand, for ever united the two kingdoms. But the noble editor of Cary's *Memoirs* the Earl of Cork and Orrery, has observed, that 'the speeches made for Elizabeth on her death-bed are all forged.' Echard, Rapin, and a long string of historians, make her say faintly (so faintly indeed that it could not possibly be heard,) 'I will that a king succeed me, and who should that be but my nearest kinsman the king of Scots?' A different account of this matter will be found in the following memoirs. 'She was speechless, and almost expiring, when the chief counsellors of state were called into her bed-chamber. As soon as they were perfectly convinced that she could not utter an articulate word, and scarce could hear or understand one, they named to her king of Scots to her, a liberty they dared not to have taken if she had been able to speak; she put her hand to her head, which was probably at that time in agonizing pain. The lords, who interpreted her signs just as they pleased, were immediately convinced that the motion of her hand to

her head was a declaration of James the Sixth as her successor. What was this but the unanimous interpretation of persons who were adoring the rising sun?

This is lively and plausible; but the noble editor did not recollect that 'the speeches made by Elizabeth on her death-bed,' which he deems 'forgeries,' in consequence of the circumstance he had found in Cary's *Memoirs*, originate with Camden, and were only repeated by Rapin and Echard, &c. I am now to confirm the narrative of the elder historian, as well as the circumstance related by Cary, describing the sign of the queen a little differently, which happened on Wednesday 23d. A hitherto unnoticed document pretends to give a fuller and more circumstantial account of this affair, which commenced on the preceding day, when the queen retained the power of speech; and it will be confessed that the language here used has all that loftiness and brevity which was the natural style of this queen. I have discovered a curious document in a manuscript volume formerly in the possession of Petyt, and seemingly in his own hand-writing. I do not doubt its authenticity, and it could only have come from some of the illustrious personages who were the actors in that solemn scene, probably from Cecil. This memorandum is entitled,

'Account of the last words of Queen Elizabeth about her Successor.'

'On the Tuesday before her death, being the twenty-third of March, the admiral being on the right side of her bed, the lord keeper on the left, and Mr Secretary Cecil (afterwards Earl of Salisbury) at the bed's feet, all standing, the lord admiral put her in mind of her speech concerning the succession had at Whitehall, and that they, in the name of all the rest of her council, came unto her to know her pleasure who should succeed; whereunto she thus replied:

'I told you my seat had been the seat of kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me. And who should succeed me but a king?

'The lords not understanding this dark speech and looking one on the other; at length Mr Secretary boldly asked her what she meant by those words, that no rascal should succeed her. Whereunto she replied, that her meaning was, that a king should succeed: and who, quoth she, should that be but our cousin of Scotland?

'They asked her whether that were her absolute resolution? whereunto she answered, I pray you trouble me no more: for I will have none but him. With which answer they departed.

'Notwithstanding, after again, about four o'clock in the afternoon the next day, being Wednesday, after the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other divines, had been with her, and left her in a manner speechless, the three lords aforesaid repaired unto her again, asking her if she remained in her former resolution, and who should succeed her? but not being able to speak, was asked by Mr Secretary in this sort, 'We beseech your majesty, if you remain in your former resolution, and that you would have the king of Scots to succeed you in your kingdom, show some sign unto us: whereat, suddenly heaving herself upwards in her bed, and putting her arms out of bed, she held her hands jointly over her head in manner of a crown; whence, as they guessed, she signified that she did not only wish him the kingdom, but desire continuance of his estate: after which they departed, and the next morning she died. Immediately after her death, all the lords, as well of the council as other noblemen that were at the court, came from Richmond to Whitehall by six o'clock in the morning, where other noblemen that were in London met them. Touching the succession, after some speeches of divers competitors and matters of State, at length the admiral rehearsed all the aforesaid premises which the late queen had spoken to him, and to the lord keeper, and Mr Secretary (Cecil,) with the manner thereof; which they being asked, did affirm to be true upon their honour.'

Such is this singular document of secret history. I cannot but value it as authentic, because the one part is evidently alluded to by Camden, and the other is fully confirmed by Cary; and besides this, the remarkable expression of 'rascal' is found in the letter of the French ambassador. There were two interviews with the queen, and Cary appears only to have noticed the last on Wednesday, when the queen lay speechless. Elizabeth all her life had persevered in an obstinate mysteriousness respecting the succession, and it harassed her latest moments,

The second interview of her ministers may seem to us quite supernumerary; but Cary's 'putting her hand to her head,' too meanly describes the 'joining her hands in manner of a crown.'

JAMES THE FIRST, AS A FATHER AND A HUSBAND.

Calumnies and sarcasms have reduced the character of James the First to contempt among general readers; while the narrative of historians, who have related facts in spite of themselves, is in perpetual contradiction with their own opinions. Perhaps no sovereign has suffered more by that art, which is described by an old Irish proverb, of 'killing a man by lies.' The surmises and the insinuations of one party, dissatisfied with the established government in church and state; the misconceptions of more modern writers, who have not possessed the requisite knowledge; and the anonymous libels, sent forth at a particular period to vilify the Stuarts; all these cannot be treasured up by the philosopher as the authorities of history. It is at least more honourable to resist popular prejudice than to yield to it a passive obedience; and what we can ascertain, it would be a dereliction of truth to conceal. Much can be substantiated in favour of the domestic affections and habits of this pacific monarch; and those who are more intimately acquainted with the secret history of the times will perceive how erroneously the personal character of this sovereign is exhibited in our popular historians, and often even among the few, who with better information, have re-echoed their preconceived opinions.

Confining myself here to his domestic character, I shall not touch on the many admirable public projects of this monarch, which have extorted the praise, and even the admirations of some who have not spared their pens in his disparagement. James the First has been taxed with pusillanimity and foolishness; this monarch cannot, however, be reproached with having engendered them! All his children, in whose education their father was so deeply concerned, sustained through life a dignified character, and a high spirit. The short life of Henry was passed in a school of prowess, and amidst an academy of literature. Of the king's paternal solicitude, even to the hand and the letter-writing of Prince Henry when young, I have preserved a proof in the article of 'The History of Writing-masters.' Charles the First, in his youth more particularly designed for a studious life, with a serious character, was, however, never deficient in active bravery, and magnanimous fortitude. Of Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, tried as she was by such vicissitudes of fortune, it is much to be regretted that the interesting story remains untold; her buoyant spirits rose always above the perpetual changes, of a princely to a private state—a queen to an exile! The father of such children derives some distinction for capacity, in having reared such a noble offspring; and the king's marked attention to the formation of his children's minds was such as to have been pointed out by Ben Jonson, who, in his 'Gipsies Metamorphosed,' rightly said of James, using his native term,

'You are an honest, good man, and have care of your Bearn's' (bairns.)

Among the flouts and gibes so freely bespattering the personal character of James the First, is one of his coldness and neglect of his queen. It would, however, be difficult to prove by any known fact, that James was not as indulgent a husband, as he was a father. Yet even a writer so well informed as Daines Barrington, who, as a lawyer, could not refrain from lauding the royal sage during his visit to Denmark, on his marriage, for having borrowed three statutes from the Danish code, found the king's name so provocative of sarcasm, that he could not forbear observing, that James 'spent more time in those courts of judicature than in attending upon his destined consort.' 'Men of all sorts have taken a pride to gird at me,' might this monarch have exclaimed. But every thing has two handles, saith the ancient adage. Had an austere puritan chosen to observe that James the First, when abroad, had lived jorally; and had this historian then dropped silently the interesting circumstance of the king's 'spending his time in the Danish courts of judicature,' the fact would have borne him out in his reproof; and Francis Osborne, indeed, has censured James for giving marks of his *uxoriness*! There was no deficient gallantry in the conduct of James the First to his queen; the very circumstance, that when the Princess of Den-

mark was driven by a storm back to Norway, the king resolved to hasten to her, and consummate his marriage in Denmark, was itself as romantic an expedition as afterwards was that of his son's into Spain, and betrays no mark of that tame pusillanimity with which he stands over-charged.

The character of the queen of James the First is somewhat obscure in our public history, for in it she makes no prominent figure; while in secret history she is more apparent. Anne of Denmark was a spirited and enterprising woman; and it appears from a passage in Sully, whose authority should weigh with us, although we ought to recollect that it is the French minister who writes, that she seems to have raised a court faction against James, and inclined to favour the Spanish and catholic interests; yet it may be alleged as a strong proof of James's political wisdom, that the queen was never suffered to head a formidable party, though she latterly might have engaged Prince Henry in that court-opposition. The *bon-homme* of the king, on this subject expressed with a simplicity of style, which, though it may not be royal, is something better, appears in a letter to the queen, which has been preserved in the appendix to Sir David Dalrymple's collections. It is without date, but written when in Scotland to quiet the queen's suspicions, that the Earl of Mar, who had the care of Prince Henry, and whom she wished to take out of his hands, had insinuated to the king that her majesty was strongly disposed to any 'popish or Spanish course.' This letter confirms the representation of Sully; but the extract is remarkable for the manly simplicity of style which the king used.

'I say over again, leave these froward womanly apprehensions, for I thank God, I carry that love and respect unto you, which, by the law of God and nature, I ought to do to my wife, and mother of my children; but not for that ye are a king's daughter; for whether ye were a king's daughter, or a cook's daughter, ye must be all alike to me, since my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I married you; but the love and respect I now bear you is because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour, as of my other fortunes. I beseech you excuse my plainness in this, for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me (that is, not pertinent.) God is my witness, I ever preferred you to (for) my bairns, much more than to a subject.'

In an ingenious historical dissertation, but one perfectly theoretical, respecting that mysterious transaction the Gowrie conspiracy, Mr Pinkerton has attempted to show that Anne of Denmark was a lady somewhat inclined to intrigue, and that 'the king had cause to be jealous.' He confesses that 'he cannot discover any positive charge of adultery against Anne of Denmark, but merely of coquetry.'* To what these accusations amount it would be difficult to say. The progeny of James the First sufficiently bespeak their family resemblance. If it be true, that 'the king had ever reason to be jealous,' and yet that no single criminal act of the queen's has been recorded, it must be confessed that one or both of the parties were singularly discreet and decent; for the king never complained, and the queen was never accused, if we except this burden of an old Scottish ballad,

O the bonny Earl of Murray,
He was the queen's love.

Whatever may have happened in Scotland, in England the queen appears to have lived, occupied chiefly by the amusements of the court, and not to have interfered with the *aroma* of state. She appears to have indulged a passion for the elegancies and splendours of the age, as they were shown in those gorgeous court masques with which the taste of James harmonised, either from his gallantry for the queen, or his own poetic sympathy. But this taste for court masques could not escape the slur and scandal of the puritanic, and these 'high-flying fancies' are thus recorded by honest Arthur Wilson, whom we summon into court as an indubitable witness of the mutual cordiality of this royal couple. In the spirit of his party, and like Milton, he censures the taste, but likes it. He says, 'The court being a continued *maskarade*, where she (the queen) and her ladies, like so many sea-symphs or Nereides, appeared often in various dresses to the ravishment of the

* This historical dissertation is appended to the first volume of Mr Malcolm Laing's 'History of Scotland,' who thinks that 'it has placed that obscure transaction in its genuine light.'

beholders; the king himself not being a little delighted with such fluent elegancies as made the night more glorious than the day.' This is a direct proof that James was by no means cold or negligent in his attentions to his queen; and the letter which has been given is the picture of his mind. That James the First was fondly indulgent to his queen, and could perform an act of chivalric gallantry with all the generosity of passion, and the ingenuity of an elegant mind, a pleasing anecdote which I have discovered in an unpublished letter of the day will show. I give it in the words of the writer.

August, 1613.

'At their last, being at Theobald's, about a fortnight ago, the queen, shooting at a deer, mistook her mark, and killed *Jewel*, the king's most principal and special hound; at which he stormed exceedingly awhile; but after he knew who did it, he was soon pacified, and with much kindness wished her not to be troubled with it, for he should love her never the worse: and the next day sent her a diamond worth two thousand pounds, as a *legacy from his dead dog*. Love and kindness increase daily between them.'

Such is the history of a contemporary living at court, very opposite to that representation of coldness and neglect with which the king's temper has been so freely aspersed; and such too is the true portrait of James the First in domestic life. His first sensations were thoughtless and impetuous; and he would ungracefully thunder out an oath, which a puritan would set down in his 'tables,' while he omitted to note that this king's forgiveness and forgetfulness of personal injuries was sure to follow the feeling they had excited.

THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

Mr Maurice, in his animated memoirs, has recently acquainted us with a fact which may be deemed important in the life of a literary man. He tells us, 'We have been just informed that Sir Wm. Jones invariably read through every year the works of Cicero, whose life indeed was the great exemplar of his own.' The same passion for the works of Cicero has been participated by others. When the best means of forming a good style were inquired of the learned Arnauld, he advised the daily study of Cicero; but it was observed that the object was not to form a Latin, but a French style: 'In that case,' replied Arnauld, 'you must still read Cicero.'

A predilection for some great author, among the vast number which must transiently occupy our attention, seems to be the happiest preservative for our taste: accustomed to that excellent author whom we have chosen for our favourite, we may in this intimacy possibly resemble him. It is to be feared, that if we do not form such a permanent attachment, we may be acquiring knowledge, while our enervated taste becomes less and less lively. Taste embalms the knowledge which otherwise cannot preserve itself. He who has long been intimate with one great author, will always be found to be a formidable antagonist; he has saturated his mind with the excellencies of genius; he has shaped his faculties insensibly to himself by his model, and he is like a man who even sleeps in armour, ready at a moment! The old Latin proverb reminds us of this fact, *Cave ab homine unius libri*: be cautious of the man of one book!

Pliny and Seneca give very safe advice on reading; that we should read much, but not many books—but they had no 'monthly lists of new publications!' Since their days others have favoured us with 'Methods of Study,' and 'Catalogues of Books to be read.' Vain attempts to circumscribe that invisible circle of human knowledge which is perpetually enlarging itself! The multiplicity of books is an evil for the many; for we now find an *helluo librorum*, not only among the learned, but, with their pardon, among the unlearned; for those who, even to the prejudice of their health, persist only in reading the incessant book-novelties of our own time, will after many years acquire a sort of learned ignorance. We are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read, rather than not to read them; such an art is practicable. But amidst this vast multitude still let us be 'the man of one book,' and preserve an uninterrupted intercourse with that great author with whose mode of thinking we sympathize, and whose charms of composition we can habitually retain.

It is remarkable that every great writer appears to have a predilection for some favourite author; and with Alexander, had they possessed a golden casket, would have enshrined the works they so constantly turned over. Demosthenes felt such delight in the history of Thucydides, that to obtain a familiar and perfect mastery of his style, he re-copied his history eight times; while Brutus not only was constantly perusing Polybius even amidst the most busy periods of his life, but was abridging a copy of that author on the last awful night of his existence, when on the following day he was to try his fate against Antony and Octavius. Selim the Second had the Commentaries of Cæsar translated for his use; and it is recorded that his military ardour was heightened by the perusal. We are told that Scipio Africanus was made a hero by the writings of Xenophon. When Clarendon was employed in writing his history, he was in a constant study of Livy and Tacitus, to acquire the full and flowing style of the one, and the portrait-painting of the other: he records this circumstance in a letter. Voltaire had usually on his table the *Athalie* of Racine, and the *Petit Cære* of Mafillon; the tragedies of the one were the finest model of French verse, the sermons of the other of French prose. 'Were I obliged to sell my library,' exclaimed Diderot, 'I would keep back Moses, Homer, and Richardson;' and by the *éloge* which this enthusiast writer composed on our English novelist, it is doubtful, had the Frenchman been obliged to have lost two of them, whether Richardson had not been the elected favourite. Monsieur Thomas, a French writer, who at times displays high eloquence and profound thinking, Herault de Sechelles tells us, studied chiefly one author, but that author was Cicero; and never went into the country unaccompanied by some of his works. Fenelon was constantly employed on his Homer; he left a translation of the greater part of the *Odyssey*, without any design of publication, but merely as an exercise for style. Montesquieu was a constant student of Tacitus, of whom he must be considered a forcible imitator. He has, in the manner of Tacitus, characterized Tacitus: 'That historian,' he says, 'who abridged every thing, because he saw every thing.' The famous Bourdaloue re-perused every year Saint Paul, Saint Chrysostom, and Cicero. 'These,' says a French critic, 'were the sources of his masculine and solid eloquence.' Grotius had such a taste for Lucan, that he always carried a pocket edition about him, and has been seen to kiss his hand-book with the rapture of a true votary. If this anecdote be true, the elevated sentiments of the stern Roman were probably the attraction with the Batavian republican. The diversified reading of Leibnitz is well known; but he still attached himself to one or two favourites: Virgil was always in his hand when at leisure, and Leibnitz had read Virgil so often, that even in his old age he could repeat whole books by heart; Barclay's *Argenis* was his model for prose; when he was found dead in his chair, the *Argenis* had fallen from his hands. Rabelais and Marot were the perpetual favourites of La Fontaine; from one he borrowed his humour, and from the other his style. Quevedo was so passionately fond of the Don Quixote of Cervantes, that often in reading that unrivalled work he felt an impulse to burn his own inferior compositions: to be a sincere admirer and a hopeless rival is a case of authorship the hardest imaginable. Few writers can venture to anticipate the award of posterity; yet perhaps Quevedo had not even been what he was, without the perpetual excitement he received from his great master. Horace was the friend of his heart to Malherbe; he laid the Roman poet on his pillow, took him in the fields, and called his Horace his breviary. Plutarch, Montaigne, and Locke, were the three authors constantly in the hands of Rousseau, and he has drawn from them the groundwork of his ideas in his *Emilie*. The favourite author of the great Earl of Chatham was Barrow; on his style he had formed his eloquence, and had read his great master so constantly, as to be able to repeat his elaborate sermons from memory. The great Lord Burleigh always carried Tully's Offices in his pocket; Charles V. and Buonaparte had Machiavel frequently in their hands; and Davila was the perpetual study of Hampden: he seemed to have discovered in that historian of civil wars those which he anticipated in the land of his fathers.

These facts sufficiently illustrate the recorded circumstance of Sir William Jones's invariable habit of reading his Cicero through every year, and exemplify the happy

result for him, who, amidst the multiplicity of his authors, still continues in this way to be 'the man of one book.'

A BIBLIOGROSTE.

A startling literary prophecy, recently sent forth from our oracular literature, threatens the annihilation of Public Libraries, which are one day to moulder away!

Listen to the vaticinator! 'As conservatories of mental treasures, their value in times of darkness and barbarity was incalculable; and even in these happier days, when men are incited to explore new regions of thought, they command respect as depots of methodical and well-ordered references for the researches of the curious. But what in one state of society is invaluable, may at another be worthless; and the progress which the world has made within a very few centuries has considerably reduced the estimation which is due to such establishments. We will say more *—but enough! This idea of striking into dust 'the god of his idolatry,' the Dagon of his devotion, is sufficient to terrify the bibliographer, who views only a blind Samson pulling down the pillars of his temple!

This future universal inundation of books, this superfluity of knowledge, in billions and trillions, overwhelms the imagination! It is now about four hundred years since the art of multiplying books has been discovered; and an arithmetician has attempted to calculate the incalculable of these four ages of typography, which he discovers have actually produced 3,641,960 works! Taking each work at three volumes, and reckoning only each impression to consist of three hundred copies, which is too little, the actual amount from the presses of Europe will give to 1816—32,776,400 volumes! each of which being an inch thick, if placed on a line, would cover 6069 leagues! Leibnitz facetiously maintained that such would be the increase of literature, that future generations would find whole cities insufficient to contain their libraries. We are, however, indebted to the patriotic endeavours of our grocers and trunkmakers, alchemists of literature! they annihilate the gross bodies without injuring the finer spirits. We are still more indebted to that neglected race, the bibliographers!

The science of books, for so bibliography is sometimes dignified, may deserve the gratitude of a public, who are yet insensible of the useful zeal of those book-practitioners, the nature of whose labours is yet so imperfectly comprehended. Who is this vaticinator of the uselessness of public libraries? Is he a *bibliogroste*, or a *bibliographe*, or a *bibliomane*, or a *bibliophile*, or a *bibliotape*? A *bibliothecaire*, or a *bibliopole*, the prophet cannot be; for the *bibliothecaire* is too delightfully busied among his shelves, and the *bibliopole* is too profitably concerned in furnishing perpetual additions, to admit of this hyperbolic terror of annihilation!†

Unaware, we have dropped into that professional jargon which was chiefly forged by one who, though seated in the 'scooner's chair,' was the Thaumaturgus of books and manuscripts. The Abbé Rive had acquired a singular taste and curiosity, not without a fermenting dash of singular *charlatanerie*, in bibliography: the little volumes he occasionally put forth are things which but few hands have touched. He knew well, that for some books to be noised about they should not be read: this was one of those recondite mysteries of his, which we may have occasion further to reveal. This bibliographical hero was librarian to the most magnificent of book-collectors, the Duke de la Vallière. The Abbé Rive was a strong but ungovernable brute, rabid, surly, but *tres mordant*. His master, whom I have discovered to have been the partner of the cur's tricks, would often pat him: and when the *bibliogrostes* and the *bibliomanes* were in the heat of contrast, let his 'bull-dog' loose among them, as the duke affectionately called his librarian. The 'bull-dog' of bibliography appears, too, to have had the taste and appetite of the tiger of politics, but he hardly lived to join the festival of the guillotine. I judge of this by an expression he used to one complaining of his parish priest, whom he advised to give 'une messe dans sa ventre!' He had tried to exhaust his genius in *La Chasse aux Bibliographes et aux Antiquaires mal avisés*, and acted Cain with his brothers.

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xxxiv—384.

† Will this writer pardon me for ranking him, for a moment, among those 'generalisers' of the age who excel in what a critical friend has happily discriminated as ambitious writing; that is, writing on any topic, and not least strikingly, on that of which they know least; men otherwise of fine taste, and who excel in every charm of composition.

All Europe was to receive from him new ideas concerning books and manuscripts. Yet all his mighty promises fumed away in projects; and though he appeared for ever correcting the blunders of others, this French Riton left enough of his own to afford them a choice of revenge. His style of criticism was perfectly *Ritonian*. He describes one of his rivals, as *l'insolent et tres-invalent auteur de l'almanach de Gotha*, on the simple subject of the origin of playing cards!

The Abbé Rive was one of those men of letters, of whom there are not a few, who pass all their lives in preparations. Mr Dibdin, since the above was written, has witnessed the confusion of the mind, and the gigantic industry, of our *bibliogroste*, which consisted of many trunks full of *memoranda*. The description will show the reader to what hard hunting these book-hunters voluntarily doom themselves, with little hope of obtaining fame! 'In one trunk were about six thousand notices of MSS of all ages. In another were wedged about *trois* thousand descriptions of books in all languages, except those of French and Italian; sometimes with critical notes. In a third trunk was a bundle of papers relating to the *History of the Troubadours*. In a fourth was a collection of *memoranda* and literary sketches connected with the invention of arts and sciences, with pieces exclusively bibliographical. A fifth trunk contained between two and three thousand cards, written upon each side, respecting a collection of prints. In a sixth trunk were contained his papers respecting earthquakes, volcanoes, and geographical subjects.' This *Ajox flagellifer* of the bibliographical tribe, who was, as Mr Dibdin observes, 'the terror of his acquaintance, and the pride of his patron,' is said to have been in private a very different man from his public character: all which may be true, without altering a shade of that public character. The French revolution showed how men, mild and even kind in domestic life, were sanguinary and ferocious in their public.

The rabid Abbé Rive gloried in terrifying, without enlightening his rivals; he exulted that he was devoting to 'the rods of criticism and the laughter of Europe the *bibliopoles*,' or dealers in books, who would not get by heart his 'Catechism' of a thousand and one questions and answers: it broke the slumbers of honest De Bure, who had found that life was already too short for his own 'Bibliographie Instructive.'

The Abbé Rive had contrived to catch the shades of the appellatives necessary to discriminate book-amateurs; and of the first term he is acknowledged to be the inventor.

A *bibliogroste*, from the Greek, is one knowing in titles, pages and colophons, and in editions; the place and year when printed; the presses whence issued; and all the *manie* of a book.

A *bibliophile* is a describer of books and other literary arrangements.

A *bibliomane* is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys, cock-brained, and pore-heavy!

A *bibliophile*, the lover of books, is the only one in the class, who appears to read them for his own pleasure.

A *bibliotape* buries his books by keeping them under lock, or framing them in glass-cases.

I shall catch our *bibliogroste* in the hour of book-rapture! It will produce a collection of bibliographical writers, and show to the second-sighted Edinburgher what human contrivances have been raised by the art of more painful writers than himself—either to postpone the day of universal annihilation, or to preserve for our posterity three centuries hence, the knowledge which now so busily occupies us, and to transmit to them something more than what Bacon calls 'Inventories' of our literary treasures.

'Histories, and literary *bibliothèques* (or bibliothecas,) will always present to us,' says La Rive, 'an immense harvest of errors, till the authors of such catalogues shall be fully impressed by the importance of their art; and as it were, reading in the most distant ages of the future the literary good and evil which they may produce, force a triumph from the pure devotion to truth, in spite of all the disgusts which their professional tasks involve; still patiently enduring the heavy chains which bind down those who give themselves up to this pursuit, with a passion which resembles heroism.'

The catalogues of *bibliothèques* *Artes* (or critical, historical, and classified accounts of writers) have engendered that enormous swarm of bibliographical errors, which have spread their roots, in greater or less quantities, in all

our bibliographers. He has here furnished a long list, which I shall preserve in the note.*

The list, though curious, is by no means complete. Such are the men of whom the Abbé Rive speaks with more respect than his accustomed courtesy. 'If such,' says he, 'cannot escape from errors, who shall? I have only marked them out to prove the importance of bibliographical history. A writer of this sort must occupy himself with more regard for his reputation than his own profit, and yield himself up entirely to the study of books.'

The mere knowledge of books, which has been called an erudition of title pages, may be sufficient to occupy the life of some; and while the wits and 'the million' are ridiculing these hunters of editions, who force their passage through secluded spots, as well as course in the open fields, it will be found that this art of book-knowledge may turn out to be a very philosophical pursuit, and that men of great name have devoted themselves to labours, more frequently contemned than comprehended. Apostolo Zeno, a poet, a critic, and a true man of letters, considered it as no small portion of his glory, to have annotated Fontanini, who, himself an eminent prelate, had passed his life in forming his *Bibliotheca Italiana*. Zeno did not consider that to correct errors and to enrich by information this catalogue of Italian writers was a mean task. The enthusiasm of the Abbé Rive considered bibliography as a sublime pursuit, exclaiming on Zeno's Commentary on Fontanini—'He chained together the knowledge of whole generations for posterity, and he read in future ages.'

There are few things by which we can so well trace the history of the human mind as by a classed catalogue, with dates of the first publication of books; even the relative prices of books at different periods, their decline and then their rise, and again their fall, form a chapter in this history of the human mind; we become critics even by this literary chronology, and this appraisal of auctioneers. The favourite book of every age is a certain picture of the people. The gradual depreciation of a great author marks a change in knowledge or in taste.

But it is imagined that we are not interested in the history of indifferent writers, and scarcely in that of the secondary ones. If none but great originals should claim our attention, in the course of two thousand years we should not count twenty authors! Every book whatever be its character, may be considered as a new experiment made by the human understanding; and as a book is a sort of individual representation, not a solitary volume exists but may be personified, and described as a human being.—Hints start discoveries: they are usually found in very different authors who could go no further; and the historian of obscure books is often preserving for men of genius indications of knowledge, which without his intervention, we should not possess! Many secrets we discover in bibliography. Great writers, unskilled in this science of books, have frequently used defective editions, as Hume did the castrated Whitelocke; or like Robertson, they are ignorant of even the sources of the knowledge they would give the public; or they compose on a subject which too late they discover had been anticipated. Bibliography will show what has been done, and suggest to our invention what is wanted. Many have often protracted their journey in a road which had already been worn out by the wheels which had traversed it: bibliography unrolls the whole map of the country we propose travelling over—the post-roads, and the by-paths.

Every half century, indeed, the obstructions multiply: and the Edinburgh prediction, should it approximate to the event it has foreseen, may more reasonably terrify a far distant posterity. Mazzuchelli declared after his laborious researches in Italian literature, that one of his more recent predecessors, who had commenced a similar work, had collected notices of forty thousand writers—and yet, he adds, my work must increase that number to ten thousand more! Mazzuchelli said this in 1753; and the amount of half a century must now be added, for the

* Gomer, Simler, Bellarmine, L'Abbe, Mobilion, Montfaucon, Moreri, Bayle, Baillet, Nicéron, Dupin, Cave, Warton, Casimir Oudin, Le Long, Guillet, Wolfius, John Albert Fabricius, Arzelati, Tirabochi, Nicholas Antonio, Walchius, Struvius, Brucker, Scheuchzer, Linnæus, Seguer, Haller, Adamson, Menzies, Kemner, Flou, Douglas, Weidler, Hailbronner, Montucla, Lalande, Bailly, Quadrio, Morkoff, Stollus, Funcius, Schellhorn, Engels, Beyer, Grégoire, Vogt, Freytag, David Clement, Chevallier, Maittaire, Orlandi, Prosper Marchand, Schoepflin, De Boze, Abbé Baillet, and De Saint Leger.

presses of Italy have not been inactive. But the literature of Germany, of France, and of England, has exceeded the multiplicity of the productions of Italy, and an appalling population of authors swarm before the imagination. Hail then the peaceful spirit of the literary historian, which sitting amidst the night of time, by the monuments of genius trims the sepulchral lamps of the human mind! Hail to the literary Reaumur, who by the clearness of his glasses makes even the minute interesting, and reveals to us the world of insects! These are guardian spirits, who at the close of every century standing on its ascent, trace out the old roads we have pursued, and with a lighter line indicate the new ones which are opening, from the imperfect attempts, and even the errors of our predecessors!

SECRET HISTORY OF AN ELECTIVE MONARCHY. *A Political Sketch.*

Poland, once a potent and magnificent kingdom, when it sunk into an elective monarchy, became 'venal thrice an age.' That country must have exhibited many a diplomatic scene of intricate intrigue, which although they could not appear in its public, have no doubt been often consigned to its secret history. With us the corruption of a rotten borough has sometimes exposed the guarded proffer of one party, and the dexterous chaffering of the other: but a master-piece of diplomatic finesse and political invention, electioneering viewed on the most magnificent scale, with a kingdom to be canvassed, and a crown to be won and lost, or lost and won in the course of a single day, exhibits a political drama, which, for the honour and happiness of mankind, is of rare and strange occurrence. There was one scene in this drama, which might appear somewhat too large for an ordinary theatre; the actors apparently were not less than fifty to a hundred thousand; twelve vast tents were raised on an extensive plain, a hundred thousand horses were in the environs—and palatines and castellans, the ecclesiastical orders, with the ambassadors of the royal competitors, all agitated by the ceaseless motion of different factions during the six weeks of the election, and of many preceding months of preconcerted measures and vacillating opinions, now were all solemnly assembled at the diet.—Once the poet, amidst his gigantic conception of a scene, resolved to leave it out;

'So vast a thing the stage can ne'er contain—
Then build a new, or act it in a plain!'

exclaimed 'La Mancha's knight,' kindling at a scene so novel and so vast!

Such an electioneering negotiation, the only one I am acquainted with, is opened in the 'Discours' of Choissin, the secretary of Montluc, bishop of Valence, the confidential agent of Catharine de Medicis, and who was sent to intrigue at the Polish diet, to obtain the crown of Poland for her son the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. This bold enterprise at the first seemed hopeless, and in its progress encountered growing obstructions; but Montluc was one of the most finished diplomatists that the genius of the Gallic cabinet ever sent forth. He was nicknamed in all the courts of Europe, from the circumstance of his limping, 'le Boiteux'; our political bishop was in cabinet intrigues the Talleyrand of his age, and sixteen embassies to Italy, Germany, England, Scotland, and Turkey, had made this 'Connoisseur en hommes' an extraordinary politician!

Catharine de Medicis was infatuated with the dreams of judicial astrology: her pensioned oracles had declared that she should live to see each of her sons crowned, by which prediction probably they had only purposed to flatter her pride and her love of dominion. They, however, added in terrifying the credulous queen; and she draping to witness a throne in France, disputed perhaps by fratricides, anxiously sought for a separate crown for each of her three sons. She had been trifled with in her earnest negotiations with our Elizabeth; twice had she seen herself baffled in her views in the Dukes of Alençon and of Anjou. Catharine then projected a new empire for Anjou, by incorporating into one kingdom Algiers, Corsica, and Sardinia; but the other despot, he of Constantinople, Selim II, dissipated the brilliant speculation of our female Machiavel. Charles IX was sickly, jealous and desirous of removing from the court the Duke of Anjou, whom two victories had made popular, though he afterwards sunk into a Sardanapalus. Montluc penetrated into the secret wishes of Catharine and Charles, and suggested to them the possibility of encircling the brows of Anjou, with the

diadem to Poland, the Polish monarch then being in a state of visible decline. The project was approved; and like a profound politician, the bishop prepared for an event which might be remote, and always problematical, by sending into Poland a natural son of his, Balagny, as a disguised agent; his youth, his humble rank, and his love of pleasure, would not create any alarm among the neighbouring powers, who were alike on the watch to snatch the expected spoil; but as it was necessary to have a more dexterous politician behind the curtain, he recommended his secretary Choisin as a travelling tutor to a youth who appeared to want one.

Balagny proceeded to Poland, where, under the veil of dissipation, and in the midst of splendid festivities, with his trusty adjutant, this hare-brained boy of revelry began to weave those intrigues which were afterwards to be knotted, or untied, by Montluc himself. He had contrived to be so little suspected, that the agent of the emperor had often disclosed important secrets to his young and amiable friend. On the death of Sigismund Augustus, Balagny, leaving Choisin behind to trumpet forth the virtues of Anjou, hastened to Paris to give an account of all which he had seen or heard. But poor Choisin found himself in a dilemma among those who had so long listened to his panegyrics on the humanity and meek character of the Duke of Anjou; for the news of St Bartholomew's massacre had travelled faster than the post; and Choisin complains that he was now treated as an impudent liar, and the French prince as a monster. In vain he assured them that the whole was an exaggerated account, a mere insurrection of the people, or the effects of a few private enmities, praying the indignant Poles to suspend their decision till the Bishop came: 'Attendez le Bouteux!' cried he in agony.

Meanwhile, at Paris, the choice of a proper person for this embassy had been difficult to settle. It was a business of intrigue, more than of form, and required an orator to make speeches and addresses in a sort of popular assembly; for though the people, indeed, had no concern in the Diet, yet the greater and the lesser nobles and gentlemen, all electors, were reckoned at one hundred thousand. It was supposed that a lawyer who could negotiate in good Latin, and one, as the French proverb runs, who could *aller et parler*, would more effectually puzzle their heads, and satisfy their consciences to vote for his client. Catharine at last fixed on Montluc himself, from the superstitious prejudice, which however, in this case accorded with philosophical experience, 'that Montluc had ever been lucky in his negotiations.'

Montluc hastened his departure from Paris; and it appears that our political bishop had, by his skilful penetration into the French cabinet, foreseen the horrible catastrophe which occurred very shortly after he had left it; for he had warned the Count of Rochefoucault to absent himself; but this lord, like so many others, had no suspicions of the perfidious projects of Catharine and her cabinet. Montluc, however, had not long been on his journey, ere the news reached him, and it occasioned innumerable obstacles in his progress, which even his sagacity had not calculated on. At Strasburgh he had appointed to meet some able coadjutors, among whom was the famous Joseph Scaliger; but they were so terrified by *les Mâtines Parisiennes*, that Scaliger flew to Geneva, and would not budge out of that safe corner; and the others ran home, not imagining that Montluc would venture to pass through Germany, where the protestant indignation had made the roads too hot for a catholic bishop. But Montluc had set his cast on the die. He had already passed through several hair-breadth escapes from the stratagems of the Guise faction, who more than once attempted to hang or drown the bishop, whom they cried out was a Calvinist; the fears and jealousies of the Guises had been roused by this political mission. Among all these troubles and delays, Montluc was most affected by the rumour that the election was on the point of being made, and that the plague was universal throughout Poland; so that he must have felt that he might be too late for the one, and too early for the other.

At last Montluc arrived, and found that the whole weight of this negotiation was to fall on his single shoulders; and further, that he was to sleep every night on a pillow of thorns. Our bishop had not only to allay the ferment of the popular spirit of the evangelists, as the protestants were then called, but even of the more rational catholics of Poland. He had also to face those haughty and feudal lords, of whom each considered himself the equal of the sovereign whom he created, and whose avowed principle was, and

many were incorrupt, that their choice of a sovereign should be regulated solely by the public interest; and it was hardly to be expected that the emperor, the czar, and the king of Sweden, would prove unsuccessful rivals to the cruel, and voluptuous, and bigoted duke of Anjou, whose political interests were too remote and novel to have raised any faction among these independent Poles.

The crafty politician had the art of dressing himself up in all the winning charms of candour and loyalty: a sweet flow of honeyed words melted on his lips, while his heart, cold and immovable as a rock, stood unchanged amidst the most unforeseen difficulties.

The emperor had set to work the Abbé Cyre in a sort of ambiguous character, an envoy for the nonce, to be acknowledged or disavowed as was convenient, and by his activity he obtained considerable influence among the Lithuanians, the Wallachians, and nearly all Prussia, in favour of the Arch-duke Ernest. Two Bohemians, who had the advantage of speaking the Polish language, had arrived with a state and magnificence becoming kings rather than ambassadors. The Moscovite had written letters full of golden promises to the nobility, and was supported by a palatine of high character; a perpetual peace between two such great neighbours was too inviting a project not to find advocates; and this party, Choisin observes, appeared at first the most to be feared. The King of Sweden was a close neighbour who had married the sister of their late sovereign, and his son urged his family claims as superior to those of foreigners. Among these parties was a patriotic one, who were desirous of a Pole for their monarch; a king of their father-land, speaking their mother-tongue, one who would not strike at the independence of his country, but preserve its integrity from the stranger. This popular party was even agreeable to several of the foreign powers themselves, who did not like to see a rival power strengthening itself by so strict a union with Poland; but in this choice of a sovereign from among themselves, there were at least thirty lords who equally thought that they were the proper wood of which kings should be carved out. The Poles therefore could not agree on the Pole who deserved to be a *Piastr*; an endearing title for a native monarch, which originated in the name of the family of the *Piasis*, who had reigned happily over the Polish people for the space of five centuries! The remembrance of their virtues existed in the minds of the honest Poles in this affectionate title, and their party were called the *Piasis*.

Montluc had been deprived of the assistance he had depended on from many able persons, whom the massacre of St Bartholomew had frightened away from every French political connexion. He found that he had himself only to depend on. We are told that he was not provided with the usual means which are considered most efficient in elections, nor possessed the interest nor the splendour of his powerful competitors: he was to derive all his resources from diplomatic finesse. The various ambassadors had fixed and distant residences, that they might not hold too close an intercourse with the Polish nobles. Of all things, he was desirous to obtain an easy access to these chiefs, that he might observe, and that they might listen. He who would seduce by his own ingenuity must come in contact with the object he would corrupt. Yet Montluc persisted in not approaching them without being sought after, which answered his purpose in the end. One favourite argument which our Talleyrand had set afloat, was to show that all the benefits which the different competitors had promised to the Poles were accompanied by other circumstances which could not fail to be ruinous to the country; while the offer of his master, whose interests were remote, could not be adverse to those of the Polish nation: so that much good might be expected from him, without any fear of accompanying evil. Montluc procured a clever Frenchman to be the bearer of his first despatch, in Latin, to the Diet; which had hardly assembled, ere suspicions and jealousies were already breaking out. The emperor's ambassadors had offended the pride of the Polish nobles by travelling about the country without leave, and resorting to the infants; and besides, in some intercepted letters the Polish nation was designated as *gens barbares et gens ineptes*. 'I do not think that the said letter was really written by the said ambassadors, who were statesmen too politic to employ such unguarded language,' very ingeniously writes the secretary of Montluc. However, it was a blow levelled at the imperial ambassadors; while the letter of the French bishop, com-

posed 'in a humble and modest style,' began to melt their proud spirits, and two thousand copies of the French bishop's letter were eagerly spread.

'But this good fortune did not last more than four-and-twenty hours,' mournfully writes our honest secretary; 'for suddenly the news of the fatal day of St Bartholomew arrived, and every Frenchman was detested.'

Montluc, in this distress, published an apology for *les Matins Parisiennes*, which he reduced to some excesses of the people, the result of a conspiracy plotted by the protestants; and he adroitly introduced as a personage his master Anjou, declaring that 'he scorned to oppress a party whom he had so often conquered with sword in hand.' This pamphlet, which still exists, must have cost the good bishop some invention; but in elections the lie of the moment serves a purpose; and although Montluc was in due time bitterly recriminated on, still the apology served to divide public opinion.

Montluc was a whole cabinet to himself: he dispersed another tract in the character of a Polish gentleman, in which the French interests were urged by such arguments, that the leading chiefs never met without disputing; and Montluc now found that he had succeeded in creating a French party. The Austrian then employed a real Polish gentleman to write for his party; but this was too genuine a production, for the writer wrote too much in earnest; and in politics we must not be in a passion.

The mutual jealousies of each party assisted the views of our negotiator; they would side with him against each other. The archduke and the czar opposed the Turk; the Muscovite could not endure that Sweden should be aggrandized by this new crown; and Denmark was still more uneasy. Montluc had discovered how every party had its vulnerable point, by which it could be managed. The cards had now got fairly shuffled, and he depended on his usual good play.

Our bishop got hold of a palatine to write for the French cause in the vernacular tongue; and appears to have held a more mysterious intercourse with another palatine, Albert Laasky. Mutual accusations were made in the open diet; the Poles accused some Lithuanian lords of having contracted certain engagements with the czar; these in return accused the Poles, and particularly this Laasky, with being corrupted by the gold of France. Another circumstance afterwards arose; the Spanish ambassador had forty thousand *thalers* sent to him, but which never passed the frontiers, as this fresh supply arrived too late for the election. 'I believe,' writes our secretary with great simplicity, 'that this money was only designed to distribute among the trumpeters and the tabourines.' The usual expedient in contested elections was now evidently introduced; our secretary acknowledging that Montluc daily acquired new supporters, because he did not attempt to gain them over *merely by promises*—resting his whole cause on this argument, that the interest of the nation was concerned in the French election.

Still would ill fortune cross our crafty politician when every thing was proceeding smoothly. The massacre was refreshed with more damning particulars; some letters were forged, and others were but too true: all parties, with rival intrepidity, were carrying on a complete scene of deception. A rumour spread that the French king disavowed his accredited agent, and apologized to the emperor for having yielded to the importunities of a political speculator, whom he was now resolved to recall. This somewhat paralysed the exertions of those palatines who had involved themselves in the intrigues of Montluc, who was now forced patiently to wait for the arrival of a courier with renewed testimonials of his diplomatic character from the French court. A great odium was cast on the French in the course of this negotiation by a distribution of prints, which exposed the most inventive cruelties practised by the catholics on the reformed; such as women cleaved in half, in the act of attempting to snatch their children from their butchers; while Charles the Ninth and the Duke of Anjou, were hideously represented in their persons, and as spectators of such horrid tragedies, with words written in labels, complaining that the executioners were not zealous enough in this holy work. These prints, accompanied by libels and by horrid narratives, inflamed the popular indignation, and more particularly the women, who were affected to tears, as if these horrid scenes had been passing before their eyes.

Montluc replied to the libels as fast as they appeared,

while he skilfully introduced the most elaborate panegyrics on the Duke of Anjou; and in return for the caricatures, he distributed two portraits of the king and the duke, to show the ladies, if not the diet, that neither of these princes had such ferocious and inhuman faces. Such are the small means by which the politician condescends to work his great designs; and the very means by which his enemies thought they should ruin his cause, Montluc adroitly turned to his own advantage. Any thing of instant occurrence serves electioneering purposes, and Montluc eagerly seized this favourable occasion to exhaust his imagination on an ideal sovereign, and to hazard, with address, anecdotes, whose authenticity he could never have proved, till he perplexed even unwilling minds to be uncertain whether that intolerant and inhuman duke was not the most heroic and most merciful of princes. It is probable that the Frenchman abused even the license of the French *clerge*, for a noble Pole told Montluc that he was amplifying his duke with such ideal greatness, and attributing to him such immaculate purity of sentiment, that it was inferred there was no man in Poland who could possibly equal him; and that his declaration, that the duke was not desirous of reigning over Poland to possess the wealth and the grandeur of the kingdom, and that he was solely ambitious of the honour to be the head of such a great and virtuous nobility, had offended many lords, who did not believe that the duke sought the Polish crown *merely* to be the sovereign of a virtuous people.

These Polish statesmen appear, indeed, to have been more enlightened than the subtle politician perhaps calculated on; for when Montluc was over anxious to exculpate the Duke of Anjou from having been an actor in the Parisian massacre, a noble Pole observed, 'That he need not lose his time at framing any apologies; for if he could prove that it was the interest of the country that the duke ought to be elected their king, it was all that was required. His cruelty, were it true, would be no reason to prevent his election, for we have nothing to dread from it: once in our kingdom, he will have more reason to fear us than we him, should he ever attempt our lives, our property, or our liberty.'

Another Polish lord, whose scruples were as pious as his patriotism was suspicious, however observed that, in his conferences with the French bishop, the bishop had never once mentioned God, whom all parties ought to implore to touch the hearts of the electors in their choice of God's 'anointed.' Montluc might have felt himself unexpectedly embarrassed at the religious scruples of this lord, but the politician was never at a fault. 'Speaking to a man of letters, as his lordship was,' replied the French bishop, 'it was not for him to remind his lordship what he so well knew; but since he had touched on the subject, he would, however, say that were a sick man desirous of having a physician, the friend who undertook to procure one would not do his duty should he say it was necessary to call in one whom God had chosen to restore his health; but another who should say that the most learned and skilful is him whom God has chosen, would be doing the best for the patient, and evince most judgment. By a parity of reason we must believe that God will not send an angel to point out the man whom he would have his anointed; sufficient for us that God has given us a knowledge of the requisites of a good king; and if the Polish gentlemen choose such a sovereign, it will be him whom God has chosen.' This shrewd argument delighted the Polish lord, who repeated the story in different companies, to the honour of the bishop. 'And in this manner,' adds the secretary with great *naïveté*, 'did the *sieur* strengthened by good arguments, divulge his opinions, which were received by many, and run from hand to hand.'

Montluc had his inferior manœuvres. He had to equipose the opposite interests of the Catholics and the Evangelists, or the Reformed: it was mingling fire and water without suffering them to hiss, or to extinguish one another. When the imperial ambassadors gave *festes* to the higher nobility only, they consequently offended the lesser. The Frenchman gave no banquets, but his house was open to all at all times, who were equally welcome. 'You will see that the *festes* of the imperialists will do them more harm than good,' observed Montluc to his secretary.

Having gained over by every possible contrivance a number of the Polish nobles, and showered his courtesies on those of the inferior orders, at length the critical moment

approached, and the finishing hand was to be put to the work. Poland, with the appearance of a popular government, was a singular aristocracy of a hundred thousand electors, consisting of the higher and the lower nobility, and the gentry; the people had no concern with the government. Yet still it was to be treated by the politician as a popular government, where those who possessed the greatest influence over such large assemblies were orators, and he who delivered himself with the utmost fluency, and the most pertinent arguments, would infallibly bend every heart to the point he wished. The French bishop depended greatly on the effect which his oration was to produce when the ambassadors were respectively to be heard before the assembled Diet: the great and concluding act of so many tedious and difficult negotiations—which had cost my master,* writes the ingenious secretary, 'six months' daily and nightly labours; he had never been assisted or comforted by any but his poor servants; and in the course of these six months had written ten reams of paper, a thing which for forty years he had not used himself to.'

Every ambassador was now to deliver an oration before the assembled electors, and thirty-two copies were to be printed to present one to each palatine, who, in his turn, was to communicate it to his lords. But a fresh difficulty occurred to the French negotiator; as he trusted greatly to his address influencing the multitude, and creating a popular opinion in his favour, he regretted to find that the imperial ambassador would deliver his speech in the Bohemian language, so that he would be understood by the greater part of the assembly; a considerable advantage over Montluc, who could only address them in Latin. The inventive genius of the French bishop resolved on two things which had never before been practised: first, to have his Latin translated into the vernacular idiom; and secondly, to print an edition of fifteen hundred copies in both languages, and thus to obtain a vast advantage over the other ambassadors with their thirty-two manuscript copies, of which each copy was used to be read 1200 persons. The great difficulty was to get it secretly translated and printed. This fell to the management of Choissin, the secretary. He set off to the castle of the palatine, Solikotski, who was deep in the French interest; Solikotski despatched the version in six days. Hastening with the precious MS. to Cracow, Choissin flew to a trusty printer, with whom he was connected: the sheets were deposited every night at Choissin's lodgings, and at the end of the fortnight, the diligent secretary conducted the 1500 copies in secret triumph to Warsaw.

Yet this glorious labour was not ended: Montluc was in no haste to deliver his wonder-working oration, on which the fate of a crown seemed to depend. When his turn came to be heard he suddenly fell sick; for the fact was, that he wished to speak last, which would give him the advantage of replying to any objection raised by his rivals, and admit also of an attack on their weak points. He contrived to obtain copies of their harangues, and discovered five points which struck at the French interest. Our poor bishop had now to sit up through the night to re-write five leaves of his printed oration, and cancel five which had been printed; and worse! he had to get them by heart, and to have them translated and inserted, by employing twenty scribes day and night. 'It is scarcely credible what my master went through about this time,' saith the historian of his 'gestes.'

The council or diet was held in a vast plain. Twelve pavilions were raised to receive the Polish nobility and the ambassadors. One of a circular form was supported by a single mast, and was large enough to contain 6000 persons, without any one approaching the mast nearer than by twenty steps, leaving this space void to preserve silence: the different orders were placed around: the archbishops and the bishops, the palatines, the castellans, each according to their rank. During the six weeks of the sittings of the diet, 100 000 horses were in the environs, yet forage and every sort of provisions abounded. There were no disturbances, not a single quarrel occurred, although there wanted not in that meeting for enmities of long standing. It was strange, and even awful, to view such a mighty assembly preserving the greatest order, and every one seriously intent on this solemn occasion.

At length the elaborate oration was delivered: it lasted three hours, and Choissin assures us not a single auditor felt weary. 'A cry of joy broke out from the tent, and was re-echoed through the plain, when Montluc ceased:

it was a public acclamation; and had the election been fixed for that moment, when all hearts were warm, sure: the duke had been chosen without a dissenting voice.' Thus writes, in rapture, the ingenious secretary: and in the spirit of the times communicates a delightful augury attending this speech, by which evidently was foreseen its happy termination. 'Those who disdain all things will take this to be a mere invention of mine,' says honest Choissin; 'but true it is, that while the said *sieur* delivered his harangue, a lark was seen all the while upon the mast of the pavilion, singing and warbling, which was remarked by a great number of lords, because the lark is accustomed only to rest itself on the earth: the most impartial confessed this to be a good augury.* Also it was observed, that when the other ambassadors were speaking, a hare, and at another time a hog, ran through the tent; and when the Swedish ambassador spoke, the great tent fell half way down. This lark singing all the while, did no little good to our cause; for many of the nobles and gentry noted this curious particularity, because when a thing which does not commonly happen occurs in a public affair, such appearances give rise to hopes either of good or of evil.'

The singing of this lark in favour of the Duke of Anjou is not so evident, as the cunning trick of the other French agent, the political bishop of Valence, who now reaped the full advantage of his 1500 copies over the thirty-two of his rivals. Every one had the French one in hand, or read it to his friends; while the others, in manuscript, were confined to a very narrow circle.

The period from the 10th of April to the 6th of May, when they proceeded to the election, proved to be an interval of infinite perplexities, troubles, and activity: it is probable that the secret history of this period of the negotiations was never written. The other ambassadors were for protracting the election, perceiving the French interest prevalent: but delay would not serve the purpose of Montluc, he not being so well provided with friends and means on the spot as the others were. The public opinion which he had succeeded in creating, by some unforeseen circumstance might change.

During this interval, the bishop had to put several agents of the other parties *hors du combat*. He got rid of a formidable adversary in the cardinal Commendon, an agent of the pope's, whom he proved ought not to be present at the election, and the cardinal was ordered to take his departure. A bullying colonel was set upon the French negotiator, and went about from tent to tent with a list of the debts of the Duke of Anjou, to show that the nation could expect nothing profitable from a ruined spendthrift. The page of a Polish count flew to Montluc for protection, entreating permission to accompany the bishop on his return to Paris. The servants of the count pursued the page; but this young gentleman had so insinuated himself into the favour of the bishop, that he was suffered to remain. The next day the page desired Montluc would grant him the full liberty of his religion, being an evangelist, that he might communicate this to his friends, and thus fix them to the French party. Montluc was too penetrating for this young political agent, whom he discovered to be a spy, and the pursuit of his fellows to have been a farce: he sent the page back to his master, the evangelical count, observing, that such tricks were too gross to be played on one who had managed affairs in all the courts of Europe before he came into Poland.

Another alarm was raised by a letter from the grand vizier of Selim II, addressed to the diet, in which he requested that they would either choose a king from among themselves, or elect the brother of the king of France. Some zealous Frenchman at the Sublime Porte had officiously procured this recommendation from the enemy of Christianity: but an alliance with Mahometism did no service to Montluc, either with the catholics or the evangelists. The bishop was in despair, and thought that his handiwork of six months' toil and trouble was to be shook into pieces in an hour. Montluc bring shown the letter, instantly insisted that it was a forgery, designed to injure his master the duke. The letter was attended by some suspicious circumstances; and the French bishop, quick

* Our honest secretary reminds me of a passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth, who says, 'at this place an eagle spoke while the wall of the town was building; and, indeed, I should not have failed transmitting the speech to posterity, had I thought it true as the rest of the history.'

at expedients, snatched at an advantage which the politician knows how to lay hold of in the chapter of accidents. 'The letter was not sealed with the golden seal nor enclosed in a silken purse or cloth of gold; and farther, if they examined the translation,' he said, 'they would find that it was not written on Turkish paper.' This was a piece of the *sieur's* good fortune, for the letter was not forged; but owing to the circumstance that the boyar of Wallachia had taken out the letter, to send a translation with it which the vizier had omitted, it arrived without its usual accompaniments; and the courier, when inquired after, was kept out of the way: so that, in a few days, nothing more was heard of the great vizier's letter. 'Such was our fortunate escape,' says the secretary, 'from the friendly but fatal interference of the Sultan, than which the *sieur* dreaded nothing so much:

Many secret agents of the different powers were spinning their dark intrigues; and often, when discovered or disconcerted, the creatures were again at their 'dirty work.' These agents were conveniently disavowed or acknowledged by their employers. The abbé Cyre was an active agent of the emperor's, and though not publicly accredited, was still hovering about. In Lithuania he had contrived matters so well as to have gained over that important province for the archduke; and was passing through Prussia to hasten to communicate with the emperor, but 'some honest men,' *quelques bons personnages*, says the French secretary, and, no doubt, some good friends of his master, took him by surprise, and laid him up safely in the castle of Marienburgh, where truly he was a little uncivilly used by the soldiers, who rifled his portmanteau and sent his papers, when we discovered all his foul practices.' The emperor, it seems, was angry at the arrest of his secret agent; but as no one had the power of releasing the abbé Cyre at that moment, what with receiving remonstrances and furnishing replies, the time passed away, and a very troublesome adversary was in safe custody during the election. The dissensions between the catholics and the evangelists were always on the point of breaking out; but Montluc succeeded in quieting these inveterate parties by terrifying their imaginations with sanguinary civil wars, and invasions of the Turks and the Tartars. He satisfied the catholics with the hope that time would put an end to heresy, and the evangelists were glad to obtain a truce from persecution. The day before the election Montluc found himself so confident, that he despatched a courier to the French court, and expressed himself in the true style of a speculative politician, that *des douze tables du Danier nous en avions les Neufs années*.

There were preludes to the election; and the first was probably in acquiescence with a saturnalian humour prevalent in some countries, where the lower orders are only allowed to indulge their taste for the mockery of the great at stated times and on fixed occasions. A droll scene of a mock election, as well as combat, took place between the numerous Polish puges, who, saith the grave secretary, are still more mischievous than our own; these elected among themselves four competitors, made a senate to burlesque the diet, and went to loggerheads. Those who represented the archduke were well beaten; the Swede was hunted down, and for the *Piastis*, they seized on a cart belonging to a gentleman, laden with provisions, broke it to pieces, and burnt the axle-tree, which in that country is called a *piasti*, and cried out *The piasti is burnt!* nor could the senators at the diet that day command any order or silence. The French party wore white handkerchiefs in their hats, and they were so numerous, as to defeat the others.

The next day however opened a different scene; 'the nobles prepared to deliberate, and each palatine in his quarters was with his companions on their knees, and many with tears in their eyes chanting a hymn to the Holy Ghost: it must be confessed, that this looked like a work of God,' says our secretary, who probably understood the manœuvring of the mock combat, or the mock prayers, much better than we may. Every thing tells at an election, burlesque or solemnity.

The election took place, and the Duke of Anjou was proclaimed king of Poland—but the troubles of Montluc did not terminate. When they presented certain articles for his signature, the bishop discovered that these had undergone material alterations from the proposals submitted to him before the proclamation; these alterations referred to a disavowal of the Parisian massacre; the

punishment of its authors, and toleration in religion. Montluc refused to sign, and cross-examined his Polish friends about the original proposals; one party agreed that some things had been changed, but that they were too trivial to lose a crown for; others declared that the alterations were necessary to allay the fears, or secure the safety of the people. Our Gallic diplomatist was outwitted, and after all his intrigues and cunning, he found that the crown of Poland was only to be delivered on conditional terms.

In this dilemma, with a crown depending on a stroke of his pen,—remonstrating, entreating, arguing, and still delaying, like Pistol swallowing his leek, he witnessed with alarm some preparations for a new election, and his rivals on the watch with their protests. Montluc, in despair, signed the conditions—'assured, however,' says the secretary, who groans over this *finale*, 'that when the elected monarch should arrive, the states would easily be induced to correct them, and place things in *status quo*, as before the proclamation. I was not a witness, being then despatched to Paris with the joyful news, but I heard that the *sieur évesque* it was thought would have died in this agony, of being reduced to the hard necessity either to sign, or to lose the fruits of his labours. The conditions were afterwards for a long while disputed in France.' Dr Thou informs us in lib. lvii. of his history, that Montluc after signing these conditions wrote to his master, that he was not bound by them, because they did not concern Poland in general, and that they had compelled him to sign, what at the same time he had informed them his instructions did not authorize. Such was the true Jesuistic conduct of a gray-haired politician, who at length found, that honest plain sense could embarrass and finally entrap the creature of the cabinet, the artificial genius of diplomatic finesse.

The secretary, however, views nothing but his master's glory in the issue of this most difficult negotiation; and the triumph of Anjou over the youthful archduke, whom the Poles might have moulded to their will, and over the King of Sweden, who claimed the crown by his queen's side, and had offered to unite his part of Livonia with that which the Poles possessed. He labours hard to prove that the palatines and the castellans were not *pratiques*, i. e. had their votes bought up by Montluc, as was reported; from their number and their opposite interests, he confesses that the *sieur évesque* slept little, while in Poland, and that he only gained over the hearts of men by that natural gift of God, which acquired him the title of the *happy ambassador*. He rather seems to regret that France was not prodigal of her purchase-money, than to affirm that all palatines were alike scrupulous of their honour.

One more fact may close this political sketch; a lesson of the nature of court gratitude! The French court affected to receive Choinnin with favour, but their suppressed discontent was reserved for 'the happy ambassador.' Affairs had changed; Charles IX was dying, and Catharine de Medicis in despair for a son, to whom she had sacrificed all; while Anjou, already immersed in the wantonness of youth and pleasure, considered his elevation to the throne of Poland as an exile which separated him from his depraved enjoyments. Montluc was rewarded only by incurring disgrace; Catharine de Medicis and the Duke of Anjou now looked coldly on him, and expressed their dislike of his successful mission. 'The mother of kings,' as Choinnin designates Catharine of Medicis, to whom he addresses his Memoirs, with the hope of awakening her recollections of the zeal, the genius, and the success of his old master, had no longer any use for her favourite; and Montluc found, as the commentator of Choinnin expresses in few words, an important truth in political morality, that 'at court the interest of the moment is the measure of its affections and its hatreds.'*

BUILDINGS IN THE METROPOLIS, AND RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

Recently more than one of our learned judges from the bench have perhaps astonished their auditors by impressing them with an old-fashioned notion of residing more on their estates than the fashionable modes of life, and the

* I have drawn up this article, for the curiosity of its subject and its details, from the 'Discours au vray de tout ce qui s'est fait et passé pour l'entière négociation de l'élection du Roi de Pologne, divisés en trois livres par Jehan Choinnin de Châtelleraul, naguères secretaire de M. le Evêque de Valence, 1754.'

esprit de société, now overpowering all other *esprit*, will ever admit. These opinions excited my attention to a curious circumstance in the history of our manners—the great anxiety of our government, from the days of Elizabeth till much later than those of Charles II., to preserve the kingdom from the evils of an overgrown metropolis. The people themselves indeed participated in the same alarm at the growth of the city; while, however, they themselves were perpetuating the grievance which they complained of.

It is amusing to observe, that although the government was frequently employing even their most forcible acts to restrict the limits of the metropolis, the suburbs were gradually incorporating with the city, and Westminster at length united itself with London. Since that happy marriage, their fertile progenies have so blended together, that little Londons are no longer distinguishable from the ancient parent; we have succeeded in spreading the capital into a county, and have verified the prediction of James the First, that 'England will shortly be London, and London England.'

'I think it a great object,' said Justice Best, in delivering his sentiments in favour of the Game Laws, 'that gentlemen should have a temptation to reside in the country, amongst their neighbours and tenants, whose interests must be materially advanced by such a circumstance. The links of society are thereby better preserved, and the mutual advantages and dependence of the higher and lower classes on one another are better maintained. The baneful effects of our present system we have lately seen in a neighbouring country, and an ingenious French writer has lately shown the ill consequences of it on the Continent.'^{*}

These sentiments of a living luminary of the Law afford some reason of policy for the dread which our government long entertained on account of the perpetual growth of the metropolis; the nation, like an hydropic, was ludicrously terrified that their head was too monstrous for their body, and that it drew all the moisture of life from the middle and the extremities. Proclamations warned and exhorted; but the very interference of a royal prohibition seemed to render the crowded city more charming; in vain the statute against new buildings was passed by Elizabeth; in vain during the reigns of James the First, and both the Charleses, we find proclamations continually issuing to forbid new erections.

James was apt to throw out his opinions in these frequent addresses to the people, who never attended to them: his majesty notices 'those swarms of gentry, who through the instigation of their wives, or to new model and fashion their daughters, (who if they were unmarried, marred their reputations, and if married lost them), did neglect their country hospitality, and cumber the city, a general nuisance to the kingdom.'—He addressed the Star-chamber to regulate 'the exorbitancy of the new buildings about the city, which were but a shelter for those who, when they had spent their estates in coaches, lacqueys and fine clothes like Frenchmen, lived miserably in their houses like Italians; but the honour of the English nobility and gentry is to be hospitable among their tenants.' Once conversing on this subject, the monarch threw out that happy illustration, which has been more than once noticed, that 'Gentlemen resident on their estates were like ships in port: their value and magnitude were felt and acknowledged; but when at a distance, as their size seemed insignificant, so their worth and importance were not duly estimated.'

A manuscript writer of the times complains of the breaking up of old family establishments, all crowding to 'upstart London.'—'Every one strives to be a Diogenes in his house, and an emperor in the streets; not caring if they sleep in a tub, so they may be hurried in a coach: giving that allowance to horses and mares, that formerly maintained houses full of men; pinching many a belly to paint a few backs, and burying all the treasures of the kingdom into a few citizens' coffers; their woods into wardrobes, their leases into laces, and their goods and chattels into guarded coats and gaudy toys.' Such is the representation of an eloquent contemporary; and however contracted might have been his knowledge of the principles of political economy, and of that prosperity which a wealthy nation is said to derive from its consumption of articles of luxury, the moral effects have not altered, nor has the scene in reality greatly changed.

The government not only frequently forbade new buildings within ten miles of London, but sometimes ordered them to be pulled down—after they had been erected for several years. Every six or seven years proclamations were issued. In Charles the First's reign, offenders were sharply prosecuted by a combined operation, not only against houses, but against persons.^{*} Many of the nobility and gentry, in 1632, were informed against for having resided in the city, contrary to the late proclamation. And the attorney-general was then fully occupied in filing bills of indictment against them, as well as ladies, for staying in town. The following curious 'information' in the Star-chamber will serve our purpose.

The attorney-general informs his majesty, that both Elizabeth and James, by several proclamations, had commanded that 'persons of livelihood and means should reside in their counties, and not abide or sojourn in the city of London, so that countries remain unserved.' These proclamations were renewed by Charles the First, who had observed 'a greater number of nobility and gentry, and abler sort of people, with their families, had resorted to the cities of London and Westminster, residing there, contrary to the ancient usage of the English nation'—'by their abiding in their several counties where their means arise, they would not only have served his majesty according to their ranks, but by their housekeeping in those parts the meaner sort of people formerly were guided, directed, and relieved.' He accused them of wasting their estates in the metropolis, which would employ and relieve the common people in their several counties. The loose and disorderly people that follow them, living in and about the cities, are so numerous, that they are not easily governed by the ordinary magistrates: mendicants increase in great number—the prices of all commodities are highly raised, &c. The king had formerly proclaimed that all ranks who were not connected with public officers, at the close of forty days' notice, should resort to their several counties, and with their families continue their residence there. And his majesty further warned them 'Not to put themselves to unnecessary charge in providing themselves to return in winter to the said cities, as it was the king's firm resolution to withstand such great and growing evil.' The information concludes with a most copious list of offenders, among whom are a great number of nobility, and ladies and gentlemen, who were accused of having lived in London for several months after the given warning of forty days. It appears that most of them, to elude the grasp of the law, had contrived to make a show of quitting the metropolis, and, after a short absence had again returned: 'and thus the service of your majesty and your people in the several counties have been neglected and undone.'

Such is the substance of this curious information, which enables us, at least, to collect the ostensible motives of this singular prohibition. Proclamations had hitherto been considered little more than the news of the morning, and three days afterwards were as much read as the last week's newspapers. They were now, however, resolved to stretch forth the strong arm of law, and to terrify by an example. The constables were commanded to bring in a list of the names of strangers, and the time they proposed to fix their residence in their parishes. A remarkable victim on this occasion was a Mr Palmer, a Sussex gentleman, who was brought *ore tenus* into the Star-chamber for disobeying the proclamation for living in the country. Palmer was a squire of a 1000*l*. per annum, then a considerable income. He appears to have been some rich bachelor: for in his defence he alleged that he had never been married, never was a housekeeper, and had no house fitting for a man of his birth to reside in, as his mansion in the country had been burnt down within two years. These reasons appeared to his judges to aggravate rather than extenuate his offence; and after a long reprimand for having deserted his tenants and neighbours, they heavily fined him in one thousand pounds.[†]

The condemnation of this Sussex gentleman struck a terror through a wide circle of sojourners in the metropolis. I find accounts, pathetic enough, of their 'packing away on all sides for fear of the worst,' and gentlemen 'grumbling that they should be confined to their houses;' and this was sometimes backed too by a second proclamation, respecting 'their wives and families, and also widows,' which was '*durus armo* to the women. It is, po-

^{*} Rushworth, vol. ii. p. 288.

[†] From a manuscript letter from Sir George Guesley to Sir Thomas Puckering, Nov. 1632.

thing pleasing to all,' says the letter writer, 'but least of all to the women.' 'To encourage gentlemen to live more willingly in the country,' says another letter writer, 'all game-fowl, as pheasants, partridges, ducks, as also hares, are this day by proclamation forbidden to be dressed or eaten in any inn.' Here we find realized the argument of Mr Justice Best, in favour of the game-laws.

It is evident that this severe restriction must have produced great inconvenience to certain persons who found a residence in London necessary for their pursuits. This appears from the manuscript diary of an honest antiquary, Sir Symond D'Ewes: he has preserved an opinion, which, no doubt, was spreading fast, that such prosecutions of the attorney-general were a violation of the liberty of the subject. 'Most men wondered at Mr Noy, the attorney-general being accounted a great lawyer, that so strictly took away men's liberties at one blow, confining them to reside at their own houses and not permitting them freedom to live where they pleased within the king's dominions. I was myself a little startled upon the first coming out of the proclamation; but having first spoken with the Lord Coventry, lord keeper of the great seal, at Islington, when I visited him; and afterwards with Sir William Jones, one of the king's justices of the bench, about my condition and residence at the said town of Islington, and they both agreeing that I was not within the letter of the proclamation, nor the intention of it neither, I rested satisfied, and thought myself secure, laying in all my provisions for housekeeping for the year ensuing, and never imagined myself to be in danger, till this unexpected censure of Mr Palmer passed in the Star-chamber: so, having advised with my friends, I resolved for a remove, being much troubled not only with my separation from Records, but with my wife, being great with child, fearing a winter journey might be dangerous for her.* He left Islington and the records in the Tower to return to his country-seat, to the great disturbance of his studies.

It is, perhaps, difficult to assign the cause of this marked anxiety of the government for the severe restriction of the limits of the metropolis, and the prosecution of the nobility and gentry to compel a residence on their estates.—Whatever were the motives, they were not peculiar to the existing sovereign, but remained transmitted from cabinet to cabinet, and were even renewed under Charles the Second. At a time when the plague often broke out, a close and growing metropolis might have been considered to be a great evil; a terror expressed by the manuscript writer before quoted, complaining of 'this deluge of building, that we shall be all poisoned with breathing in one another's faces.' The police of the metropolis was long imbecile, notwithstanding their 'strong watches and guards' set at times; and bodies of the idle and the refractory often assumed some mysterious title, and were with difficulty governed. We may conceive the state of the police, when 'London apprentices,' growing in number and insolence, frequently made attempts on Bridewell, or pulled down houses. One day the citizens, in proving some ordinance, terrified the whole court of James the First with a panic, that there was a 'rising in the city.' It is possible that the government might have been induced to pursue this singular conduct for I do not know that it can be paralleled, of pulling down new-built houses by some principle of political economy which remains to be explained, or ridiculed, by our modern adepts.

It would hardly be supposed that the present subject may be enlivened by a poem, the elegance and freedom of which may even now be admired. It is a great literary curiosity, and its length may be excused for several remarkable points.

AN ODE,

BY SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon Occasion of his Majesty's Proclamation in the year 1630, commanding the Gentry, to reside upon their Estates in the Country.

Now war is all the world about,
And every where Erynne reigns;
Or of the torch so late put out

The stench remains.

Holland for many years hath been
Of christian tragedies the stage,
Yet seldom hath she play'd a scene
Of bloodier rage :

* Harl. MSS. 6, fo. 162.

And France that was not long compos'd,
With civil drums again resounds,
And ere the old are fully clos'd,
Receives new wounds.

The great Gustavus in the west
Plucks the imperial eagle's wing,
Than whom the earth did ne'er invest
A fiercer king.

Only the island which we sow,
A world without the world so far
From present wounds, it cannot show
An ancient scar.

White peace, the beautifullest of things,
Seems here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spread the downy wings
Over the nest.

As when great Jove, usurping reign,
From the plagued world did her exile,
And tied her with a golden chain
To one blest isle,

Which in a sea of plenty swam,
And turtles sang on every bough,
A safe retreat to all that came,
As ours is now ;

Yet we, as if some foe were here,
Leave the despised fields to clowns,
And come to save ourselves, as 'twere,
In walled towns.

Hither we bring wives, babes, rich clothes,
And gems—till now my sovereign
The growing evil doth compose :

Counting in vain,
His care preserves us from annoy
Of enemies his realms to invade,
Unless he force us to enjoy

The peace he made.
To roll themselves in envied leisure ;
He therefore sends the landed heirs,
Whilst he proclaims not his own pleasure
So much as their's.

The sap and blood of the land, which fled
Into the root, and chok'd the heart,
Are bid their quick'ning power to spread
Through every part.

O 'twas an act, not for my muse
To celebrate, nor the dull age,
Until the country air infuse

A purer rage.
And if the fields as thankful prove
For benefits receiv'd, as seed,
They will be 'quite so great a love
A Virgil breed.

Nor let the gentry grudge to go
Into those places whence they grew,
But think them blest they may do so,
Who would pursue

The smoky glory of the town,
That may go till his native earth,
And by the shining fire sit down
Of his own hearth,

Free from the griping scribes' bands,
And the more biting mercers' books ;
Free from the bait of oiled hands,
And painted looks ?

The country too even chaps for rain
You that exhale it by your power,
Let the fat drops fall down again
In a full shower.

And you bright beauties of the time,
That waste yourselves here in a blaze,
Fix to your orb and proper clime
Your wandering rays.

Let no dark corner of the land
Be unimbellish'd with one gem,
And those which here too thick do stand
Sprinkle on them.

Believe me, ladies you will find
In that sweet life more solid joys,
Than
Argument to the mind
Than all town-toys.

Nor Cupid there less blood doth spill,
But heads his shafts with chaster love,
Not feather'd with a sparrow's quill,
But of a dove.

There you shall hear the nightingale,
The harmless syren of the wood,
How prettily she tells a tale
Of rape and blood.

Thy lyric lark with all beside
Of nature's feather'd quire, and all
The commonwealth of flowers in 'ts pride,
Behold you shall.

The lily queen, the royal rose,
The gillyflower, prince of the blood !
The courtier tulip, gay in cloths,
The regal bud ;

The violet purple senator,
How they do mock the pomp of state,
And all that at the surly door

Of great ones wait.
Plant trees you may, and see them shoot
Up with your children, to be served
To your clean boards, and the fairest fruit
To be preserved :

And learn to use their several gums ;
'Tis innocence in the sweet blood
Of cherry, apricocks, and plums,
To be imbrued,

ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS.

The satires and the comedies of the age have been consulted by the historian of our manners, and the features of the times have been traced from those amusing records of folly. Daines Barrington enlarged this field of domestic history, in his very entertaining 'Observations on the Statutes.' Another source, which to me seems not to have been explored, is the Proclamations which have frequently issued from our sovereigns, and were produced by the exigencies of the times.

These proclamations, or royal edicts, in our country were never armed with the force of laws—only as they enforce the execution of laws already established ; and the proclamation of a British monarch may become even an illegal act, if it be in opposition to the law of the land. Once, indeed, it was enacted, under the arbitrary government of Henry the Eighth, by the sanction of a pusillanimous parliament, that the force of acts of parliament should be given to the king's proclamations ; and at a much later period, the chancellor Lord Eusemere was willing to have advanced the king's proclamations into laws, on the sophistical maxim, that 'all precedents had a time when they began ;' but this chancellor argued ill, as he was told with spirit by Lord Coke, in the presence of James the First,* who probably did not think so ill of the chancellor's logic. Blackstone, to whom on this occasion I could not fail to turn, observes, on the statute under Henry the Eighth, that it would have introduced the most despotic tyranny, and must have proved fatal to the liberties of this kingdom had it not been luckily repealed in the minority of his successor, whom he elsewhere calls an amiable prince—all our young princes, we discover, were amiable ! Blackstone has not recorded the subsequent attempt of the Lord Chancellor, under James the First, which tended to raise proclamations to the nature of an ukase of the autocrat of both the Russias. It seems that our national freedom, notwithstanding our ancient constitution, has had several narrow escapes.

Royal proclamations, however, in their own nature are innocent enough ; for since the manner, time, and circumstances of putting laws into execution must frequently be left to the discretion of the executive magistrate, a proclamation that is not adverse to existing laws need not create any alarm ; the only danger they incur is that they seem never to have been attended to, and rather testified the wishes of the government than the compliance of the subjects. They were not laws, and were therefore considered as sermons or pamphlets, or any thing forgotten in a week's time !

These proclamations are frequently alluded to by the letter-writers of the times, among the news of the day, but usually their royal virtue hardly kept them alive beyond the week. Some on important subjects are indeed

* The whole story is in 12 Co. 746. I owe this curious fact to the author of *Eusemus*, ii, 116

noticed in our history. Many indications of the situation of affairs, the feelings of the people, and the domestic history of our nation, may be drawn from these singular records. I have never found them to exist in any collected form, and they have been probably only accidentally preserved.

The proclamations of every sovereign would characterize his reign, and open to us some of the interior operations of the cabinet. The despotic will, yet vacillating conduct of Henry the Eighth, towards the close of his reign, may be traced in a proclamation to abolish the translation of the scriptures, and even the reading of Bibles by the people ; commanding all printers of English books and pamphlets to affix their names to them, and forbidding the sale of any English books printed abroad. When the people were not suffered to publish their opinions at home, all the opposition flew to foreign presses, and their writings were then smuggled into the country in which they ought to have been printed. Hence many volumes printed in a foreign type at this period are found in our collections. The king shrunk in dismay from that spirit of reformation which had only been a party-business with him, and making himself a pope, decided that nothing should be learnt but what he himself designed to teach !

The antipathies and jealousies, which our populace too long indulged by their incivilities to all foreigners, are characterized by a proclamation issued by Mary, commanding her subjects to behave themselves peaceably towards the strangers coming with King Philip ; that noblemen and gentlemen should warn their servants to refrain from 'strife and contention, either by outward deeds, taunting words, unseemly countenance, by mimicking them, &c.' The punishment not only 'her grace's displeasure, but to be committed to prison without bail or mainprize.'

The proclamations of Edward the Sixth curiously exhibit the unsettled state of the reformation, where the rights and ceremonies of catholicism were still practised by the new religionists, while an opposite party, resolutely bent on eternal separation from Rome, were avowing doctrines which afterwards consolidated themselves into puritanism and while others were hatching up that demoralizing fanaticism, which subsequently shocked the nation with these monstrous sects, the indelible disgrace of our country ! Is one proclamation the king denounces to the people 'those who despise the sacrament by calling it idle, or such other vile name.' Another is against such 'as innovate any ceremony,' and who are described as 'certain private preachers and other laicmen who rashly attempt of their own and singular wit and mind, not only to persuade the people from the old and accustomed rites and ceremonies, but also themselves bring in new and strange orders according to their phantasies. The which, as it is an evident token of pride and arrogance, so it tendeth both to confusion and disorder.' Another proclamation, to press 'a godly conformity throughout his realm,' where we learn the following curious fact, of 'divers unlearned and indiscreet priests of a devilish mind and intent, teaching that a man may forsake his wife and marry another, his first wife yet living ; likewise that the wife may do the same to the husband. Others that a man may have two wives or more at once, for that these things are not prohibited by God's law, but by the Bishop of Rome's law ; so that by such evil and phantastical opinions some have not been afraid indeed to marry and keep two wives.' Here, as in the bud, we may unfold those subsequent scenes of our story, which spread out in the following century ; the branching out of the non-conformists into their various sects ; and the indecent haste of our reformed priesthood, who, in their zeal to cast off the yoke of Rome, desperately submitted to the liberty of having 'two wives or more.' There is a proclamation to abstain from flesh on Fridays and Saturdays ; exhorted on the principle, not only that 'men should abstain on those days, and forbear their pleasures and the meats wherein they have more delight, to the intent to subdue their bodies to the soul and spirit, but also for worldly policy. To use fish for the benefit of the commonwealth, and profit of many who be fishers and men using that trade, unto the which this realm, in every part environed with the seas, and so plentiful of fresh waters, be increased the nourishment of the land by saving flesh.' It did not seem to occur to the king in council that the butchers might have had cause to petition against this monopoly of two days in the week granted to the fishmongers ; and much less, that it was better to let the people eat flesh or

fish as suited their convenience. In respect to the religious rite itself, it was evidently not considered as an essential point of faith, since the king enforces it on the principle 'for the profit and commodity of his realm.' Burnet has made a just observation on religious fasts.*

A proclamation against excess of apparel, in the reign of Elizabeth, and renewed many years after, shows the luxury of dress, which was indeed excessive: I shall shortly notice it in another article. There is a curious one against the *iconoclasts, or image-breakers and picture-destroyers*, for which the antiquary will hold her in high reverence. Her majesty informs us, that 'several persons, ignorant, malicious, or covetous, of late years, have spoiled and broken ancient monuments, erected only to show a memory to posterity, and not to nourish any kind of superstition.' The queen laments, that what is broken and spoiled would be now hard to recover, but advises her good people to repair them; and commands them in future to desist from committing such injuries! A more extraordinary circumstance than the proclamation itself was the manifestation of her majesty's zeal, in subscribing her name with her own hand to every proclamation dispersed throughout England! These image-breakers first appeared in Elizabeth's reign; it was afterwards that they flourished in all the perfection of their handicraft, and have contrived that these monuments of art shall carry down to posterity the memory of their shame and of their age. These image-breakers, so famous in our history, had already appeared under Henry the Eighth, and continued their practical zeal, in spite of proclamations and remonstrances, till they had accomplished their work. In 1641, an order was published by the commons, that they should 'take away all scandalous pictures out of churches;' but more was intended than was expressed; and we are told that the people did not at first carry their barbarous practice against all Art, to the lengths which they afterwards did, till they were instructed by private information! Dowling's Journal has been published, and shows what the order meant. He was their giant-destroyer! Such are the Machiavelian secrets of revolutionary governments; they give a public order in moderate words, but the secret one, for the deeds, is that of extermination! It was this sort of men who discharged their prisoners by giving a secret sign to lead them to their execution!

The proclamations of James the First, by their number, are said to have sunk their value with the people. He was fond of giving them gentle advice, and it is said by Wilson that there was an intention to have this king's printed proclamations bound up in a volume, that better notice might be taken of the matters contained in them. There is more than one to warn the people against 'speaking too freely of matters above their reach,' prohibiting all 'undutiful speeches.' I suspect that many of these proclamations are the composition of the king's own hand; he was often his own secretary. There is an admirable one against private duels and challenges. The curious one respecting Cowell's 'Interpreter' is a sort of royal review of some of the arcana of state: I refer to the quotation.†

I will preserve a passage of a proclamation 'against excess of lavish and licentious speech.' James was a king of words!

'Although the commixture of nations, confluence of ambassadors, and the relation which the affairs of our kingdoms have had towards the business and interests of foreign states, have caused, during our regiment (government,) a greater openness and liberty of discourse, even concerning matters of state (which are no themes or subjects fit for vulgar persons or common meetings) than hath been in former times used or permitted; and although in our own nature and judgment we do well allow of convenient freedom of speech, esteeming any over-curious or restrained hands carried in that kind rather as a weakness, or else over-much severity of government than otherwise; yet for as much as it is come to our ears, by common report, that there is at this time a more licentious passage of lavish discourses and bold censure in matters of state than is fit to be suffered: We give this warning, &c., to take heed how they intermeddle by pen or speech with causes of state and secrets of empire, either at home or abroad, but contain themselves within that modest and reverent regard of matters above their reach and calling; nor to give any manner of applause to such discourse, without acquainting one of our privy council within the space of twenty-four hours.'

* History of the Reformation, vol. II, p. 96, folio.

† I have noticed it in Calamities of Authors, II. 266.

It seems that 'the bold speakers,' as certain persons were then denominated, practised an old artifice of lauding his majesty, while they severely arraigned the counsels of the cabinet; on this James observes, 'Neither let any man mistake us so much as to think that by giving fair and specious attributes to our person, they cover the scandals which they otherwise lay upon our government, but conceive that we make no other construction of them but as fine and artificial glosses, the better to give passage to the rest of their imputations and scandals.'

This was a proclamation in the eighteenth year of his reign; he repeated it in the nineteenth, and he might have proceeded to 'the crack of doom' with the same effect!

Rushworth, in his second volume of Historical Collections, has preserved a considerable number of the proclamations of Charles the First, of which many are remarkable; but latterly they mark the feverish state of his reign. One regulates access for cure of the king's evil—by which his majesty, it appears, 'hath had good success therein;' but though ready and willing as any king or queen of this realm ever was to relieve the distresses of his good subjects, 'his majesty commands to change the seasons for his "sacred touch" from Easter and Whitsunide to Easter and Michaelmas, as times more convenient for the temperature of the season, &c. Another against 'departure out of the realm without licence.' One to erect an office 'for the suppression of cursing and swearing,' to receive the forfeitures; against 'libellous and seditious pamphlets and discourses from Scotland,' framed by factious spirits, and re-published in London—this was in 1640; and Charles, at the crisis of that great insurrection in which he was to be at once the actor and the spectator, fondly imagined that the possessors of these 'scandalous' pamphlets would bring them, as he proclaimed, 'to one of his majesty's justices of peace, to be by him sent to one of his principal secretaries of state!'

On the Restoration, Charles the Second had to court his people by his domestic regulations. He early issued a remarkable proclamation, which one would think reflected on his favourite companions, and which strongly marks the moral disorders of those depraved and wretched times. It is against 'vicious, debauched, and profane persons' who are thus described:

'A sort of men of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed; who spend their time in taverns, tippling-houses and debauches; giving no other evidence of their affection to us but in drinking our health, and inveighing against all others who are not of their own dissolute temper; and who, in truth, have more discredited our cause, by the licence of their manners and lives, than they could ever advance it by their affection or courage. We hope all persons of honour, or in place and authority, will so far assist us in discountenancing such men, that their discretion and shame will persuade them to reform what their conscience would not; and that the displeasure of good men towards them may supply what the laws have not, and, it may be, cannot well provide against; there being by the licence and corruption of the times, and the depraved nature of man, many enormities, scandals, and impieties in practice and manners, which laws cannot well describe, and consequently not enough provide against, which may, by the example and severity of virtuous men, be easily discountenanced, and by degrees suppressed.'

Surely the gravity and moral severity of Clarendon dictated this proclamation! which must have afforded some mirth to the gay, debauched circle, the loose cronies of royalty!

It is curious that in 1660 Charles the Second issued a long proclamation for the strict observance of Lent, and alleges for it the same reason as we found in Edward the Sixth's proclamation, 'for the good it produces in the employment of *fishermen*.' No ordinaries, taverns, &c., to make any supper on Friday nights, either in Lent or out of Lent.

Charles the Second issued proclamations 'to repress the excess of gilding of coaches and chariots,' to restrain the waste of gold, which, as they supposed, by the excessive use of gilding, had grown scarce. Against 'the exportation and the buying and selling of gold and silver at higher rates than in our mint,' alluding to a statute made in the ninth year of Edward the Third, called the Statute of Money. Against building in and about London and Westminster in 1661: 'The inconveniences daily growing by increase of new buildings are, that the people increasing in such great numbers, are not well to be governed

by the wonted officers; the prices of victuals are enhanced; the health of the subject inhabiting the cities much endangered, and many good towns and boroughs unpeopled, and in their trades much decayed—frequent fires occasioned by timber-buildings. It orders to build with brick and stone, which would beautify, and make an uniformity in the buildings; and which are not only more durable and safe against fire, but by experience are found to be of *little more if not less charge than the building with timber.* We must infer that by the general use of timber, it had considerably risen in price, while brick and stone not then being generally used, became as cheap as wood!

The most remarkable proclamations of Charles the Second are those which concern the regulations of coffee-houses, and one for putting them down; to restrain the spreading of false news, and licentious talking of state and government, the speakers and the hearers were made alike punishable. This was highly resented as an illegal act by the friends of civil freedom; who, however, succeeded in obtaining the freedom of the coffee-houses, under the promise of not sanctioning treasonable speeches. It was urged by the court lawyers, as the high Tory, Roger North tells us, that the retailing coffee might be an innocent trade, when not used in the nature of a common assembly to discourse of matters of state news and great persons, as a means 'to discontent the people;' on the other side Kennet asserted that the discontents existed before they met at the coffee-houses, and that the proclamation was only intended to suppress an evil which was not to be prevented. At this day we know which of those two historians exercised the truest judgment. It was not the coffee-houses which produced political feeling, but the reverse. Whenever government ascribes effects to a cause quite inadequate to produce them, they are only seeking means to hide the evil which they are too weak to suppress.

TRUE SOURCES OF SECRET HISTORY.

This is a subject which has been hitherto but imperfectly comprehended even by some historians themselves; and has too often incurred the satire, and even the contempt, of those volatile spirits who play about the superficialities of truth, wanting the industry to view it on more than one side; and those superficial readers who imagine that every tale is told when it is written.

Secret history is the supplement of History itself, and is its greatest corrector; and the combination of secret with public history has in itself a perfection, which each taken separately has not. The popular historian composes a plausible rather than an accurate tale; researches too fully detailed would injure the just proportions, or crowd the bold design of the elegant narrative; and facts, presented as they occurred, would not adapt themselves to those theoretical writers of history who arrange events not in a natural, but in a systematic, order. But in secret history we are more busied in observing what passes than in being told of it. We are transformed into the contemporaries of the writers, while we are standing on 'the vantage ground' of their posterity; and thus what to them appeared ambiguous, to us has become unquestionable; what was secret to them has been confided to us. They mark the beginnings, and we the ends. From the fullness of their accounts we recover much which had been lost to us in the general views of history, and it is by this more intimate acquaintance with persons and circumstances that we are enabled to correct the less distinct, and sometimes the fallacious appearances in the page of the popular historian. He who *only* views things in masses will have no distinct notion of any one particular; he may be a fanciful or a passionate historian, but he is not the historian who will enlighten while he charms.

But as secret history appears to deal in minute things, its connexion with great results is not usually suspected. The circumstantiality of its story, the changeable shadows of its character, the redundancy of its conversations, and the many careless superfluities which egotism or vanity may throw out, seem usually confounded with that small-talk familiarly termed *gossiping*. But the *gossiping* of a profound politician, or a vivacious observer, in one of their letters, or in their memoirs, often, by a spontaneous stroke, reveals the individual, or by a simple incident unriddles a mysterious event. We may discover the value of these pictures of human nature, with which secret history abounds, by an observation which occurred between

two statesmen in office. Lord Raby, our ambassador, apologized to Lord Bolingbroke, then secretary of state, for troubling him with the minutest circumstances which occurred in his conferences; in reply, the minister requests the ambassador to continue the same manner of writing, and alleges an excellent reason. 'Those *minute circumstances* give very great light to the general scope and design of the *persons* negotiated with. And I own that nothing pleases me more in that valuable collection of the Cardinal D'Ossat's letters, than the *minute descriptions* which he gives of the looks, gestures, and even tones of voice, of the persons he conferred with.' I regret to have to record to the opinions of another noble author who recently has thrown out some degrading notions of the secret history, and particularly of the historians. I would have silently passed by a vulgar writer, superficial, prejudiced, and uninformed; but as so many are yet deficient in correct notions of *secret history*, it is but justice that their representative should be heard before they are condemned.

His lordship says, that 'Of late the appetite for *Remains* of all kinds has surprisingly increased. A story repeated by the Duchess of Portsmouth's waiting-woman to Lord Rochester's valet forms a subject of investigation for a philosophical historian: and you may hear of an assembly of scholars and authors discussing the validity of a piece of scandal invented by a maid of honour more than two centuries ago, and repeated to an obscure writer by Queen Elizabeth's house-keeper. It is a matter of the greatest interest to see the *letters* of every busy trader. Yet who does not laugh at such men? This is the attack! but as if some half-truths, like light through the cranny in a dark room, had just darted in a stream of atoms over this scoffing of secret history, he suddenly views his object with a very different appearance—for he justly concludes that 'It must be confessed, however, that knowledge of this kind is very entertaining; and here and there among the rubbish we find hints that may give the philosopher a clue to important facts, and afford to the moralist a better analysis of the human mind than a whole library of metaphysics.' The philosopher may well abhor all intercourse with wits! because the faculty of judgment is usually quiescent with them; and in their organs they furiously decry what in their sober senses they as eagerly laud! Let me inform his lordship, that 'the waiting-woman and the valet' of eminent persons, are sometimes no unimportant personages in history. By the *Memoirs de Mons. De la Porte, premier valet de chambre de Louis XIV.* we learn what before 'the valet' wrote had not been known—the shameful arts which Mazarine allowed to be practised, to give a bad education to the prince, and to manage him by depraving his tastes. *Madame de Motteville* in her *Memoirs*, 'the waiting' lady of our Henrietta, has preserved for our own English history some facts which have been found so essential to the narrative, that they are referred to by our historians. In *Gai Joly*, the humble dependent of Cardinal De Retz, we discover an unconscious, but a useful commentator on the *Memoirs* of his master; and the most affecting personal anecdotes of Charles the First have been preserved by *Thomas Herbert*, his gentleman in waiting; *Clery*, the valet of Louis XIV., with pathetic faithfulness has shown us the man, as the monarch whom he served!

Of secret history there are obviously two species; it is positive, or it is relative. It is *positive*, when the facts are first given to the world; a sort of knowledge which can only be drawn from our own personal experience, or from those contemporary documents preserved in their manuscript state in public or in private collections; or it is *relative*, in proportion to the knowledge of those to whom it is communicated, and will be more or less valued, according to the acquisitions of the reader; and this inferior species of secret history is drawn from rare and obscure books and other published authorities, often as scarce as manuscripts.

Some experience I have had in those literary researches, where curiosity, ever-wakeful and vigilant, discovers among contemporary manuscripts new facts; illustrations of old ones; and sometimes detects, not merely by conjecture, the concealed causes of many events; often opens a scene in which some well-known personage is exhibited in a new character; and thus penetrates beyond those generalising representations which satisfy the superficial, and often cover the page of history with delusion and fiction.

It is only since the later institutions of national libraries, that these immense collections of manuscripts have been formed; with us they are an undecipherable variety, usually classed under the vague title of 'State-papers.' The instructions of ambassadors, but more particularly their own despatches; charters and chronicles brown with antiquity, which preserve a world which had been else lost for us, like the one before the deluge; series upon series of private correspondence, among which we discover the most confidential communications, designed by the writers to have been destroyed by the hand which received them; memoirs of individuals by themselves or by their friends, such as are now published by the pomp of vanity, or the faithlessness of their possessors; and the miscellaneous collections formed by all kinds of persons, characteristic of all countries and of all eras, materials for the history of man!—records of the force, or of the feebleness of the human understanding, and still the monuments of their passions!

The original collectors of these dispersed manuscripts were a race of ingenious men; silent benefactors of mankind, to whom justice has not yet been fully awarded; but in their fervour of accumulation, every thing in a manuscript state bore its spell; acquisition was the sole point aimed at by our early collectors, and to this these searching spirits sacrificed their fortunes, their ease, and their days; but life would have been too short to have decided on the intrinsic value of the manuscripts flowing in a stream to the collectors; and suppression, even of the disjointed reveries of madmen, or the sensible madness of projectors might have been indulging a capricious taste, or what has proved more injurious to historical pursuits, that party-feeling which has frequently annihilated the memorials of their adversaries.*

These manuscript collections now assume a formidable appearance. A toilsome march over these 'Alps rising over Alps' a voyage in 'a sea without a shore' has turned away most historians from their severer duties; those who have grasped at early celebrity have been satisfied to have given a new form to, rather than contributed to the new matter of history. The very sight of these masses of history has terrified some modern historians. When Pere Daniel undertook a history of France, the learned Boivin, the king's librarian, opened for his inspection an immense treasure of charters, and another of royal autograph letters, another of private correspondence; treasures, reposing in fourteen hundred folios! The modern historian passed two hours impatiently looking over them, but frightened at another plunge into the gulf, this Curtius of history would not immolate himself for his country! He wrote a civil letter to the librarian for his 'supernumerary kindness,' but insinuated that he could write a very readable history without any further aid of such paperasses or 'paper-rubbish.' Pere Daniel, therefore, 'quietly sat down to his history,' copying others—a compliment which was never returned by any one: but there was this striking novelty in his 'readable history,' that according to the accurate computation of Count Boulainvilliers, Pere Daniel's history of France contains ten thousand blunders! The same circumstance has been told me by a living historian of the late Gilbert Stuart; who, on some manuscript volumes of letters being pointed out to him when composing his history of Scotland, confessed that 'what was already printed was more than he was able to read! and thus much for his theoretical history, written to run counter to another theoretical history, being Stuart versus Robertson! They equally depend on the simplicity of their readers, and the charms of style! Another historian, Anquetil, the author of *L'Esprit de la Ligue*, has described his embarrassment at an inspection of the contemporary manuscripts of that period. After thirteen years of researches to glean whatever secret history printed books afforded, the author, residing in the country, resolved to visit the royal library at Paris, Monsieur Melot receiving him with that kindness, which is one of the official duties of the public librarian towards the studious, opened the cabinets in which were deposited the treasures of French history.—'This is what you require! come here at all times, and you shall be attended!' said the librarian to the young historian, who stood by with a sort of shudder, while he opened cabinet after cabinet. The intrepid investigator repeated his visits, looking over the mass as chance directed, attacking one side, and then

flying to another. The historian, who had felt no weariness during thirteen years among printed books, discovered that he was now engaged in a task, apparently always beginning, and never ending! The '*Esprit de la Ligue*' was however enriched by labours, which at the moment appeared so barren.

The study of these paperasses is not perhaps so disgusting as the impatient Pere Daniel imagined; there is a literary fascination in looking over the same papers which the great characters of history once held and wrote on; catching from themselves their secret sentiments; and often detecting so many of their unrecorded actions! By habit the toil becomes light; and with a keen inquisitive spirit, even delightful! For what is more delightful to the curious, than to make fresh discoveries every day? Addison has a true and pleasing observation on such pursuits. 'Our employments are converted into amusements, so that even in those objects which were indifferent, or even displeasing to us, the mind not only gradually loses its aversion, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for them.' Addison illustrates this case by one of the greatest geniuses of the age, who by habit took incredible pleasure in searching into rolls, and records, till he preferred them to Virgil and Cicero! The faculty of curiosity is as fervid, and even as refined in its search after Truth, as that of Taste in the objects of Imagination, and the more it is indulged, the more exquisitely it is enjoyed!

The popular historians of England and of France have, in truth, made little use of manuscript researches. Life is very short for long histories; and those who rage with an avidity of fame or profit will gladly taste the fruit which they cannot mature. Researches too remotely sought after, or too slowly acquired, or too fully detailed, would be so many obstructions in the smooth texture of a narrative. Our theoretical historians write from some particular and pre-conceived result; unlike Livy, and De Thou, and Machiavel, who describe events in their natural order, these cluster them together by the fanciful threads of some political or moral theory, by which facts are distorted, displaced, and sometimes altogether omitted! One single original document has sometimes shaken into dust their palladian edifice of history. At the moment Hume was sending some sheets of his History to press, Murdin's State Papers appeared. And we are highly amused and instructed by a letter of our historian to his rival, Robertson, who probably found himself often in the same forlorn situation. Our historian discovered in that collection what compelled him to retract his pre-conceived system—he hurries to stop the press, and paints his confusion and his anxiety with all the ingenuous simplicity of his nature. 'We are all in the wrong!' he exclaims. Of Hume I have heard, that certain manuscripts at the state paper office had been prepared for his inspection during a fortnight, but he never could muster courage to pay his promised visit. Satisfied with the common accounts, and the most obvious sources of history, when librarian at the Advocates' Library, where yet may be examined the books he used, marked by his hand; he spread the volumes about the sofa, from which he rarely rose to pursue obscure inquiries, or delay by fresh difficulties the page which every day was growing under his charming pen. A striking proof of his careless happiness I discovered in his never referring to the perfect edition of Whitelock's Memorials of 1732, but to the old truncated and faithless one of 1682.

Dr Birch was a writer with no genius for composition, but to whom British history stands more indebted than to any superior author; his incredible love of labour, in transcribing with his own hand a large library of manuscripts from originals dispersed in public and in private repositories, has enriched the British Museum by thousands of the most authentic documents of genuine secret history. He once projected a collection of original historical letters, for which he had prepared a preface, where I find the following passage. 'It is a more important service to the public to contribute *something not before known* to the general fund of history, than to give new form and colour to what we are already possessed of, by superadding refinement and ornament, which too often tend to *disguise the real state of the facts*; a fault not to be atoned for by the pomp of style, or even the fine elegance of the historian.' This was an oblique stroke aimed at Robertson, to whom Birch had generously opened the stores of history, for the Scotch historian had needed all his charity; but Robertson's attractive inventions, and highly-

* See what I have said of 'Suppressors and Dilapidators of Manuscripts,' p. 262.

finished composition, seduce the public; and we may forgive the latent spark of envy in the honest feelings of the man, who was profoundly skilled in delving in the native beds of ore, but not in fashioning it; and whose own neglected historical works, constructed on the true principle of secret history, we may often turn over to correct the erroneous, the prejudiced, and the artful accounts of those who have covered their faults by 'the pomp of style, and the eloquence of the historian.'

The large manuscript collections of original documents, from whence may be drawn what I have called *positive secret history*, are, as I have observed, comparatively of modern existence. Formerly they were widely dispersed in private hands; and the nature of such sources of historic discovery but rarely occurred to our writers. Even had they sought them, their access must have been partial and accidental. Lord Hardwicke has observed, that there are still many untouched manuscript collections within these kingdoms, which, through the ignorance or inattention of their owners, are condemned to dust and obscurity; but how valuable and essential they may be to the interests of authentic history and of sacred truth, cannot be more strikingly demonstrated than in the recent publications of the Marlborough and the Shrewsbury papers by Archdeacon Cox.* The editor was fully authorized to observe: 'It is singular that those transactions should either have been passed over in silence, or imperfectly represented by most of our national historians.' Our modern history would have been a mere political romance, without the astonishing picture of William and his ministers, exhibited in those unquestionable documents. Burnet was among the first of our modern historians who showed the world the preciousness of such materials, in his History of the Reformation, which he largely drew from the Cottonian Collection. Our earlier historians only repeated a tale ten times told. Milton, who wanted not for literary diligence, had no fresh stories to open for his History of England; while Hume despatches, comparatively in a few pages, a subject which has afforded to the fervent diligence of my learned friend Sharon Turner, volumes precious to the antiquary, the lawyer, and the philosopher.

To illustrate my idea of the usefulness, and of the absolute necessity of secret history, I fix first on a *public event*, and secondly on a *public character*; both remarkable in our own modern history, and both serving to expose the fallacious appearances of popular history by authorities indisputably genuine. The event is the restoration of Charles the Second: and the character is that of Mary the queen of William the Third.

In history, the Restoration of Charles appears in all its splendour—the king is joyfully received at Dover, and the shore is covered by his subjects on their knees—crowds of the Great hurry to Canterbury—the army is drawn up, in number and with a splendour that had never been equalled—his enthusiastic reception is on his birth-day, for that was the lucky day fixed on for his entrance into the metropolis—in a word, all that is told in history describes a monarch the most powerful and the most happy. One of the tracts of the day, entitled 'England's Triumph,' in the mean quaintness of the style of the time tells us, that 'The soldiery, who had hitherto made clubs trump, resolved now to enthrone the king of hearts.' Turn to the faithful memorialist, who so well knew the secrets of the king's heart, and who was himself an actor behind the curtain; turn to Clarendon, in his own life: and we shall find that the power of the king was then as dubious as when he was in exile; and his feelings were so much racked, that he had nearly resolved on a last flight.

Clarendon, in noticing the temper and spirits of that time, observes, 'Whoever reflects upon all this composition of contradictory wishes and expectations, must con-

fess that the king was not yet the master of the kingdom, nor his authority and security such as the general noise and acclamation, the bells and the bonfires, proclaimed it to be.'—'The first mortification the king met with was as soon as he arrived at Canterbury, within three hours after he landed at Dover.' Clarendon then relates how many the king found there, who while they waited with joy to kiss his hand, also came with importunate solicitations for themselves; forced him to give them present audience, in which they reckoned up the insupportable losses undergone by themselves or their fathers; demand some grant, or promise of such offices; some even for more! 'pressing for two or three with such confidence and importunity, and with such tedious discourses, that the king was extremely nauseated with their suits, though his modesty knew not how to break from them: that he no sooner got into his chamber, which for some hours he was not able to do, than he lamented the condition to which he found he must be subject; and did, in truth, from that minute, contract such a prejudice against some of those persons.' But a greater mortification was to follow, and one which had nearly thrown the king into despair.

General Monk had from the beginning to this instant acted very mysteriously, never corresponding with nor answering a letter of the king's, so that his majesty was frequently doubtful whether the general designed to act for himself or for the king: an ambiguous conduct which I attribute to the power his wife had over him, who was in the opposite interest. The general in his rough way, presented him a large paper, with about seventy names for his privy council, of which not more than two were acceptable. 'The king,' says Clarendon, 'was in more than ordinary confusion, for he knew not well what to think of the general, in whose absolute power he was—so that at this moment his majesty was almost alarmed at the demand and appearance of things.' The general afterwards undid this unfavourable appearance, by acknowledging that the list was drawn up by his wife, who had made him promise to present it; but he permitted his majesty to act as he thought proper. At that moment General Monk was more King than Charles.

We have not yet concluded. When Charles met the army at Blackheath, 50,000 strong, 'he knew well the ill constitution of the army, the distemper and murmuring that was in it, and how many diseases and convulsions their infant loyalty was subject to; that how united never their inclinations and acclamations seemed to be at Blackheath, their affections were not the same—and the very countenances there of many officers, as well as soldiers, did sufficiently manifest that they were drawn thither to a service they were not delighted in. The old soldiers had little regard for their new officers: and it quickly appeared, by the select and affected mixtures of sullen and melancholic parties of officers and soldiers.'—And then the chancellor of human nature adds, 'And in this melancholic and perplexed condition the king and all his hopes stood, when he appeared most gay and exalted, and wore a pleasantness in his face that became him, and looked like as full an assurance of his security as was possible to put on.' It is imagined that Louis the Eighteenth would be the ablest commentator on this piece of secret history, and add another twin to Pierre de Saint Julien's 'Gemeilles ou Pareilles,' an old French treatise of histories which resemble one another; a volume so scarce, that I have never met with it.

Burnet informs us, that when Queen Mary held the administration of government during the absence of William, it was imagined by some, that as 'every woman of sense loved to be meddling, they concluded that she had but a small portion of it, because she lived so abstracted from all affairs. He praises her exemplary behaviour: 'regular in her devotions, much in her closet, read a great deal, was often busy at work, and seemed to employ her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state. Her conversation was lively and obliging; every thing in her was easy and natural. The King told the Earl of Shrewsbury, that though he could not hit on the right way of pleasing England, he was confident she would, and that we should all be very happy under her.' Such is the miniature of the queen which Burnet offers; we see nothing but her tranquillity, her simplicity, and her carelessness, amidst the important transactions passing under her eyes; but I lift the curtain from a longer picture. The distracted state amidst which the queen lived, the vexations, the secret sorrows, the agonies and the despair of Mary in

* Whenever that vast collection, which from their former possessor, may be called the 'Conway papers,' shall be given to the public, from what I have already been favoured with the sight of, I may venture to predict that our history will receive a new form, and our literature an important accession. They are now in the possession of John Wilson Croker, Esq., M. P. and Secretary of the Admiralty, and placed at his disposal by the Marquis of Herford, with a view of making a selection for the use of the public. The reader may find a lively summary of the contents of these papers, in Horace Walpole's account of his visit to Raszley, in his letter to George Montague, 20th August, 1758. Mr Croker is also so fortunate as to be the possessor of the Throckmorton papers of which the reader may likewise observe a particular notice in Sir Henry Wootton's will, in Isaac Walton's Lives.

the absence of William, nowhere appears in history: and, as we see, escaped the ken of the Scotch bishop! They were reserved for the curiosity and the instruction of posterity: and were found by Dalrymple, in the letters of Mary to her husband, in King William's cabinet. It will be well to place under the eye of the reader the suppressed ones of this afflicted queen, at the time when 'every thing in her was so easy and natural, employing her time and thoughts in any thing rather than matters of state—often busy at work!'

I shall not dwell on the pangs of the queen for the fate of William—or her deadly suspicions that many were unfaithful about her: a battle lost might have been fatal; a conspiracy might have undone what even a victory had obtained; the continual terrors she endured were such, that we might be at a loss to determine who suffered most, those who had been expelled from, or those who had ascended the throne.

So far was the queen from not 'employing her thoughts' on 'matters of state,' that every letter, usually written towards evening, chronicles the conflicts of the day; she records not only events, but even dialogues and personal characteristics; hints her suspicions, and multiplies her fears: her attention was incessant.—'I never write but what I think others do not,' and her terrors were as ceaseless.—'I pray God, send you back quickly, for I see all breaking out into all flames.' The queen's difficulties were not eased by a single confidential intercourse. On one occasion she observes, 'As I do not know what I ought to speak, and when not, I am as silent as can be.'—'I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you.—It seems to me that every one is afraid of themselves.—I am very uneasy in one thing, which is want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for it's a great constraint to think and be silent; and there is so much matter, that I am one of Solomon's fools, who am ready to burst.' I must tell you again how Lord Monmouth endeavours to frighten me, and indeed things have but a melancholy prospect. She had indeed reason to fear Lord Monmouth, who, it appears, divulged all the secrets of the royal councils to Major Wildman, who was one of our old republicans; and, to spread alarm in the privy council, conveyed in lemon-juice all their secrets to France, often on the very day they had passed in council! They discovered the fact, and every one suspected the other as the traitor! Lord Lincoln even once assured her, that 'the Lord President and all in general, who are in trust, were rogues.' Her council was composed of factions, and the queen's suspicions were rather general than particular: for she observes on them, 'Till now I thought you had given me wrong characters of men; but now I see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body.'—For a final extract, take this full picture of royal misery.—'I must see company on my set days; I must pay twice a week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will; I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me; at least, it is a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world; so that I have this misery added to that of your absence, that I must grin when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air; but then I never can be quite alone, neither can I complain—that would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely to. Besides, I must hear of business, which being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but break my brains the more, and not ease my heart.'

Thus different from the representation of Burnet was the actual state of Queen Mary; and I suspect that our warm and vehement bishop had but little personal knowledge of her majesty, notwithstanding the elaborate character of the queen which he has given in her funeral eulogium.—He must have known that she did not always sympathize with his party-feelings: for the queen writes, 'The bishop of Salisbury has made a long thundering sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire in print; which I could not refuse, though I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him.' Burnet (whom I am very far from calling what an inveterate Tory, Edward Earl of Oxford, does in one of his manuscript notes, 'that lying Scot,') unquestionably has told many truths in his garrulous page; but the cause in which

he stood so deeply engaged, coupled to his warm sanguine temper, may have sometimes dimmed his sagacity, so as to have caused him to have mistaken, as in the present case, a mask for a face, particularly at a time when almost every individual appears to have worn one!

Both these causes of Charles the Second and Queen Mary show the absolute necessity of researches into secret history, to correct the appearances and the fallacies which so often deceive us in public history.

'The appetite for Remains,' as the noble author whom I have already alluded to calls it, may then be a very wholesome one, if it provides the only materials by which our popular histories can be corrected, and since it often infuses a freshness into a story which, after having been copied from book to book, inspires another to tell it for the tenth time! Thus are the sources of secret history unexpected by the idler and the superficial, among those masses of untouched manuscripts—that subterraneous history!—which indeed may terrify the indolent, bewilder the inexperienced, and confound the injudicious, if they have not acquired the knowledge which not only decides on facts and opinions, but on the authorities which have furnished them. Popular historians have written to their readers; each with different views, but all alike form the open documents of history; like feed advocates, they declaim, or like special pleaders, they keep only on one side of their case: they are seldom zealous to push on their cross-examinations; for they come to gain their cause, and not to hazard it!

Time will make the present age as obsolete as the last, for our sons will cast a new light over the ambiguous scenes which distract their fathers; they will know how some things happened, for which we cannot account; they will bear witness to how many characters we have mistaken; they will be told many of those secrets which our contemporaries hide from us; they will pause at the ends of our beginning; they will read the perfect story of man, which can never be told while it is proceeding. All this is the possession of posterity, because they will judge without our passions; and all this we ourselves have been enabled to possess, by the secret history of the last two ages.*

LITERARY RESIDENCES.

Men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under the roof of a garret; and few literary characters have lived, like Pliny and Voltaire, in a villa or *chateau* of their own. It has not therefore often happened, that a man of genius could raise local emotions by his own intellectual suggestions. Ariosto, who built a palace in his verse, lodged himself in a small house, and found that stanzas and stanzas were not put together at the same rate: old Montaigne has left a description of his library; 'over the entrance of my house, where I view my court-yard, and garden, and at once survey all the operations of my family.'

There is, however, a feeling among literary men, of building up their own elegant fancies, and giving a permanency to their own tastes: we dwell on their favourite scenes as a sort of portraits, and we eagerly collect those few prints, which are their only vestiges. A collection might be formed of such literary residences chosen for their amenity and their retirement, and adorned by the objects of their studies; from that of the younger Pliny, who called his villa of literary leisure by the endearing term of *villula*, to that of Cassiodorus, the prime minister of Theodoric, who has left so magnificent a description of his literary retreat, where all the elegances of life were at hand; where the gardeners and the agriculturists laboured on scientific principles; and where, amidst gardens and

* Since this article has been sent to press, I rise, from reading one in the *Edinburgh Review* on Lord Oxford's and Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs. This is one of the very rare articles which could only come from the hand of a master, long exercised in the studies he criticises. The critic, or rather the historian, observes, that 'of a period remarkable for the establishment of our present system of government, no authentic materials had yet appeared. Events of public notoriety are to be found, though often inaccurately told, in our common histories; but the secret springs of action, the private views and motives of individuals, &c. are as little known to us, as if the events to which they relate had taken place in China or Japan.' The clear, connected, dispassionate, and circumstantial narrative, with which he has enriched the stores of English history, is drawn from the sources of secret history; from published memoirs and contemporary correspondence.

parks, stood his extensive library, with scribes to multiply his manuscripts:—From Tycho Brahe's, who built a magnificent astronomical house on an island, which he named after the sole objects of his musings, Uraniburg, or the castle of the Heavens:—to that of Evelyn, who first began to adorn Wotton, by building 'a little study,' till many years after he dedicated the ancient house to contemplation, among the 'delicious streams and venerable woods, the gardens, the fountains, and the groves most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse; and indeed gave one of the first examples to that elegance since so much in vogue.' From Pope, whose little garden seemed to multiply its scenes by a glorious union of nobility and literary men conversing in groups;—down to lonely Shenstone, whose 'rural elegance,' as he entitles one of his odes, compelled him to mourn over his hard fate, when

—Expense—

Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, Art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and Beauty to displease.

We have all by heart the true and delightful reflection of Johnson on local associations, when the scene we tread suggests to us the men or the deeds, which have left their celebrity to the spot. We are in the presence of their fame, and feel its influence!

A literary friend, whom a hint of mine had induced to visit the old tower in the garden of Buffon, where the sage retired every morning to compose, passed so long a time in that lonely apartment, as to have raised some solicitude among the honest folks of Montbar, who having seen 'the Englishman' enter, but not return, during a heavy thunder-storm which had occurred in the interval, informed the good mayor, who came in due form, to notify the ambiguous state of the stranger. My friend is, as is well known, a genius of that cast, who could pass two hours in the *Tower of Buffon*, without being aware that he had been all that time occupied by suggestions of ideas and reveries, which in some minds such a locality may excite. He was also busied with his pencil: for he has favoured me with two drawings of the interior and the exterior of this *old tower in the garden*: the nakedness within can only be compared to the solitude without. Such was the studying room of Buffon, where his eye resting on no object, never interrupted the unity of his meditations on Nature.

In return for my friend's kindness, it has cost me, I think, two hours, in attempting to transcribe the beautiful picture of this literary retreat, which Vicq D'Azyr has finished with all the warmth of a votary. 'At Montbar, in the midst of an ornamented garden, is seen an antique tower; it was there that Buffon wrote the History of Nature, and from that spot his fame spread through the universe. There he came at sunrise, and no one, however importunate, was suffered to trouble him. The calm of the morning hour, the first warbling of the birds, the varied aspect of the country, all at that moment which touched the senses, recalled him to his model. Free, independent, he wandered in his walks; there was he seen with quickened or with slow steps, or standing rapt in thought, sometimes with his eyes fixed on the heavens in the moment of inspiration, as if satisfied with the thought that so profoundly occupied his soul; sometimes, collected within himself, he sought what would not always be found; or at the moments of producing, he wrote, he effaced, and re-wrote, to efface once more; thus he harmonized, in silence, all the parts of his composition, which he frequently repeated to himself, till, satisfied with his corrections, he seemed to repay himself for the pains of his beautiful prose, by the pleasure he found in declaiming it aloud. Thus he engraved it in his memory, and would recite it to his friends, or induce some to read it to him. At those moments he was himself a severe judge, and would again re-compose it, desirous of attaining to that perfection which is denied to the impatient writer.'

A curious circumstance, connected with local associations, occurred to that extraordinary oriental student Fourmont. Originally he belonged to a religious community, and never failed in performing his offices; but he was expelled by the superior for an irregularity of conduct, not likely to have become contagious through the brotherhood—he frequently prolonged his studies far into the night, and it was possible that the house might be burnt by such superfluity of learning. Fourmont retreated to the college of Montaign, where he occupied the very chambers which

had formerly been those of Erasmus; a circumstance which contributed to excite his emulation, and to hasten his studies. He who smiles at the force of such emotions, only proves that he has not experienced what are real and substantial as the scene itself—for those who are concerned in them. Pope, who had far more enthusiasm in his poetical disposition than is generally understood, was extremely susceptible of the literary associations with localities: one of the volumes of his *Homer* was begun and finished in an old tower over the chapel at Stanton Harcourt; and it has perpetuated the event, if not consecrated the place, by scratching with a diamond on a pane of stained glass the inscription:

*In the year 1718,
Alexander Pope*

Finished HERE

*The fifth volume of Homer.**

It was the same feeling which induced him one day, when taking his usual walk with Harle in the Haymarket, to desire Harle to enter a little shop, where going up three pair of stairs into a small room, Pope said, 'In this garret Addison wrote his Campaign!' Nothing less than a sacred feeling impelled the poet to ascend this garret—it was a consecrated spot to his eye; and certainly a curious instance of the power of genius contrasted with its miserable locality! Addison, whose mind had fought through 'a campaign' in a garret, could he have called about him 'the pleasures of imagination,' had probably planned a house of literary repose, where all parts would have been in harmony with his mind.

Such residence of men of genius have been enjoyed by some; and the vivid descriptions which they have left convey something of the delightfulness which charmed their studious repose.

The Italian Paul Jovius has composed more than three hundred concise eulogies of statesmen, warriors, and literary men of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but the occasion which induced him to compose them is perhaps more interesting than the compositions.

Jovius had a country-house, situated on a peninsula, bordered by the lake of Como. It was built on the ruins of the villa of Pliny, and in his time the foundations were still visible. When the surrounding lake was calm, the sculptured marbles, the trunks of columns, and the fragments of those pyramids which had once adorned the residence of the friend of Trajan, were still viewed in its lucid bosom. Jovius was the enthusiast of literature, and the leisure which it loves. He was an historian, with the imagination of a poet, and though a christian priest, almost a worshipper of the sweet fictions of pagan mythology; and when his pen was kept pure from satire or adulation, to which it was too much accustomed, it becomes a pencil. He paints with rapture his gardens bathed by the waters of the lake; the shade and freshness of his woods; his green slopes, his sparkling fountains, the deep silence and calm of his solitude! A statue was raised in his gardens to Nature! In his hall stood a fine statue of Apollo, and the Muses around, with their attributes. His library was guarded by a Mercury, and there was an apartment adorned with Doric columns, and with pictures of the most pleasing subjects, dedicated to the Graces! Such was the interior! Without, the transparent lake here spread its broad mirror, and there was seen luminously winding by banks covered with olives and laurels; in the distance, towns, promontories, hills rising in an amphitheatre, blushing with vines, and the first elevation of the Alps, covered with woods and pasture, and sprinkled with herds and flocks.

It was in a central spot of this enchanting habitation that a cabinet or gallery was erected, where Jovius had collected, with prodigal cost, the portraits of celebrated men; and it was to explain and describe the characteristics of those illustrious names that he had composed his eulogies. This collection became so remarkable, that the great men, his contemporaries, presented our literary collector with their own portraits, among whom the renowned Fernandez Cortes sen' Jovius his before he died, and probably others who were less entitled to enlarge the collection; but it is equally probable that our caustic Jovius would throw them aside. Our historian had often to describe men more famous than virtuous; sovereigns, politicians,

* On a late inquiry it appears that this consecrated place has been removed—and the relic is said to be preserved in Nuneham.

poets, and philosophers, men of all ranks, countries, and ages, formed a crowded scene of men of genius or of celebrity: sometimes a few lines compress their character, and sometimes a few pages excite his fondness. If he sometimes adulates the living, we may pardon the illusions of a contemporary; but he has the honour of satirizing some by the honest freedom of a pen which occasionally broke out into premature truths.

Such was the inspiration of literature and leisure which had embellished the abode of Jovius, and had raised in the midst of the lake of Como a cabinet of portraits; a noble tribute to those who are 'the salt of the earth.'

We possess prints of Rubens's house at Antwerp. That princely artist perhaps first contrived for his studio the circular apartment with a dome, like the rotunda of the Pantheon, where the light descending from an aperture or window at the top, sent down a single equal light,—that perfection of light which distributes its magical effects on the objects beneath. Bellori describes it, *una stanza rotonda con un solo occhio in cima*; the *solo occhio* is what the French term *œil de bœuf*; we ourselves want this *single eye* in our technical language of art. This was his precious museum, where he had collected a vast number of books, which were intermixed with his marbles, statues, cameos, intaglios, and all that variety of the riches of art which he had drawn from Rome: but the walls did not yield in value; for they were covered by pictures of his own composition, or copies by his own hand, made at Venice and Madrid, of Titian and Paul Veronese. No foreigners, men of letters, or lovers of the arts, or even princes, would pass through Antwerp without visiting the house of Rubens, to witness the animated residence of genius, and the great man who had conceived the idea. Yet, great as was his mind, and splendid as were the habits of his life, he could not resist the entreaties, of the hundred thousand florins of our Duke of Buckingham, to dispose of this studio. The great artist could not, however, abandon for ever the delightful contemplations he was depriving himself of; and as substitutes for the miracles of art he had lost, he solicited and obtained leave to replace them by casts, which were scrupulously deposited in the places where the originals had stood.

Of this feeling of the local residences of genius, the Italians appear to have been, not perhaps more susceptible than other people, but more energetic in their enthusiasm. Florence exhibits many monuments of this sort. In the neighbourhood of *Santa Maria Novella*, Zimmerman has noticed a house of the celebrated Viviani, which is a singular monument of gratitude to his illustrious master Galileo. The front is adorned with the bust of this father of science, and between the windows are engraven accounts of the discoveries of Galileo: it is the most beautiful biography of genius! Yet another still more eloquently excites our emotions—the house of Michael Angelo: his pupils, in perpetual testimony of their admiration and gratitude, have ornamented it with all the leading features of his life; the very soul of this vast genius put in action: this is more than biography!—it is living as with a contemporary!

WHETHER ALLOWABLE TO RUIN ONESELF?

The political economist replies that it is!

One of our old dramatic writers, who witnessed the singular extravagance of dress among the modellers of fashion, our nobility, condemns their 'superfluous bravery,' echoing the popular cry,

'There are a sort of men, whose coining heads
Are mints of all new fashions, that have done
More hurt to the kingdom, by superfluous bravery
Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war
Or a long famine. All the treasure by
This foul excess is got into the merchants',
Embroiders', silk-mens', jewellers', tailors' hands,
And the third part of the land too; the nobility
Engrossing titles only.'

Our poet might have been startled at the reply of our political economist. If the nobility, in follies such as these, only preserved their 'titles,' while their 'lands' were dispersed among the industrious classes, the people were not sufferers. The silly victims ruining themselves by their excessive luxury, or their costly dress, as it appears some did, was an evil which, left to its own course, must check itself; if the rich did not spend, the poor would starve.—

Luxury is the cure of that unavoidable evil in society—great inequality of fortune! Political economists therefore tell us, that any regulations would be ridiculous which, as Lord Bacon expresses it, should serve for the repressing of waste and excess by *sumptuary laws*. Adam Smith is not only indignant at 'sumptuary laws,' but asserts, with a democratic insolence of style, that 'it is the highest impertinence and presumption in kings and ministers to pretend to watch over the economy of private people, and to restrain their expense by sumptuary laws. They are themselves always the greatest spendthrifts in the society: let them look well after their own expense, and they may safely trust private people with theirs. If their own extravagance does not ruin the state, that of their subjects never will.' We must therefore infer, that governments, by extravagance, may ruin a state, but that individuals enjoy the remarkable privilege of ruining themselves, without injuring society! Adam Smith afterwards distinguishes two sorts of luxury; the one, exhausting itself in 'durable commodities, as in buildings, furniture, books, statues, pictures,' will increase 'the opulence of a nation'; but of the other, wasting itself in dress and equipages, in frivolous ornaments, jewels, baubles, trinkets, &c. he acknowledges 'no trace or vestige would remain; and the effects of ten or twenty years' profusion would be as completely annihilated as if they had never existed.' There is, therefore a greater or lesser evil in this important subject of the opulent, unrestricted by any law, ruining his whole generation.

Where 'the wealth of nations' is made the solitary standard of its prosperity, it becomes a fertile source of errors in the science of morals; and the happiness of the individual is then too frequently sacrificed to what is called the prosperity of the state. If an individual, in the pride of luxury and selfishness, annihilates the fortunes of his whole generation, untouched by the laws as a criminal, he leaves behind him a race of the discontented and the seditious, who having sunk in the scale of society, have to reascend from their degradation by industry and by humiliation; but for the work of industry their habits have made them inexpert; and to humiliation, their very rank presents a perpetual obstacle.

Sumptuary laws, so often enacted, and so often repealed, and always eluded, were the perpetual, but ineffectual, attempts of all governments to restrain what, perhaps, cannot be restrained—criminal folly! And to punish a man for having ruined himself would usually be to punish a most contrite penitent!

It is not surprising that before 'private vices were considered as public benefits,' the governors of nations instituted sumptuary laws—for the passion for pageantry, and an incredible prodigality in dress, were continually impoverishing great families—more equality of wealth has now rather subdued the form of private ruin than laid this evil domestic spirit. The incalculable expenditure, and the blaze of splendour, of our ancestors, may startle the incredulity of our *élegantes*. We find men of rank exhausting their wealth and pawning their castles, and then desperately issuing from them, heroes for a crusade, or brigands for their neighbourhood!—and this frequently from the simple circumstance of having for a short time maintained some gorgeous chivalric festival on their own estates, or from having melted thousands of acres into a cloth of gold; their sons were left to beg their bread on the estates which they were to have inherited.

It was when chivalry still charmed the world by the remains of its seductive splendours, towards the close of the fifteenth century, that I find an instance of this kind occurring in the *Pas de Sandricourt*, which was held in the neighbourhood of the *sieur* of that name. It is a memorable affair, not only for us curious inquirers after manners and morals, but for the whole family of the Sandricourts; for though the said *sieur* is now receiving the immortality we bestow on him, and *la dame*, who presided in that magnificent piece of chivalry, was infinitely gratified, yet for ever after was the lord of Sandricourt ruined—and all for a short, romantic three months!

This story of the chivalric period may amuse. A *pas d'armes*, though consisting of military exercises and deeds of gallantry, was a sort of festival distinct from a tournament. It signified a *pas* or passage to be contested by one or more knights against all comers. It was necessary that the road should be such that it could not be passed without encountering some guardian knight. The *chivaliers* who disputed the *pas* hung their blazoned shields on trees, pales, or posts raised for this purpose. The as-

pirants after chivalric honours would strike with their lance one of these shields, and when it rung it instantly summoned the owner to the challenge. A bridge or a road would sometimes serve for this military sport, for such it was intended to be, whenever the heat of the rivals proved not too earnest. The sieur of Sandricourt was a fine-dreamer of feasts of chivalry, and in the neighbourhood of his castle he fancied that he saw the very spot adapted for every game: there was one admirably fitted for the barrier of a tilting-match; another embellished by a solitary pine-tree; another which was called the meadow of the thorn; there was a *carrefour*, where, in four roads, four knights might meet; and, above all, there was a forest called *devoiyable*, having no path, so favourable for errant knights, who might there enter for strange adventures, and, as chance directed, encounter others as bewildered as themselves. Our chivalric Sandricourt found nine young *seigneurs* of the court of Charles the Eighth of France, who answered all his wishes. To sanction this glorious feat it was necessary to obtain leave from the king, and a herald of the Duke of Orleans to distribute the *cartel* or challenge all over France, announcing that from such a day, ten young lords would stand ready to combat, in those different places, in the neighbourhood of Sandricourt's *chateaux*. The names of this flower of chivalry have been faithfully registered, and they were such as instantly to throw a spark into the heart of every lover of arms! The world of fashion, that is, the chivalric world, were set in motion. Four bodies of assailants soon collected, each consisting of ten combatants. The herald of Orleans having examined the arms of these gentlemen, and satisfied himself of their ancient lineage, and their military renown, admitted their claims to the proffered honour. Sandricourt now saw with rapture, the numerous shields of the assailants placed on the sides of his portals and corresponding with those of the challengers which hung above them. Ancient lords were elected judges of the feats of the knights, accompanied by the ladies, for whose honour only the combatants declared they engaged.

The herald of Orleans tells the history in no very intelligible verse; but the burden of his stanza is still

Du pas d'armes du chateau Sandricourt.

He sings, or says,

'Onques, depuis le temps du roi Artus,
Ne furent tant les armes exaltées—
Maint chevaliers et preux entreprenans—
Princes plusieurs ont terre déplacées
Pour y venir donner coups, et poussées
Qui ont été là tenus si de court,
Que par force n'ont prises et passées
Les barrières, entrées, et passées
Du pas des armes du chateau Sandricourt.'

Doubtless, there, many a Roland met with his Oliver, and could not pass the barriers. Cased as they were in steel, *de pied en cap*, we presume that they could not materially injure themselves; yet, when on foot, the ancient judges discovered such symptoms of peril, that on the following day they advised our knights to satisfy themselves by fighting on horseback. Against this prudential counsel for some time they protested, as an inferior sort of glory. However, on the next day, the horse combat was appointed in the *carrefour*, by the pine-tree. On the following day they tried their lances in the meadow of the thorn; but, though on horseback, the judges deemed their attacks were so fierce, that this assault was likewise not without peril; for some horses were killed, and some knights were thrown, and lay bruised by their own mail; but the barbed horses, wearing only *des champfriers*, head-pieces magnificently caparisoned, found no protection in their ornaments. The last days were passed in combats of two to two, or in a single encounter, a-foot, in the *forest devoiyable*. These jousts passed without any accident, and the prizes were awarded in a manner equally gratifying to the claimants. The last day of the festival was concluded with a most sumptuous banquet. Two noble knights had undertaken the humble office of *maîtres d'hôtel*; and while the knights were parading in the *forest devoiyable*, seeking adventures, a hundred servants were seen at all points, carrying white and red hypocras, and juleps, and *sirap de violars*, sweetmeats, and other spiceries, to comfort these wanderers, who on returning to the *chateaux*, found a grand and plentiful banquet. The tables were crowded in the court-apartment, where some held one hundred and twelve gentlemen, not including the *dames* and the *demoi-*

selles. In the halls, and outside of the *chateaux*, were other tables. At that festival more than two thousand persons were magnificently entertained free of every expense; the attendants, their armourers, their *plumassiers*, and others, were also present. *La Dame de Sandricourt*, 'fut tout aise d'avoir donné dans son chateau si belle, si magnifique, et gorgiasse fete.' Historians are apt to describe their personages as they appear, not as they are: if the lady of the Sieur Sandricourt really was 'moult as' during these gorgeous days, one cannot but sympathize with the lady, when her loyal knight and spouse consigned to her, after the departure of the mob of two thousand visitors, neighbours, soldiers, and courtiers,—the knights challengers, and the knights assailants, and the far scenes at the pine-tree; the barrier in the meadow of the thorn; and the horse-combat at the *carrefour*; and the jousts in the *forest devoiyable*; the carousals in the castle-halls; the jollity of the banquet-tables, the *morescoes* danced till they were reminded 'How the waning sun grew old!'—in a word, when the costly dream had vanished,—that he was a ruined man forever, by immortalizing his name in one grand chivalric festival! The Sieur de Sandricourt, like a great torch, had consumed himself in his own brightness; and the very land on which the famous *Pas de Sandricourt* was held—had passed away with it! Thus one man sinks generations by that wastefulness, which a political economist would assure us was committing no injury to society!—The moral evil goes for nothing in financial statements!

Similar instances of ruinous luxury we may find in the prudal costliness of dress through the reign of Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First. Not only in the many grandeur they outweighed us, but the accumulation and variety of their wardrobe displayed such a gaudy of fancy in their colours and their ornaments, that the drawing-room in those days must have blazed at their presence, and changed colour as the crowd moved. But if we may trust to royal proclamations, the ruin was general among some classes. Elizabeth issued more than one proclamation against 'the excess of apparel' and among other evils which the government imagined this passion for dress occasioned, it notices 'the wasting and undoing of a great number of young gentlemen, otherwise serviceable; and that others, seeking by show of apparel to be esteemed as gentlemen, and allured by the vain show of these things, not only consume their goods and lands, but also run into such debts and shifts, as they cannot live out of danger of laws, without attempting of unlawful acts.' The queen bids her own household 'to look unto it for good example to the realm; and all noblemen, archbishops and bishops, all mayors, justices of peace, &c., should see them executed in their private households.' The greatest difficulty which occurred to regulate the wear of apparel was ascertaining the incomes of persons, or, in the words of the proclamation, 'finding that it is very hard for any man's state of living and value to be truly understood by other persons.' They were to be regulated, as they appear 'seamed in the subsidy books.' But if persons chose to be more magnificent in their dress, they were allowed to justify their means: in that case, if allowed, her majesty would not be the loser; for they were to be rated in the subsidy books according to such values as they themselves offered as a qualification for the splendour of their dress!

In my researches among manuscript letters of the times, I have had frequent occasion to discover how persons of considerable rank appear to have carried their acres on their backs, and with their ruinous and fantastical luxuries sadly punched their hospitality. It was this which so frequently cast them into the nets of 'the gold-smiths,' and other trading usurers. At the coronation of James the First, I find a simple knight whose cloak cost him six hundred pounds; but this was not uncommon. At the marriage of Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First, Lady Wotton had a gown of which the embroidery cost fifty pounds a yard. The Lady Arabella made four gowns, one of which cost 1500*l*. The Lord Montacute (Montague) bestowed 1500*l* in apparel for his two daughters. One lady, under the rank of baroness, was furnished with jewels exceeding one hundred thousand pounds; and the Lady Arabella goes beyond her, says the letter-writer. 'All this extreme cost and riches makes us all poor,' as he imagined! I have been amused in observing grave writers of state-despatches jocular on any mischance or mortification to which persons are liable, whose happiness entirely depends on their dress. Sir Dudley Car-

ten, our minister at Venice, communicates, as an article worth transmitting, the great disappointment incurred by Sir Thomas Glover, who was just come hither, and had appeared one day like a comet, all in crimson velvet and beaten gold, but had all his expectations nipped on a sudden, by the news of Prince Henry's death.*

A similar mischance, from a different cause, was the lot of Lord Hay, who made great preparations for his embassy to France, which, however, were chiefly confined to his dress. He was to remain there twenty days; and the letter-writer maliciously observes, that 'He goes with twenty special suits of apparel for so many days' abode, besides his travelling robes; but news is very lately come that the French have lately altered their fashion, whereby he must needs be out of countenance, if he be not set out after the last edition!' To find himself out of fashion, with twenty suits for twenty days, was a mischance his lordship had no right to count on!

'The glass of fashion' was unquestionably held up by two very eminent characters, Rawleigh and Buckingham; and the authentic facts recorded of their dress, will sufficiently account for the frequent 'Proclamations' to control that servile herd of imitators—the smaller gentry!

There is a remarkable picture of Sir Walter, which will at least serve to convey an idea of the gaiety and splendour of his dress. It is a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white, and buff shoes with white ribbon. Oidys, who saw this picture, has thus described the dress of Rawleigh. But I have some important additions; for I find that Rawleigh's shoes on great court days were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of six thousand six hundred pounds; and that he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls; whose value was not so easily calculated. Rawleigh had no paternal inheritance; at this moment he had on his back a good portion of a Spanish galleon, and the profits of a monopoly of trade he was carrying on with the newly-discovered Virginia. Probably he placed all his hopes in his dress! The virgin queen, when she issued proclamations against 'the excess of apparel,' pardoned, by her looks, that promise of a mine which blazed in Rawleigh's; and, parsimonious as she was, forgot the three thousand changes of dresses, which she herself left in the royal wardrobe.

Buckingham could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les dames de la cour*! for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. This was however, but for ordinary dances. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and gems, could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword hilt, hat, and spurs.* In the masques and banquets with which Buckingham entertained the court, he usually expended, for the evening, from one to five thousand pounds. To others I leave to calculate the value of money; the sums of this gorgeous wastefulness, it must be recollected, occurred before this million age of ours.

If, to provide the means for such enormous expenditure, Buckingham multiplied the grievances of monopolies; if he pillaged the treasury for his eighty thousand pounds' coat; if Rawleigh was at length driven to his last desperate enterprise, to relieve himself of his creditors, for a pair of six thousand pounds' shoes—in both these cases, as in that of chivalric Sandricourt, the political economist may perhaps acknowledge, that *there is a sort of luxury highly criminal*. All the arguments he may urge, all the statistical accounts he may calculate, and the healthful state of his circulating medium among 'the merchants, embroiderers, silkmen, and jewellers'—will not alter such a moral evil,

* The Jesuit Drexelius, in one of his religious dialogues, notices the fact; but I am referring to an *Harleian manuscript*, which confirms the information of the Jesuit.

which leaves an eternal taint in 'the wealth of nations.' It is the principle that 'private vices are public benefits,' and that men may be allowed to ruin their generations without committing any injury to society.

DISCOVERIES OF SECLUDED MEN.

Those who are unaccustomed to the labours of the closet are unacquainted with the secret and silent triumphs obtained in the pursuits of studious men. That aptitude, which in poetry is sometimes called *inspiration*, in knowledge we may call *sagacity*; and it is probable, that the vehemence of the one does not excite more pleasure than the still tranquillity of the other: they are both, according to the strict signification of the Latin term from whence we have borrowed ours of *inspiration*, a finding out, the result of a combination which no other has formed but ourselves.

I will produce several remarkable instances of the felicity of this aptitude of the learned in making discoveries which could only have been effected by an uninterrupted intercourse with the objects of their studies, making things remote and dispersed familiar and present.

One of ancient date is better known to the reader than those I am preparing for him. When the magistrates of Syracuse were showing to Cicero the curiosities of the place, he desired to visit the tomb of Archimedes; but, to his surprise, they acknowledged that they knew nothing of any such tomb, and denied that it ever existed. The learned Cicero, convinced by the authorities of ancient writers, by the verses of the inscription which he remembered, and the circumstance of a sphere with a cylinder being engraven on it, requested them to assist him in the search. They conducted the illustrious but obstinate stranger to their most ancient burying ground: amidst the number of sepulchres, they observed a small column overhung with brambles—Cicero, looking on while they were clearing away the rubbish, suddenly exclaimed, 'Here is the thing we are looking for!' His eye had caught the geometrical figures on the tomb, and the inscription soon confirmed his conjecture. Cicero long after exulted in the triumph of this discovery.—'Thus!' he says, 'one of the noblest cities of Greece, and once the most learned, had known nothing of the monument of its most deserving and ingenious citizen, had it not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum!'

The great French antiquary Peiresc exhibited a singular combination of learning, patient thought, and luminous sagacity, which could restore an 'airy nothing' to 'a local habitation and a name.' There was found an amethyst, and the same afterwards occurred on the front of an ancient temple, a number of marks, or indents, which had long perplexed inquirers, more particularly as similar marks or indents were frequently observed in ancient monuments. It was agreed on, as no one could understand them, and all would be satisfied, that they were secret hieroglyphics. It occurred to Peiresc, that these marks were nothing more than holes for small nails, which had formerly fastened little *laminae*, which represented so many Greek letters. This hint of his own suggested to him to draw lines from one hole to another; and he beheld the amethyst reveal the name of the sculptor, and the frieze of the temple the name of the God! This curious discovery has been since frequently applied; but it appears to have originated with this great antiquary, who by his learning and sagacity explained a supposed hieroglyphic, which had been locked up in the silence of seventeen centuries.*

Learned men, confined to their study, have often rectified the errors of travellers; they have done more, they have found out paths for them to explore, or opened seas for them to navigate. The situation of the vale of Tempe had been mistaken by modern travellers; and it is singular, as it appears to that elegant critic, that the only good directions for finding it had been given by a person who was never in Greece. Arthur Browne, a man of letters of Trinity College, Dublin—it is gratifying to quote an Irish philosopher and man of letters, from the extreme rarity of the character—was the first to detect the inconsistencies of Ptolemy and Bueching, and to send future travellers to look for Tempe in its real situation, the defiles between Orsa and Olympus; a discovery subsequently realized.

* The curious reader may view the marks, and the manner in which the Greek characters were made out, in the preface to Hearn's 'Curious Discourses.' The amethyst proved more difficult than the frieze, from the circumstance, that in engraving on the stone the letters must be reversed.

When Dr Clarke discovered an inscription purporting that the pass of Tempe had been fortified by Cassius Longinus, Mr Walpole, with equal felicity, detected, in *Cæsar's History of the Civil War*, the name and the mission of this very person.

A living geographer, to whom the world stands deeply indebted, does not read Herodotus in the original; yet, by the exercise of his extraordinary aptitude, it is well known that he has often corrected the Greek historian, explained obscurities in a text which he never read, by his own happy conjectures, and confirmed his own discoveries by the subsequent knowledge which modern travellers have afforded.

Gray's perseverance in studying the geography of India and of Persia, at a time when our country had no immediate interests with those ancient empires, would have been placed by a cynical observer among the curious idleness of a mere man of letters. These studies were indeed prosecuted, as Mr Mathias observes, 'on the disinterested principles of liberal investigation, not on those of policy, nor of the regulation of trade, nor of the extension of empire, nor of permanent establishments, but simply and solely on the grand view of what is, and of what is past. They were the researches of a solitary scholar in academical retirement.' Since the time of Gray, these very pursuits have been carried on by two consummate geographers, Major Rennel and Dr Vincent, who have opened to the classical and the political reader all he wished to learn, at a time when India and Persia had become objects interesting and important to us. The fruits of Gray's learning, long after their author was no more, became valuable!

The studies of the 'solitary scholar' are always useful to the world, although they may not always be timed to its present wants; with him, indeed, they are not merely designed for this purpose. Gray discovered India for himself; but the solitary pursuits of a great student, shaped to a particular end, will never fail being useful to the world; though it may happen, that a century may elapse between the periods of the discovery and its practical utility.

Halley's version of an Arabic MS on a mathematical subject, offers an instance of the extraordinary sagacity I am alluding to; it may also serve as a demonstration of the peculiar and supereminent advantages possessed by mathematicians, observes Mr Dugald Stewart, in their fixed relations, which form the objects of their science, and the corresponding precision in their language and reasonings:—as matter of literary history, it is highly curious. Dr Bernard accidentally discovered in the Bodleian library an Arabic version of Apollonius *de Sectione Rationis*, which he determined to translate in Latin, but only finished about a tenth part. Halley, extremely interested by the subject, but with an entire ignorance of the Arabic language, resolved to complete the imperfect version! Assisted only by the manuscript which Bernard had left, it served him as a key for investigating the sense of the original; he first made a list of those words wherever they occurred, with the *train of reasoning* in which they were involved, to decipher, by these very slow degrees, the import of the context; till at last Halley succeeded in mastering the whole work, and in bringing the translation, without the aid of any one, to the form in which he gave it to the public; so that we have here a difficult work translated from the Arabic, by one who was in no manner conversant with the language, merely by the exertion of his sagacity!

I give the memorable account, as Boyle has delivered it, of the circumstances which led Harvey to the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

'I remember that when I asked our famous Harvey, in the only discourse I had with him, which was but a little while before he died, what were the things which induced him to think of a circulation of the blood? he answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the venal blood the contrary way, he was invited to think that so provident a cause as nature had not placed so many valves without design; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not well, because of the intermixing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent by the arteries and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way.'

The reason here ascribed to Harvey seems now so very

natural and obvious, that some have been disposed to question his claim to the high rank commonly assigned to him among the improvers of science! Dr William Hunter has said, that after the discovery of the valves in the veins, which Harvey learned while in Italy from his master, Fabricius ab Aquapendente, the remaining step might easily have been made by any person of common abilities. 'This discovery,' he observes, 'set Harvey to work upon the use of the heart and vascular system in animals; and in the course of some years, he was so happy as to discover, and to prove beyond all possibility of doubt, the circulation of the blood.' He afterwards expresses his astonishment that this discovery should have been left for Harvey, though he acknowledges it occupied 'a course of years,' adding, that 'Providence meant to reserve it for him, and was: not let men see what was before them, nor understand what they read.' It is remarkable that when great discoveries are effected, their simplicity always seems to detract from their originality; on these occasions we are reminded of the egg of Columbus!

It is said that a recent discovery, which ascertains that the Niger empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean, was really anticipated by the geographical acumen of a student at Glasgow, who arrived at the same conclusion by a most persevering investigation of the works of travellers and geographers, ancient and modern, and by an examination of African captives; and had actually constructed, for the inspection of government, a map of Africa, on which he had traced the entire course of the Niger from the interior.

Franklin conjectured the identity of lightning and electricity, before he had realized it by decisive experiments. The kite being raised, a considerable time elapsed before there was any appearance of its being electrified. One very promising cloud had passed over it without any effect. Just as he was beginning to despair of his contrivance, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string to stand erect, and to avoid one another, just as if they had been suspended on a common conductor. Struck with this promising appearance, he immediately presented his knuckle to the key! And let the reader judge of the exquisite pleasure he must have felt at that moment when the discovery was complete! We owe to Priestly this admirable narrative—the strong sensation of delight which Franklin experienced as his knuckle touched the key, and at the moment when he felt that a new world was opening, might have been equalled, but it was probably not surpassed, when the same hand signed the long-disputed independence of his country!

When Leibnitz was occupied in his philosophical reasonings on his *Law of Continuity*, his singular sagacity enabled him to predict a discovery which afterwards was realized—he imagined the necessary existence of the polytypus!

It has been remarked of Newton, that several of his slight hints, some in the modest form of queries, have been ascertained to be predictions, and among others that of the inflammability of the diamond; and many have been eagerly seized upon as indisputable axioms. A hint at the close of his optics, that 'If natural philosophy should be continued to be improved in its various branches, the bounds of moral philosophy would be enlarged also,' perhaps, among the most important of human discoveries—it gave rise to Hartley's *Physiological Theory of the Mind*. The queries, the hints, the conjectures of Newton, display the most creative sagacity: and demonstrate in what manner the discoveries of retired men, while they bequeath their legacies to the world, afford to themselves a frequent source of secret and silent triumphs.

SENTIMENTAL BIOGRAPHY.

A periodical critic, probably one of the juniors, has thrown out a startling observation. 'There is,' says the literary senator, 'something melancholy in the study of biography, because it is—a history of the dead.' A truism and a falsity mixed up together, is the temptation with some modern critics to commit that darling sin of there-novelly and originality! But we really cannot console with the readers of Plutarch for their deep melancholy: we who feel our spirits refreshed amidst the mediocrity of society, when we are recalled back to the men and women who WERE! illustrious in every glory! Biography with us is a re-union with human existence in its most exalted state; and we find nothing dead in the past, while we retain the sympathies which only require to be awakened.

It would have been more reasonable had the critic discovered that our country has not yet had her Plutarch; and that our biography remains still little more than a mass of compilation.

In this study of biography there is a species which has not yet been distinguished—biographies composed by some domestic friend, or by some enthusiast who works with love. A term is unquestionably wanted for this distinct class. The Germans seem to have invented a platonic one, drawn from the Greek, *psyche*, or the soul; for they call this the *psychological life*. Another attempt has been made, by giving it the scientific term of *idiosyncrasy*, to denote a peculiarity of disposition. I would call it *sentimental biography*!

It is distinct from a *chronological* biography, for it searches for the individual's feelings amidst the ascertained facts of his life; so that facts, which occurred remotely from each other, are here brought at once together. The detail of events which completes the chronological biography contains many which are not connected with the peculiarity of the character itself. The *sentimental* is also distinct from the *auto-biography*, however it may seem a part of it. Whether a man be entitled to lavish his panegyric on himself, I will not decide; but it is certain that he risks every thing by appealing to a solitary and suspected witness.

We have two lives of Dante, one by Boccaccio, and the other by Leonardo Aretino, both interesting; but Boccaccio's is the *sentimental life*!

Aretino, indeed, finds fault, but with all the tenderness possible, with Boccaccio's affectionate sketch, *Origine, Vita, Studi e Costumi del chiarissimo Dante*, &c. 'Origin, Life, Studies, and Manners, of the illustrious Dante,' &c. 'It seems to me,' he says, 'that our Boccaccio, *delicissimo e suavisimo uomo*, sweet and delightful man! has written the life and manners of this sublime poet, as if he had been composing the *Filosofo*, the *Filastro*, or the *Fiammetta* the romances of Boccaccio—for all breathes of love and sighs, and is covered with warm tears, as if a man were born in this world only to live among the enamoured ladies and the gallant youths of the ten amorous days of his hundred novels.'

Aretino, who wanted not all the feeling requisite for the delightful 'costumi e studi' of Boccaccio's Dante, modestly requires that his own life of Dante should be considered as a supplement to, not as a substitute for, Boccaccio's. Pathetic with all the sorrows, and eloquent with all the remonstrances of a fellow-citizen, Boccaccio while he wept, hung with anger over his country's shame in its apathy for the honour of its long-injured exile. Catching inspiration from the breathing pages of Boccaccio, it inclines one to wish that we possessed two biographies of an illustrious favourite character; the one strictly and fully historical, the other fraught with those very feelings of the departed, which we may have to seek in vain for, in the circumstantial and chronological biographer. Boccaccio, indeed, was overcome by his feelings. He either knew not, or he omits the substantial incidents of Dante's life; while his imagination throws a romantic tinge on occurrences raised on slight, perhaps on no foundation. Boccaccio narrates a dream of the mother of Dante so fancifully poetical, that probably Boccaccio forgot that none but a dreamer could have told it. Seated under a high laurel-tree, by the side of a vast fountain, the mother dreamed that she gave birth to her son; she saw him nourished by its fruit, and refreshed by the clear waters; she soon beheld him a shepherd: approaching to pluck the boughs, she saw him fall! When he rose he had ceased to be a man, and was transformed into a peacock! Disturbed by her admiration, she suddenly awoke; but when the father found that he really had a son, in allusion to the dream he called him Dante—or *giuva! e meritamente; perochè ottimamente, siccome si vedrà procedendo, segui al nome l'effetto*; 'and deservedly! for greatly, as we shall see, the effect followed the name!' At nine years of age, on a May-day, whose joyous festival Boccaccio beautifully describes, when the softness of the heavens re-adorning the earth with its mingled flowers, waved the green boughs, and made all things smile, Dante mixed with the boys and girls in the house of the good citizen who on that day gave the feast, beheld little Brice, as she was familiarly called, but named Beatrice. The little Dante might have seen her before, but he loved her then, and from that day never ceased to love; and thus Dante *nella pargolella era fatto d'amore ferventissimo servidore*; so fervent a servant to

Love, in an age of childhood! Boccaccio appeals to Dante's own account of his long passion, and his constant sighs, in the *Vita Nuova*. No look, no word, no sign, sullied the purity of his passion; but in her twenty-fourth year died 'la bellissima Beatrice.' Dante is then described as more than inconsolable; his eyes were long two abundant fountains of tears; careless of life, he let his beard grow wildly, and to others appeared a savage meagre man, whose aspect was so changed, that while this weeping life lasted, he was hardly recognised by his friends; all looked on a man so entirely transformed, with deep compassion. Dante, won over by those who could console the inconsolable, was at length solicited by his relations to marry a lady of his own condition in life; and it was suggested that as the departed lady had occasioned him such heavy griefs, the new one might open a source of delight. The relations and friends of Dante gave him a wife that his tears for Beatrice might cease.

It is supposed that this marriage proved unhappy. Boccaccio, like a pathetic lover rather than biographer, exclaims, '*Oh menti cieche! Oh tenebrosi intelletti! Oh argomenti vani di molti mortali quante sono le ruiscite in assai cose contrarie a' nostri avvisi!* &c. Oh blind men! Oh dark minds! Oh vain arguments of most mortals, how often are the results contrary to our advice! Frequently it is like leading one who breathes the soft air of Italy to refresh himself in the eternal shades of the Rhodopean mountains. What physician would expel a burning fever with fire, or put in the shivering marrow of the bones snow and ice? So certainly shall it fare with him, who, with a new love, thinks to mitigate the old. Those who believe this know not the nature of love, nor how much a second passion adds to the first. In vain would we assist or advise this forceful passion, if it has struck its root near the heart of him who long has loved.'

Boccaccio has beguiled my pen for half an hour with all the loves and fancies which sprung out of his own affectionate and romantic heart. What airy stuff has he woven into the 'Vita' of Dante! this *sentimental biography*! Whether he knew but little of the personal history of the great man whom he idolized, or whether the dream of the mother—the May-day interview with the little Brice, and the rest of the children—and the effusions on Dante's marriage, were grounded on tradition, one would not harshly reject such tender incidents.* But let it not be imagined that the heart of Boccaccio was only susceptible to amorous impressions—bursts of enthusiasm and eloquence, which only a man of genius is worthy of receiving, and only a man of genius is capable of bestowing—kindle the masculine patriotism of this bold, indignant spirit!

Half a century had elapsed since the death of Dante, and still the Florentines showed no sign of repentance for their ancient hatred of their persecuted patriot, nor any sense of the memory of the creator of their language, whose immortality had become a portion of their own glory. Boccaccio, impassioned by all his generous nature, though he regrets he could not raise a statue to Dante has sent down to posterity more than marble, in the 'life.' I venture to give the lofty and bold apostrophe to his fellow-citizens; but I feel that even the genius of our language is tame by the side of the harmonized eloquence of the great votary of Dante!

'Ungrateful country! what madness urged thee, when thy dearest citizen, thy chief benefactor, thy only poet, with unaccustomed cruelty was driven to flight. If this had happened in the general terror of that time, coming from evil counsels, thou mightest stand excused; but when the passions ceased, didst thou repent? didst thou recall him? Bear with me, nor deem it irksome from me, who am thy son, that thus I collect what just indignation prompts me to speak, as a man more desirous of witnessing your amendment, than of beholding you punished! Seems it to you glorious, proud of so many titles and of such men, that the one whose like no neighbouring city can show, you have chosen to chase from among you?

* 'A Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante,' in English, printed in Italy, has just reached me. I am delighted to find that this biography of Love, however romantic, is true! In his ninth year, Dante was a lover and a poet! The tender annals free from all obscurity, which he composed on Beatrice, is preserved in the above singular volume. There can be no longer any doubt of the story of Beatrice; but the sonnet and the passion must be 'classed among curious natural phenomena,' or how far apocryphal, remains for future inquiry.

With what triumphs, with what valorous citizens are you splendid? Your wealth is a removable and uncertain thing; your fragile beauty will grow old; your delicacy is shameful and feminine; but these make you noticed by the false judgments of the populace! Do you glory in your merchants and your artists? I speak imprudently; but the one are tenaciously avaricious in their servile trades; and Art, which once was so noble, and became a second nature struck by the same avarice, is now as corrupted, and nothing worth! Do you glory in the baseness and the listlessness of those idlers, who, because their ancestors are remembered, attempt to raise up among you a nobility to govern you, ever by robbery, by treachery, by falsehood! Ah! miserable mother! open thine eyes; cast them with some remorse on what thou hast done, and blush, at least, reputed wise as thou art, to have had in your errors so fatal a choice! Why not rather imitate the acts of those cities who so keenly disputed merely for the honour of the birth-place of the divine Homer? Mantua, our neighbour, counts as the greatest fame which remains for her, that Virgil was a Mantuan! and holds his very name in such reverence, that not only in public places, but in the most private, we see his sculptured image! You only, while you were made famous by illustrious men, you only have shown no care for your great poet. Your Dante Alighieri died in exile, to which you unjustly, envious of his greatness, destined him! A crime not to be remembered, that the mother should bear an envious malignity to the virtues of a son! Now cease to be unjust! He cannot do you that, now dead, which living, he never did do to you! He lies under another sky than yours, and you never can see him again, but on that day, when all your citizens shall view him, and the great Remunerator shall examine, and shall punish! If anger, hatred, and enmity, are buried with a man, as it is believed, begin then to return to yourself; begin to be ashamed to have acted against your ancient humanity; begin, then, to wish to appear a mother, and not a cold negligent step-dame. Yield your tears to your son; yield your maternal piety to him whom once you repulsed, and, living, cast away from you! At least think of possessing him dead, and restore your citizenship, your award, and your grace, to his memory. He was a son who held you in reverence, and though long an exile, he always called himself, and would be called, a Florentine! He held you ever above all others; ever he loved you! What will you then do? Will you remain obstinate in iniquity? Will you practise less humanity than the barbarians? You wish that the world should believe that you are the sister of famous Troy, and the daughter of Rome; assuredly the children should resemble their fathers and their ancestors. Priam, in his misery, bought the corpse of Hector with gold; and Rome would possess the bones of the first Scipio, and removed them from Linternum, those bones, which, dying, so justly he had deemed her. Seek then to be the true guardian of your Dante, claim him! show this humane feeling, claim him! you may securely do this: I am certain he will not be returned to you; but thus at once you may betray some mark of compassion, and, not having him again, still enjoy your ancient cruelty! Alas! what comfort am I bringing you! I almost believe, that if the dead could feel, the body of Dante would not rise to return to you, for he is lying in Ravenna, whose hallowed soil is every where covered with the ashes of saints. Would Dante quit this blessed company to mingle with the remains of those hatreds and iniquities which gave him no rest in life? The relics of Dante, even among the bodies of emperors and of martyrs, and of their illustrious ancestors, is prized as a treasure, for there his works are looked on with admiration; those works of which you have not yet known to make yourselves worthy. His birth-place, his origin, remains for you, spite of your ingratitude! and this, Ravenna envies you, while she glories in your honours which she has snatched from you through ages yet to come!

Such was the deep emotion which opened Boccaccio's heart in this sentimental biography, and which awoke even shame and confusion in the minds of the Florentines; they blushed for their old hatreds, and, with awakened sympathies, they hastened to honour the memory of their great bard. By order of the city, the *Divina Commedia* was publicly read and explained to the people. Boccaccio, then sinking under the infirmities of age, roused his departing genius: still was there marrow in the bones of the aged lion, and he engaged in the task of composing his celebrated Commentaries on the *Divina Commedia*.

In this class of *sentimental biography* I would place a species which the historian Carte noticed in his literary travels on the continent, in pursuit of his historical designs. He found, preserved among several ancient families of France, their domestic annals. 'With a warm, patriotic spirit, worthy of imitation, they have often carefully preserved in their families the acts of their ancestors.' This delight and pride of the modern Gauls in the great and good deeds of their ancestors, preserved in domestic archives, will be ascribed to their folly or their vanity; yet as that folly there may be so much wisdom, and in that vanity there may be so much greatness, that the one will amply redeem the other.

This custom has been rarely adopted among ourselves; we have, however, a few separate histories of some ancient families, as those of Mordaunt, and of Warren. One of the most remarkable is 'a genealogical history of the House of Yvery, in its different branches of Yvery, Luvy, Perceval, and Gournay.' Two large volumes, close printed,* expatiating on the characters and events of a single family with the grave pomp of a herald, but more particularly the idolatry of the writer for ancient nobility, and his contempt for that growing rank in society whom he designates as 'New Men,' provoked the ridicule at least of the aspersed.† This extraordinary work, notwithstanding its absurdities in its general result, has left behind a deep impression. Drawn from the authentic family records, it is not without interest that we trace through its copious pages; we trace with a romantic sympathy the fortunes of the descendants of the House of Yvery, from that not-forgotten hero *le vaillant Perceval chevalier de la Table Ronde*, to the Norman Baron Anselmin, surnamed the Wolf, for his bravery or his ferocity; thence to the Cavalier of Charles the First, Sir Philip Percival, who having gloriously defended his castle, as at length deprived of his lordly possessions, but never of his loyalty, and died obscurely in the metropolis, of a broken heart, till we reach the Polish Nobleman, the Lord Egmont of the Georges.

The nation has lost many a noble example of men and women acting a great part on great occasions, and retreating to the shade of privacy; and we may be confident that many a name has not been inscribed on the roll of national glory only from wanting a few drops of ink! Such domestic annals may yet be viewed in the family records at Appleby Castle! Anne, Countess of Pembroke, was a glorious woman the descendant of two potent northern families, the Veteriponts and the Cliffords.—She lived in a state of regal magnificence and independence, inhabiting five or seven castles; yet though her magnificent spirit poured itself out in her extended charities, and though her independence matched that of monarchs, yet she herself, in her domestic habits, lived as a hermit in her own castles; and though only acquainted with her native language, she had cultivated her mind in many parts of learning; and as Donne, in his way, observes, 'she knew how to converse of every thing; from predestination to skulls.' Her favorite design was to have materials collected for the history of those two potent northern families to whom she was allied; and at a considerable expense she employed learned persons to make collections for this purpose, from the records in the Tower, the Rolls, and other repositories of manuscripts; Gilpin had seen three large volumes fairly transcribed. Anecdotes of a great variety of characters, who had exerted themselves on very important occasions, compose these family records—and induce one to wish that the public were in possession of

* This work was published in 1742, and the scarcity of these volumes was felt in Grange's day, for they obtained then the considerable price of four guineas; some time ago the copy was sold for thirty at a sale, and a cheap copy was offered to me at twelve guineas. These volumes should contain seventeen portraits. The first was written by Mr Anderson, who, dying before the second appeared, Lord Egmont, from the materials Anderson had left, concluded his family history—con amore.

† Mr Anderson, the writer of the first volume, was a feudal enthusiast: he has thrown out an odd notion that the commercial, or the wealthy class, had intruded on the dignity of the ancient nobility; but as wealth has raised such high prices for labour, commodities, &c., it had reached its ne plus ultra, and commerce could be carried on no longer! He has ventured on this amusing prediction. 'As it is, therefore, evident that new men will never rise again in any age with such advantages of wealth, at least in considerable numbers, their party will gradually decrease.'

such annals of the domestic life of heroes and of sages, who have only failed in obtaining an historian!"

A biographical monument of this nature, which has passed through the press, will sufficiently prove the utility of this class of *sentimental biography*. It is the life of Robert Price, a Welsh lawyer, and an ancestor of the gentleman whose ingenuity, in our days, has refined the principles of the Picturesque in Art. This life is announced as 'printed by the appointment of the family;' but it must not be considered merely as a tribute of private affection; and how we are at this day interested in the actions of a Welsh lawyer in the reign of William the Third, whose name has probably never been consigned to the page of history, remains to be told.

Robert Price, after having served Charles the Second, lived latterly in the eventful times of William the Third—he was probably of Tory principles, for on the arrival of the Dutch prince, he was removed from the attorney-generalship of Glamorgan. The new monarch has been accused of favouritism, and of an eagerness in showering exorbitant grants on some of his foreigners, which soon raised a formidable opposition in the jealous spirit of Englishmen. The grand favourite, William Bentinck, after being raised to the Earldom of Portland, had a grant bestowed on him of three lordships, in the county of Denbigh. The patriot of his native country—a title which the Welsh had already conferred on Robert Price—then rose to assert the rights of his father-land, and his speeches are as admirable for their knowledge as their spirit. 'The submitting of 1500 freeholders to the will of a Dutch lord was,' as he sarcastically declared, 'putting them in a worse posture than their former estate, when under William the Conqueror and his Norman lords. England must not be tributary to strangers—we must, like patriots, stand by our country—otherwise, when God shall send us a Prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him, as a Pope did to King John, who was surnamed *sans terre*, and was by his father made Lord of Ireland, which grant was confirmed by the Pope, who sent him a crown of peacock's feathers, in derogation of his power, and the poverty of his country.' Robert Price asserted that the king could not, by the Bill of Rights, alien or give away the inheritance of a Prince of Wales, without the consent of parliament. He concluded a copious and patriotic speech, by proposing that an address be presented to the king to put an immediate stop to the grant now passing to the Earl of Portland for the lordships, &c.

This speech produced such an effect, that the address was carried unanimously; and the king, though he highly resented the speech of Robert Price, sent a civil message to the commons, declaring that he should not have given Lord Portland those lands, had he imagined the House of Commons could have been concerned; 'I will therefore recall the grant!' On receiving the royal message, Robert Price drew up a resolution to which the house assented, that 'to procure or pass exorbitant grants by any member of the privy council, &c, was a high crime and misdemeanor.' The speech of Robert Price contained truths too numerous and too bold to suffer the light during that reign; but his speech against foreigners was printed the year after King William's death, with this title '*Gloria Cambria*, or the speech of a bold Briton in parliament, against the Dutch prince of Wales,' with this motto, *Opposuit et Vicit*. Such was the great character of Robert Price, that he was made a Welsh judge by the very sovereign whose favourite plans he had so patriotically thwarted.

Another marked event in the life of this English patriot was a second noble stand he made against the royal authority, when in opposition to the public good. The secret history of a quarrel between George the First and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second, on the birth of a son, appears in this life; and when the prince in disgrace left the palace, his royal highness proposed taking his children and the princess with him; but the king detained the children, claiming the care of the royal offspring as a royal prerogative. It now became a legal point to ascertain 'whether the education of his majesty's grandchildren, and the care of their marriages, &c, belonged of right to his majesty as king of this realm, or not?' Ten of the judges obsequiously allowed of the prerogative to the full. Robert Price and another judge de-

* Much curious matter about the old Countess of Westmoreland and her seven castles may be found in Whitaker's *History of Craven*, and in *Fennant*.

cided that the education, &c, was the right of the father, although the marriage was that of his majesty as king of this realm, yet not exclusive of the prince, their father. He assured the king, that the ten obsequious judges had no authority to support their precipitate opinion; all the books and precedents cannot form a prerogative for the king of this realm to have the care and education of his grandchildren during the life and without the consent of their father—a prerogative unknown to the laws of England! He pleads for the rights of a father, with the spirit of one who feels them, as well as with legal science, and historical knowledge.

Such were the two great incidents in the life of this Welsh judge! Yet had the family not found one to commemorate these memorable events in the life of their ancestor, we had lost the noble picture of a constitutional interpreter of the laws, an independent country gentleman, and an Englishman jealous of the excessive predominance of ministerial or royal influence.

Cicero, and others, have informed us that the ancient history of Rome itself was composed out of such accounts of private families, to which, indeed, we must add those annals or registers of public events which unquestionably were preserved in the archives of the Temples by the Priests. But the history of the individual may involve public interest, whenever the skill of the writer combines with the importance of the event. Messala, the orator, gloried in having composed many volumes of the genealogies of the Nobility of Rome; and Atticus wrote the genealogy of Brutus, to prove him descended from Junius Brutus the expulser of the Tarquins, and founder of the Republic, near five hundred years before.

Another class of this *sentimental biography* was projected by the late Elizabeth Hammon. This was to have consisted of a series of what she called *comparative biography*, and an ancient character was to have been paralleled by a modern one. Occupied by her historical romance with the character of *Agrippina*, she sought in modern history for a partner of her own sex, and 'one who, like her, had experienced vicissitudes of fortune;' and she found no one better qualified than the princess palatine, *Elizabeth the daughter of James the First*. Her next life was to have been that of *Seneca*, with the scenes and persons of which her life of *Agrippina* had familiarized her; and the contrast or the parallel was to have been *Locke*; which, well managed, she thought, would have been sufficiently striking. It seems to me, that it would rather have afforded an evidence of her invention! Such a biographical project reminds one of Plutarch's *Parallels*, and might incur the danger of displaying more ingenuity than truth. The sage of Cheronea must often have racked his invention to help out his parallels, bending together to make them similar, the most unconnected events and the most distinct feelings; and, to keep his parallels in two straight lines, he probably made a free use of augmentatives and diminutives to help out his pair, who might have been equal, and yet not alike!

Our Father-land is prodigal of immortal names, or names which might be made immortal; Gibbon once contemplated with complacency, the very ideal of *Sentimental Biography*, and, we may regret that he has only left the project! 'I have long revolved in my mind a volume of biographical writing: the lives or rather the characters of the most eminent persons in arts and arms, in church and state, who have flourished in Britain, from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the present age. The subject would afford a rich display of human nature and domestic history, and powerfully address itself to the feelings of every Englishman.'

LITERARY PARALLELS.

An opinion on this subject in the preceding article has led me to a further investigation. It may be right to acknowledge that so attractive is this critical and moral amusement of comparing great characters with one another, that, among others, Bishop Hurd once proposed to write a book of *Parallels*, and has furnished a specimen in that of *Petrarch and Rousseau*, and intended for another that of *Erasmus with Cicero*. It is amusing to observe how a lively and subtle mind can strike out resemblances, and make contraries accord, and at the same time it may show the pinching difficulties through which a parallel is pushed, till it ends in a paradox.

Hurd says of *Petrarch and Rousseau*—'Both were impelled by an equal enthusiasm, though directed towards

different objects: Petrarch's towards the glory of the Roman name, Rousseau's towards his idol of a state of nature; the one religious, the other an *esprit fort*; but may not Petrarch's spite to Babylon be considered, in his time, as a species of free-thinking?—and concludes, that 'both were mad, but of a different nature.' Unquestionably these were features much alike, and almost peculiar to these two literary characters; but I doubt if Hurd has comprehended them in the parallel.

I now give a specimen of those parallels which have done so much mischief in the literary world, when drawn by a hand which covertly leans on one side. An elaborate one of this sort was composed by Longolius or Longueil, between Budæus and Erasmus.* This man, though of Dutch origin, affected to pass for a Frenchman, and, to pay his court to his chosen people, gives the preference obliquely to the French Budæus; though, to make a show of impartiality, he acknowledges that Francis the First had awarded it to Erasmus; but probably he did not infer that kings were the most able reviewers! This parallel was sent forth during the lifetime of both these great scholars, who had long been correspondents, but the publication of the parallel interrupted their friendly intercourse. Erasmus returned his compliments and thanks to Longolius, but at the same time insinuates a gentle hint that he was not over-pleased. 'What pleases me most,' Erasmus writes, 'is the just preference you have given Budæus over me; I confess you are even too economical in your praise of him, as you are too prodigal in mine. I thank you for informing me what it is the learned desire to find in me; my self-love suggests many little excuses, with which, you observe, I am apt to favour my defects. If I am careless, it arises partly from my ignorance, and more from my indolence; I am so constituted, that I cannot conquer my nature; I precipitate rather than compose, and it is far more irksome for me to revise than to write.'

This parallel between Erasmus and Budæus, though the parallel itself was not of a malignant nature, yet disturbed the quiet, and interrupted the friendship of both. When Longolius discovered that the Parisian surpassed the Hollander in Greek literature and the knowledge of the civil law, and wrote more learnedly and laboriously, how did this detract from the finer genius and the varied erudition of the more delightful writer? The parallel compares Erasmus to 'a river swelling its waters and often overflowing its banks; Budæus rolled on like a majestic stream, ever restraining its waves within its bed. The Frenchman has more nerve and blood, and life, and the Hollander more fullness, freshness, and colour.'

This taste for *biographical parallels* must have reached us from Plutarch; and there is something malicious in our nature which inclines us to form *comparative estimates*, usually with a view to elevate one great man at the cost of another, whom we would secretly depreciate. Our political parties at home have often indulged in these fallacious parallels, and Pitt and Fox once balanced the scales, not by the standard weights and measures which ought to have been used, but by the adroitness of the hand that pressed down the scale. In literature these comparative estimates have proved most prejudicial. A finer model exists not than the *parallel of Dryden and Pope*, by Johnson; for without designing any undue preference, his vigorous judgment has analyzed them by his contrasts, and has rather shown their distinctness than their similarity. But literary *parallels* usually end in producing parties; and, as I have elsewhere observed, often originate in undervaluing one man of genius, for his deficiency in some eminent quality possessed by the other man of genius; they not unfrequently proceed from adverse tastes, and are formed with the concealed design of establishing some favourite one. The world of literature has been deeply infected with this folly. Virgil probably was often vexed in his days by a parallel with Homer, and the *Homericans* combated with the *Virgilians*. Modern Italy was long divided into such literary sects: a perpetual skirmishing is carried on between the *Ariostists* and the *Tassoists*; and feuds as dire as those between two Highland clans were raised concerning the *Petrarchists* and the *Chiaubristis*. Old Corneille lived to bow his venerable genius before a parallel with Racine; and no one has suffered more unjustly by such arbitrary criticisms than Pope, for a strange unnatural civil war has often been renewed between the *Drydenists* and the *Popeists*. Two men of great genius should

* It is noticed by Jordan, in his *Life of Erasmus*, vol. I, p. 160.

never be depreciated by the misapplied ingenuity of a parallel; on such occasions we ought to conclude, that they are *magis pares quam similes*.

THE PEARL BIBLES, AND SIX THOUSAND ERRATA:

As a literary curiosity, I notice a subject which might rather enter into the history of religion. It relates to the extraordinary state of our English Bibles, which were for some time suffered to be so corrupted that no books ever yet swarmed with such innumerable errata!

These errata unquestionably were in great part voluntary commissions, passages interpolated, and meanings forged for certain purposes; sometimes to sanction the new creed of a half-hatched sect, and sometimes with an intention to destroy all scriptural authority by a confusion, or an omission of texts—the whole was left open to the option or the malignity of the editors, who, probably, like certain ingenious wine-merchants, contrived to accommodate 'the waters of life' to their customers' peculiar taste. They had also a project of printing Bibles as cheaply and in a form as contracted as they possibly could for the common people; and they proceeded till it nearly ended with having no bible at all: and, as Fuller, in his '*Mist Contemplations on better Times*,' alluding to this circumstance, with not one of his lucky quibbles, observes, 'The small price of the Bible hath caused the small pricing of the Bible.'

This extraordinary attempt on the English Bible began even before Charles the First's dethronement, and probably arose from an unusual demand for Bibles, as the sectarian fanaticism was increasing. Printing of English Bibles, was an article of open trade; every one printed at the lowest price, and as fast as their presses would allow. Even those who were dignified as 'his Majesty's Printers' were among these manufacturers; for we have an account of a scandalous omission by them of the important negative in the seventh commandment! the printers were summoned before the court of High Commission, and thus served to bind them in a fine of three thousand pounds. A prior circumstance, indeed, had occurred, which induced the government to be more vigilant on the Biblical press. The learned Usher, one day hastening to preach at Paul's Cross, entered the shop of one of the stationers as booksellers were then called, and inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and his horror, he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible! This gave the first occasion of complaint to the king of the insufferable negligence and incapacity of the London press; and, says the manuscript writer of this anecdote, first bred that great contest which followed, between the University of Cambridge and the London stationers, about the right of printing Bibles.*

The secret bibliographical history of these times would show the extraordinary state of the press in this new trade of Bibles. The writer of a curious pamphlet exposes the combination of those called the king's printers, with their contrivances to keep up the prices of Bibles; their correspondences with the book-sellers of Scotland and Dublin, by which means they retained the privilege in their own hands; the king's London printers got Bibles printed cheaper at Edinburgh. In 1629, when folio Bibles were wanted, the Cambridge printers sold them at ten shillings in quires; on this the Londoners set six printing houses at work, and, to annihilate the Cambridgians printed a similar folio Bible, but sold with it five hundred *quarto* Roman Bibles, and five hundred *quarto* English, at five shillings a book; which proved the ruin of the folio Bibles, by keeping them down under the cost price. Another competition arose among those who printed English Bibles in Holland, in *duodecimo*, with an English colophon, for half the price even of the lowest in London. Twelve thousand of these *duodecimo* Bibles, with notes, fabricated in Holland, usually by our fugitive sectarians, were seized by the king's printers, as contrary to the statute.† Such was this shameful war of Bibles—folios, quartos, and duodecimos, even in the days of Charles the First. The public spirit of the rising sects was the real occasion of these increased demands for Bibles.

* Harl. MS. 6395.

† Scitilla, or a Light broken into darke Warehouses; of some Printers, sleeping Stationers, and combining Book-sellers: in which is only a touch of their forestalling and ingrossing of Books in Patents, and raving them to excessive prices. Left to the consideration of the high and honourable House of Parliament, now assembled. London: No where to be sold, but some where to be given. 1641.

During the civil wars they carried on the same open trade and competition, besides the private ventures of the smuggled Bibles. A large impression of these Dutch English Bibles were burnt by order of the Assembly of Divines, for these *three errors* :—

Gen. xixvi, 24.—This is that *ass* that found rulers in the wilderness—for *mule*.

Ruth iv, 13.—The Lord gave her *corruption*—for *conception*.

Luke xxi, 28.—Look up and lift up your hands, for your *condemnation* draweth nigh—for *redemption*.

These errata were none of the printers; but, as a writer of the times expresses it, 'egregious blasphemies, and damnable errata' of some sectarian, or some Bellamy editor of that day!

The printing of Bibles at length was a privilege conceded to one William Bentley; but he was opposed by Hills and Field; and a paper war arose, in which they mutually recriminated on each other, with equal truth.

Field printed in 1653 what was called the Pearl Bible; alluding, I suppose, to that diminutive type in printing, for it could not derive its name from its worth. It is a twenty-fours; but to contract the mighty book into this dwarfishness, all the original Hebrew texts prefixed to the Psalms, explaining the occasion and the subject of their composition, is wholly expunged. This Pearl Bible, which may be inspected among the great collection of our English Bibles at the British Museum, is set off by many notable *errata*, of which these are noticed :—

Romans vi, 13.—Neither yield ye your members as instruments of *righteousness* unto sin—for *unrighteousness*.

First Corinthians vi, 9.—Know ye not the unrighteous *shall inherit* the kingdom of God?—for *shall not inherit*.

This *erratum* served as the foundation of a dangerous doctrine; for many libertines urged the text from this corrupt Bible, against the reproofs of a divine.

This Field was a great forger; and it is said that he received a present of 1500*l* from the *independents* to corrupt a text in Acts vi, 3, to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. The corruption was the easiest possible; it was only to put a *ye* instead of a *we*; so that the right in Field's Bible emanated from the people, not from the apostles. The only account I recollect of this extraordinary state of our Bibles is a happy allusion in a line of Butler :—

Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant, capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts.

In other Bibles by Hills and Field we may find such abundant errata, reducing the text to nonsense or to blasphemy, making the Scriptures contemptible to the multitude, who came to pray, and not to scorn.

It is affirmed, in the manuscript account already referred to, that one Bible swarmed with *six thousand faults*! Indeed, from another source we discover that 'Sterne, a solid scholar, who was the first who summed up the *three thousand and six hundred* faults, that were in our printed Bibles of London.* If one book can be made to contain near four thousand errors, little ingenuity was required to reach to six thousand: but perhaps this is the first time so remarkable an incident in the history of literature has ever been chronicled. And that famous edition of the Vulgate by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, a memorable book of blunders, which commands such high prices, ought now to fall in value, before the Pearl Bible, in twenty-fours, of Messrs Hills and Field!

Mr Field, and his worthy coadjutor, seem to have carried the favour of the reigning powers over their opponents; for I find a piece of their secret history. They engaged to pay 500*l* per annum to some, 'whose names I forbear to mention,' warily observes the manuscript writer; and above 100*l* per annum to Mr Marchmont Needham and his wife, out of the profits of the sales of their Bibles; deriding, insulting, and triumphing over others, out of their confidence in their great friends and purse, as if they were lawless and free, both from offence and punishment. This Marchmont Needham is sufficiently notorious, and his secret history is probably true; for in a Mercurius Politicus of this unprincipled Cobbett of his day, I found an elaborate puff of an edition, published by the annuity-grantor to this Worthy and his Wife!

* G. Gerrard's Letter to the Earl of Strafford, Vol. I, p. 222.

† Harl. MS. 7090.

Not only had the Bible to suffer these indignities of size and price, but the Prayer-book was once printed in an illegible and worn out type; on which the printer being complained of, he stoutly replied, that 'it was as good as the price afforded; and being a book which all persons ought to have by heart, it was no matter whether it was read or not, so that it was worn out in their hands.' The puritans seem not to have been so nice about the source of purity itself.

These hand-bibles of the sectarists, with their six thousand errata, like the false Duessa, covered their crafty deformity with a fair raiment; for when the great Selden, in the assembly of divines, delighted to confute them in their own learning, he would say, as Whitelock reports, when they had cited a text to prove their assertion, 'Perhaps in your little pocket-bible with gilt leaves,' which they would often pull out and read, 'the translation may be so, but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies this.'

While these transactions were occurring, it appears that the authentic translation of the Bible, such as we now have it, by the learned translators in James the First's time, was suffered to lie neglected. The copies of the original manuscript were in the possession of two of the king's printers, who, from cowardice, consent, and connivance, suppressed the publication; considering that a Bible full of errata, and often, probably, accommodated to the notions of certain sectarists, was more valuable than one authenticated by the hierarchy! Such was the state of the English Bible till 1680.*

The proverbial expression of *chapter and verse* seems peculiar to ourselves, and, I suspect, originated in the puritanic period, probably just before the civil wars under Charles the First, from the frequent use of appealing to the Bible on the most frivolous occasions, practised by those whom South calls 'those mighty men at *chapter and verse*.' With a sort of religious coquetry, they were vain of perpetually opening their gilt pocket Bibles; they perked them up with such self-sufficiency and perfect ignorance of the original, that the learned Selden found considerable amusement in going to their 'assembly of divines,' and puzzling or confuting them, as we have noticed. A ludicrous anecdote on one of these occasions is given by a contemporary, which shows how admirably that learned man amused himself with this 'assembly of divines!' They were discussing the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, with a perfect ignorance of sacred or of ancient geography; one said it was twenty miles, another ten, and at last it was concluded to be only seven, for this strange reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market! Selden observed, that 'possibly the fish in question was salted,' and silenced these acute disputants.

It would probably have greatly discomposed these 'chapter and verse' men, to have informed them that the Scriptures had neither chapter nor verse! It is by no means clear how the holy writings were anciently divided, and still less how quoted or referred to. The honour of the invention of the present arrangement of the Scriptures is ascribed to Robert Stephens, by his son, in the preface to his Concordance, a task which he performed during a journey on horseback from Paris to London, in 1551; and whether it was done as Yorick would in his Shandean manner lounging on his mule, or at his intermediate baits, he has received all possible thanks for this employment of his time. Two years afterwards he concluded with the Bible. But that the honour of every invention may be disputed, Sanctus Pagninus's Bible, printed at Lyons in 1527, seems to have led the way to these convenient divisions; Stephens however improved on Pagninus's mode of paragraphical marks and marginal verses; and our present 'chapter and verse,' more numerous and more commodiously numbered, were the project of this learned printer, to recommend his edition of the Bible; trade and learning were once combined! Whether in this arrangement any disturbance of the continuity of the text has followed, is a subject not fitted for my inquiry.

VIEW OF A PARTICULAR PERIOD OF THE STATE OF RELIGION IN OUR CIVIL WARS.

Looking over the manuscript diary of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, I was struck by a picture of the domestic religious life which at that period was prevalent among families. Sir Symonds was a sober antiquary, heated with no

* See the London Printers' Lamentation on the Press oppressed, Harl. Coll. III, 280.

fanaticism, yet I discovered in his Diary that he was a visionary in his constitution, macerating his body by private fasts, and spiritualizing in search of *secret signs*. These ascetic penances were afterwards succeeded in the nation, by an era of hypocritical sanctity; and we may trace this last stage of insanity and of immorality, closing with impiety. This would be a dreadful picture of religion, if for a moment we supposed that it were religion; that consolatory power which has its source in our feelings, and according to the derivation of its expressive term, *binds men together*. With us it was sectarianism, whose origin and causes we shall not now touch on, which broke out into so many monstrous shapes, when every pretended reformer was guided by his own peculiar fancies: we have lived to prove that folly and wickedness are rarely obsolete.

The age of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who lived through the times of Charles the First, was religious; for the character of this monarch had all the seriousness and piety not found in the *bonhomie*, and careless indecorum of his father, whose manners of the Scottish court were moulded on the gaities of the French, from the ancient intercourse of the French and Scottish governments. But this religious age of Charles the First presents a strange contrast with the licentiousness which subsequently prevailed among the people; there seems to be a secret connexion between a religious and an irreligious period; the levity of popular feeling is driven to and fro by its reaction; when man has been once taught to condemn his mere humanity, his abstract fancies open a secret by-path to his presumed salvation: he wanders till he is lost—he trembles till he dotes in melancholy—he raves till Truth itself is no longer immutable. The transition to a very opposite state is equally rapid and vehement. Such is the history of man when his Religion is founded on misdirected feelings, and such too is the reaction so constantly operating in all human affairs.

The writer of this diary did not belong to those non-conformists who arranged themselves in hostility to the established religion and political government of our country. A private gentleman and a phlegmatic antiquary, Sir Symonds withal was a zealous Church-of-England protestant. Yet amidst the mystical allusions of an age of religious controversies, we see these close in the scenes we are about to open, and find this quiet gentleman tormenting himself and his lady, by watching for 'certain evident marks and signs of an assurance for a better life;' with I know not how many distinct sorts of 'Graces.'

I give an extract from the manuscript diary.

'I spent this day chiefly in *private fasting*, prayer, and other religious exercises. This was the first time that I ever practised this duty, having always before declined it, by reason of the papists' superstitious abuses of it. I had partaken formerly of *public fasts*, but never knew the use and benefit of the same duty performed alone in secret, or with others of mine own family in private. In these particulars, I had my knowledge much enlarged by the religious converse I enjoyed at Albury-Lodge; for there also I shortly after entered upon *framing an evidence of marks and signs for my assurance of a better life*.

'I found much benefit of my *secret fasting*, from a learned discourse on fasting by Mr Henry Mason, and observed his rule, that Christians ought to sit sometimes apart for their ordinary humiliation and fasting, and so intend to continue the same course as long as my health will permit me. Yet did I vary the times and duration of my fasting. At first, before I had finished the *marks and signs of my assurance of a better life, which scrutiny and search cost me some three-score days of fasting*, I performed it some times twice in the space of five weeks, then once each month, or a little sooner or later, and then also I sometimes ended the duties of the day, and took some little food about three of the clock in the afternoon. But for divers years last past, I constantly abstained from all food the whole day. I fasted till supper-time, about six in the evening, and spent ordinarily about eight or nine hours in the performance of religious duties; one part of which was *prayer and confession of sins*, to which end I wrote down a *catalogue of all my known sins*, orderly. These were all sins of *infirmity*; for, through God's grace, I was so far from allowing myself in the practice and commission of any *actual sin*, as I durst not take upon me any *controversial sins*, as usury, carding, dicing, mixt dancing, and the like, because I was in mine own judgment persuaded they were

unlawful. Till I had finished my *assurance* first in English and afterwards in Latin, with a large and elaborate preface in Latin also to it; I spent a great part of the day at that work, &c.

'Saturday, December 1, 1627, I devoted my usual course of *secret fasting*, and drew *divers signs of my assurance of a better life*, from the *grace of repentance*, having before gone through the *graces of knowledge, faith, hope, love, zeal, patience, humility, and joy*; and drawing several marks from them on like days of *humiliation* for the greater part. My dear wife beginning also to draw *most certain signs of her own future happiness after death from several graces*.

'January 19, 1628.—Saturday I spent in *secret humiliation and fasting*, and finished my *whole assurance to a better life*, consisting of three score and four signs, or marks drawn from *several graces*. I made some small alterations in those signs afterwards; and when I turned them into the Latin tongue, I enriched the margin with further *proofs and authorities*. I found much comfort and repose of spirit from them, which shows the devilish sophisms of the papists, anabaptists, and pseudo-Lutherans, and profane atheistical men, who say that *assurance* brings forth presumption, and a careless wicked life. True when men pretend to the end, and not use the means.

'My wife joined with me in a private day of *fasting* and drew *several signs and marks by my help and assistance, for her assurance to a better life*.'

This was an era of religious diaries, particularly among the non-conformists; but there were, as we see, used by others. Of the Countess of Warwick, who died in 1678, we are told, that 'She kept a diary, and took counsels with two persons, whom she called her *soul's friends*.' She called prayers *heart's ease*, for, such she found them. 'Her own lord, knowing her *hours of prayers*, once conveyed a goodly minister into a *secret place* within hearing, who, being a man very able to judge, much admired her humble fervency; for in praying she prayed; but when she did not with an audible voice, her sighs and groans might be heard at a good distance from the closet.' We are not surprised to discover this practice of religious diaries among the more puritanic sort; what they were we may gather from this description of one. Mr John Janeway kept a diary, in which he wrote down *every evening* what the *frame of his spirit* had been *all that day*; he took notice what *incomes* he had, what *profits* he received in his spiritual traffic: what *returns* came from that far country: what *answers* of prayer, what *deadness* and *flatness* of spirit, &c. And so we find of Mr. John Carter, that 'He kept a *day-book* and *cast up his accounts* with God every day.* To such wordly notions had they humiliated the spirit of religion; and this style, and this mode of religion, has long been continued among us, even among men of superior acquisitions; as witness the 'Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies' of a learned physician within our own times, Dr. Rutt, which is a great curiosity of the kind.

Such was the domestic state of many well meaning families they were rejecting with the utmost abhorrence every resemblance to what they called the idolatry of Rome, while, in fact, the gloom of the monastic cell was settling over the houses of these melancholy puritans. Private fasts were more than ever practised; and a lady said to be eminent for her genius and learning, who outlived this era, declared that she had nearly lost her life through a prevalent notion that *no fat person could get to Heaven*; and thus spoiled and wasted her body through excessive fastings. A quaker, to prove the text that 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by the word of God,' persisted in refusing his meals. The literal text proved for him a dead letter, and this practical commentator died by a metaphor. This quaker, however was not the only victim to the letter of the text; for the famous Origen, by interpreting in too literal a way the 12th verse of the 19th of St Matthew, which alludes to those persons who become eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven with his own hands armed himself, against himself, as is sufficiently known. 'Returnens a nos moutons?' The parliament afterwards had both periodical and occasional fasts; and Charles the First opposed 'the hypocritical fast of every Wednesday in the month by appointing one for the second Friday: the two unhap-

* The Lives of sundry eminent Persons in this later Age; by Samuel Clarke. Fo. 1663. A rare volume, with curious portraits.

py parties, who were hungering and thirsting for each other's blood, were fasting in spite one against the other!

Without inquiring into the causes, even if we thought that we could ascertain them, of that frightful dissolution of religion which so long prevailed in our country, and of which the very corruption it has left behind still breeds in monstrous shapes, it will be sufficient to observe, that the destruction of the monarchy and the ecclesiastical order was a moral earthquake, overturning all minds, and opening all changes. A theological logomachy was substituted by the sullen and proud ascetics who ascended into power. These, without wearying themselves, wearied all others, and triumphed over each other by their mutual obscurity. The two great giants in this theological war were the famous Richard Baxter and Dr Owen. They both wrote a library of books; but the endless controversy between them was the extraordinary and incomprehensible subject, whether the death of Christ was *solutio ejusdem*, or only *tantumdem*; that is, whether it was a payment of the very thing, which by law we ought to have paid, or of something held by God to be equivalent. Such was the point on which this debate between Owen and Baxter, lasted without end.

Yet these metaphysical absurdities were harmless, compared to what was passing among the more hot fanatics, who were for acting the wild fancies which their melancholy brains engendered: men, who from the places into which they had thrust themselves, might now be called 'the higher orders of society!' These two parties alike sent forth an evil spirit to walk among the multitude.—Every one would become his own law-maker, and even his own prophet; the meanest aspired to give his name to his sect. All things were to be put into motion according to the St. Vitus's dance of the last new saint. 'Away with the Law! which cuts off a man's legs and then bids him walk!' cried one from his pulpit. 'Let believers sin as fast as they will, they have a fountain open to wash them,' declared another teacher. We had the *Brownists*, from Robert Brown, the *Vanists*, from Sir Harry Vane, then we sink down to Mr Traske, Mr Wilkinson, Mr Robinson, and H. N., or Henry Nicholas, of the Family of Love, besides Mrs Hutchinson, and the Grindletonian family, who preferred 'motions to motives,' and conveniently assumed, that 'their spirit is not to be tried by the Scripture, but the Scripture by their spirit.' Edwards, the author of 'Gangraena,' the adversary of Milton, whose work may still be preserved for its curiosity, though immortalized by the scourge of genius, has furnished a list of about two hundred of such sects in these times. A divino of the Church of England observed to a great secretary, 'You talk of the idolatry of Rome; but each of you, whenever you have made and set up a calf, will dance about it.'

This confusion of religions, if, indeed, these pretended modes of faith could be classed among religions, disturbed the consciences of good men, who read themselves in and out of their vacillating creed. It made, at last, even one of the puritans themselves, who had formerly complained that they had not enjoyed sufficient freedom under the bishops, cry out against 'this cursed intolerable intolerance.' And the fact is, that when the presbyterians had fixed themselves into the government, they published several treatises against toleration! The parallel between these wild notions of reform, and those of another character, run closely together. About this time well-meaning persons, who were neither enthusiasts from the ambition of founding sects, nor of covering their immorality by their impiety, were infected with the *religiosa insanitia*. One case may stand for many. A Mr Greswold, a gentleman of Warwickshire, whom a Brownist had by degrees enticed from his parish church, was afterwards persuaded to return to it—but he returned with a troubled mind, and lost in the prevalent theological contests. A horror of his future existence shut him out, as it were, from his present one: retiring into his own house, with his children, he ceased to communicate with the living world. He had his food put in at the window: and when his children lay sick, he admitted no one for their relief. His house, at length, was forced open; and they found two children dead, and the father confined to his bed. He had mangled his bible, and cut out the titles, contents, and every thing but the very text itself; for it seems that he thought that every thing human was sinful, and he conceived that the titles of the books and the contents of the chapters, were

to be cut out of the sacred Scriptures, as having been composed by men.*

More terrible it was when the insanity, which had hitherto been more confined to the better classes, burst forth among the common people. Were we to dwell minutely on this period, we should start from the picture with horror: we might, perhaps, console ourselves with a disbelief of its truth; but the drug though bitter in the mouth we must sometimes digest. To observe the extent to which the populace can proceed, disfranchised of law and religion, will always leave a memorable recollection.

What occurred in the French revolution had happened here—an age of impiety! Society itself seemed dissolved, for every tie of private affection and of public duty was unloosened. Even nature was strangely violated! From the first opposition to the decorous ceremonies of the national church, by the simple puritans, the next stage was that of ridicule, and the last of obloquy. They began by calling the surplice a linen rag on the back; baptism a Christ-cross on a baby's face; and the organ was likened to the bellow, the grunt, and the barking of the respective animals. They actually baptized horses in churches at the fonts: and the jest of that day was, that the Reformation was now a thorough one in England, since our horses went to church.† St Paul's cathedral was turned into a market, and the aisles, the communion table, and the altar, served for the foulest purposes. The liberty which every one now assumed of delivering his own opinions led to acts so execrable, that I can find no parallel for them except in the mad times of the French Revolution. Some maintained that there existed no distinction between moral good and moral evil; and that every man's actions were prompted by the Creator. Prostitution was professed as a religious act; a glazier was declared to be a prophet, and the woman he cohabited with was said to be ready to lie in of the Messiah. A man married his father's wife. Murders of the most extraordinary nature were occurring; one woman crucified her mother, another in imitation of Abraham sacrificed her child: we hear, too, of parricides. Amidst the slaughters of civil wars, spoil and blood had accustomed the people to contemplate the most horrible scenes. One mad-man of the many, we find drinking a health on his knees, in the midst of a town, 'to the devil! that it might be said that his family should not be extinct without doing some infamous act.' A Scotchman, one Alexander Agnew, commonly called 'Jock of broad Scotland,' whom one cannot call an atheist, for he does not seem to deny the existence of the Creator, nor a future state, had a shrewdness of local humour in his strange notions. Omitting some offensive things, others as strange may exhibit the state to which the reaction of a hypocritical system of religion had driven the common people. Jock of broad Scotland said he was nothing in God's common, for God had given him nothing; he was no more obliged to God than to the devil, for God was very greedy. Neither God nor the devil gave the fruits of the ground; the wives of the country gave him his meat. When asked wherein he believed, he answered, 'He believed in white meal, water, and salt. Christ was not God, for he came into the world after it was made, and died as other men.' He declared that 'he did not know whether God or the devil had the greatest power, but he thought the devil was the greatest. When I die, let God and the devil strive for my soul, and let him that is strongest take it.' He no doubt had been taught by the presbytery to mock religious rites; and when desired to give God thanks for his meat, he said, 'Take a sackful of prayers to the mill and grind them, and take your breakfast of them.' To others he said, 'I will give you a two-pence, to pray until a boll of meal, and one stone of butter, fall from heaven through the house rigging to you.' When bread and cheese were laid on the ground

* The Hypocrite discovered and cured, by Sam. Torshall, 4to, 1644.

† There is a pamphlet which records a strange fact. 'News from Fowles: or the new Reformation of the Army, with a true Relation of a Colt that was foaled in the Cathedral Church of St Paul, in London, and how it was publicly baptized, and the name (because a bald Colt) was called Baal-Rex! 1642.' The water they sprinkled from the soldier's helmet on this occasion is described. The same occurred elsewhere. See Foulis's History of the Plots, &c, of our pretended Saints. These men who baptized horses and pigs in the name of the Trinity, sang Psalms when they marched. One cannot easily comprehend the nature of fanaticism, except when we learn that they refused to pay rents!

by him, he said, 'If I leave this, I will long cry to God before he give it me again.' To others he said, 'Take a bannock, and break it in two, and lay down one half thereof, and you will long pray to God before he put the other half to it again!' He seems to have been an anti-trinitarian. He said he received every thing from nature, which had ever reigned and ever would. He would not conform to any religious system, nor name the three Persons—'At all these things I have long shaken my cap,' he said. Jock of broad Scotland seems to have been one of those who imagine that God should have furnished them with bannocks ready baked.

The extravagant fervour then working in the minds of the people is marked by the story told by Clement Walker of the soldier who entered a church with a lantern and a candle burning in it, and in the other hand four candles not lighted. He said he came to deliver his message from God, and show it by these types of candles. Driven into the churchyard, and the wind blowing strong, he could not kindle his candles, and the new prophet was awkwardly compelled to conclude his five documents, abolishing the Sabbath, tithes, ministers, magistrates, and, at last, the Bible itself, without putting out each candle, as he could not kindle them; observing, however, each time—'And here I should put out the first light, but the wind is so high that I cannot kindle it.'

A perfect scene of the effects which this state of irreligious society produced among the lower orders, I am enabled to give from the manuscript life of John Shaw, vicar of Rotherham, with a little tediousness, but with infinite interest, what happened to himself. This honest divine was puritanically inclined, but there can be no exaggeration in these unvarnished facts. He tells a remarkable story of the state of religious knowledge in Lancashire, at a place called Cartmel: some of the people appeared desirous of religious instruction, declaring that they were without any minister, and had entirely neglected every religious rite, and therefore pressed him to quit his situation at Lyman for a short period. He may now tell his own story.

'I found a very large spacious church, scarce any seats in it; a people very ignorant, and yet willing to learn; so as I had frequently some thousands of hearers. I catechised in season and out of season. The churches were so thronged at nine in the morning, that I had much ado to get to the pulpit. One day an old man about sixty, sensible enough in other things, and living in the parish of Cartmel, coming to me on some business, I told him that he belonged to my care and charge, and I desired to be informed in his knowledge of religion. I asked him how many Gods there were? He said he knew not. I informed him, asked again how he thought to be saved? He answered he could not tell. Yet thought that was a harder question than the other. I told him that the way to salvation was by Jesus Christ, God-man, who as he was man shed his blood for us on the cross, &c. Oh, sir, said he, I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendal, called Corpus-Christ's play, where there was a man on a tree and blood run down, &c. And afterwards he professed he could not remember that he ever heard of salvation by Jesus, but in that play.'

The scenes passing in the metropolis, as well as in the country, are opened to us in one of the chronical poems of George Withers. Our sensible Rbimer wrote in November 1652, 'a Dark Lanthorne' on the present subject.

After noticing that God, to mortify us, had sent preachers from 'the shop-board and the plough,'

—Such as we seem justly to condemn,
As making truths abhorred, which come from them:

he seems, however, inclined to think, that these self-taught 'Teachers and Prophets' in their darkness might hold a certain light within them.

—Children, foris,
Women and madmen, we do often meet
Preaching, and threatening judgment in the street,
Yea by strange actions, postures, tones, and cries
Themselves they offer to our ears and eyes
As signs unto this nation.—

They act as men in ecstasies have done—
Striving their cloudy visions to declare,
Till they have lost the notions which they had,
And want but few degrees of being mad.

Such is the picture of the folly and of the wickedness, which after having been preceded by the piety of a religious age, were succeeded by a diminution of hypocritical sanctity, and then closed in all the horrors of immorality and impiety. The parliament at length issued one of their ordinances for 'punishing blasphemous and execrable opinions,' and this was enforced with greater power than the slighted proclamations of James and Charles; but the curious wording is a comment on our present subject. The preamble notices that 'men and women had lately discovered monstrous opinions, even such as tended to the dissolution of human society, and have abused, and turned into licentiousness, the liberty given in matters of religion.' It punishes any person not disinterested in his brains, who shall maintain any mere creature to be God; or that all acts of unrighteousness are not forbidden in the Scriptures; or that God approves of them; or that there is no real difference between moral good and evil, &c.

To this disordered state was the public mind reduced, for this proclamation was only describing what was passing among the people! The view of this subject embraces more than one point, which I leave for the meditation of the politician, as well as of the religionist.

BUCKINGHAM'S POLITICAL COQUETRY WITH THE PURITANS.

Buckingham, observes Hume, 'in order to fortify himself against the resentment of James—on the conduct of the duke in the Spanish match, when James was latterly hearing every day Buckingham against Bristol, and Bristol against Buckingham—' had affected popularity, and catered into the cabals of the puritans; but afterwards, being secure of the confidence of Charles, he had since abandoned this party; and on that account was the more exposed to their hatred and resentment.'

The political coquetry of a minister coalescing with an opposition party, when he was on the point of being disgraced, would doubtless open an involved scene of intrigues; and what one exacted, and the other was content to yield, towards the mutual accommodation, might add one more example to the large chapter of political infirmity. Both workmen attempting to convert each other into tools, by first trying their respective malleability on the anvil, are liable to be disconcerted by even a slight accident, whenever that proves to perfect conviction, how little they can depend on each other, and that each party comes to cheat, and not to be cheated!

This piece of secret history is in part recoverable from good authority. The two great actors were the Duke of Buckingham and Dr Preston, the master of Emmanuel College, and the head of the puritan party.

Dr Preston was an eminent character, who from his youth was not without ambition. His scholastic learning, the subtlety of his genius, and his more elegant accomplishments, had attracted the notice of James, at whose table he was perhaps more than once honoured as a guest; a suspicion of his puritanic principles was perhaps the only obstacle to his court preferment; yet Preston unquestionably designed to play a political part. He retained the favour of James by the king's hope of withdrawing the doctor from the opposition party; and commanded the favour of Buckingham by the fears of that minister; when to employ the quaint style of Hacket, the duke foresaw that 'he might come to be tried in the furnace of the next sessions of parliament, and he had need to make the refiners his friends; most of these 'refiners' were the puritanic or opposition party. Appointed one of the chaplains of Prince Charles, Dr Preston had the advantage of being in frequent attendance; and as Hacket tells us, 'this politic man felt the pulse of the court, and wanted not the intelligence of all dark mysteries through the Scotch in his highness's bed-chamber.' A close communication took place between the duke and Preston, who, as Hacket describes, was 'a good crow to smell carrion.' He obtained an easy admission to the duke's closet at least thrice a week, and in their notable conferences Buckingham appears to have communicated to his confidential friends. Preston, intent on carrying all his points, skillfully commenced with the smaller ones. He wined the duke circuitously,—he worked at him subterraneously. This wary politician was too sagacious to propose what he had at heart—the extirpation of the hierarchy! The thunder of James's voice, 'no high-

op! no king!" in the conference at Hampton-Court, still echoed in the ear of the puritan. He assured the duke that the love of the people was his only anchor, which could only be secured by the most popular measures. A new sort of reformation was easy to execute. Cathedrals and collegiate churches maintained by vast wealth, and the lands of the chapter, only fed 'fat, lazy, and unprofitable drones.' The dissolution of the foundations of deans and chapters would open an ample source to pay the king's debts, and scatter the streams of patronage. 'You would then become the darling of the commonwealth;' I give the words as I find them in Hacket. 'If a crum stick in the throat of any considerable man that attempts an opposition, it will be easy to wash it down with manors, woods, royalities, tithes, &c.' It would be furnishing the wants of a number of gentlemen, and he quoted a Greek proverb, 'that when a great oak falls, every neighbour may scuffle for a faggot.'

Dr Preston was willing to perform the part which Knox had acted in Scotland! He might have been certain of a party to maintain this national violation of property; for he who calls out 'Plunder!' will ever find a gang. These acts of national injustice, so much desired by revolutionists, are never beneficial to the people; they never partake of the spoliation, and the whole terminates in the gratification of private rapacity.

It was not, however, easy to obtain such perpetual access to the minister, and at the same time escape from the watchful Archbishop Williams, the lord keeper, got sufficient hints from the king; and in a tedious conference with the duke, he wished to convince him that Preston had only offered him 'stittin milk, out of which he should churn nothing!' The duke was, however, smitten by the new project and made a remarkable answer: 'You lose yourself in generalities: make it out to me in particular, if you can, that the motion you pick at will find repulse, and be baffled in the house of commons. I know not how you bishops may struggle, but I am much deluded if a great part of the knights and burgesses would not be glad to see this alteration.' We are told on this, that Archbishop Williams took out a list of the members of the house of commons, and convinced the minister that an overwhelming majority would oppose this projected revolution, and that in consequence the duke gave it up.

But this anterior decision of the duke may be doubtful, since Preston still retained the high favour of the minister, after the death of James. When James died at Theobalds, where Dr Preston happened to be in attendance, he had the honour of returning to town in the new king's coach with the Duke of Buckingham. The doctor's servile adulation of the minister gave even great offence to the over-zealous puritans. That he was at length discarded is certain; but this was owing not to any deficient subserviency on the side of our politician, but to one of those unlucky circumstances which have often put an end to temporary political connexions, by enabling one party to discover what the other thinks of him.

I draw this curious fact from a manuscript narrative in the hand-writing of the learned William Wotton. When the puritanic party foolishly became jealous of the man who seemed to be working at root and branch for their purposes, they addressed a letter to Preston, remonstrating with him for his servile attachment to the minister; on which he confidentially returned an answer, assuring them that he was as fully convinced of the vileness and profligacy of the Duke of Buckingham's character as any man could be, but that there was no way to come at him but by the lowest flattery, and that it was necessary for the glory of God, that such instruments should be made use of as could be had: and for that reason, and that alone, he showed that respect to the reigning favourite, and not for any real honour that he had for him. This letter proved fatal; some officious hand conveyed it to the duke! When Preston came as usual, the duke took his opportunity of asking him what he had ever done to disoblige him, that he should describe him in such black characters to his own party? Preston, in amazement denied the fact, and poured forth professions of honour and gratitude. The duke showed him his own letter. Dr Preston instantaneously felt a political apoplexy: the labours of some years were lost in a single morning. The baffled politician was turned out of Wallingford House, never more to see the enraged minister! And from that moment Buckingham wholly abandoned the Puritans, and cultivated the friendship of Laud. This happened soon after James the First's

death. Wotton adds, 'This story I heard from one who was extremely well versed in the secret history of the time.'*

SIR EDWARD COKE'S EXCEPTIONS AGAINST THE HIGH SHERIFF'S OATH.

A curious fact will show the revolutionary nature of human events, and the necessity of correcting our ancient statutes, which so frequently hold out punishments and penalties for objects which have long ceased to be criminal; as well as for persons against whom it would be barbarous to allow some unrepealed statute to operate.

When a political stratagem was practised by Charles the First to keep certain members out of the house of commons, by pricking them down as sheriffs in their different counties, among them was the celebrated Sir Edward Coke whom the government had made High Sheriff for Bucks. It was necessary, perhaps, to be a learned and practised lawyer to discover the means he took, in the height of his resentment to elude the insult. This great lawyer, who himself, perhaps, had often administered the oath to the sheriffs, which had, century after century, been usual for them to take, to the surprise of all persons, drew up Exceptions against the Sheriff's oath, declaring that no one could take it. Coke sent his Exceptions to the attorney-general, who by an immediate order in council, submitted them to 'all the judges of England.' Our legal luminary had condescended only to some ingenious cavilling in three of his exceptions; but the fourth was of a nature which could not be overcome. All the judges of England assented, and declared, that there was one part of this ancient oath which was perfectly irreligious, and must ever hereafter be left out! This article was, 'That you shall do all your pain and diligence to destroy and make to cease all manner of heresies, commonly called *Lollaries*, within your bailiwick, &c.†' The Lollards were the most ancient of protestants, and had practised Luther's sentiments — it was, in fact condemning the established religion of the country! An order was issued from Hampton-Court, for the abrogation of this part of the oath; and at present all high sheriffs owe this obligation to the resentment of Sir Edward Coke, for having been pricked down as Sheriff of Bucks, to be kept out of parliament! The merit of having the oath changed, *instantly*, he was allowed; but he was not excused taking it, after it was accommodated to the conscientious and lynx-eyed detection of our enraged lawyer.

SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES I, AND HIS FIRST PARLIAMENTS.

The reign of Charles the First, succeeded by the commonwealth of England, forms a period unparalleled by any preceding one in the annals of mankind. It was for the English nation the great result of all former attempts to ascertain and to secure the just freedom of the subject. The prerogative of the sovereign, and the rights of the people, were often imagined to be mutual encroachments; and were long involved in contradiction, in an age of unsettled opinions and disputed principles. At length the conflicting parties of monarchy and democracy, in the weakness of their passions, discovered how much each required the other for its protector. This age offers the finest speculations in human nature, it opens a protracted scene of glory and of infamy; all that elevates, and all that humiliates our kind, wrestling together, and expiring in a career of glorious deeds, of revolting crimes, and even of ludicrous infirmities!

The French Revolution is the commentary of the English; and a commentary at times more important than the text which it elucidates. It has thrown a freshness over the antiquity of our own history; and, on returning to it, we seem to possess the feelings, and to be agitated by the interests, of contemporaries. The circumstances and the persons which so many imagine had passed away, have been reproduced under our own eyes. In other histories we except the knowledge of the characters and the incidents on the evidence of the historian; but here we may take them from our own conviction, since to extinct

* Wotton delivered this memorandum to the literary antiquary, Thomas Baker; and Keune transcribed it in his Manuscript Collections. Landowne MSS. No. 923—56. The life of Dr Preston, in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, may be consulted with advantage.

† Rushworth's Historical Collections Vol. I, 190.

names and to past events, we can apply the reality which we ourselves have witnessed.

Charles the First had scarcely ascended the throne, ere he discovered, that in his new parliament he was married to a sullen bride; the youthful monarch, with the impatience of a lover, warm with hope and glory, was ungraciously repulsed even in the first favours! The prediction of his father remained, like the hand-writing on the wall; but, seated on the throne, Hope was more congenial to youth than Prophecy.

As soon as Charles the First could assemble a parliament, he addressed them with an earnestness, in which the simplicity of words and thoughts strongly contrasted with the oratorical harangues of the late monarch. It cannot be alleged against Charles the First, that he preceded the parliament in the war of words. He courted their affections; and even in his manner of reception, amidst the dignity of the regal office, studiously showed his exterior respect by the marked solemnity of their first meeting. As yet uncrowned, on the day on which he first addressed the Lords and Commons, he wore his crown, and veiled it at the opening, and on the close of his speech; a circumstance to which the parliament had not been accustomed. Another ceremony gave still greater solemnity to the meeting; the king would not enter into business till they had united in prayer. He commanded the doors to be closed, and a bishop to perform the office. The suddenness of this unexpected command disconcerted the catholic lords, of whom the less rigid knelt, and the moderate stood: there was one startled papist who did nothing but cross himself!*

The speech may be found in Rushworth; the friendly tone must be shown here.

'I hope that you do remember that you were pleased to employ me to advise my father to break off the treaties (with Spain.) I came into this business willingly and freely, like a young man, and consequently rashly; but it was by your interest—your engagement. I pray you remember, that this being my *first action*, and begun by your *advice and entreaty*, what a great dishonour it were to you and me that it should fail for that assistance you are able to give me!'

This effusion excited no sympathy in the house. They voted not a seventh part of the expenditure necessary to proceed with a war, into which, as a popular measure, they themselves had forced the king.

At Oxford the king again reminded them that he was engaged in a war 'from their desires and advice.' He expresses his disappointment at their insufficient grant, 'far short to set forth the navy now preparing.' The speech preserves the same simplicity.

Still no echo of kindness responded in the house. It was, however, asserted, in a vague and quibbling manner, that 'though a former parliament did engage the king in a war, yet (if things were managed by a contrary design, and the treasure misemployed) *this parliament is not bound by another parliament*;' and they added a cruel mockery, that 'the king should help the cause of the Palatinate with *his own money*;' thus foolish war, which James and Charles had so long bore their reproaches for having avoided as hopeless, but which the puritanic party as well as others, had continually urged as necessary for the maintenance of the protestant cause in Europe.

Still no supplies! but protestations of duty, and petitions about grievances, which it had been difficult to specify. In their 'Declaration' they style his Majesty 'Our dear and dread sovereign,' and themselves 'his poor Commons;' but they concede no point—they offer no aid! The king was not yet disposed to quarrel, though he had in vain pressed for despatch of business, lest the season should be lost for the navy; again reminding them that 'it was the *first request* that he ever made unto them!' On the pretence of the plague at Oxford, Charles prorogued parliament, with a promise to reassemble in the winter.

There were a few whose hearts had still a pulse to vibrate with the distresses of a youthful monarch, perplexed by a war which they themselves had raised. But others of a more republican complexion, rejected 'Necessity, as a dangerous counsellor, which would be always furnishing arguments for supplies. If the king was in danger and necessity, those ought to answer for it who have put both king and kingdom into this peril: and if the state of things would not admit a redress of grievances, there cannot be so much necessity for money.'

* From a manuscript letter of the times.

The first parliament abandoned the king!

Charles now had no other means to despatch the army and fleet, in a bad season, but by borrowing money on private seals: these were letters, where the loan exacted was as small as the style was humble. They specified, that 'this loan, without inconvenience to any, is only intended for the service of the public. Such private helps for public services, which cannot be deferred,' the king's premises had been often resorted to; but this 'being the *first time* that we have required any thing in this kind, we require but *that sum which few men would deny a friend*.' As far as I can discover, the highest sum assessed from great personages was twenty pounds! The king was willing to suffer any mortification, even that of a charitable subscription, rather than endure the obdurate insults of parliament! All donations were received, from ten pounds to five shillings: this was the mockery of an alms-basket! Yet, with contributions and savings so trivial, and exacted with such a warm appeal to their feelings, was the king to send out a fleet with ten thousand men—to take Cadiz!

This expedition, like so many similar attempts from the days of Charles the First to those of the great Lord Chatham, and to our own—concluded by a nullity! Charles, disappointed in this predatory attempt, in despair, called his second parliament—as he says, 'In the midst of his necessity—and to learn from them how he was to frame his course and councils?'

The Commons, as dutiously as ever, profess that 'No king was ever dearer to his people; and that they really intend to assist his majesty in such a way, as may make him safe at home, and feared abroad—but it was to be on condition, that he would be graciously pleased to accept 'the information and advice of parliament in discovering the causes of the great evils, and redress their grievances.' The king accepted this 'as a satisfactory answer;' but Charles comprehended their drift—'You specially aim at the Duke of Buckingham; what he hath done to change your minds I wot not.' The style of the king now first betrays angered feelings; the secret cause of the unsympathizing conduct of the Commons was hatred of the favourite, but the king saw that they designed to control the executive government, and he could ascribe their antipathy to Buckingham but to the capriciousness of popular favour; for not long ago he had heard Buckingham hailed as 'their saviour.' In the zeal and firmness of his affections, Charles always considered that he himself was aimed at, in the person of his confidant, his companion, and his minister!

Some of 'the bold speakers,' as the heads of the opposition are frequently designated in the manuscript letters, had now risen into notice. Sir John Elliot, Dr Turner, Sir Dudley Digges, Mr Clement Coke, poured themselves forth in a vehement, not to say seditious style, with invectives more daring than had ever before thundered in the House of Commons! The king now told them, 'I come to show your errors, and, as I may call it, *unparliamentary proceedings of parliament*.' The lord keeper then assured them that 'when the irregular humours of some particular persons were settled, the king would hear and answer all just grievances: but the king would have them also to know, that he was equally jealous to the contempt of his royal rights, which his majesty would not suffer to be violated by any pretended course of parliamentary liberty. The king considered the parliament as his council; but there was a difference between counselling and controlling, and between liberty and the abuse of liberty.' He finished, by noticing their extraordinary proceedings in their impeachment of Buckingham. The king, resuming his speech, remarkably reproached the parliament.

'Now that you have all things according to your wishes, and that I am so far engaged that you think there is no retreat, now you begin to set the dice, and make your own game. But I pray you be not deceived: it is not a parliamentary way, nor is it a way to deal with a king. Mr Clement Coke told you, "It was better to be eaten up by a foreign enemy than to be destroyed at home!" Indeed, I think it more honour for a king to be invaded and almost destroyed by a foreign enemy than to be despised by his own subjects.'

The king concluded by asserting his privilege, to call or to forbid parliaments.

The style of 'the bold speakers' appeared at least as early as in April; I trace their spirit in letters of the times, which furnish facts and expressions that do not appear in our printed documents.

Among the earliest of our patriots, and finally the great worm of his exertions, was Sir John Elliot, vice-admiral, of Devonshire. He, in a tone which 'rolled back to Jove's own bolts,' and startled even the writer, who was himself biased to the popular party, 'made a resolute, I only whether a timely, speech.' He adds, Elliot asserted that 'They came not thither either to do what the king should command them, nor to abstain when he forbade them; they came to continue constant, and to maintain their privileges. They would not give their posterity a cause to curse them for losing their privileges by restraint, which their forefathers had left them.'*

On the eighth of May, the impeachment of the duke was opened by Sir Dudley Digges, who compared the duke to a meteor exhaled out of putrid matter. He was followed by Clarendon, Seiden, and others. On this day the duke sat out-facing his accusers and out-braving their accusations, which the more highly exasperated the house. On the following day the duke was absent, when the epilogue to this mighty piece was elaborately delivered by John Eliot, with a force of declamation, and a boldness of personal allusion, which have not been surpassed in the invectives of modern Junius.

But, after expatiating on the favourite's ambition in reaching and getting into his hands the greatest offices of strength and power in the kingdom, and the means by which he had obtained them, drew a picture of 'the insatiable character of the duke's mind.' The duke's plurality of offices reminded him of a chimerical beast called by Pliny's *Stilbonatus*, so blurred, so spotted, so full of contradictions, that they knew not what to make of it! In setting himself he hath set upon the kingdom's revenues, the mainstay of supply, and the nerves of the land—He has sapped, consumed, and exhausted the revenues of the crown, and, by emptying the veins the blood should run through, hath cast the kingdom into a high consumption. He exceeds to criminate the duke's magnificent tastes; he has had something of a congenial nature for Elliot was a man of fine literature. 'Infinite sums of money, and vast lands exceeding the value of money, and contrivances, in parliament have been heaped upon him; and how have they been employed? Upon costly furniture, gorgeous feasting, and magnificent building, the visible signs of the express exhausting of the state.'†

But frequently closes—

Your lordships have an idea of the man, what he is in himself, what in his affections! You have seen his power, and some of fear have felt it. You have known his practice and have heard the effects. Being such, what is he in reference to king and state; how compatible or incompatible with either? In reference to the king, he must be the canker in his treasure; in reference to the state, the moth of all goodness. I can hardly find him a parallel but none were so like him as Sejanus, who is described as *Tartarus, Abi lux, sui obsequia, in alius criminibus, juxta cuncta et expulsum*. Sejanus's pride was so excessive, as *Tartarus* saith, that, he neglected all councils, mixed his business and service with the prince, seeking to confound their actions, and was often styled *Imperatoria laborum* saith. Dost not this man the like? Ask England, Scotland and Ireland—and they will tell you! How lately and how often hath this man commixed his actions in discourses with actions of the king's! My Lords! I have done—let me see the man!‡

The parallel of the duke with Sejanus electrified the house, and, as we shall see, touched Charles on a convulsive nerve.

The king's conduct on this speech was the beginning of his troubles, and the first of his more open attempts to crush the popular party. In the House of Lords the king debated the duke, and informed them, 'I have thought fit to give order for the punishing some insolent speeches, which were spoken.' I find a piece of secret history enclosed with it, with a solemn injunction that it might be burnt. The king this morning complained of Sir John Eliot for impeaching the duke to *Sejanus*, in which he said, implying to most intend me for *Tiberius*? On that day the charge and the epilogue orators, Sir Dudley Digges, who had opened the impeachment against the duke, and Sir John Eliot, who had closed it, were called out of the house by two messengers, who showed their warrants for committing them to the Tower.†

* MSS. 1177. Letter 317.

† MSS. and historical documents. Kennett, Frankland, &c.

‡ MSS. 1177. Letter 317.

No. 13.

On this memorable day a philosophical politician might have preciently marked the seed-plots of events, which not many years afterwards were apparent to all men. The passions of kings are often exasperated; but, in the present anti-monarchical period, the passions of parliaments are not imaginable! The democratic party in our constitution, from the meanest of motives, from their egotism, their vanity, and their audacity, hate kings; they would have an abstract being, a chimerical sovereign on the throne—like a statue, the mere ornament of the place it fills,—and unsensible, like a statue, to the invectives they would heap on its pedestal!

The commons, with a fierce spirit of reaction for the king's punishing some insolent speeches, at once sent up to the lords for the commitment of the duke. But when they learnt the fate of the patriots, they instantaneously broke up! In the afternoon they assembled in Westminster-hall, to interchange their private sentiments on the fate of the two imprisoned members, in sadness and indignation.

The following day the commons met in their own house. When the speaker reminded them of the usual business, they all cried out, 'Sit down! sit down!' They would touch on no business till they were 'righted in their liberties.' An open committee of the whole house was formed, and no member suffered to quit the house; but either they were at a loss how to commence this solemn conference, or expressed their indignation by a sullen silence. To sooth and subdue the bold speakers was the unfortunate attempt of the vice-chamberlain, Sir Dudley Carleton, who had long been one of our foreign ambassadors; and who, having witnessed the despotic governments on the continent, imagined that there was no deficiency of liberty at home. 'I find,' said the vice-chamberlain, 'by the great silence in this house, that it is a time to be heard, if you will grant me the patience.' Alluding to one of the king's messages, where it was hinted that, if there was 'no correspondence between him and the parliament, he should be forced to use new counsels.' 'I pray you consider what these new counsels are and may be; I fear to declare those I receive.' However, Sir Dudley plainly lured at them, when he went on observing, that 'when monarchs begin to know their own strength, and saw the turbulent spirit of their parliaments, they had overthrown them in all Europe, except here on y with us.' Our ambassador drew an amusing picture of the effects of despotic governments in that of France—'If you knew the subjects in foreign countries as well as myself, to see them look, not like our nation, with store of flesh on their backs, but like so many ghosts and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet, so that they cannot eat meat, or wear good clothes, but they must praise the king for it; this is a misery beyond expression, and that which we are yet free from.' A long reference abroad had deprived Sir Dudley Carleton of any sympathy with the high tone of freedom, and the proud jealousy of their prerogative, which, though yet unascertained, undefined, and still often contested, was breaking forth among the commons of England. It was fated that the celestial spirit of our national freedom should not descend among us in the form of the mystical dove!

Hume observes on this speech, that 'these imprudent suggestions rather gave warning than struck terror.' It was evident that the event which implied 'new counsels,' meant what subsequently was practised—the king governing without a parliament! As for 'the ghosts who wore wooden shoes,' to which the house was congratulated that they had not yet been reduced, they would infer that it was the more necessary to provide against the possibility of so strange an occurrence! Hume truly observes, 'The king reaped no further benefit from this attempt than to exasperate the house still further.' Some words, which the duke persisted in asserting had dropped from Digges, were explained away, Digges, declaring that they had not been

of dates. They all equally copy Rushworth, the only source of our history of this period. Even Hume involves in the obscurity. The king's speech was on the eighth of May. As Rushworth has not included this, it would seem that the two orders had been sent to the Tower before the king's speech to the lords.

* Mr. Kenyon, an ardent royalist, in a speech at Rushworth, inserted their pretended liberties, exactly the style of a noble writer when they mention protestantism, by a flourish of protestantism. All party writers use the same style!

used by him; and it seems probable that he was suffered to eat his words. Elliot was made of 'sterner stuff;' he abated not a jot of whatever he had spoken of 'that man,' as he affected to call Buckingham.

The commons whatever might be their patriotism, seem at first to have been chiefly moved by a personal hatred of the favourite; and their real charges against him amounted to little more than pretences and aggravations. The king, whose personal affections were always strong, considered his friend innocent; and there was a warm, romantic feature in the character of the youthful monarch, which scorned to sacrifice his faithful companion to his own interests, and to immolate the minister to the clamours of the commons. Subsequently, when the king did this in the memorable case of the guiltless Straford, it was the only circumstance which weighed on his mind at the hour of his own sacrifice! Sir Robert Cotton told a friend, on the day on which the king went down to the House of Lords, and committed the two patriots, that 'he had of late been often sent for to the king and duke, and that the king's affection towards him was very admirable and no whit lessened. Certainly, he added, 'the king will never yield to the duke's fall, being a young man, resolute, magnanimous, and tenderly and firmly affectionate where he takes.* This authentic character of Charles the First by that intelligent and learned man, to whom the nation owes the treasures of its antiquities, is remarkable. Sir Robert Cotton, though holding no rank at court, and in no respect of the duke's party, was often consulted by the king, and much in his secrets. How the king valued the judgment of this acute and able adviser, acting on it in direct contradiction and to the mortification of the favourite, I shall probably have occasion to show.

The commons did not decline in the subtile spirit with which they had begun; they covertly aimed at once to subjugate the sovereign, and to expel the minister! A remonstrance was prepared against the levying of tonnage and poundage, which constituted half of the crown revenues; and a petition, 'equivalent to a command,' for removing Buckingham from his majesty's person and councils.† The remonstrance is wrought up with a high spirit of invective against 'the unbridled ambition of the duke,' whom they class, 'among those vipers and pests to their king and commonwealth, as so expressly styled by your most royal father.' They request that 'he would be pleased to remove this person from access to his sacred presence, and that he would not balance this one man with all these things, and with the affairs of the Christian world.'

The king hastily dissolved his second parliament; and when the lords petitioned for its continuance, he warmly and angrily exclaimed, 'Not a moment longer!' It was dissolved in June, 1626.

The patriots abandoned their sovereign to his fate, and retreated home sullen, indignant, and ready to conspire among themselves for the assumption of their disputed or their defrauded liberties. They industriously dispersed their remonstrance, and the king replied by a declaration; but an attack is always more vigorous than a defence. The declaration is spiritless, and evidently composed under suppressed feelings, which, perhaps, knew not how to shape themselves. The 'Remonstrance' was commanded every where to be burnt; and the effect which it produced on the people we shall shortly witness.

The king was left amidst the most pressing exigencies. At the dissolution of the first parliament, he had been compelled to practise a humiliating economy. Hume has alluded to the numerous wants of the young monarch; but he certainly was not acquainted with the king's extreme necessities. His coronation seemed rather private than a public ceremony. To save the expenses of the procession from the Tower through the city to Whitehall, that customary pomp was omitted; and the reason alleged was 'to save the charges for more noble undertakings;' that is, for means to carry on the Spanish war without supplies! But now the most extraordinary changes appeared at court. The king mortgaged his lands in Cornwall to the aldermen and companies of London. A rumour spread that the small pension list must be revoked; and the royal distress was carried so far, that all the tables at court were laid down, and the courtiers put on board wages! I have seen a letter which gives an account of

* Manuscript letter.

† Rushworth, I. 400. Hume VI. 221, who enters widely into the view and feelings of Charles.

'the funeral supper at Whitehall, whereat twenty-three tables were buried, being from henceforth converted to board-wages;' and there I learn, that 'since this discomfiting of house-keeping, his majesty is but slenderly attended.' Another writer who describes himself to be only a looker-on, regrets, that while the men of the law spent ten thousand pounds on a single masque, they did not rather make the king rich; and adds, 'I see a rich commonwealth, a rich people, and the crown poor.' This strange poverty of the court of Charles seems to have escaped the notice of our general historians. Charles was now to victual his fleet with the savings of the board wages; for this 'surplusage' was taken into account!

The fatal descent on the Isle of Rhé sent home Buckingham discomfited, and spread dismay through the nation. The best blood had been shed from the wanton bravery of an unskilful and romantic commander, who, forced to retreat, would march, but not fly, and was the very last man to quit the ground which he could not occupy. In the eagerness of his hopes, Buckingham had once dropped, as I learn, that 'before Midsummer he should be more honoured and beloved of the commons than ever was the Earl of Essex;' and thus he rocked his own and his master's imagination in cradling fancies. This volatile hero, who had felt the capriciousness of popularity, thought that it was as easily regained as it was easily lost; and that a chivalric adventure would return to him that favour which at this moment might have been denied to all the wisdom, the policy, and the arts of an experienced statesman.

The king was now involved in more intricate and desperate measures; and the nation was thrown into a state of agitation, of which the page of popular history yields but a faint impression.

The spirit of insurrection was stalking forth in the metropolis and in the country. The scenes which I am about to describe occurred at the close of 1626: an unattentive reader might easily mistake them for the revolutionary scenes of 1640. It was an unarmed rebellion.

An army and a navy had returned unpaid, and sore with defeat. The town was scoured by mutinous seamen and soldiers, roving even into the palace of the sovereign. Soldiers without pay form a society without laws. A band of captains rushed into the duke's apartment as he sat at dinner; and when reminded by the duke of a late proclamation, forbidding all soldiers coming to court in troops, on pain of hanging, they replied, that 'Whole companies were ready to be hanged with them: that the king might do as he pleased with their lives; for that their reputation was lost, and their honour forfeited, for want of their salary to pay their debts.' When a petition was once presented, and it was inquired who was the composer of it? a vast body tremendously shouted, 'All! all!' A multitude, composed of seamen, met at Tower-hall, and set a lad on a scaffold, who, with an 'O yes!' proclaimed that King Charles had promised their pay, or the duke had been on the scaffold himself! These, at least were the grievances more apparent to the sovereign than those vague ones so perpetually repeated by his unfaithful commons. But what remained to be done? It was only a choice of difficulties between the disorder and the remedy. At the moment, the duke got up what he called 'The council of the sea;' was punctual at the first meeting, and appointed three days in a week to sit—but broke his appointment the second day—they found him always otherwise engaged; and 'the council of the sea' turned out to be one of those shadowy expedients which only lasts while it acts on the imagination. It is said that thirty thousand pounds would have quieted these disorganized troops; but the exchequer could not supply so mean a sum. Buckingham, in despair, and profuse of life, was planning a fresh expedition for the siege of Rochelle; a new army was required. He swore, 'If there was money in the kingdom it should be had!'

Now began that series of contrivances and artifices and persecutions to levy money. Forced loans, or pretended free-gifts, kindled a resisting spirit. It was urged by the court party, that the sums required were, in fact, much less in amount than the usual grants of subsidies, but the cry, in return for a subsidy, was always 'A Parliament!' Many were heavily fined for declaring, that 'They knew no law, besides that of Parliament, to compel men to give away their own goods.' The king ordered, that those who would not subscribe to the loans should not

be forced; but it seems there were orders in council to specify those householders' names who would not subscribe; and it further appears, that those who would not pay in purse should in person. Those who were pressed were sent to the *depot*; but either the soldiers would not receive these good citizens, or they found easy means to return. Every mode which the government invented seems to have been easily frustrated, either by the intrepidity of the parties themselves, or by that general understanding which enabled the people to play into one another's hands. When the common council had consented that an imposition should be laid, the citizens called the Guild-hall the *Yield-all*! And whenever they levied a distress, in consequence of refusals to pay it, nothing was to be found but 'Old ends, such as nobody cared for.' Or if a severer officer seized on commodities, it was in vain to offer penny-worths where no customer was to be had. A wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a cheesemonger, was summoned to appear before the privy council, and required to lend the king two hundred pounds, or else to go himself to the army, and serve it with cheese. It was not supposed that a merchant, so aged and wealthy, would submit to resume his former mean trade; but the old man, in the spirit of the times, preferred the hard alternative, and balked the new project of finance, by shipping himself with his cheese. At Hicks's Hall the duke and the Earl of Dorset sat to receive the loans; but the duke threatened, and the earl affected to treat with levity, men who came before them, with all the suppressed feelings of popular indignation. The Earl of Dorset asking a fellow, who pleaded inability to lend money, of what trade he was, and being answered 'a tailor,' said: 'Put down your name for such a sum; one snip will make amends for all!' The tailor quoted scripture abundantly, and shook the bench with laughter or with rage by his anathemas, till he was put fast into a messenger's hands. This was one Ball, renowned through the parish of St Clements; and not only a tailor, but a prophet. Twenty years after tailors and prophets employed messengers themselves!*

These are instances drawn from the inferior classes of society; but the same spirit actuated the country gentlemen: one instance represents many. George Catesby, of Northamptonshire, being committed to prison as a loan-recusant, alleged, among other reasons for his non-compliance, that 'he considered that this loan might become a precedent; and that every precedent, he was told by the lord president, was a flower of the prerogative.' The lord president, told him that 'he lied!' Catesby shook his head, observing, 'I come not here to contend with your lordship, but to suffer!' Lord Suffolk then interposing, entreated the lord president would not too far urge his kinsman, Mr Catesby. This country gentleman waived any kindness he might owe to kindred, declaring, that 'he would remain master of his own purse.' The prisons were crowded with these loan-recusants, as well as with those who had sinned in the freedom of their opinions. The country gentlemen insured their popularity by their committals; and many stout resistors of the loans were returned in the following parliament against their own wishes.† The friends of these knights and country gen-

* The Radicals of that day differed from ours in the means, though not in the end. They at least referred to their Bible, and rather more than was required; but superstition is as mad as atheism! Many of the puritans confused their brains with the study of the Revelations; believing Prince Henry to be prefigured in the Apocalypse; some prophesied that he should overthrow 'the beast.' Ball our tailor, was this very prophet; and was so honest as to believe in his own prophecy. Osborn tells, that Ball put out money on adventure; i. e. to receive it back, double or treble, when King James should be elected pope! So that though he had no money for a loan, he had to spare for a prophecy.

This Ball has been confounded with a more ancient radical, Ball a priest, and a principal mover in Wat Tyler's insurrection. Our Ball must have been very notorious, for Jonson has noticed his 'admirable discourses.' Mr Gifford, without any knowledge of my account of this tailor-prophet, by his active sagacity has rightly indicated him.—See Jonson's Works, vol. V. p. 241.

† It is curious to observe, that the Westminster elections, in the fourth year of Charles's reign, were exactly of the same turbulent character as those which we witness in our days. The duke had counted by his interest to bring in Sir Robert Fyfe. The contest was severe, but accompanied by some of those ludicrous electioneering scenes, which still amuse the mob. Whenever Sir Robert Fyfe's party cried—'A Fyfe! a Fyfe! a Fyfe!' the adverse party would cry—'A pudding! a

pudding! a pudding!' and when they petitioned for more liberty and air during the summer, it was policy to grant their request. But it was also policy that they should not reside in their own counties; this relaxation was only granted to those who, living in the south, consented to sojourn in the north; while the dwellers in the north were to be lodged in the south!

In the country the disturbed scenes assumed even a more alarming appearance than in London. They not only would not provide money, but when money was offered by government, the men refused to serve; a conscription was not then known: and it became a question, long debated in the privy council, whether those who would not accept press-money should not be tried by martial law. I preserve in the note a curious piece of secret information.* The great novelty and symptom of the times was the scattering of letters. Sealed letters, addressed to the leading men of the country, were found hanging on bushes; anonymous letters were dropt in shops and streets, which gave notice, that the day was fast approaching, when 'Such a work was to be wrought in England, as never was the like, which will be for our good.' Addresses multiplied 'To all true-hearted Englishmen!' A groom detected in spreading such seditious papers, and brought into the inexorable star-chamber, was fined three thousand pounds! The leniency of the punishment was rather regretted by two bishops; if it was ever carried into execution, the unhappy man must have remained a groom who never after crossed a horse!

There is one difficult duty of an historian, which is too often passed over by the party writer; it is to pause whenever he feels himself warming with the passions of the multitude, or becoming the blind apologist of arbitrary power. An historian must transform himself into the characters which he is representing, and throw himself back into the times which he is opening; possessing himself of their feelings and tracing their actions, he may then at least hope to discover truths which may equally interest the honourable men of all parties.

This reflection has occurred from the very difficulty into which I am now brought. Shall we at once condemn the king for these arbitrary measures? It is, however, very possible that they were never in his contemplation! Involved in inextricable difficulties, according to his feelings, he was betrayed by parliament; and he scorned to barter their favour by that vulgar traffic of treachery—the immolation of the single victim who had long attached his personal affections; a man at least as much envied as hated! That hard lesson had not yet been inculcated on a British sovereign, that his bosom must be a blank for all private affection; and had that lesson been taught, the character of Charles was destitute of all aptitude for it. To reign without a refractory parliament, and to find among the people themselves subjects more loyal than their representatives, was an experiment—and a fatal one! Under Charles, the liberty of the subject, when the necessities of the state pressed on the sovereign, was matter of discussion, disputed as often as assumed; the divines were proclaiming as rebellious those who refused their contributions to avoid the government;† and the law-sages al-

pudding! a pudding! and others—'A lie! a lie! a lie!—' This Westminster election of nearly two hundred years ago, ended as we have seen some others; they rejected all who had urged the payment of the loans; and passing by such men as Sir Robert Cotton, and their last representative they fixed on a brewer and a grocer for the two members for Westminster.*

* Extract from a manuscript letter.—'On Friday last I hear, but as a secret, that it was debated at the council table, whether our Essex-men, who refused to take press-money, should not be punished by martial-law, and hanged up on the next tree to their dwellings, for an example of terror to others. My lord keeper, who had been long silent, when in conclusion, it came to his course to speak, told the lords, that as far as he understood the law, none were liable to martial law, but martial men. If these had taken press-money, and afterwards run from their colours, they might then be punished in that manner; but yet they were no soldiers, and refused to be. Secondly, he thought a subsidy, new by law, could not be pressed against his will for a foreign service; it being supposed in law, the service of his purse excused that of his person, unless his own country were in danger; and he appealed to my lord treasurer, and my lord president, whether it was not so, who both assented it was so, though some of them faintly, as unwilling to have been urged to such an answer. So it is thought, that proposition is dashed; and it will be tried what may be done in the Star-Chamber against these refractories.'

leged precedents for raising supplies in the manner which Charles had adopted. Selden, whose learned industry was as vast as the amplitude of his mind, had to seek for the freedom of the subject in the dust of the records of the Tower—and the omnipotence of parliaments, if any human assembly may be invested with such supernatural greatness, had not yet awakened the hoar antiquity of popular liberty.

A general spirit of insurrection, rather than insurrection itself, had suddenly raised some strange appearances through the kingdom. 'The remonstrance' of parliament had unquestionably quickened the feelings of the people: but yet the lovers of peace and the reverencers of royalty were not a few: money and men were procured to send out the army and the fleet. More concealed causes may be suspected to have been at work. Many of the heads of the opposition were pursuing some secret machinations: about this time I find many mysterious stories—indications of secret societies—and other evidences of the intrigues of the popular party.

Little matters, sometimes more important than they appear, are suitable to our minute sort of history. In November, 1628, a rumour spread that the king was to be visited by an ambassador from 'the President of the Society of the Rose-cross.' He was indeed an heterogeneous ambassador, for he is described 'as a youth with never a hair on his face;' in fact, a child who was to conceal the mysterious personage which he was for a moment to represent. He appointed Sunday afternoon to come to court, attended by thirteen coaches. He was to proffer to his majesty, provided the king accepted his advice, three millions to put into his coffers; and by his secret councils he was to unfold matters of moment and secrecy. A Latin letter was delivered to 'David Ramsay of the clock' to hand over to the king; a copy of it has been preserved in a letter of the times; but it is so unmeaning, that it could have had no effect on the king, who, however, declared that he would not admit him to an audience, and that if he could tell where 'the President of the Rose-cross' was to be found, unless he made good his offer, he would hang him at the court-gates. This served the town and country for talk till the appointed Sunday had passed over, and no ambassador was visible! Some considered this as the plotting of crazy brains, but others imagined it to be an attempt to speak with the king in private, on matters respecting the duke. There was also discovered, by letters received from Rome, 'a whole parliament of Jesuits sitting, in 'a fair-hanged vault' in Clerkenwell: Sir John Cooke would have alarmed the parliament, that on St Joseph's day these were to have occupied their places;

* A member of the House, in James the First's time called this race of divines 'Spaniards to the court and wolves to the people.'—Dr Mainwaring, Dr Silthorpe, and Dean Bartrave were seeking for ancient precedents to maintain absolute monarchy, and to inculcate passive obedience. Bartrave had this passage in his sermon: 'It was the speech of a man renowned for wisdom in our age, that if he were commanded to put forth to sea in a ship that had neither rudder nor tackling, he would do it: and being asked what wisdom that were, replied, 'The wisdom must be in him that hath power to command, not in him that conscience binds to obey.' Silthorpe, after he published his sermon, immediately had his house burnt down. Dr Mainwaring, says a manuscript letter-writer, 'sent the other day to a friend of mine, to help him to all the ancient precedents he could find, to strengthen his opinion (for absolute monarchy,) who answered him he could help him in nothing but only to hang him, and that if he lived till a parliament, or far, he should be sure of a halter.' Mainwaring afterwards submitted to parliament; but after the dissolution got to a free pardon. The panic of popery was a great evil. The divines, under Land, appeared to approach to catholicism; but it was probably only a project of reconciliation between the two churches, which Elizabeth, James, and Charles equally wished. Mr Cosins, a letter-writer, censures for 'superstition' in this bitter style: 'Mr Cosins has impudently made three editions of his prayer book, and one which he gives away in private, different from the published ones. An audacious fellow, whom my Lord of Durham greatly admireth. I doubt if he be a sound protestant: he was so blind at even-song on Candlemas-day, that he could not see to read prayers in the minster with less than three hundred and forty candles, whereof sixty he caused to be placed about the high-altar: besides he caused the picture of our Saviour, supported by two angels, to be set in the choir. The committee is very hot against him, and no matter if they trounce him.' This was Cosins who survived the revolution, and, returning with Charles the Second was raised to the see of Durham; the charitable institutions he has left are most munificent.

ministers are supposed sometimes to have conspirators for 'the nonce.' Sir Dudley Digges, in the opposition, as usual, would not believe in any such political necromancers; but such a party were discovered; Cooke would have insinuated that the French ambassador had persuaded Louis, that the divisions between Charles and his people had been raised by his ingenuity, and was rewarded for the intelligence; this is not unlikely. After all the parliament of Jesuits might have been a secret college of the order: for, among other things seized on, was a considerable library.

When the parliament was sitting, a sealed letter was thrown under the door, with this superscription, *Cursed to the man that finds this letter, and delivers it not to the House of Commons.* The serjeant at arms delivered it to the speaker, who would not open it till the House had chosen a committee of twelve members to inform them whether it was fit to be read. Sir Edward Cooke, after having read two or three lines, stopped, and, according to my authority, 'durst read no further, but immediately sealing it, the committee thought fit to send it to the king, who they say, on reading it through, cast it into the fire and sent the House of Commons thanks for their wisdom in not publishing it, and for the discretion of the committee in so far tendering his honour, as not to read it out, when they once perceived that it touched his majesty.'

Others besides the freedom of speech, introduced another form, 'A speech without doors,' which was distributed to the members of the House. It is in all respects a remarkable one, occupying ten folio pages in the first volume of Rushworth.

Some in office appear to have employed extraordinary proceedings of a similar nature. An intercepted letter written from the Arch-duchess to the King of Spain was delivered by Sir H. Martyn at the council-board on New-year's day, who found it in some papers relating to the navy. The duke immediately said he would show it to the king; and, accompanied by several lords, went into his majesty's closet. The letter was written in French: it advised the Spanish court to make a sudden war with England, for several reasons: his Majesty's want of skill to govern of himself; the weakness of his council in not daring to acquaint him with the truth; want of money; disunion of the subjects' hearts from their prince, &c. The king only observed, that the writer forgot that the Arch-duchess writes to the King of Spain in Spanish, and sends her letters overland.

I have to add an important fact. I find certain evidence that the heads of the opposition were busily active in thwarting the measures of government. Dr Samuel Turner, the member for Shrewsbury, called on Sir John Cage, and desired to speak to him privately; his errand was to entreat him to resist the loan, and to use his power with others to obtain this purpose. The following information comes from Sir John Cage himself. Dr Turner 'being desired to stay, he would not a minute, but instantly took horse, saying he had more places to go to, and time pressed: that there was a company of them had divided themselves into all parts, every one having had a quarter assigned to him, to perform this service for the commonwealth.' This was written in November, 1628. This unquestionably amounts to a secret confederacy watching out of parliament as well as in; and those strange appearances of popular defection exhibited in the country, which I have described, were in great part the consequence of the machinations and active intrigues of the popular party.

The king was not disposed to try a third parliament. The favourite, perhaps to regain that popular favour which his greatness had lost him, is said in private letters to have been twice on his knees to intercede for a new one. The elections however foreboded no good; and a letter-writer

* I deliver this fact as I find it in a private letter; but it is noticed in the Journal of the House of Commons, 23 Junii. 49. Caroli Regis. 'Sir Edward Coke reporteth that they find that enclosed in the letter, to be unfit for any subjects' ear to bear. Read but one line and a half of it, and could not endure to read more of it. It was ordered to be sealed and delivered into the king's hands by eight members, and to acquaint his majesty with the place and time of finding it; particularly that upon the reading of one line and a half at most, they would read no more, but sealed it up, and brought it to the House.'

† I have since discovered, by a manuscript letter, that this Dr Turner was held in contempt by the King; that he was ridiculed at court which he humbled, for his want of veracity, in a word, that he was a disappointed courtier!

connected with the court, in giving an account of them, prophetically declared, 'we are without question undone!'

The king's speech opens with the spirit which he himself felt, but which he could not communicate.

'The times are for action; wherefore, for example's sake, I mean not to spend much time in words!—If you, which God forbid, should not do your duties in contributing what the state at this time needs, I must, in discharge of my conscience, use those other means which God hath put into my hands, to save that, which the follies of some particular men may otherwise hazard to lose.' He added, with the loftiness of ideal majesty—'Take not this as a threatening, for I scorn to threaten any but my equals; but as an admonition from him, that both out of nature and duty, hath most care of your preservations and prosperities;' and in a more friendly tone he requested them, 'To remember a thing to the end that we may forget it. You may imagine that I come here with a doubt of success, remembering the distractions of the last meeting; but I assure you that I shall very easily forget and forgive what is past.'—

A most crowded house now met, composed of the wealthiest men; for a lord, who probably considered that property was the true balance of power, estimated that they were able to buy the upper house, his majesty only excepted! The aristocracy of wealth had already begun to be felt. Some ill omens of the parliament appeared. Sir Robert Philips moved for a general fast: 'we had one for the plague which it pleased God to deliver us from, and we have now so many plagues of the commonwealth about his majesty's person, that we have need of such an act of humiliation.' Sir Edward Coke held it most necessary, 'because there are, I fear, some devils that will not be cast out but by fasting and prayer.'

Many of the speeches in this great council of the kingdom are as admirable pieces of composition as exist in the language. Even the court-party were moderate, extenuating rather than pleading for the late necessities. But the evil spirit of party, however veiled, was walking amidst them all. A letter-writer represents the natural state of feelings: 'Some of the parliament talk desperately; while others, of as high a course to enforce money, if they yield not.' Such is the perpetual action and re-action of public opinion; when one side will give too little, the other is sure to desire too much!

The parliament granted subsidies—Sir John Cooke having brought up the report to the king, Charles expressed great satisfaction, and declared that he felt now more happy than any of his predecessors. Inquiring of Sir John by how many voices he had carried it? Cooke replied, But by one!—at which his majesty seemed appalled, and asked how many were against him? Cooke answered 'None! the unanimity of the House made all but *one* voice?' at which his majesty wept!* If Charles shed tears, or as Cooke himself expresses it, in his report to the house, 'was much affected,' the emotion was profound: for on all sudden emergencies Charles displayed an almost unparalleled command over the exterior violence of his feelings.

The favourite himself sympathized with the tender joy of his royal master; and, before the king, voluntarily offered himself as a peace-sacrifice. In his speech at the council table, he entreats the king that he who had the honour to be his majesty's favourite, might now give up that title to them.—A warm genuine feeling probably prompted these words.

'To open my heart, please to pardon me a word more: I must confess I have long lived in pain, sleep hath given me no rest, favours and fortunes no content; such have been my secret sorrows, to be thought the man of separation, and that divided the king from his people, and them from him; but I hope it shall appear they were some mistaken minds that would have made me the evil spirit that walketh between a good master and a loyal people.'*

Buckingham added, that for the good of his country he was willing to sacrifice his honours; and since his plurality of offices had been so strongly excepted against, that he

* This circumstance is mentioned in a manuscript letter; what Cooke declared to the House is in Rushworth, vol. I, p. 523.

† I refer the critical student of our history to the duke's speech at the council-table as it appears in Rushworth, I, 525; but what I add respecting his personal affections is from manuscript letters. Sloane MSS, 4177. Letter 490, &c.

was content to give up the master of the horse to Marquess Hamilton, and the warden of the Cinque Ports to the Earl of Carlisle; and was willing that the parliament should appoint another admiral for all services at sea.

It is as certain as human evidence can authenticate, that on the king's side all was grateful affection; and that on Buckingham's there was a most earnest desire to win the favours of parliament; and what are stronger than all human evidence, those unerring principles in human nature itself, which are the secret springs of the heart, were working in the breasts of the king and his minister; for neither were tyrannical. The king undoubtedly sighed to meet parliament with the love which he had at first professed; he declared, that 'he should now rejoice to meet with his people often.' Charles had no innate tyranny in his constitutional character; and Buckingham at times was susceptible of misery amidst his greatness, as I have elsewhere shown.* It could not have been imagined that the luckless favourite, on the present occasion, should have served as a pretext to set again in motion the chaos of evil! Can any candid mind suppose, that the king or the duke meditated the slightest insult on the patriotic party, or would in the least have disturbed the apparent reconciliation! Yet it so happened! Secretary Cooke, at the close of his report of the king's acceptance of the subsidies, mentioned that the duke had fervently beseeched the king to grant the house all their desires! Perhaps the mention of the duke's name was designed to ingratiate him into their toleration.

Sir John Elliot caught fire at the very name of the duke, and vehemently checked the secretary for having dared to introduce it; declaring that 'they knew of no other distinction but of king and subjects. By intermingling a subject's speech with the king's message, he seemed to derogate from the honour and majesty of a king. Nor would it become any subject to bear himself in such a fashion, as if no grace ought to descend from the king to the people, nor any loyalty ascend from the people to the king, but through him only.'

This speech was received by many with acclamations; some cried out, 'Well spoken, Sir John Elliot!†' It marks the heated state of the political atmosphere, where even the lightest coruscation of a hated name made it burst into flames!

I have often suspected that Sir John Elliot, by his vehement personality, must have borne a personal antipathy to Buckingham. I have never been enabled to ascertain the fact; but I find that he has left in manuscript a collection of satires, or 'Verses, being chiefly invectives against the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he bore a bitter and most inveterate enmity.' Could we sometimes discover the motives of those who first head political revolutions, we should find how greatly personal hatreds have actuated them in deeds which have come down to us in the form of patriotism, and how often the revolutionary spirit disguises its private passions by its public conduct.‡

But the supplies, which had raised tears from the fervent gratitude of Charles, though voted, were yet with-

* *Chronicles of Literature, First Series.*

† I find this speech, and an account of its reception, in manuscript letters; the fragment in Rushworth contains no part of it, I, 526. Sloane MSS, 4177. Letter 490, &c.

‡ Modern history would afford more instances than perhaps some of us suspect. I cannot pass over an illustration of my principle, which I shall take from two very notorious politicians—Wat Tyler, and Sir William Walworth!

Wat, when in servitude, had been beaten by his master, Richard Lyons, a great merchant of wines, and a sheriff of London. This chastisement, working on an evil disposition, appears never to have been forgiven; and when this Radical assumed his short-lived dominion, he had his old master beheaded, and his head carried behind him on the point of a spear! So Grafton tells us, to the eternal obloquy of this arch-jacobin, who 'was a crafty fellow, and of an excellent wit, but wanting grace.' I would not sully the glory of the patriotic blow which ended the rebellion with the rebel; yet there are secrets in history! Sir William Walworth, 'the ever-famous mayor of London,' as Stowe designates him, has left the immortality of his name to one of our suburbs; but when I discovered in Stowe's survey that Walworth was the landlord of the stews on the Bank-side, which he farmed out to the Dutch vrows, and which Watt had pulled down, I am inclined to suspect that private feeling first knocked down the saucy rascal, and then thrust him through and through with his dagger; and that there was as much of personal vengeance as patriotism, which crushed the demolisher of so much valuable property!

held. They resolved that grievances and supplies go hand in hand. The commons entered deeply into constitutional points of the highest magnitude. The curious erudition of Selden and Coke was combined with the ardour of patriots who merit no inferior celebrity, though, not having consecrated their names by their laborious literature, we only discover them in the obscure annals of parliament. To our history, composed by writers of different principles, I refer the reader for the arguments of lawyers, and the spirit of the commons. My secret history is only its supplement.

The king's prerogative, and the subject's liberty, were points hard to distinguish, and were established but by contest. Sometimes the king imagined that 'the house pressed not upon the abuses of power, but only upon power itself.' Sometimes the commons doubted whether they had anything of their own to give; while their property and their persons seemed equally insecure. Despotism seemed to stand on one side, and Faction on the other—Liberty trembled!

The conference of the commons before the lords, on the freedom and person of the subject, was admirably conducted by Selden and by Coke. When the king's attorney affected to slight the learned arguments and precedents, pretending to consider them as mutilated out of the records, and as proving rather against the commons than for them: Sir Edward Coke rose, affirming to the house, upon his skill in the law, that 'it lay not under Mr Attorney's cap to answer any one of their arguments.' Selden declared that he had written out all the records from the Tower, the Exchequer, and the King's Bench, with his own hand; and 'would engage his head, Mr Attorney should not find in all these archives a single precedent omitted.' Mr Littleton said, that he had examined every one *syllabam*, and whoever said they were mutilated spoke false! Of so ambiguous and delicate a nature was then the liberty of the subject, that it seems they considered it to depend on precedents!

A startling message, on the 12th of April, was sent by the king, for despatch of business. The house, struck with astonishment, desired to have it repeated. They remained sad and silent. No one cared to open the debate. A whimsical politician, Sir Francis Nethersole,* suddenly started up, entreating leave to tell his last night's dream. Some laughing at him, he observed, that 'kingdoms had been saved by dreams!' Allowed to proceed, he said, 'he saw two good pastures; a flock of sheep was in the one, and a bell-wether alone in the other; a great ditch was between them, and a narrow bridge over the ditch.'

He was interrupted by the Speaker, who told him that it stood not with the gravity of the house to listen to dreams; but the house was inclined to hear him out.

The sheep would sometimes go over to the bell-wether, or the bell-wether to the sheep. Once both met on the narrow bridge, and the question was who should go back, since both could not go on without danger. One sheep gave counsel that the sheep on the bridge should lie on their bellies, and let the bell-wether go over their backs. The application of this dilemma he left to the house.† It must be confessed that the bearing of the point was more ambiguous than some of the important ones that formed the subjects of fierce contention. *Darus sum, non Edipus!* It is probable that this fantastical politician did not vote with the opposition; for Elliott, Wentworth, and Coke, protested against the interpretation of dreams in the house!

When the attorney-general moved that the liberties of the subject might be moderated, to reconcile the differences between themselves and the sovereign, Sir Edward Coke observed, that 'the true mother would never consent to the dividing of her child.' On this, Buckingham swore that Coke intimated that the king, his master, was the prostitute of the state. Coke protested against the misinterpretation. The dream of Nethersole, and the metaphor of Coke, were alike dangerous in parliamentary discussion. In a manuscript letter it is said that the House of Commons sat four days without speaking or doing any

* I have formed my idea of Sir Francis Nethersole from some strange incidents in his political conduct, which I have read in some contemporary letters. He was, however, a man of some eminence, had been Orator for the University of Cambridge, Agent for James I. with the Princess of the Union in Germany, and also Secretary to the Queen of Bohemia. He founded and endowed a Free-school at Polesworth in Warwickshire.

† Manuscript letter.

thing. On the first of May, Secretary Cooke delivered a message, asking, whether they would rely upon the king's word? This question was followed by a long silence. Several speeches are reported in the letters of the times, which are not in Rushworth. Sir Nathaniel Rich observed, that 'confident as he was of the royal word, what did any indefinite word ascertain?' Pym said, 'We have his Majesty's coronation oath to maintain the laws of England; what need we then take his word?' He proposed to move 'Whether we should take the king's word or no.' This was resisted by Secretary Cooke: 'What would they say in foreign parts, if the people of England would not trust their king?' He desired the house to call Pym to order; on which Pym replied, 'Truly, Mr Speaker, I am just of the same opinion I was; viz, that the king's oath was as powerful as his word.' Sir John Elliot moved that it be put to the question, 'because they that would have it, do urge us to that point.' Sir Edward Coke on this occasion made a memorable speech, of which the following passage is not given in Rushworth.

'We sit now in parliament, and therefore must take his majesty's word no otherwise than in a parliamentary way; that is, of a matter agreed on by both houses—his majesty sitting on his throne in his robes, with his crown on his head, and sceptre in his hand, and in full parliament: and his royal assent being entered upon record, in *perpetuam rei memoriam*. This was the royal word of a king in parliament, and not a word delivered in a chamber, and out of the mouth of a secretary at the second hand; therefore I motion, that the House of Commons, *more majorem*, should draw a petition, *de droit*, to his majesty; which, being confirmed by both houses, and assented unto by his majesty, will be as firm an act as any. Not that I distrust the king, but that I cannot take his trust but in a parliamentary way.'

In this speech of Sir Edward Coke we find the first mention, in the legal style, of the ever-memorable 'Petition of Right,' which two days after was finished. The reader must pursue its history among the writers of opposite parties.

On Tuesday, June 5, a royal message announced, that on the 11th the present sessions would close. This utterly disconcerted the commons. Religious men considered it as a judicial visitation for the sins of the people; others raged with suppressed feelings; they counted up all the disasters which had of late occurred, all which, were charged to one man: they knew not, at a moment so urgent, when all their liberties seemed at stake, whether the commons should fly to the lords, or to the king. Sir John Elliot said, that as they intended to furnish his majesty with money, it was proper that he should give them time to supply him with counsel: he was renewing his old attacks on the duke, when he was suddenly interrupted by the speaker, who, starting from the chair, declared, that he was commanded not to suffer him to proceed; Elliott sat down in sullen silence. On Wednesday Sir Edward Coke broke the ice of debate. 'That man,' said he of the duke, 'is the grievance of grievances! As for going to the lords,' he added 'that is not *vis regia*; our liberties are impeached—it is our concern!'

On Thursday the vehement cry of Coke against Buckingham was followed up; as, says a letter-writer, where one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with a full cry. A sudden message from the king absolutely forbade them to asperse any of his majesty's ministers, otherwise his majesty would instantly dissolve them.

This fell like a thunderbolt; it struck terror and alarm; and at the instant, the House of Commons was changed into a scene of tragical melancholy! All the opposite passions of human nature—all the national evils which were one day to burst on the country, seemed, on a sudden, concentrated in this single spot: Some were severe sweeping, some were expostulating, and some, in awful prophecy, were contemplating the future ruin of the kingdom: while others, of more ardent daring, were reproaching the timid, quieting the terrified, and infusing resolution into the despairing. Many attempted to speak, but were so strongly affected that their very utterance failed them. The venerable Coke, overcome by his feelings when he rose to speak, found his learned eloquence falter on his tongue; he sat down, and tears were seen on his aged

* These speeches are entirely drawn from manuscript letters. Coke's may be substantially found in Rushworth, but without a single expression as here given.

checks. The name of the public enemy of the kingdom was repeated, till the speaker, with tears covering his face, declared he could no longer witness such a spectacle of woe in the commons of England, and requested leave of absence for half an hour. The speaker hastened to the king, to inform him of the state of the house. They were preparing a vote against the duke, for being an arch-traitor and arch-enemy to king and kingdom, and were busied on their 'Remonstrance,' when the speaker, on his return, delivered his majesty's message, that they should adjourn till the next day.

This was an awful interval of time; many trembled for the issue of the next morning: one letter-writer calls it, 'that black and doleful Thursday!' and another, writing before the house met, observes, 'What we shall expect this morning, God of heaven knows; we shall meet timely.'*

Charles probably had been greatly affected by the report of the speaker, on the extraordinary state into which the whole house had been thrown; for on Friday the royal message imported, that the king had never any intention of 'barring them from their right, but only to avoid scandal, that his ministers should not be accused for their counsel to him; and still he hoped that all christendom might notice a sweet parting between him and his people.' This message quieted the house, but did not suspend their preparations for a 'Remonstrance,' which they had begun on the day they were threatened with a dissolution.

On Saturday, while they were still occupied on the 'Remonstrance,' unexpectedly, at four o'clock, the king came to parliament, and the commons were called up. Charles spontaneously came to reconcile himself to parliament. The king now gave his second answer to the 'Petition of Right.' He said, 'My maxim is, that the people's liberties strengthen the king's prerogative; and the king's prerogative is to defend the people's liberties. Read your petition, and you shall have an answer that I am sure will please you.† They desired to have the ancient form of their ancestors, "Soit droit fait come il est déré," and not as the king had before given it, with any observation on it. Charles now granted this; declaring that his second answer to the petition in nowise differed from his first; 'but you now see how ready I have shown myself to satisfy your demands; I have done my part; wherefore, if this parliament have not a happy conclusion, the sin is yours,—I am free from it!'

Popular gratitude is, at least, as vociferous as it is sudden. Both houses returned the king acclamations of joy; every one seemed to exult at the happy change which a few days had effected in the fate of the kingdom. Every where the bells rung, bonfires were kindled, an universal holiday was kept through the town, and spread to the country: but an ominous circumstance has been registered by a letter-writer; the common people, who had caught the contagious happiness, imagined that all this public joy was occasioned by the king's consenting to commit the duke to the Tower!

Charles has been censured, even by Hume, for his 'evasions and delays,' in granting his assent to the 'Petition of Right;' but now, either the parliament had conquered the royal unwillingness, or the king was zealously inclined on reconciliation. Yet the joy of the commons did not outlast the bonfires in the streets; they resumed their debates as if they had never before touched on the subjects; they did not account for the feelings of the man whom they addressed as the sovereign. They sent up a 'Remonstrance' against the duke,‡ and introduced his mother into it, as a patroness of Popery. Charles declared, that after having granted the famous 'Petition,' he had not expected such a return as this 'Remonstrance.' 'How acceptable it is,' he afterwards said, 'every man may judge: no wise man can justify it.' After the reading of the Remonstrance, the duke fell on his knees, desiring to answer for himself; but Charles no way relaxed in showing his personal favour.§

The duke was often charged with actions and with expressions of which, unquestionably, he was not always guilty; and we can more fairly decide on some points, relating to Charles and the favourite, for we have a clearer notion of them than his contemporaries. The active spirits in the commons were resolved to hunt down the game to the death; for they now struck at, as the king calls it,

'one of the chief maintenances of my crown,' in tonnage and poundage, the levying of which, they now declared, was a violation of the liberties of the people. This subject again involved legal discussions, and another 'Remonstrance.' They were in the act of reading it, when the king suddenly came down to the house, sent for the speaker, and prorogued the parliament. 'I am forced to end this session,' said Charles, 'some few hours before I meant, being not willing to receive any more Remonstrances, to which I must give a harsh answer.' There was at least, as much of sorrow as of anger, in this closing speech.

Buckingham once more was to offer his life for the honour of his master—and to court popularity! It is well known with what exterior fortitude Charles received the news of the duke's assassination; this imperturbable majesty of his mind—insensibility it was not—never deserted him on many similar occasions. There was no indecision—no feebleness in his conduct; and that extraordinary event was not suffered to delay the expedition. The king's personal industry astonished all the men in office. One writes, that the king had done more in six weeks than in the duke's time had been done in six months. The death of Buckingham caused no change; the king left every man to his own charge, but took the general direction into his own hands.* In private, Charles deeply mourned the loss of Buckingham; he gave no encouragement to his enemies: the king called him 'his martyr,' and declared, 'the world was greatly mistaken in him; for it was thought that the favourite had ruled his majesty, but it was far otherwise; for that the duke had been to him a faithful and an obedient servant.†' Such were the feelings and ideas of the unfortunate Charles the First, which it is necessary to become acquainted with to judge of; few have possessed the leisure or the disposition to perform this historical duty, involved, as it is, in the history of our passions. If ever the man shall be viewed, as well as the monarch, the private history of Charles the First will form one of the most pathetic of biographies.‡

All the Foreign expeditions of Charles the First, were alike disastrous; the vast genius of Richelieu, at its meridian, had paled our ineffectual star! The dreadful surrender of Rochelle had sent back our army and navy baffled and disgraced; and Buckingham had timely perished, to be saved from having one more reproach, one more political crime, attached to his name. Such failures did not improve the temper of the times; but the most brilliant victory would not have changed the fate of Charles, nor allayed the fiery spirits in the commons, who, as Charles said, 'not satisfied in hearing complainers, had erected themselves into inquisitors after complaints.'

Parliament met. The king's speech was conciliatory. He acknowledged that the exaction of the duties of the customs was not a right which he derived from his hereditary prerogative, but one which he enjoyed as the gift of his people. These duties as yet had not indeed been formally confirmed by parliament, but they had never been refused to the sovereign. The king closed with a fervent ejaculation, that the session, begun with confidence, might end with a mutual good understanding.

The shade of Buckingham was no longer cast between Charles the First and the commons. And yet we find that 'their dread and dear sovereign' was not allowed any repose on the throne.

A new demon of national discord, Religion, in a metaphysical garb, reared its distracted head. This evil spirit had been raised by the conduct of the court divines, whose political sermons, with their attempts to return to the more solemn ceremonies of the Romish church, alarmed some tender consciences; it served as a masked battery for the patriotic party to change their ground at will, without slackening their fire. When the king urged for the duties of his customs, he found that he was addressing a committee sitting for religion. Sir John Elliot threw out a singular expression. Alluding to some of the bishops, whom he called 'masters of ceremonies,' he confessed that some

* Manuscript Letters; Lord Dorset to the Earl of Carlisle. Sloane MSS. 4175. Letter 519.

† Manuscript Letter.

‡ I have given the 'Secret History of Charles the First, and his Queen,' where I have traced the firmness and independence of his character, in the fifth volume of the seventh edition of the first series of this work, or in the third of the eighth. In the same volumes will be found as much of the Secret History of the Duke of Buckingham as I have been enabled to acquire.

* This last letter is printed in Rushworth, Vol. I. p. 609.

† The king's answer is in Rushworth, Vol. I. p. 613.

‡ This elegant state paper is in Rushworth, Vol. I. p. 619.

§ This interview is taken from manuscript letters.

ceremonies were commendable, such as 'that we should stand up at the repetition of the creed, to testify the resolution of our hearts to defend the religion we profess, and in some churches they did not only stand upright, but with their swords drawn.' His speech was a spark that fell into a well-laid train; scarcely can we conceive the enthusiastic temper of the House of Commons, at that moment, when, after some debate, they entered into a vote to preserve 'the articles of religion established by parliament, in the thirtieth year of our late Queen Elizabeth' and this vote was immediately followed up by a petition to the king for a fast for the increasing miseries of the reformed churches abroad. Parliaments are liable to have their passions! Some of these enthusiasts were struck by a panic, not perhaps warranted by the danger of Jesuits and Arminians.¹ The king answered them in good humour; observing, however, on the state of the reformed abroad, 'that fighting would do them more good than fasting.' He granted them their fast, but they would now grant no return; for now they presented 'a Declaration' to the king, that tithes and poundage must give precedence to religion! The king's answer still betrays no ill temper. He confessed that he did not think that 'religion was in so much danger as they affirmed.' He reminds them of tithes and poundage: 'I do not so much desire it out of greediness of the thing, as out of a desire to put an end to those questions that arise between me and some of my subjects.'

Never had the king been more moderate in his claims, or more tender in his style; and never had the commons been more fierce, and never, in truth, so utterly memorable! Often kings are tyrannical, and sometimes are tyrants; a body corporate, with the infection of passion, may perform acts of injustice equally with the individual who abuses the power with which he is invested. It was insisted that Charles should give up the receivers of the customs who were denounced as capital enemies to the king and kingdom, while those who submitted to the duties were declared guilty as accessories. When Sir John Eliot was pouring forth invectives against some courtiers—however they may have merited the blast of his eloquence—he was sometimes interrupted and sometimes cheered, for the stinging personalities. The timid speaker refusing to put the question, suffered a severe reprimand from Seilen; 'If you will not put it, we must sit still, and thus we shall never be able to do any thing.' The house adjourned in great heat; the dark prognostics of their next meeting, which Sir Symonds D'Ewes has marked in his diary as 'the most gloomy, sad, and dismal day for England that happened for five hundred years.'

On this fatal day, the speaker still refusing to put the question, and announcing the king's command for an adjournment, Sir John Eliot stood up! The speaker attempted to leave the chair, but two members, who had placed themselves on each side forcibly kept him down—Eliot, who had prepared a short Declaration, flung down a paper on the floor, crying out that it might be read! His party vociferated for the reading—others that it should not. A sudden tumult broke out; Coriton, a fervent patriot, struck another member, and many laid their hands on their swords. 'Shall we,' said one, 'be sent home as we were last sessions, turned off like scattered sheep?' The weeping, trembling speaker, still persisting in what he held to be his duty, was dragged to and fro by opposite parties; but neither he nor the clerk would read the paper, though the speaker was bitterly reproached by his kinsman, Sir Peter Hayman, 'as the disgrace of his country, and a blot to a noble family.' Eliot, finding the house so strongly divided, unflinchingly snatching up the paper, said, 'I shall then express that by my tongue which this paper should have done.' Denzil Holles assumed the character of speaker, putting the question: it was returned by the acclamations of the party. The doors were locked, and the keys laid on the table. The king sent for the sergeant and mace, but the messenger could obtain no admittance—the usher of the black-rod met no more regard. The king then ordered out his guard;—in the meanwhile the protest was completed—the door was flung open, the rush of the members was so impetuous that the crowd carried away among them the sergeant and the usher, in the con-

fusion and riot. Many of the members were struck by horror amidst this conflict, it was a sad image of the future! Several of the patriots were committed to the tower. The king on dissolving this parliament which was the last, till the memorable 'Long Parliament,' gives us, at least, his idea of it. 'It is far from me to judge all the house alike guilty, for there are there as dutiful subjects as any in the world; it being but some few vipers among them that did cast this mist of undutifulness over most of their eyes.'

Thus have I traced, step by step, the secret history of Charles the First and his early parliaments. I have entered into their feelings, while I have supplied new facts, to make every thing as present and as true as my faithful diligence could repeat the tale. It was necessary that I should sometimes judge of the first race of our patriots as some of their contemporaries did; but it was impossible to avoid correcting these notions by the more enlarged views of their posterity. This is the privilege of a historian and the philosophy of his art. There is no apology for the king, nor no declamation for the subject. Were we only to decide by the final results of this great conflict, of what we have here narrated is but the faint beginning, we should confess that Sir John Eliot and his party were the first fathers of our political existence; and we should not withhold from them the inexpressible gratitude of a nation's freedom! But human infirmity mortifies us in the most painful pursuit of man; and we must be taught this penitential and chastening wisdom. The story of our patriots is so involved: Charles appears to have been lowering these high notions of his prerogative, which were not peculiar to him, and was throwing himself on the bosom of his people. The severe and unrelenting conduct of Sir John Eliot, his prompt eloquence and bold invective, well fitted him for the leader of a party. He was the loadstone, drawing together the lower particles of iron. Never sparing in the Monarch, the errors of the Man, never relinquishing his royal prey, which he had fastened on, Eliot, with Dr Turner and some others, contributed to make Charles disgusted with all parliaments. Without any dangerous concessions, there was more than one moment when they might have reconciled the sovereign to themselves, and not have driven him to the fatal resource of attempting to reign without a parliament!

THE RUMP.

Text and commentary! The French revolution abounds with wonderful 'explanatory notes' on the English. It has cleared up many obscure passages—and in the political history of Man, both pages must be read together.

The opprobrious and ludicrous nickname of The Rump, stigmatized a faction which played the same part in the English Revolution as the 'Montagne' of the Jacobins did in the French. It has been imagined that our English Jacobins were impelled by a principle different from that of their modern rivals; but the madness of avowed atheism, and the frenzy of hypocritical sanctity, in the circle of crimes meet at the same point. Their history forms one of those useful parallels where, with truth unerring as mathematical demonstration, we discover the identity of human nature. Similarity of situation, and certain principles, producing similar personages and similar events, finally settle in the same results. The Rump, as long as human nature exists, can be nothing but the Rump, however it may be thrown uppermost.

The origin of this political by-name has often been acquired into; and it is somewhat curious, that though all parties consent to reprobate it, each assigns for it a different allusion. In the history of political factions there is always a mixture of the ludicrous with the tragic; but, except their modern brothers, no faction, like the present, ever excited such a combination of extreme contempt and extreme horror.

Among the rival parties in 1659, the loyalists and the presbyterians acted, as we may suppose the Tories and

At the time many would not consider that it was a mere fiction in the Rump. Sir Symonds D'Ewes was certainly a republican; in question that his ideas were not popular to himself. Of the fact that parliament he declares the opinion in his Diary. I cannot deny but the greater part of the house were merely hypocrites; but these were the best quality of the third branch, being only misled by some other Montagne in politics, who seemed zealous for the liberty of the commonsense, and by that means, in the meeting of their party and from drew the votes of those good men to their side.

* Monthly, 21 of March, 1659.

† It was imagined out of doors that swords had been drawn; for a Welsh page running in great haste, when he heard the noise to the door, cried out, 'I may now let him in; let him in to go on his matter his sword!—Mum!' &c.

the Whigs would in the same predicament; a secret reconciliation had taken place, to bury in oblivion their former jealousies, that they might unite to rid themselves from that tyranny of tyrannies, a hydra-headed government; or, as Hume observes, that 'all efforts should be used for the overthrow of the Rump; so they called the parliament, in allusion to that part of the animal body.' The sarcasm of the allusion seemed obvious to our polished historian; yet, looking more narrowly for its origin, we shall find how indistinct were the notions of this nick-name among those who lived nearer the times. Evelyn says, that 'the Rump Parliament was so called, as retaining some few rotten members of the other.' Roger Coke describes it thus: 'You must now be content with a piece of the Commons called "The Rump."' And Carte calls the Rump 'the carcass of a House,' and seems not precisely aware of the contemptuous allusion. But how do 'rotten members,' and 'a carcass,' agree with the notion of 'a Rump'? Recently the editor of the *Life of Colonel Hutchinson* has conveyed a novel origin. 'The number of the members of the Long Parliament having been by seclusion, death, &c. very much reduced,—a remarkable, &c. this! by which our editor seems adroitly to throw a veil over the forcible transportation by the Rumpers of two hundred members at one swoop,—the remainder was compared to the *rump of a fowl which was left*, all the rest being eaten.' Our editor even considers this to be 'a coarse emblem'; yet 'the rump of a fowl' could hardly offend even a lady's delicacy! Our editor, probably, was somewhat anxious not to degrade *too* *lowly* the anti-monarchical party, designated by this opprobrious term. Perhaps it is pardonable in Mrs Macaulay, an historical lady, and a 'Rumper,' for she calls 'the Levellers' 'a brave and virtuous party,' to have passed over in *her* history any mention of the offensive term at all, as well as the ridiculous catastrophe which they underwent in the political revolution, which however we must beg leave not to pass by.

This party-coinage has been ascribed to Clement Walker, their bitter antagonist; who, having sacrificed no inconsiderable fortune to the cause of what he considered constitutional liberty, was one of the violently ejected members of the Long Parliament, and perished in prison, a victim to honest unbending principles. His 'History of Independency' is a rich legacy bequeathed to posterity, of all their great misdoings, and their petty villainies, and, above all, of their secret history: one likes to know of what blocks the idols of the people are sometimes carved out.

Clement Walker notices 'the votes and acts of this *fug end*;' this Rump of a Parliament, with corrupt maggots in it.* This hideous, but descriptive image of 'The Rump,' had, however, got forward before; for the collector of 'the Rump Songs' tells us, 'If you ask who named it *Rump*, know 'twas so styled in an honest sheet of prayer, called "The Bloody Rump," written *before the trial of our late sovereign*; but the word obtained *not universal notice*, till it flew from the mouth of Major-General Brown, at a public assembly in the days of Richard Cromwell.' Thus it happens that a stinging nick-name has been frequently applied to render a faction eternally odious; and the chance expression of a wit, when adopted on some public occasion, circulates among a whole people. The present nick-name originated in derision on the expulsion of the majority of the Long Parliament, by the usurping minority. It probably slept; for who would have stirred it through the Protectorate? and finally awakened at 'Richard's restored, but fleeting, Rump,' to witness its own ridiculous extinction.

Our Rump passed through three stages in its political progress. Preparatory to the trial of the sovereign, the anti-monarchical party constituted the minority in 'the Long Parliament;' the very by name by which this parliament is recognized seemed a grievance to an impatient people, vacillating with chimerical projects of government, and now accostomed from a wild indefinite notion of political equality, to pull down all existing institutions. Such was temper of the times, that an act of the most violent injustice, openly performed, served only as the jest of the day, a jest which has passed into history. The forcible expulsion of two hundred of their brother members, by those who afterwards were saluted as 'The Rump,' was called 'Pride's Purge,' from the activity of a colonel of that name, a military adventurer, who was only the blind and brutal instrument of his party; for when he stood at the door of the commons, holding a paper with the names of the members, he did not personally

know one! And his 'Purge' might have operated a quite opposite effect, administered by his own unskilful hand, had not Lord Grey of Groby, and the doorkeeper,—worthy dispersers of a British senate!—pointed out the obnoxious members, on whom our colonel laid his hand, and sent off by his men to be detained, if a bold member, or to be deterred from sitting in the house, if a frightened one. This colonel had been a dray-man; and the contemptible knot of the Commons, reduced to fifty or sixty confederates, which assembled after his 'Purge,' were called 'Col. Pride's Dray-horses!'

It was this Rump which voted the death of the sovereign, and abolished the regal office, and the house of peers,—as unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous! 'Every office in parliament seemed 'dangerous' but that of the 'Custodes libertatis Angliæ,' the keepers of the liberties of England! or rather 'the gaolers.' 'The legislative half-quarter of the House of Commons' indignantly exclaims Clement Walker—the 'Montagne' of the French revolutionists!

'The Red-coats,' as the military were nick-named, soon taught their masters, 'the Rumpers,' silence and obedience: the latter having raised one colossal man for their own purpose, were annihilated by him at a single blow. Cromwell, five years after, turned them out of their house, and put the keys into his pocket. Their last public appearance was in the fleeting days of Richard Cromwell, when the comi-tragedy of 'the Rump' concluded by a catastrophe as ludicrous as that of Tom Thumb's tragedy!

How such a faction used their instruments to gather in the common spoil, and how their instruments at length converted the hands which held them, into instruments themselves, appears in their history. When 'the Long Parliament' opposed the designs of Cromwell and Ireton, these chiefs cried up 'the liberty of the people,' and denied 'the authority of parliament;' but when they had effectuated their famous 'purge,' and formed a house of commons of themselves, they abolished the House of Lords, crying up the supreme authority of the House of Commons, and crying down the liberty of the people. Such is the history of political factions, as well as of statesmen! Charles the Fifth alternately made use of the pope's authority to subdue the rising spirit of the protestants of Germany, or raised an army of protestants to imprison the pope! who branded his German allies by the novel and odious name of Lutherans. A chain of similar facts may be framed out of modern history.

The 'Rump,' as they were called by every one but their own party, became a whetstone for the wits to sharpen themselves on; and we have two large collections of 'Rump Songs,' curious chronicles of popular feeling! Without this evidence we should not have been so well informed respecting the phases of this portentous phenomenon. 'The Rump' was celebrated in verse, till at length it became 'the Rump of a Rump of a Rump' as Foulis traces them to their dwindled and grotesque appearance. It is portrayed by a wit of the times—

'The Rump's an old story, if well understood,
'Tis a thing dressed up in a parliament's hood,
And like it—but the tail stands where the head should!
'Twould make a man scratch where he does not itch!
They say 'tis good luck when a body rises
With the Rump upwards: but he that advises
To live in that posture is none of the wisest.

Cromwell's hunting them out of the house by military force is alluded to—

'Our public doctors do us teach,
That a blood-sucking red coat's as good as a leech
To relieve the head, if applied to the breach.'

In the opening scene of the Restoration, Mrs Hutchinson, an honest republican, paints with dismay a scene otherwise very ludicrous. 'When the town of Nottingham, as almost all the rest of the island, began to grow mad, and declared themselves in their desires of the king; or, as another of the opposite party writes, "When the soldiery, who had hitherto made *clubs trump*, resolved now to turn up the *king of hearts* in their affections," the rabble in town and country vied with each other in burning the 'Rump;' and the literal emblem was hung by chains on yellowows, with a bonfire underneath, while the cries of 'Let us burn the Rump! Let us roast the Rump!' were echoed every where. The suddenness of this universal change, which was said to have maddened the wine, and to have sobered the mad, must be ascribed to the joy at escaping from the yoke of a military despotism; perhaps, too, it marked the rapid transition of hope to a res-

* History of Independency, Part II, p. 32.

toration which might be supposed to have implanted gratitude even in a royal breast! The feelings of the people expected to find an echo from the throne.

'The Rump,' besides their general resemblance to the French anarchists, had also some minuter features of ugliness, which Englishmen have often exulted have not marked an English revolution—sanguinary proscriptions! We had thought that we had no revolutionary tribunals! no Septembriseurs! no Noyades! no moveable guillotines awaiting for carts loaded with human victims! no infuriated republican urging, in a committee of public safety, the necessity of a salutary massacre!

But if it be true that the same motives and the same principles were at work in both nations, and that the like characters were performing in England the parts which they did afterwards in France, by an argument *a priori* we might be sure that the same revolting crimes and chimerical projects were alike suggested at London as at Paris. Human nature even in transactions which appear unparalleled, will be found to preserve a regularity of resemblance not always suspected.

The first great tragic act was closely copied by the French; and if the popular page of our history appears unstained by their revolutionary axe, this depended only on a slight accident; for it became a question of 'yea' and 'nay' and was only carried in the negative by two voices in the council! It was debated among 'the bloody Rump,' as it was hideously designated, 'whether to massacre and put to the sword *all the king's party*!'^{*} Cromwell himself listened to the suggestion; and it was only put down by the coolness of political calculation—the dread that the massacre would be *too general*! Some of the Rump not obtaining the blessedness of a massacre, still clung to the happiness of an immolation; and many petitions were presented, that 'two or three principal gentlemen of the royal party in EACH COUNTY might be sacrificed to justice, whereby the land might be saved from blood-guiltiness.' Sir Author Haslerigg, whose 'passionate fondness of liberty' has been commended,[†] was one of the committee of safety in 1647—I too, would commend 'a passionate lover of liberty,' whenever I do not discover that this lover is much more intent on the dower than on the bride. Haslerigg, 'an absurd bold man,' as Clarendon at a single stroke, reveals his character, was resolved not to be troubled with king or bishop, or with any power in the state superior to 'the Rump's.' We may safely suspect the patriot who can cool his vehemence in spoliation. Haslerigg would have no bishops, but this was not from any want of reverence for church-lands, for he heaped for himself such wealth as to have been nick-named 'the bishop of Durham.' He is here noticed for a political crime different from that of plunder. When, in 1647, this venerable radical found the parliament resisting his views, he declared, that 'Some heads must fly off!' adding, 'the parliament cannot save England; we must look another way'!—threatening, what afterwards was done, to bring in the army! It was this 'passionate lover of liberty' who, when Dorislaus, the parliamentary agent, was assassinated by some Scotchmen in Holland, moved in the house, that 'Six royalists of the best quality' should be immediately executed! When some northern counties petitioned the Commons for relief against a famine in the land, our Maratist observed, that 'this want of food would best defend those counties from Scottish invasion!'[‡] The slaughter of Drogheda by Cromwell, and his frightening all London by what Walker calls 'a butchery of apprentices,' when he cried out to his soldiers, to kill man, woman, and child, and fire the city![§] may be placed among those crimes which are committed to open a reign of terror—but Hugh Peter's solemn thanksgiving to Heaven that 'none were spared' was the true expression of the true feeling of these political demons. Cromwell was cruel from politics, others from constitution. Some were willing to be cruel without 'blood-guiltiness.' One Alexander Rigby, a radical lawyer, twice moved in the Long Parliament, that those *lords and gentlemen who were 'malignants,'* should be *sold as slaves to the Dey of Algiers,* or sent off to the new plantations in the West Indies. He had all things prepared; for it is

^{*} Clement Walker's Hist. of Independency, Part II, p. 130. Confirmed by Barwick in his Life, p. 163.

[†] The Rev. Mark Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell, I. 405.

[‡] Clement Walker's Hist. of Independency, Part II, 173.

[§] Walker, Part I, 160.

added that he had contracted with two merchants to ship them off.* 'There was a most bloody-minded 'maker of washing-balls,' as one John Durant is described, appointed a lecturer by the House of Commons, who always left out of the Lord's prayer, 'As we forgive them that trespass against us,' and substituted, 'Lord, since thou hast now drawn out thy sword, let it not be sheathed again: it be glutted in the blood of the malignants.' I find too many enormities of this kind. 'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently, and keepeth back his sword from blood!' was the cry of the wretch, who, when a celebrated actor and royalist sued for quarter, gave no other reply than that of 'fitting the action to the word.' Their treatment of the Irish may possibly be admired by a true Machiavelist: 'they permitted forty thousand of the Irish to enlist in the service of the kings of Spain and France—in other words, they expelled them at once, which, considering that our Rumpers affected such an abhorrence of tyranny, may be considered as an act of mercy! satisfying themselves only with dividing the forfeited lands of the aforesaid forty thousand among their own party by lot and other means. An universal confiscation, after all, is a bloodless massacre. They used the Scotch soldiers, after the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, a little differently—but equally efficaciously—for they sold their Scotch prisoners for slaves to the American planters.†

The Robespierres and the Marats were as extraordinary beings, and in some respects the Frenchmen were working on a more enlarged scheme. These discovered, that 'the generation which had witnessed the preceding one would always regret it; and for the security of the Revolution, it was necessary that every person who was thirty years old in 1788 should perish on the scaffold.' The anarchists were intent on reducing the French people to eight millions, and on destroying the great cities of France.‡

Such monstrous persons and events are not credible—but this is no proof that they have not occurred.—Many incredible things will happen!

Another disorganizing feature in the English Rumpers was also observed in the *Sans-culottes*—their hatred of literature and the arts. Hebert was one day directing his satellites towards the *bibliothèque nationale*, to put an end to all that human knowledge collected for centuries on centuries—in one day: alleging of course some good reason. This hero was only diverted from the enterprise by being persuaded to postpone it for a day or two, when luckily the guillotine intervened: the same circumstance occurred here. The burning of the records in the Tower was certainly proposed; a speech of Selden's, which I cannot immediately turn to, put a stop to these incendiaries. It was debated in the Rump parliament, when Cromwell was general, whether they should *dissolve the universities*? They concluded that no university was necessary; that there were no ancient examples of such education, and that scholars in other countries did study at their *own cost and charges*, and therefore they looked on them as unnecessary, and thought them fitting to be *taken away for the public use*.—How these venerable asylums escaped from being sold with the king's pictures, as stone and timber, and why their rich endowments were not shared among such inveterate ignorance and remorseless spoliation, might claim some inquiry.

The Abbé Morellet, a great political economist, imagined that the source of all the crimes of the French Revolution was their violation of the sacred rights of property. The perpetual invectives of the *Sans-culottes* of France against proprietors and against property proceeded from demoralized beings, who formed panegyrics on all crimes: crimes, to explain whose revolutionary terms, a new dictionary was required. But even these anarchists, in their mad expressions against property, and in their

* Mercurius Rusticus, XII. 115. Barwick's Life, p. 42.

† I am indebted to my friend Mr Hamper of Deritend House, Birmingham, for the following account drawn from Sir William Dugdale's interleaved Pocket-book for 1648.—Aug. 17. The Scotch army, under the command of Duke Hamilton, defeated at Preston in Lancashire. 24th. The Moorlanders rose upon the Scots and strip some of them. The Scotch prisoners miserably used; exposed to eat cabbage-leaves in Ridsley (Staffordshire) and carrot-tops in Coleshill, (Warwickshire). The soldiers who guarded them sold the victuals which were brought in for them from the country.

‡ Desobard's Histoire Philosophique de la Revolution de France, IV. 5.

wildest notions of their 'égalité,' have not gone beyond the daring of our own 'Rumpers!'

Of those revolutionary journals of the parliament of 1649, which in spirit so strongly resemble the diurnal or hebdomadal effusions of the redoubtable French Hébert, Marat, and others of that stamp, one of the most remarkable is 'The Moderate,' impartially communicating martial affairs to the kingdom of England; the monarchical title our commonwealth-men had not yet had time enough to obliterate from their colloquial style. This writer called himself in his barbarous English, *The Moderate*! It would be hard to conceive the meanness and illiteracy to which the English language was reduced under the pens of the rabble-writers of these days, had we not witnessed in the present time a parallel to their compositions. 'The Moderate' was a little assumed on the principle on which Marat denominated himself 'l'ami du peuple.' It is curious, that the most ferocious politicians usually assert their moderation. Robespierre, in his justification, declares 'm'a souvent accusé de *Moderantisme*.' The same actors, playing the same parts, may be always paralleled in their language and their deeds. This 'Moderate' steadily pursued one great principle—the overthrow of all Property. Assuming that property was the original cause of sin! an exhortation to the people for this purpose is the subject of the present paper;* the illustration of his principle is as striking as the principle itself.

It is an apology for, or rather a defence of robbery! Some moss-troopers had been condemned to be hanged, for practising their venerable custom of gratuitously supplying themselves from the flocks and herds of their weaker neighbours: our 'Moderate' ingeniously discovers, that the loss of these men's lives is to be attributed to nothing but property. They are necessitated to offend the laws, in order to obtain a livelihood!

On this he descants; and the extract is a political curiosity, in the French style: 'Property is the original cause of any sin between party and party as to civil transactions. And since the tyrant is taken off, and the government altered in *nomine*, so ought it really to redound to the good of the people *in specie*; which though they cannot expect it in a few years, by reason of the *multiplicity of the gentry in authority*, command, &c, who drive on all designs for support of the old government, and consequently their own interest and the *people's slavery*, yet they doubt not, but in time the people will herein discern their own blindness and folly.'

In September, he advanced with more depth of thought. 'Wars have even been clothed with the most gracious pretences—viz., reformation of religion, the laws of the land, the liberty of the subject, &c; though the effects thereof have proved most destructive to every nation; making the sword, and not the people, the original of all authorities for many hundred years together, taking away *each man's birthright*, and *settling upon a few* a cursed property; the ground of all civil offences, and the greatest cause of most sins against the heavenly Deity. This tyranny and oppression running through the veins of many of our predecessors, and being too long maintained by the sword upon a royal foundation, at last became so customary, as to the vulgar it seemed most natural—the only reason why the people of this time are so ignorant of their birth-right, their only freedom,' &c.

'The birth-right' of citizen *Egalité* to a *curse* property settled on a few, was not even among the French jacobins, urged with more amazing force. Had things proceeded according to our 'Moderate's' plan, 'the people's slavery' had been something worse. In a short time the nation would have had more proprietors than property. We have a curious list of the spoiliations of those members of the House of Commons, who, after their famous *self-denying ordinances*, appropriated among themselves sums of money, offices, and lands, for services 'done or to be done.'

The most innocent of this new government of 'the Majesty of the People,' were those whose talents had been limited by Nature to peddle and purloin; puny mechanics, who had suddenly dropped their needles, their hammers, and their lasts, and slunk out from behind their shop-counters; those who had never aspired beyond the comestable of their parish, were now seated in the council of state; where, as Milton describes them, 'they fell to backbite the commonwealth': there they met a more ra-

bid race of obscure lawyers, and discontented men of family, of blasted reputations; adventurers, who were to command the militia and navy of England,—governors of the three kingdoms! whose votes and ordinances resounded with nothing else but new impositions, new taxes, excises, yearly, monthly, weekly sequestrations, compositions, and universal robbery!

Baxter vents one deep groan of indignation, and presciently announces one future consequence of *Reform*! 'In all this appeared the severity of God, the mutability of worldly things, and the fruits of error, pride, and selfishness, to be charged hereafter upon reformation and religion.' As a statesman, the sagacity of this honest prophet was narrowed by the horizon of his religious views; for he ascribes the whole as 'prepared by Satan to the injury of the protestant cause, and the advantage of the papists!' But dropping his particular application to the devil and the papists, honest Richard Baxter is perfectly right in his general principle concerning 'Rumpers,'—'Sans-culottes,'—and 'Radicals.'

LIFE AND HABITS OF A LITERARY ANTIQUARY—OLDYS AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

Such a picture may be furnished by some unexpected materials which my inquiries have obtained of Oldys. This is a sort of personage little known to the wit, who write more than they read, and to their volatile votaries, who only read what the wits write. It is time to vindicate the honours of the few whose laborious days enrich the stores of national literature, not by the duplicates but the supplements of knowledge. A literary antiquary is that idler whose life is passed in a perpetual *voyage autour de ma chambre*; fervent in sagacious diligence, instinct with the enthusiasm of curious inquiry, critical as well as erudite; he has to arbitrate between contending opinions, to resolve the doubtful, to clear up the obscure, and to grasp at the remote; so busied with other times, and so interested for other persons than those about him, that he becomes the inhabitant of the visionary world of books. He counts only his days by his acquisitions, and may be said by his original discoveries to be the creator of facts; often exciting the gratitude of the literary world, while the very name of the benefactor has not always descended with the inestimable labours.

Such is the man whom we often find, leaving, when he dies, his favourite volumes only an incomplete project! and few of this class of literary men have escaped the fate reserved for most of their brothers. Voluminous works have been usually left unfinished by the death of the authors; and it is with them as with the planting of trees, of which Johnson has forcibly observed, 'There is a frightful interval between the seed and timber.' And he admirably remarks, what I cannot forbear applying to the labours I am now to describe; 'He that calculates the growth of trees has the remembrance of the shortness of life driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himself; and when he rejoices to see the stem rise, is disposed to repine that another shall cut it down.' The days of the patriotic Count Mazzuchelli were freely given to his national literature; and six invaluable folios attest the gigantic force of his immense erudition; yet these only carry us through the letters A and B: and though Mazzuchelli had finished for the press other volumes, the torpor of his descendants has defrauded Europe of her claims. The Abbé Groujet, who had designed a classified history of his national literature, in the eighteen volumes we possess, could only conclude that of the translators and commence that of the poets; two other volumes in manuscript have perished. That great enterprise of the Benedictines, the 'Histoire Littéraire de la France,' now consists of twelve large quartos, and the industry of its successive writers have only been able to carry it to the twelfth century. David Clement designed the most extensive bibliography which had ever appeared; but the diligent life of the writer could only proceed as far as H. The alphabetical order, which so many writers of this class have adopted, has proved a mortifying memento of human life! Tiraboschi was so fortunate as to complete his great national history of Italian literature. But, unhappily for us, Thomas Warton, after feeling his way through the darker ages of our poetry, in planning the map of the beautiful land, of which he had only a Pegasus-sight, expired amidst his volumes. The most precious portion of Warton's history is but the fragment of a fragment.

* *The Moderate*, from Tuesday, July 31, to August 7, 1649.

Oldys, among this brotherhood, has met perhaps with a harder fate; his published works, and the numerous ones to which he contributed, are now highly appreciated by the lovers of books; but the larger portion of his literary labours have met with the sad fortune of dispersed, and probably of wasted manuscripts. Oldys's manuscripts, or o. m. as they are sometimes designated, are constantly referred to by every distinguished writer on our literary history. I believe that not one of them could have given us any positive account of the manuscripts themselves! They have indeed long served as the solitary sources of information—but like the well at the way-side, too many have drawn their waters in silence.

Oldys is chiefly known by the caricature of the facetious Grose, a great humorist, both with pencil and with pen: it is in a posthumous scrap-book, where Grose deposited his odds and ends, and where there is perhaps not a single story which is not satirical. Our lively antiquary, who cared more for rusty armour than for rusty volumes, would turn over these flames and quips to some confidential friend, to enjoy together a secret laugh at their literary intimates. His eager executor, who happened to be his book-seller, served up the poignant hash to the public as 'Grose's Olio.' The delineation of Oldys is sufficiently overcharged for 'the nonce.' One prevalent infirmity of honest Oldys, his love of companionship over too social a glass, sends him down to posterity in a grotesque attitude; and Mr Alexander Chalmers, who has given us the fullest account of Oldys, has inflicted on him something like a sermon, on 'a state of intoxication.'

Alas!—Oldys was an outcast of fortune, and the utter simplicity of his heart was guileless as a child's—ever open to the designing. The noble spirit of the Duke of Norfolk once rescued the long-lost historian of Rawleigh from the confinement of the Fleet, where he had existed probably forgotten by the world for six years. It was by an act of grace that the duke safely placed Oldys in the Herald's College as Norroy King of Arms.* But Oldys, like all shy and retired men, had contracted peculiar habits and close attachments for a few; both these he could indulge at no distance. He liked his old associates in the portiers of the Fleet, whom he facetiously dignified as 'his Rulers,' and there, as I have heard, with the grotesque whim of a herald, established 'The Dragon Club.' Companionship yields the poor man unpurchased pleasures. Oldys, busied every morning among the departed wits and the learned of our country, reflected some image from them of their wit and learning to his companions: a secret history as yet untold, and ancient wit, which, cleared of the rust, seemed to him brilliant as the modern!

It is hard, however, for a literary antiquary to be caricatured, and for a herald to be ridiculed about an 'unsermily reeling, with the coronet of the Princess Caroline, which looked unsteady on the cushion, to the great scandal of his brethren.' A circumstance which could never have occurred at the burial of a prince or a princess, as the coronet is carried by Clarenceux, and not by Norroy. Oldys's deep potations of ale, however, give me an opportunity of bestowing on him the honour of being the author of a popular Anacreontic song. Mr Taylor informs me that 'Oldys always asserted that he was the author of the well known song—

'Busy, curious, thirsty fly!'

* Mr John Taylor, the son of Oldys's intimate friend, has furnished me with this interesting anecdote. 'Oldys, as my father informed me, was many years in quiet obscurity in the Fleet-prison, but at last was spirited up to make his situation known to the Duke of Norfolk of that time, who received Oldys's letter while he was at dinner with some friends. The duke immediately ordered me to take the contents to the company, observing that he had long been anxious to know what had become of an old, though an humble friend, and was happy by that letter to find that he was alive. He then called for his gentleman (a kind of humble friend whom noblemen used to retain under that name in those days) and desired him to go immediately to the Fleet, to take money for the immediate need of Oldys, to procure an account of his debts and discharge them. Oldys was, soon after, either by the duke's gift or interest, appointed Norroy King of Arms; and I remember that his official regalia came into my father's hands at his death.'

In the life of Oldys, by Mr A. Chalmers, the date of this promotion is not fixed. My accomplished friend the Rev J. Dallaway has obligingly examined the records of the college, by which it appears that Oldys had been Norfolk herald extraordinary, but not belonging to the college, was appointed per saltum Norroy King of Arms by patent, May 5th, 1733.

and as he was a rigid lover of truth, I doubt not that he wrote it.' My own researches confirm it; I have traced this popular song through a dozen of collections since the year 1740, the first in which I find it. In the later collections an original inscription has been dropped, which the accurate Ritson has restored, without, however, being able to discover the writer. In 1740 it is said to have been 'Made extempore by a gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup of ale,'—the accustomed poem of poor Oldys!*

Grose, however, though a great joker on the peculiarities of Oldys, was far from insensible to the extraordinary acquisitions of the man. 'His knowledge of English books has hardly been exceeded.' Grose too was struck by the delicacy of honour, and the unswerving veracity which so strongly characterised Oldys, of which he gives a remarkable instance. We are concerned in ascertaining the moral integrity of the writer, whose main business is with history.

At a time when our literary history, excepting in the solitary labour of Anthony Wood, was a forest, with neither road nor pathway, Oldys fortunately placed in the library of the Earl of Oxford, yielded up his entire days to researches concerning the books and the men of the preceding age. His labours were then valueless, their very nature not yet ascertained, and when he opened the treasures of our ancient lore, in 'The British Librarian,' it was closed for want of public encouragement. Our writers then struggling to create an age of genius of their own, forgot that they had had any progenitors; or while they were acquiring new modes of excellence, that they were doing others, to which their posterity or the national genius might return. To know, and to admire only, the literature and the tastes of our own age, is a species of elegant barbarism.† Spenser was considered nearly as obsolete as Chaucer; Milton was veiled by oblivion, and Shakespeare's dramas were so imperfectly known, that in looking over the play-bills of 1711, and much later, I find that whenever it chanced that they were acted, they were always announced to have been written by Shakespeare. Massinger was unknown; and Jonson, though called 'immortal' in the old play-bills, lay entombed in his two boxes. The poetical era of Elizabeth, the eloquent age of James the First, and the age of wit of Charles the Second, were blanks in our literary history. Bysse compiling an art of Poetry, in 1718, passed by in his collections 'Spenser and the poets of his age, because their language is now become so obsolete, that most readers of our age have no ear for them, and therefore Shakespeare himself is so rarely cited in my collection.' The best English poets were considered to be the moderns; a taste which is always obstinate.

All this was nothing to Oldys; his literary curiosity anticipated by half a century the fervour of the present day. This energetic direction of all his thoughts was sustained by that life of discovery, which in literary researches is starting novelties among old and unremembered things, contemplating some ancient tract as precious as a manuscript, or revelling in the volume of a poet, whose passport of fame was yet delayed in its way; or disinterring

* The beautiful simplicity of this Anacreontic has met the unusual fate of entirely losing its character, by an additional and incongruous stanza in the modern editions. A gentleman who has put into practice the unallowable liberty of altering the poetical and dramatic compositions of acknowledged genius to his own notion of what he deems 'morality,' but in works of genius whatever is dull ceases to be moral. The Fly of Oldys may stand by 'The Fly' of Gray for melancholy tenderness of thought; it consisted only of these two stanzas:

1

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up;
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away!

2

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline!
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

† We have been taught to enjoy the two ages of Genius and of Taste. The literary public are deeply indebted to the editorial care, the taste and the enthusiasm of Mr Singer, for exquisite reprints of some valuable writers.

the treasure of some secluded manuscript, whence he drew a virgin extract; or raising up a sort of domestic intimacy with the eminent in arms, in politics, and in literature, in this visionary life, life itself with Oldys was insensibly gliding away—its cares almost unfelt!

The life of a literary antiquary partakes of the nature of those who, having no concerns of their own, busy themselves with those of others. Oldys lived in the back-ages of England; he had crept among the dark passages of Time, till, like an old gentleman-usher, he seemed to be reporting the secret history of the courts which he had lived in. He had been charmed among their masques and revels, had eyed with astonishment their cumbersome magnificence, when knights and ladies carried on their mantles and their cloth of gold ten thousand pounds' worth of ropes of pearls, and buttons of diamonds; or, descending to the gay court of the second Charles, he tattled merry tales, as in that of the first he had painfully watched, like a patriot or a loyalist, a distempered era. He had lived so constantly with those people of another age, and had so deeply interested himself in their affairs, and so loved the wit and the learning which are often bright under the rust of antiquity, that his own uncourtly style is embrowned with the tint of a century old. But it was this taste and curiosity which alone could have produced the extraordinary volume of Sir Walter Raleigh's life; a work richly inlaid with the most curious facts and the juxta-position of the most remote knowledge; to judge by its fitness of narrative, it would seem rather to have been the work of a contemporary.*

It was an advantage in this primeval era of literary curiosity, that those volumes which are now not even to be found in our national library, where certainly they are perpetually wanted, and which are now so excessively appreciated, were exposed on stalls, through the reigns of Anne and the two Georges.† Oldys encountered no competitor, eased in the invulnerable mail of his purse, to dispute his possession of the rarest volume. On the other hand, our early collector did not possess our advantages; he could not fly for instant aid to a 'Biographia Britannica,' he had no history of our poetry, nor even of our drama. Oldys could tread in no man's path, for every soil about him was unbroken ground. He had to create every thing for his purposes. We gather fruit from our trees which others have planted, and too often we but 'pluck and eat.'

Nulla dies sine linea was his sole hope while he was accumulating masses of notes; and as Oldys never used his pen from the weak passion of scribbling, but from the urgency of preserving some substantial knowledge, or planning some future inquiry, he amassed nothing but what he wished to remember. Even the minutest pleasures of settling a date, or classifying a title-page, were enjoyments to his incessant pen. Every thing was acquisition. This never-ending business of research appears to have absorbed his powers, and sometimes to have dulled his conceptions. No one more aptly exercised the *tact* of discovery; he knew where to feel in the dark; but he was not of the race—that race indeed had not yet appeared among us—who could melt into their Corinthian brass, the mingled treasures of Research, Imagination and Philosophy!

We may be curious to inquire where our literary antiquary deposited the discoveries and curiosities which he was so incessantly acquiring. They were dispersed on many a fly-leaf in occasional memorandum-books; in ample marginal notes on his authors—they were sometimes thrown into what he calls his 'parchment budgets' or 'Bags of Biography—of Botany—of Obituary,—of Books relative to London' and other titles and bags, which he was every day filling. Sometimes his collections seem to have been intended for a series of volumes, for he refers to 'My first Volume of Tables of the eminent Persons celebrated by English Poets,—to another of 'Poetical Characteristics.' Among those manuscripts which I have seen, I find one mentioned, apparently of a wide circuit, under the reference of 'My biographical Institutions. Part third; containing a Catalogue of all the English Lives, with histor-

* Gibbon once meditated a life of Raleigh, and for that purpose began some researches in that 'memorable era of our English annals.' After reading Oldys's, he relinquished his design, from a conviction that he could add nothing new to the subject, except the uncertain merit of style and sentiment.

† It is greatly to be lamented that the British Museum is extremely deficient in our National Literature.

ical and critical Observations on them. 'But will our curious or our whimsical collectors of the present day endure, without impatience, the loss of a quarto manuscript, which bears this rich condiment for its title—'Of London Libraries; with Anecdotes of Collectors of Books; Remarks on Booksellers; and on the first Publishers of Catalogues?' Oldys left ample annotations on 'Fuller's Worthies,' and 'Winstanley's Lives of the Poets,' and on 'Langbaine's Dramatic Poets.' The late Mr Boswell showed me a Fuller in the Malone collection, with Steevens's transcription of Oldys's notes, which Malone purchased for 43*l* at Steevens's sale; but where is the original copy of Oldys? The 'Winstanley,' I think, also reposes in the same collection. The 'Langbaine' is far famed, and is preserved in the British Museum, the gift of Dr Birch; it has been considered so precious, that several of our eminent writers have cheerfully passed through the labour of a minute transcription of its numberless notes. In the history of the fate and fortune of books, that of Oldys' *Langbaine* is too curious to omit. Oldys may tell his own story, which I find in the Museum copy, p. 339, and which copy appears to be a second attempt; for of the first *Langbaine* we have this account:

'When I left London, in 1724, to reside in *Yorkshire*, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr Burrage's family, with whom I had several years lodged, among many other books, goods, &c. a copy of this *Langbaine*, in which I had wrote several notes and references to further knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London, 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed; and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr T. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my *Langbaine* of a bookseller who was a great collector of plays and poetical books this must have been of service to him, and he has kept it so carefully from my sight, that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing in, the Notes I had collected in that.*

This first *Langbaine*, with additions by Coxeter, was bought, at the sale of his books, by Theophilus Cibber: on the strength of these notes, he prefixed his name to the first collection of the 'Lives of our Poets,' which appeared in weekly numbers, and now form five volumes, written chiefly by Shiel, an amanuensis of Dr Johnson. Shiel has been recently castigated by Mr Gifford.

These literary jobbers nowhere distinguish Coxeter's and Oldys's curious matter from their own. Such was the fate of the first copy of *Langbaine*, with *Oldys's notes*; but the second is more important. At an auction of some of Oldys's books and manuscripts, of which I have seen a printed catalogue, Dr Birch purchased this invaluable copy for three shillings and sixpence.† Such was the value attached to these original researches concerning our poets, and of which,

* At the Bodleian library, I learn by a letter with which I am favoured by the Rev Dr Bliss, that there is an interweaved 'Gibbon's Lives and Characters of the Dramatic Poets,' with corrections, which once belonged to Coxeter, who appears to have intended a new edition. Whether Coxeter transcribed into his Gibbon the notes of Oldys's first *Langbaine*, is worth inquiry. Coxeter's conduct, though he had purchased Oldys's first *Langbaine*, was that of an ungenerous miser, who will quarrel with a brother, rather than share in any acquisition he can get into his own hands. To Coxeter we also owe much; he suggested Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and the first tolerable edition of *Massinger*.

There is a remarkable word in Oldys's note above. He could not have been employed in Lord Oxford's library, as Mr Chalmers conjectures, about 1726; for here he mentions that he was in *Yorkshire* from 1724 to 1730. This period is a remarkable blank in Oldys's life. If he really went to *Yorkshire*, he departed in sudden haste, for he left all his books at his lodgings; and six years of rustication must have been an intolerable state for a lover of old books. It has sometimes occurred to me, that for *Yorkshire* we must understand the Fleet. There we know he was; but the circumstance perhaps was so hateful to record, that he preferred to veil it, while writing, for the second time, his Notes on *Langbaine*; he confesses on his return to his lodgings, that he found that he had lost every thing which he had left there.

† This copy was lent by Dr Birch to the late bishop of Down, who with his own hand carefully transcribed the notes into an interweaved copy of *Langbaine*, divided into four volumes, which, as I am informed, narrowly escaped the flames, and was injured by the water, at a fire at Northumberland House. His lordship, when he went to Ireland left this copy with Mr Nichols, for the use of the projected editions of the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, with notes and illustrations; of which I think the *Tatler* only has appeared, and to which his lordship contributed some valuable communications.

to obtain only a transcript, very large sums have since been cheerfully given. The Museum copy of Langbaine, is in Oldys's hand-writing, not interleaved, but overflowing with notes, written in a very small hand about the margins, and inserted between the lines: nor may the transcriber pass negligently even its corners, otherwise he is here assured that he will lose some useful date, or the hint of some curious reference. The enthusiasm and diligence of Oldys, in undertaking a repetition of his first lost labour, proved to be infinitely greater than the sense of his unrequited labours. Such is the history of the escapes, the changes, and the fate of a volume, which forms the groundwork of the most curious information concerning our elder poets, and to which we must still frequently refer.

In this variety of literary arrangements, which we must consider as single works in a progressive state, or as portions of one great work on our modern literary history, it may, perhaps, be justly suspected that Oldys in the delight of perpetual acquisition, impeded the happier labour of unity of design, and completeness of purpose. He was not a Tiraboschi—nor even a Nicéron! He was sometimes chilled by neglect, and by 'vanity and vexation of spirit,' else we should not now have to count over a barren list of manuscript works; masses of literary history, of which the existence is even doubtful.

In Kippis's *Biographia Britannica*, we find frequent references to O. M. Oldys's manuscripts. Mr. John Taylor, the son of the friend and executor of Oldys, has greatly obliged me with all his recollections of this man of letters; whose pursuits, however, were in no manner analogous to his, and whom he could only have known in youth. By him I learn, that on the death of Oldys, Dr Kippis, editor *Biographia Britannica*, looked over these manuscripts at Mr. Taylor's house. He had been directed to this discovery by the late Bishop of Dromore, whose active zeal was very remarkable in every enterprise to enlarge our literary history. Kippis was one who, in some degree, might have estimated their literary value; but, employed by commercial men, and negotiating with persons who neither comprehended their nature, or affixed any value to them, the editor of the *Biographia* found Oldys's manuscripts an easy purchase for his employer, the late Mr. Cadell; and the twenty guineas, perhaps, served to bury their writer! Mr. Taylor says, 'The manuscripts of Oldys were not so many as might be expected from so indefatigable a writer. They consisted chiefly of short extracts from books, and minutes of dates, and were *thought worth purchasing* by the doctor. I remember the manuscripts well; though Oldys was not the author, but rather recorder.' Such is the statement and the opinion of a writer, whose effusions are of a gayer sort. But the researches of Oldys must not be estimated by this standard: with him a single line was the result of many a day of research, and a leaf of scattered hints would supply more *original knowledge* than some octavo, fashioned out by the hasty gilders and varnishers of modern literature. These discoveries occupy small space to the eye; but large works are composed out of them. This very lot of Oldys's manuscripts was, indeed, so considerable to the judgment of Kippis, that he has described them as '*a large and useful body of biographical materials, left by Mr. Oldys.*' Were these the '*Biographical Institutes*' Oldys refers to among his manuscripts? 'The late Mr. Malone,' continues Mr. Taylor, 'told me that he had seen *all Oldys's manuscripts*; so I presume they are in the hands of Cadell and Davies: Have they met with the fate of sucked oranges?—and how much of Malone may we owe to Oldys?'

This information enabled me to trace the manuscripts of Oldys to Dr. Kippis; but it cast me among the booksellers, who do not value manuscripts which no one can print. I discovered, by the late Mr. Davies, that the direction of that hapless work in our literary history, with its whole treasure of manuscripts, had been consigned, by Mr. Cadell, to the late George Robinson: and that the successor of Dr. Kippis had been the late Dr. George Gregory. Again I repeat, the history of voluminous works is a melancholy office: every one concerned with them no longer can be found! The esteemed relic of Doctor Gregory, with a friendly promptitude, gratified my anxious inquiries, and informed me, that 'She perfectly recollects a mass of papers, such as I described, being returned, on the death of Dr. Gregory, to the house of Wilkie and Robinson, in the early part of the year 1809.' I applied to this house, who, after some time, referred me

to Mr. John Robinson, the representative of his late father, and with whom all the papers of the former partnership were deposited. But Mr. John Robinson has terminated my inquiries, by his civility in promising to comply with them, and his pertinacity in not doing so. He may have injured his own interest in not trading with my curiosity.* It was fortunate for the nation, that George Vertue's mass of manuscripts escaped the fate of Oldys's: had the possessor proved as indolent, Horace Walpole would not have been the writer of his most valuable work, and we should have lost the '*Anecdotes of Painting*,' of which Vertue had collected the materials.

Of a life consumed in such literary activity we should have known more had the *Diaries* of Oldys escaped destruction. 'One habit of my father's old friend, William Oldys,' says Mr Taylor, 'was that of keeping a diary, and recording in it every day all the events that occurred, and all his engagements, and the employment of his time. I have seen piles of these books, but know not what became of them.' The existence of such *diaries* is confirmed by a sale catalogue of Thomas Davies, the literary bookseller, who sold many of the books and some manuscripts of Oldys, which appears to have been dispersed in various libraries. I find Lot '3627, Mr Oldys's Diary, containing several observations relating to books, characters &c.' a single volume, which appears to have separated from the '*piles*' which Mr Taylor once witnessed. The literary diary of Oldys would have exhibited the mode of his pursuits, and the results of his discoveries. One of these volumes I have fortunately discovered, and a singularity in this writer's feelings throws a new interest over such diurnal records. Oldys was apt to give utterance with his pen to his most secret emotions. Querulous or indignant, his honest simplicity confided to the paper before him such extemporaneous soliloquies, and I have found him hiding in the very corners of his manuscripts his '*secret sorrows*.'

A few of these slight memorials of his feelings will exhibit a sort of *Silhouette* likeness traced by his own hand, when at times the pensive man seems to have contemplated his own shadow. Oldys would throw down in verses, whose humility or quaintness indicates their origin, or by some pithy adage, or apt quotation, or recording anecdote, his self-advice, or his self-regrets!

Oppressed by a sense of tasks so unprofitable to himself, while his days were often passed in trouble and in prison; he breathes a self-reproach in one of these profound reflections of melancholy which so often startle the man of study, who truly discovers that life is too limited to acquire real knowledge, with the ambition of dispensing it to the world.

'I say, who too long in these cobwebs lurks,
Is always whetting tools, but never works.'

In one of the corners of his note-books I find this curious but sad reflection:—

'Alas! this is but the apron of a fig-leaf—but the curtain of a cobweb.'

Sometimes he seems to have anticipated the fate of that obscure diligence, which was pursuing discoveries reserved for others to use.

'He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.'

'Fond treasurer of these stores, behold thy fate
In Psalm the thirty-ninth. 6, 7, and 8.'

Sometimes he checks the eager ardour of his pen, and reminds himself of its repose, in Latin, Italian, and English,

— Non vi sed aspe cadendo.

Assai presto si fa quel che si fa bene.

'Some respite best recovers what we need,
Discreetly bailing gives the journey speed.'

There was a thoughtless kindness in honest Oldys: and his simplicity of character, as I have observed, was practised on by the artful or the ungenerous. We regret to

* I know that not only this lot of Oldys's manuscript, but a great quantity of original contributions of whole lives, intended for the *Biographia Britannica*, must lie together, unless they have been destroyed as waste-paper. These biographical and literary curiosities were often supplied by the families or friends of eminent persons. Some may, perhaps have been reclaimed by their owners. I am informed there was among them an interesting collection of the correspondence of Locke; and I could mention several lives which were prepared.

find the following entry concerning the famous collector, James West.

'I gave above threescore letters of Dr Davenant to his son, who was envoy at Frankfort in 1703 to 1708, to Mr James West,* with one hundred and fifty more, about Christmas, 1748: but the same fate they found as grain that is sowed in barren ground.'

Such is the plaintive record by which Oldys relieved himself of a groan! We may smile at the simplicity of the following narrative, where poor Oldys received manuscripts in lieu of money!

'Old Counsellor Fane, of Colchester, who, in *forma pauperis*, deceived me of a good sum of money which he owed me, and not long after set up his chariot, gave me a parcel of manuscripts, and promised me others, which he never gave me, nor any thing else, besides a barrel of oysters, and a manuscript copy of Randolph's poems, an original, as he said, with many additions, being devolved to him as the author's relation.'

There was no end to his aids and contributions to every author or bookseller who applied to him; yet he had reason to complain of both while they were using his invaluable, but not valued, knowledge. Here is one of these diurnal entries:

'I lent the tragical lives and deaths of the famous pirates, Ward and Dansiker, 4to, London, 1612, by Robt. Daborn, alias Dabourne, to Mr T. Lediard, when he was writing his naval History, and he never returned it. See Howell's Letters of them.'

In another, when his friend T. Hayward was collecting, for his 'British Muse,' the most exquisite common-places of our old English dramatists, a compilation which must not be confounded with ordinary ones, Oldys not only assisted in the labour, but drew up a curious introduction, with a knowledge and love of the subject which none but himself possessed. But so little were these researches then understood, that we find Oldys, in a moment of vexatious recollection, and in a corner of one of the margins of his *Langbaine*, accidentally preserving an extraordinary circumstance attending this curious dissertation. Oldys having completed this elaborate introduction, 'the penurious publisher insisted on leaving out one third part, which happened to be the best matter in it, because he would have it contracted into one sheet.' Poor Oldys never could forget the fate of this elaborate Dissertation on all the Collections of English poetry; I am confident that I have seen some volume which was formerly Oldys's, and afterwards Thomas Warton's, in the possession of my intelligent friend Mr Douce, in the fly-leaf of which Oldys has expressed himself in these words:—'In my historical and critical review of all the collections of this kind, it would have made a sheet and a half or two sheets; but they for sordid gain, and to save a little expense in print and paper, got Mr John Campbell to cross it and cram it, and play the devil with it, till they squeezed it into less compass than a sheet. This is a loss which we may never recover. The curious book-knowledge of this singular man of letters, those stores of which he was the fond treasurer, as he says with such tenderness for his pursuits, were always ready to be cast into the forms of a dissertation or an introduction; and when Morgan published his Collection of rare Tracts, the friendly hand of Oldys furnished 'A Dissertation upon Pamphlets, in a Letter to a Nobleman;' probably the Earl of Oxford, a great literary curiosity; and in the Harleian Collection he has given a *Catalogue Raisonné* of six hundred. When Mrs Cooper attempted 'The Muse's Library,' the first essay which influenced the national taste to return to our deserted poets in our most poetical age, it was Oldys who only could have enabled this lady to perform that task so well. When Curl, the publisher, to help out one of his hasty compilations, a 'History of the Stage,' repaired, like all the world, to Oldys, whose kindness could not resist the importunity of this busy publisher, he gave him a life of Nell Gwyn; while at the same moment Oldys could not avoid noticing, in one of his usual entries, an intended work on the stage, which we seem never to have had, *Dick Leveridge's His-*

tory of the Stage and Actors in his own Time, for these forty or fifty years past, as he told me he had composed, is likely to prove, whenever it shall appear, a more perfect work.' I might proceed with many similar gratuitous contributions with which he assisted his contemporaries. Oldys should have been constituted the reader for the nation. His *complexus rendus* of books and manuscripts are still held precious; but his useful and curious talent had sought the public patronage in vain! From one of his 'Diaries,' which had escaped destruction, I transcribe some interesting passages *ad verbum*.

The reader is here presented with a minute picture of those invisible occupations which pass in the study of a man of letters. There are those who may be surprised, as well as amused, in discovering how all the business, even to the very disappointments and pleasures of active life, can be transferred to the silent chamber of a recluso student; but there are others who will not read without emotion to the secret thoughts of him, who, loving literature with its purest passion, scarcely repines at being defrauded of his just fame, and leaves his stores for the after-age of his more gifted heirs. Thus we open one of Oldys's literary days:

'I was informed this day by Mr Tho. Odell's daughter, that her father, who was deputy-inspector and licenser of the plays, died 24 May, 1749, at his house in Chappell-street, Westminster, aged 58 years. He was writing a history of the characters he had observed, and conferences he had had with many eminent persons he knew in his time. He was a great observer of every thing curious in the conversations of his acquaintance, and his own conversation was a living chronicle of the remarkable intrigues, adventures, sayings, stories, writings, &c, of many of the quality, poets and other authors, players, booksellers, &c, who flourished especially in the present century. Had been a popular man at elections, and sometime master of the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, but latterly was forced to live reserved and retired by reason of his debts. He published two or three dramatic pieces, one was the Patron, on the story of Lord Romney.

'Q. of his da. to restore me Eustace Budgell's papers, and to get a sight of her father's.

'Have got the one, and seen the other.

'July 31.—Was at Mrs Odell's; she returned me Mr Budgell's papers. Saw some of her husband's papers, mostly poems in the favour of the ministry, and against Mr. Pope. One of them, printed by the late Sir Robert Walpole's encouragement, who gave him ten guineas for writing, and as much for the expense of printing it; but through his advice it was never published, because it might hurt his interest with Lord Chesterfield, and some other noblemen, who favoured Mr Pope for his fine genius. The tract I liked best of his writings was the history of his play-house in Goodman's Fields. (Remember that which was published against that play-house, which I have entered in my London Catalogue. Letter to Sir Ric-Bocas, lord mayor, &c. 8vo. 1730.)

Saw nothing of the history of his conversations with ingenious men; his characters, tales, jests, and intrigues of them, of which no man was better furnished with them. She thinks she has some papers of these, and promises to look them out, and also to inquire after Mr Griffin of the lord chamberlain's office, that I may get a search made about *Spenser*.

So intent was Oldys on these literary researches, that we see, by the last words of this entry, how in hunting after one sort of game, his undivided zeal kept its eye on another. One of his favourite subjects was realizing of original discoveries respecting *Spenser* and *Shakespeare*; of whom, perhaps, to our shame, as it is to our vexation, it may be said that two of our master-poets are those of whom we know the least! Oldys once flattered himself that he should be able to have given the world a life of *Shakespeare*. Mr John Taylor informs me, that 'Oldys had contracted to supply ten years of the life of *Shakespeare unknown to the biographers*, with one Walker, a bookseller in the Strand; and as Oldys did not live to fulfil the engagement, my father was obliged to return to Walker twenty guineas which he had advanced on the work.' That interesting narrative is now hopeless for us. Yet, by the solemn contract into which Oldys had entered, and from his strict integrity, it might induce one to suspect that he had made positive discoveries which are now irrecoverable.

We may observe the manner of his anxious inquiries about *Spenser*.

* This collection, and probably the other letters, have come down to us, no doubt, with the manuscripts of this collector, purchased for the British Museum. The correspondence of Dr Davenant, the political writer, with his son, the envoy, turns on one perpetual topic, his sons and his own advancement in the state.

* Ask Sir Peter Thompson if it were improper to try if Lord Effingham Howard would procure the pedigrees in the Herald's office, to be seen for Edward Spenser's parentage or family? or how he was related to Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, in Northamptonshire? to three of whose daughters, who all married nobility, Spenser dedicates three of his poems.

* Of Mr Vertue, to examine Stowe's memorandum-book. Look more carefully for the year when Spenser's monument was raised, or between which years the entry stands—1623 and 1626.

* Sir Clement Cottrell's book about Spenser.

* Capt. Power, to know if he has heard from Capt. Spenser about my letter of inquiries relating to Edward Spenser.

* Of Whiston, to examine if my remarks on Spenser are complete as to the press.—Yes.

* Remember when I see Mr W. Thomson, to inquire whether he has printed in any of his works any character of our old poets than those of Spenser and Shakespeare;* and to get the liberty of a visit at Kentish Town, to see his *Collection of Robert Green's Works*, in about *four large volumes in quarto*. He commonly published a pamphlet every term, as his acquaintance Tom Nash informs us.

Two or three other memoranda may excite a smile at his peculiar habits of study, and unceasing vigilance to draw from original sources of information.

* *Dryden's dream* at Lord Exeter's, at Burleigh, while he was translating Virgil, as Signor Verrio, then painting there, related it to the Yorkshire painter, of whom I had it, lies in the *parchment book in quarto*, designed for his life.

At a subsequent period Oldys inserts, 'Now entered therein.' Malone quotes this very memorandum, which he discovered in *Oldys's Langhaine*, to show that Dryden had some confidence in Onierocriticism, and supposed that future events were sometimes prognosticated by dreams. Malone adds, 'Where either the loose prophetic leaf, or the parchment book now is, I know not.'

Unquestionably we have incurred a great loss of Oldys's collection for Dryden's life, which were very extensive; such a mass of literary history cannot have perished unless by accident; and I suspect that many of *Oldys's manuscripts* are in the possession of individuals who are not acquainted with his hand-writing, which may be easily verified.

* To search the old papers in one of my large deal boxes for Dryden's letter of thanks to my father, for some communication relating to Plutarch, while they and others were publishing a translation of Plutarch's Lives, in five volumes, 8vo, 1683. It is copied in the *yellow book for Dryden's Life*, in which there are about 150 transcriptions in prose and verse, relating to the life, character, and writings of Mr. Dryden.—Is England's Remembrancer extracted out of my *obit.* (obituary) into my remarks on him in the *poetical bag*?

* My extracts in the *parchment budget* about Derham's seat and family in Surrey.

* My *white vellum pocket-book*, bordered with gold, for the extracts from "Groans of Great Britain" about Butler.

* See my account of the great yews in Tankersley's park while Sir R. Fanshaw was prisoner in the lodge there; especially Talbot's yew, which a man on horseback might turn about in, in my *botanical budget*.

* This Donald Lupton I have mentioned in my *catalogue* of all the books and pamphlets relative to London in folio, begun anno 1740, and which I have now, 1746, entered between 300 and 400 articles, besides remarks, &c. Now, in June, 1748, between 400 and 500 articles. Now, in October, 1750, six hundred and thirty-six.*

* William Thompson, the poet of 'Sickness,' and other poems: a warm lover of older bards, and no vulgar imitator of Spenser. He was the reviver of Bishop Hall's Satires. In 1753, by an edition which had been more fortunate if conducted by his friend Oldys, for the text is unfaithful, though the edition followed was one borrowed from Lord Oxford's library, probably by the aid of Oldys.

† Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 420.

‡ This is one of Oldys's manuscripts: a thick folio of titles, which has been made to do its duty, with small thanks from those who did not care to praise the service which they derived from it. It passed from Dr Berkenhout to George Steevens, who lent it to Gough. It was sold for five guineas. The

There remains to be told an anecdote, which shows that Pope greatly regarded our literary antiquary. 'Oldys,' says my friend, 'was one of the librarians of the Earl of Oxford, and he used to tell a story of the credit which he obtained as a scholar, by setting Pope right in a Latin quotation, which he made at the earl's table.' I do not, however, as I remember, boast of having been admitted as a guest at the table, but as happening to be in the room. Why might not Oldys, however, have been seated at least, below the salt? It would do no honour to either party to suppose that Oldys stood among the nobles. The truth is, there appears to have existed a confidential intercourse between Pope and Oldys; and of this I can give a remarkable proof. In these fragments of *Oldys* preserved as 'additional anecdotes of Shakespeare,' in Steevens's and Malone's editions, Oldys mentions a story of Davenant, which he adds, 'Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table.' And further relates a conversation which passed between them. Nor is this all; for in *Oldys's Langhaine* he put down this memorandum in the article of *Shakespeare*.—Remember what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use out of Cowley's preface. Malone appears to have discovered this observation of Cowley's, which is curious enough and very agreeable to that commentator's ideas; it is 'to prune and lop away the old withered branches' in the new edition of Shakespeare and other ancient poets! 'Pope adopted,' says Malone, 'this very unwarrantable idea; Oldys was the person who suggested to Pope the singular course he pursued in his edition of Shakespeare.' Without touching on the fidelity or the danger of this new system of republishing Shakespeare, one may say that if many passages were struck out, Shakespeare would not be improved, for many of them were never composed by that great bard. There not only existed a literary intimacy between Oldys and Pope, but our poet adopting his suggestions on so important an occasion, evinces how highly he esteemed his judgment; and unquestionably Pope had often been delighted by Oldys with the history of his predecessors, and the curiosities of English poetry.

I have now introduced the reader to Oldys sitting amidst his 'poetical bags,' his 'parchment biographical budgets,' his 'catalogues,' and his 'diaries,' often wearing a solitary green, or active in some fresh inquiry. Such is the *Silhouette* of this prodigy of literary curiosity!

The very existence of Oldys's manuscripts continues to be of an ambiguous nature, referred to, quoted, and transcribed, we can but seldom turn to the originals. These masses of curious knowledge, dispersed or lost, have enriched an after-race, who have often picked up the spoil and claimed the victory, but it was Oldys who had fought the battle!

Oldys affords one more example how life is often closed amidst discoveries and acquisitions. The literary antiquary, when he has attempted to embody his multiplied inquiries, and to finish his scattered designs, has found that the *labor augeat laborem*, 'the labour void of labour,' as the inscription on the library of Florence finely describes the researches of literature, has dissolved his days in the voluptuousness of his curiosity; and that too often, like the hunter in the heat of the chase, while he disdained the prey which lay before him, he was still stretching onwards to catch the fugitive!

Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia capessit.

At the close of every century, in this growing world of books, may an Oldys be the reader for the nation! Should he be endowed with a philosophical spirit, and combine the genius of his own times with that of the preceding, he will hold in his hand the chain of human thoughts, and, like another Bayle, become the historian of the human mind!

useful work of ten years of attention given to it! The antiquary Gough alludes to it with his usual discernment. Among these titles of books and pamphlets about London are many purely historical, and many of too low a kind to rank under the head of topography and history. Thus the design of Oldys in forming this elaborate collection, is condemned by trying it by the limited object of the topographer's view. The catalogue remains a disideratum, were it printed entire as collected by Oldys, not merely for the topography of the metropolis, but for its relation to its manners, domestic annals, events, and persons connected with its history.

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THE

LITERARY CHARACTER,

ILLUSTRATED

BY THE

HISTORY OF MEN OF GENIUS,

DRAWN FROM THEIR OWN FEELINGS AND CONFESSIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

"Poi che veder voi stessi non potete,
Vedete in altri almen quel che voi siete."
Cina da Pistoia, addressed to the Eyes of his Mistress.

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PREFACE.

I Published, in 1795, "an Essay on the Literary Character;" to my own habitual and inherent defects, were superadded those of my youth; the crude production was, however, not ill received, for the edition disappeared; and the subject was found to be more interesting than the writer.

During the long interval which has elapsed since the first publication, the little volume was often recalled to my recollection, by several, and by some who have since obtained celebrity; they imagined that their attachment to literary pursuits had been strengthened even by so weak an effort. An extraordinary circumstance has occurred with these opinions;—a copy which has accidentally fallen into my hands, formerly belonged to the great poetical genius of our times; and the singular fact that it was twice read by him in two subsequent years, at Athens, in 1810 and 1811, instantly convinced me that the volume deserved my attention. I tell this fact assuredly, not from any little vanity which it may appear to betray, for the truth is, were I not as liberal and as candid in respect to my own productions, as I hope I am to others, I could not have been gratified by the present circumstance; for the marginal notes of the noble writer convey no flattery—but amidst their pungency and sometimes their truth, the circumstance that a man of genius could, and did read, this slight effusion at two different periods of his life, was a sufficient authority, at least for an author, to return it once more to the anvil; more knowledge, and more maturity of thought, I may hope, will now fill up the rude sketch of my youth; its radical defects, those which are inherent in every author, it were unwise for me to hope to remove by suspending the work to a more remote period.

It may be thought that men of genius only should write on men of genius; as if it were necessary that the physician should be infected with the disease of his patient. He is only an observer, like Sydenham who confined himself to vigilant observation, and the continued experience of tracing the progress of actual cases (and in his department, but not in mine) in the operation of actual remedies. He beautifully says—"Whoever describes a violet exactly as to its colour, taste, smell, form, and other properties, will find the description agree in most particulars with all the violets in the universe."

Nor do I presume to be any thing more than the historian of genius; whose office is only to tell the virtues and the infirmities of his

PREFACE.

heroes. It is the fashion of the present day to raise up dazzling theories of genius ; to reason *a priori* ; to promulgate abstract paradoxes ; to treat with levity the man of genius, because he is *only* a man of genius. I have sought for facts, and have often drawn results unsuspected by myself, I have looked into literary history for the literary character. I have always had in my mind an observation of Lord Bolingbroke : " Abstract, or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often till they are explained by examples ; when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority ; we yield to fact when we resist speculation." This will be truth long after the encyclopedic geniuses of the present age, who write on all subjects, and with most spirit on those they know least about, shall have passed away ; and time shall extricate truth from the deadly embrace of sophistry.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER, &c.

CHAPTER I.

ON LITERARY CHARACTERS.

SINCE the discovery of that art which multiplies at will the productions of the human intellect, and spreads them over the universe in the consequent formation of libraries, a class or order of men has arisen, who appear throughout Europe to have derived a generic title in that of literary characters; a denomination which, however vague, defines the pursuits of the individual, and serves, at times, to separate him from other professions.

Formed by the same habits, and influenced by the same motives, notwithstanding the difference of talents and tempers, the opposition of times and places, they have always preserved among themselves the most striking family resemblance. The literary character, from the objects in which it concerns itself, is of a more independent and permanent nature than those which are perpetually modified by the change of manners, and are more distinctly national. Could we describe the medical, the commercial, or the legal character of other ages, this portrait of antiquity would be like a perished picture; the subject itself would have altered its position in the revolutions of society. It is no less with the literary character. The passion for study; the delight in books; the desire of solitude and celebrity; the obstructions of life; the nature of their habits and pursuits; the triumphs and the disappointments of literary glory; all these are as truly described by Cicero and the younger Pliny, as by Petrarch and Erasmus, and as they have been by Hume and Gibbon. The passion for collecting together the treasures of literature and the miracles of art, was as insatiable a thirst in Atticus as in the French Peiresc, and in our Cracherodes and Townleys. We trace the feelings of our literary contemporaries in all ages, and every people who have deserved to rank among polished nations. Such were those literary characters who have stamped the images of their minds on their works, and that other race, who preserve the circulation of this intellectual coinage;

Gold of the Dead,
Which Time does still disperse, but not devour.
D'Avenant's Gondibert, c. v. s. 38.

These literary characters now constitute an important body, diffused over enlightened Europe, connected by the secret links of congenial pursuits, and combining often inseparably to themselves in the same common labours. At London, at Paris, and even at Madrid, these men feel the same thirst, which is allayed at the same fountains; the same authors are read, and the same opinions are formed.

Contemporains de tous les hommes,
Et citoyens de tous les lieux.

De la Mothe.

Thus an invisible brotherhood is existing among us, and those who stand connected with it are not always sensible of this kindred alliance. Once the world was made uneasy by rumours of the existence of a society, founded by that extraordinary German, Rosicrucius, designed for the search of truth and the reformation of the sciences. Its statutes were yet but partially promulgated but many a great principle in metaphysics, a result of science in the concentrated form of a very excellent work which suited the times, were anonymous, were mysteriously

traced to the president of the Rosicrucians, and not only the society became celebrated, but abused. Descartes, when in Germany, gave himself much trouble to track out the society, that he might consult the great searcher after Truth, but in vain! It did not occur to the young reformer of science in this visionary pursuit, that every philosophical inquirer was a brother, and that the extraordinary and mysterious personage, was indeed himself! for a genius of the first order is always the founder of a society, and, wherever he may be, the brotherhood will delight to acknowledge their master.

These Literary Characters are partially described by Johnson, not without a melancholy colouring. 'To talk in private, to think in solitude, to inquire or to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.' But eminent Genius accomplishes a more ample design. He belongs to the world as much as to a nation; even the great writer himself, at that moment, was not conscious that he was devoting his days to cast the minds of his own contemporaries, and of the next age, in the mighty mould of his own, for he was of that order of men whose individual genius often becomes that of a people. A prouder conception rose in the majestic mind of Milton, of 'that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind.'

Literature has in all ages, encountered adversaries from causes sufficiently obvious; but other pursuits have been rarely liable to discover enemies among their own votaries. Yet many literary men openly, or insidiously, would lower the Literary character, are eager to confuse the ranks in the republic of letters, wanting the virtue which knows to pay its tribute to Cæsar: while they maliciously confer the character of author on that "Ten Thousand," whose recent list is not so much a muster roll of heroes, as a table of population.*

We may allow the political economist to suppose that an author is the manufacturer of a certain ware for "a very paltry recompense," as their seer Adam Smith has calculated. It is useless to talk to people who have nothing but millions in their imagination, and whose choicest works of art are spinning jennies; whose principle of 'labour' would have all men alike die in harness; or, in their carpentry of human nature, would convert them into wheels and screws, to work the perplexed movements of that ideal machinery called 'capital'—these may reasonably doubt of 'the utility' of this 'unproductive' race. Their heated heads and temperate hearts may satisfy themselves that 'that unprosperous race of men, called men of letters,' in a system of political economy, must necessarily occupy their present state in society, much as formerly when 'a scholar and a beggar seem to have been terms very nearly synonymous.† But whenever the political economists shall feel,—a calculation of time which who would dare to furnish them with?—that the happiness and prosperity of a people include something more permanent and more evident than 'the wealth of a nation,' they may form another notion of the literary character.

A more formidable class of ingenious men who derived their reputation and even their fortune in life from their literary character, yet are cold and heartless to the inter-

* See a recent biographical account of ten thousand authors.

† Wealth of Nations. v. I, p. 192.

ests of literature—men who have reached their summit and reject the ladder: for those who have once placed themselves high, feel a sudden abhorrence of climbing. These have risen through the gradations of politics into office, and in that busy world view every thing in a cloud of passions and politics;—they who once commanded us by their eloquence would now drive us by the single force of despotism; like Adrian VI, who obtaining the Pontificate as the reward of his studies, yet possessed of the Tiara, persecuted students; he dreaded, say the Italians, lest his brothers might shake the Pontificate itself. It fares worse with authors when minds of this cast become the arbiters of the public opinion; when the literary character is first systematically degraded and then sported with, as elephants are made to dance on hot iron; or the bird plucked of its living feathers is exhibited as a new sort of creature to invite the passengers! Whatever such critics may plead to mortify the vanity of authors, at least it requires as much to give effect to their own polished effrontery. Lower the high self-reverence, the lofty conception of Genius, and you deprive it of the consciousness of its powers with the delightfulness of its character: in the blow you give the musical instrument, the invisible soul of its tone is for ever lost.

A lighter class reduce literature to a mere curious amusement; a great work is likened to a skilful game of billiards, or a piece of music finely executed—and curious researchers, to charade making and Chinese puzzles. An author with them is an idler who will not be idle, amusing, or fatiguing others, who are completely so. We have been told that a great genius should not therefore 'ever allow himself to be sensible to his own celebrity, nor deem his pursuits of much consequence however important or successful.' Catholic doctrine to mortify an author into a saint; Lent all the year, and self-flagellation every day! This new principle, which no man in his senses would contend with, had been useful to Buffon and Gibbon, to Voltaire and Pope,—who assuredly were too 'sensible to their celebrity, and deemed their pursuits of much consequence,' particularly when 'important and successful.' But this point may be adjusted when we come to examine the importance of an author, and the privilege he may possess of a little anticipating the public, in his self-praise.

Such are the domestic treasons of the literary character against literature—'et tu, Brute?'—but a hero of literature falls not though struck at: he outlives his assassins—and might address them in that language of poetry and tenderness with which a Mexican king reproached his traitorous counsellors: "You were the feathers of my wings, and the eyelids of my eyes."

Every class of men in society have their peculiar sorrows and enjoyments, as they have their habits and their characteristics. In the history of men of genius, we may often open the secret story of their minds; they have, above others, the privilege of communicating their own feelings, and it is their talent to interest us, whether with their pen they talk of themselves, or paint others.

In the history of men of genius let us not neglect those who have devoted themselves to the cultivation of the fine arts; with them genius is alike insulated in their studies; they pass through the same permanent discipline. The histories of literature and art have parallel epochs; and certain artists resemble certain authors. Hence Milton, Michael Angelo, and Handel! One principle unites the intellectual arts, for in one principle they originate, and thus it has happened that the same habits and feelings, and the same fortunes have accompanied men who have sometimes, unhappily, imagined that their pursuits were not analogous. In the 'world of ear and eye,' the poet, the painter, and the musician are kindled by the same inspiration. Thus all is Art and all are artists! This approximation of men apparently of opposite pursuits is so natural, that when Gesner, in his inspiring letter on landscape-painting, recommends to the young painter a constant study of poetry and literature, the impatient artist is made to exclaim, 'Must we combine with so many other studies those which belong to literary men? Must we read as well as paint?' 'It is useless to reply to this question,' says Gesner, 'for some important truths must be instinctively felt, perhaps the fundamental ones in the arts.' A truly imaginative artist, whose enthusiasm was never absent when he meditated on the art he loved, Barry, thus vehemently broke forth—'Go home from the Academy; light up your lamps, and exercise yourselves in the creative part of your art, with Homer, with Livy; and

all the great characters, ancient and modern, for your companions and counsellors.'

Every life of a man of genius, composed by himself, presents us with the experimental philosophy of the mind. By living with their brothers, and contemplating on their masters, they will judge from consciousness less erroneously than from discussion; and in forming comparative views and parallel situations, they will discover certain habits and feelings, and find these reflected in themselves.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH OF GENIUS.

Genius, that creative part of art which individualises the artist, belonging to him and to no other,—is it an inherent faculty in the constitutional dispositions of the individual, or can it be formed by the patient acquisitions of art?

Many sources of genius have indeed been laid open to us, but if these may sometimes call it forth, have they ever supplied its wants? Could Spenser have struck out a poet in Cowley, Richardson a painter in Reynolds, and Descartes a metaphysician in Mallebranche, had they not borne that vital germ of nature, which, when endowed with its force, is always developing itself to a particular character of genius? The accidents related of these men have occurred to a thousand, who have run the same career; but how does it happen, that the multitude remain a multitude, and the man of genius arrives alone at the goal?

The equality of minds in their native state is as monstrous a paradox, or a term as equivocal in metaphysics, as the equality of men in the political state. Both come from the French school in evil times; and ought, therefore, as Job said, 'to be eschewed.' Nor can we trust to Johnson's definition of genius, 'as a mind of general powers accidentally determined by some particular direction,' as this rejects any native aptitude, while we must infer on this principle that the reasoning Locke, without an ear or an eye, could have been the musical and fairy Spenser.

The automatic theory of Reynolds stirs the puppet artist by the wires of pertinacious labour. But industry without genius is tethered; it has stimulated many drudges in art, while it has left us without a Corregio or a Raphael.

Akenside in that fine poem which is itself a history of genius, in tracing its source, first sang,

From heaven my strains begin, from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast.

but in the final revision of that poem he left many years after, the bard has vindicated the solitary and independent origin of genius by the mysterious epithet *the chosen breast*. The veteran poet was perhaps lessened by the vicissitudes of his own poetical life, and those of some of his brothers.

But while genius remains still wrapt up in its mysterious bud, may we not trace its history in its votaries? Let us compare although we may not always decide. If nature in some of her great operations has kept her last secrets, and even Newton, in the result of his reasonings, has religiously abstained from penetrating into her occult connections, is it nothing to be her historian although we cannot be her legislator?

Can we trace in the faint lines of childhood, an unsteady outline of the man? in the temperament of genius may we not reasonably look for certain indications, or prognostics announcing the permanent character? Will not great sensibility be borne with its susceptible organization; the deep retired character cling to its musings; and the unalterable being of intrepidity and fortitude, full of confidence, be commanding even in his sports, a daring leader among his equals.

The virtuous and contemplative Boyle imagined that he had discovered in childhood that disposition of mind which indicated an instinctive ingenuousness; an incident which he relates, evinced as he thought, that even then he preferred aggravating his fault, rather than consent to suppress any part of the truth, an effort which had been unnatural to his mind. His fanciful, yet striking illustration may open our inquiry. 'This trivial passage'—the little story alluded to—'I have mentioned now, not that I think that in itself it deserves a relation, but because as the sun is seen beat at his rising and his setting, so men's native dispositions are clearest perceived whilst they are children, and when they are dying. These little sudden notions are the greatest discoverers of men's true humours.'

That the dispositions of genius in early life preface its future character, was long the feeling of antiquity. Isocrates, after much previous observation of those who attended his lectures, would advise one to engage in political studies, exhort another to compose history, elected some to be poets, and some to adopt his own profession. He thought that nature had some concern in forming a man of genius; and he tried to guess at her secret by detecting the first energetic inclination of the mind. This principle guided the Jesuits.

In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the king to request he would make his son a knight—'It is a great thing thou askest,' said Arthur, who inquired whether this entreaty proceeded from him or his son? The old man's answer is remarkable—'Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all these will fall to that labour I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for any thing that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad for to see battles, and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight.' The king commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons; they were all shapes much like the poor man; but Tor was not like none of them in shape and in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him. This simple tale is the history of genius—the cowherd's twelve sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife and his twelve brothers, was the youth averse to labour, but active enough in performing knightly exercises; and dreaming on chivalry amidst a herd of cows.

A man of genius is thus dropt among the people, and has first to encounter the difficulties of ordinary men deprived of that feeble ductility which adapts itself to the common destination. Parents are too often the victims of the derided propensity of a son to a Virgil or an Euclid; and the first step into life of a man of genius is disobedience and grief. Lilly, our famous astrologer, has described the frequent situation of such a youth, like the cowherd's son who would be a knight. Lilly proposed to his father that he should try his fortune in the metropolis, where he expected that his learning and his talents would prove serviceable to him; the father, quite incapable of discovering the latent genius of his son in his studious dispositions, very willingly consented to get rid of him, for, as Lilly proceeds, 'I could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour; my father oft would say I was good for nothing.'—words which the fathers of so many men of genius have repeated.

In reading the memoirs of a man of genius we often reprobate the domestic persecutions of those who opposed his inclinations. No poet but is moved with indignation at the recollection of the Port Royal Society thrice burning the romance which Racine at length got by heart; no geometrician but bitterly inveighs against the father of Pascal for not suffering him to study Euclid, which he at length understood without studying. The father of Petrarch in a barbarous rage burnt the poetical library of his son amidst the shrieks, the groans, and the tears of the youth. Yet this neither converted Petrarch into a sober lawyer, nor deprived him of the Roman laurel. The uncle of Alfieri for more than twenty years suppressed the poetical character of this noble bard; he was a poet without knowing to write a verse, and Nature, like a hard creditor, exacted with redoubled interest, all the genius which the uncle had so long kept from her. Such are the men whose inherent impulse no human opposition, and even no adverse education, can deter from being great men.

Let us, however, be just to the parents of a man of genius: they have another association of ideas concerning him than we; we see a great man, they a disobedient child: we track him through his glory, they are wearied by the sullen resistance of his character. The career of genius is rarely that of fortune or happiness; and the father, who may himself be not insensible to glory, dreads lest his son be found among that obscure multitude, that populace of mean artists, who must expire at the barriers of mediocrity.

The contemplative race, even in their first steps towards nature, are receiving that secret instruction which no master can impart. The boy of genius flies to some favourite haunt to which his fancy has often given a name; he populates his solitude; he takes all shapes in

it, he finds all places in it; he converses silently with all about him—he is a hermit, a lover, a hero. The fragrance and blush of the morning; the still hush of the evening; the mountain, the valley, and the stream; all nature opening to him, he sits brooding over his first dim images, in that train of thought we call reverie, with a restlessness of delight, for he is only the being of sensation, and has not yet learnt to think; then comes that tenderness of spirit, that first shade of thought colouring every scene, and deepening every feeling; this temperament has been often mistaken for melancholy. One truly inspired, unfolds the secret story—

'Indowed with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er the mixt treasures of his pregnant breast
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what exelling things,
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder!—

This delight in reverie has been finely described by Boyle: 'When the intermission of my studies allowed me leisure for recreation,' says Boyle, 'I would very often steal away from all company and spend four or five hours alone in the fields and think at random, making my delighted imagination the busy scene where some romance or other was daily acted.' This circumstance alarmed his friends, who imagined that he was overcome with melancholy.*

It is remarkable that this love of repose and musing is retained throughout life. A man of fine genius is rarely enamoured of common amusements or of robust exercises; and he is usually unadroit where dexterity of hand or eye, or trivial elegancies, are required. This characteristic of genius was discovered by Horace in that Ode which school boys often versify. Beattie has expressly told us of his Minstrel—

'The exploit, of strength, dexterity, or speed
To him nor vanity, nor joy could bring.'

Alfieri said he could never be taught by a French dancing-master, whose Art made him at once shudder and laugh. If we reflect that as it is now practised it seems the art of giving affectation to a puppet, and that this puppet is a man, we can enter into this mixed sensation of degradation and ridicule. Horace, by his own confession, was a very awkward rider; and the poetical rider could not always secure a seat on his music; Metastasio humorously complains of his gun; the poetical sportsman could only frighten the hares and partridges; the truth was, as an elder poet sings,

'Instead of hounds that make the wooded hills
Talk in a hundred voices to the rills;
I like the pleasing converse of a line
Struck by the concert of the sacred Nine.'

Brown's Brit. Past. B. ii, Song 4.

And we discover the true 'humour' of the indolent contemplative race in their great representatives Virgil and Horace. When they accompanied Mæcenas into the country, while the minister amused himself at tennis, the two bards reposed on a vernal bank amidst the freshness of the shade. The younger Pliny, who was so perfect a literary character, was charmed by the Roman mode of hunting, or rather fowling by nets, which admitted him to sit a whole day with his tablets and stylus, that, says he, 'should I return with empty nets my tablets may at least be full.' Thomson was the hero of his own Castle of Indolence.

The youth of genius will be apt to retire from the active sports of his mates. Beattie paints himself in his own Minstrel,

* An unhappy young man who recently forfeited his life to the laws for forgery appears to have given promise of genius.—He had thrown himself for two years into the studious retirement of a foreign university. Before his execution he sketched an impressive autobiography, and the following passage is descriptive of young genius:

† About this time I became uncommonly reserved, withdrawing by degrees from the pastimes of my associates, and was frequently observed to retire to some solitary place alone.—Ruined castles, bearing the vestiges of ancient broils, and the impairing hand of time,—cascades thundering through the echoing groves,—rocks and precipices,—the beautiful as well as the sublime traits of nature—formed a spacious field for contemplation many a happy hour. From these inspiring objects, contemplation would lead me to the great Author of nature. Often have I dropped on my knees, and poured out the ardours of my soul to the God who created them.

† Hor. Od. Lib. iv. O. 3.

'Concourse and noise, and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped.'

Bossuet would not join his young companions, and flew to his solitary task, while the classical boys avenged his flight by applying to him from Virgil the *bos suetus aratro*, the ox daily toiling in the plough. The young painters, to ridicule the persevering labours of Domenichino in his youth, honoured him by the same title of 'the great ox,' and Passeri, in his delightful biography of his own contemporary artists, has happily expressed the still labours of his concealed genius, *sua taciturna lentetza*, his silent slowness. The learned Huet has given an amusing detail of the inventive persecutions of his school-mates, to divert him from his obstinate love of study. 'At length,' says he, 'in order to indulge my own taste, I would rise with the sun, while they were buried in sleep, and hide myself in the woods that I might read and study in quiet,' but they beat the bushes and started in his burrow, the future man of erudition. Sir William Jones was rarely a partaker in the active sports of Harrow; it was said of Gray that he was never a boy, and the unhappy Chatterton and Burns were remarkably serious boys. Milton has preserved for us, in solemn numbers, his school-life—

'When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good, myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things—

Par. Reg.

If the youth of genius is apt to retire from the ordinary sports of his mates, he often substitutes others, the reflections of those favourite studies which are haunting his young imagination; the amusements of such an idler have often been fanciful. Ariosto, while yet a school-boy, composed a sort of tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, and had it represented by his brothers and sisters. Pope seems to have indicated his passion for Homer in those rough scenes which he drew up from Ogilby's version; and when Sir William Jones at Harrow divided the fields according to a map of Greece, and portioned out to each school-fellow a dominion, and further, when wanting a copy of the *Tempest* to act from, he supplied it from his memory, we must confess that the boy Jones was reflecting in his amusements the cast of mind he displayed in his after life, and that facility of memory and taste so prevalent in his literary character. Florian's earliest years were passed in shooting birds all day and reading every evening an old translation of the *Iliad*; whenever he got a bird remarkable for its size or its plumage, he personified it by one of the names of his heroes, and raising a funeral pyre consumed the body; collecting the ashes in an urn, he presented them to his grandfather, with a narrative of his Patroclus or Sarpedon. We seem here to detect, reflected in his boyish sports, the pleasing genius of the author of *Numa Pompilius*, *Gonsalvo of Cordova* and *William Tell*.

It is perhaps a criterion of talent when a youth is distinguished by his equals; at that moment of life with no flattery on the one side, and no artifice on the other, all emotion and no reflection, the boy who has obtained a pre-dominance has acquired this merely by native powers. The boyhood of Nelson was characterized by events congenial to those of his after-days; and his father understood his character when he declared that "in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the top of the tree." Some puerile anecdotes which Franklin remembered of himself, in association with his after-life, betray the invention, and the firm intrepidity, of his character; and even perhaps the carelessness of the means to obtain his purpose. In boyhood he was a sort of adventurer; and since his father would not consent to a sea-life, he made the river near him represent the ocean; he lived on the water, and was the daring Columbus of a school-boy's boat. A part where he and his mates stood to angle, in time became a quagmire. In the course of one day the infant projector thought of a wharf for them to stand on, and raised with a heap of stones deposited there for the building of a house. But he preferred his wharf to another's house; his contrivances to aid his puny labourers, with his resolution not to quit the great work till it was effected, seem to strike out to us the decision and invention of his future character. But the qualities which

attract the companions of a school-boy may not be those which are essential to fine genius. The captain or leader of his school-mates has a claim on our attention, but it is the sequestered boy who may chance to be the artist, or the literary character.

Is there then a period in youth which yields decisive marks of the character of genius? The natures of men are as various as their fortunes. Some, like diamonds, must wait to receive their splendour from the slow touches of the polisher, while others, resembling pearls, appear at once born with their beautiful lustre.

Among the inauspicious circumstances is the feebleness of the first attempts; and we must not decide on the talents of a young man by his first works. Dryden and Swift might have been deterred from authorship, had their earliest pieces decided their fate. Racine's earliest composition, which we know of by some fragments his son had preserved, to show their remarkable contrast with his writings, abound with those points and conceits which afterwards he abhorred; the tender author of *Andromache* could not have been discovered while exhausting himself in his wanderings from nature, in running after conceits as absurd and surprising as the worst parts of Cowley. Gibbon betrayed none of the force and magnitude of his powers in his "Essay on Literature," or his attempted History of Switzerland. Johnson's cadenced prose is not recognizable in the humble simplicity of his earliest years. Many authors have begun unsuccessfully the walk they afterwards excelled in. Raphael, when he first drew his meagre forms under Perugino, had not yet conceived one line of that ideal beauty, which one day he of all men could alone execute.

Even the madness of genius may pass by unobserved by his companions, and may, like *Æneas*, be hidden in a cloud amidst his associates. The celebrated *Fabius Maximus* in his boyhood was called in derision "the lame sheep," from the meekness and gravity of his disposition. His sedateness and taciturnity, his indifference to juvenile amusements, his slowness and difficulty in learning, and his ready submission to his equals, induced them to consider him as one irrecoverably stupid. That greatness of mind, unalterable courage, and invincible character *Fabius* afterwards displayed, they then imagined had lain concealed in the apparent contrary qualities. The boy of genius may indeed seem slow and dull even to the pedagogue, for thoughtful and observing dispositions conceal themselves in timorous silent characters, who have not yet learnt their strength; nor can that assiduous love, which cannot tear itself away from the secret instruction it is perpetually imbibing, be easily distinguished from that pertinacity which goes on with the mere plodder. We often hear from the early companions of a man of genius that at school, he had appeared heavy and unpromising. Rousseau imagined that the childhood of some men is accompanied by that seeming and deceitful dulness, which is the sign of a profound genius; and Roger Ascham has placed among "the best natures for learning, the sad-natured and hard-witted child," that is, the thoughtful or the melancholic, and the slow. Domenichino was at first heavy and unpromising, and Passeri expresses his surprise at the accounts he received of the early life of this great artist. "It is difficult to believe," he says, "what many assert, that from the beginning this great painter had a ruggedness about him, which entirely incapacitated him from learning his profession, and they have heard from himself that he quite despaired of success. Yet I cannot comprehend how such vivacious talents, with a mind so finely organized, and accompanied with such favourable dispositions for the art, would show such signs of utter incapacity: I rather think that is a mistake in the proper knowledge of genius, which some imagine indicates itself most decisively by its sudden vehemence, showing itself like lightning, and like lightning passing away." A parallel case we find in Goldsmith, who passed through an unpromising youth; he declared that he was never attached to the Muses till he was thirty, that poetry had no peculiar charms for him till that age, and indeed to his latest hour he was surprising his friends by productions which they had imagined he was incapable of composing. Hume was considered, for his sobriety and assiduity, as competent to become a steady merchant; of Johnson it was said that he would never offend in conversation, as of Bolingbroke that he had no great understanding, but would speak ill of no one. Farquhar at college was a heavy

on, and afterwards, combined, with great knowledge of the world, a light airy talent. Even a discerning master has entirely failed to develop the genius of youth, who has afterwards ranked among eminent men, and we ought as little to infer from early unfavourable appearances as from inequality of talent. The great earl's father used to say, that if it pleased God from him any of his children he hoped it might be the least promising; and during the three years passed at the Charter-house, he was remarkable for the utter negligence of his studies and his person. Another of Sheridan, herself a literary female, from early, that he was the duller and most hopeless of sons. Bodmer, at the head of the literary class in London, who had so frequently discovered and anticipated the literary youths of his country, could never detect the latent genius of Gesner; after a repeated examination of the young man, he put his parents in despair with the assurance that a mind of so ordinary a cast must itself to mere writing and accounts.

It happens that the first years of life do not always show those of genius, and the education of the youth is the education of his genius. In all these matters had dropt the seeds in the soil, but even a disposition must be concealed amidst adverse circumstances. It has happened to some men of genius a long period of their lives, that an unsettled mind without having discovered the objects of its thirst and fever in the temperament of too sentient which cannot find the occupation to which it can attach itself, has sunk into a melancholy and querulous, weary with the burden of existence; but the latent talent had declared itself, his first work, or offspring of desire and love, has astonished the world once with the birth and the maturity of genius. Instant facts exhibit genius unequivocally discovered in the juvenile age connecting these facts with subsequent life—and in general, perhaps a master exhibits precocity. 'Whatever a young man at first himself to, is commonly his delight afterwards.' A remark was made by Hartley, who has related an anecdote of the infancy of his genius, which indicated the genius declared to his daughter that the intention of a book upon the nature of man was conceived in his mind when he was a very little boy—when swinging on a gate, not more than nine years old; he was then meditating upon the nature of man's mind, how man was made, and for what future such was the true origin, in a boy of ten years old, celebrated book on the 'frame, the duty, and the exercise of man.' The constitutional propensity has declared itself in painters and poets, who were such before understood the nature of colours and the arts of painting.

The vehement passion of Peiresc for knowledge, as to accounts Gassendi had received from old men known him a child, broke out as soon as he had learnt his alphabet; his delight was to be handling old papers, and his perpetual inquiries after their contents obliged them to invent something to quiet the insatiable curiosity, who was offended if told he had the capacity to understand them. He did not like ordinary scholars, and would read neither Juvenal or Ovid without a perpetual consultation of other authors; such was his early love of research! At ten years his taste for the studies of antiquity was kindled at the sight of some ancient coin dug up in his neighbourhood; and then that passion began to burn like fire in his mind as Gassendi most happily describes the fervour and amplitude of his mind. We have Boccaccio's words for a proof of his early natural tendency to study, in a passage of his genealogy of the Gods: 'seven years of age, when as yet I had met with nothing, was without a master and hardly knew my letters, and a natural talent for fiction, and produced some verses.' Thus the Decamerone was appearing much earlier than we suppose. So Ariosto, as soon as he obtained knowledge of languages, delighted himself in reading French and Spanish romances; was he not plentifully the seeds of his Orlando Furioso? Lope de Vega declares that he was a poet from the cradle, before he could make verses before he could write them, for he was at school-mates with a morsel of his breakfast, and saw the lines he composed in the early morning. He, while yet a boy, was so marked out by habits of meditation, that he went among his companions by

the title of the philosopher, always questioning, and settling cause and effect. It happened that he was twenty-five years of age before he left the army, but the propensity for meditation had been early formed, and the noble enterprise of reforming philosophy never ceased to inspire his solitary thoughts. Descartes was a man born only for meditation—and he has himself given a very interesting account of the pursuits which occupied his youth, and of the progress of his genius; of that secret struggle he so long held with himself, wandering in concealment over the world, for more than twenty years, and, as he says of himself, like the statuary, labouring to draw out a Minerva from the marble block. Michael Angelo, as yet a child, wherever he went, busied himself in drawing; and when his noble parents, hurt that a man of genius was disturbing the line of their ancestry, forced him to relinquish the pencil, the infant artist flew to the chisel: art was in his soul and in his hands. Velasquez, the Spanish painter, at his school tasks, filled them with sketches and drawings, and as some write their names on their books, his were known by the specimens of his genius. The painter Lanfranco was originally the page of a marquis, who observing that he was perpetually scrawling figures on cards, or with charcoal on the walls, asked the boy whether he would apply to the art he seemed to love? The boy trembled, fearing to have incurred his master's anger; but when encouraged to decide, he did not hesitate: placed under one of the Carraccios, his rapid progress in the art testified how much Lanfranco had suffered by suppressing his natural aptitude. When we find the boy Nanteuil, his parents being averse to their son's practising drawing, hiding himself in a tree to pursue the delightful exercise of his pencil; that Handel, intended for a doctor of the civil laws, and whom no parental discouragement could deprive of his enthusiasm for the musical science, for ever touching his harpsichords, and having secretly conveyed a musical instrument to a retired apartment, sitting through the night awakening his harmonious spirit; and when we view Ferguson the child of a peasant, acquiring the art of reading without any one suspecting it, by listening to his father teaching his brother; making a wooden watch without the slightest knowledge of mechanism, and while a shepherd, like an ancient Chaldean, studying the phenomena of the heavens and making a celestial globe, as he had made a wooden watch, can we hesitate to believe that in such minds, there was a resistless and mysterious propensity, growing up with the temperaments of these artists? Ferguson was a shepherd-lad on a plain, placed entirely out of the chance of imitation; or of the influence of casual excitement; or any other of those sources of genius so frequently assigned for its production. The case of Opie is similar.

Yet these cases are not more striking than one related of the Abbé La Caille, who ranked among the first astronomers of the age. La Caille was the son of the parish clerk of a village; at the age of ten years his father sent him every evening to ring the church bell, but the boy always returned home late. His father was angry and beat him, and still the boy returned an hour after he had rung the bell. The father, suspecting something mysterious in his conduct, one evening watched him. He saw his son ascend the steeple, ring the bell as usual, and remain there during an hour. When the unlucky boy descended, he trembled like one caught in the fact, and on his knees confessed that the pleasure he took in watching the stars from the steeple was the real cause of detaining him from home. As the father was not born to be an astronomer, like the son, he flogged the boy severely. The youth was found weeping in the streets, by a man of science, who, when he discovered in a boy of ten years of age, a passion for contemplating the stars at night, and who had discovered an observatory in a steeple, in spite of such ill-treatment, he decided that the seal of nature had impressed itself on the genius of that boy.—Relieving the parent from the son and the son from the parent, he assisted the young La Caille in his passionate pursuit, and the event perfectly justified the prediction. Let others tell us why children feel a predisposition for the studies of astronomy, or natural history, or any similar pursuit. We know that youths have found themselves in parallel situations with Ferguson and La Caille, without experiencing their emergencies.

The case of Clairon, the great French tragic actress, deserves attention: she seems to have been an actress before she saw a theatre. This female, destined to be a sublime

actress, was of the lowest extraction; the daughter of a violent and illiterate woman, who with blows and menaces was driving about the child all day to manual labour. 'I know not,' says Clairon, 'whence I derived my disgust, but I could not bear the idea of being a mere workman, or to remain inactive in a corner.' In her eleventh year, being locked up in a room, as a punishment, with the windows fastened, she climbed upon a chair to look about her. A new object instantly absorbed her attention; in the house opposite she observed a celebrated actress amidst her family, her daughter was performing her dancing lesson; the girl Clairon, the future Melpomene, was struck by the influence of this graceful and affectionate scene. 'All my little being collected itself into my eyes; I lost not a single motion: as soon as the lesson ended all the family applauded and the mother embraced the daughter. That difference of her fate and mine filled me with profound grief, my tears hindered me from seeing any longer, and when the palpitations of my heart allowed me to reascend the chair, all had disappeared.' This was a discovery; from that moment she knew no rest; she rejoiced when she could get her mother to confine her in that room, the happy girl was a divinity to the unhappy one, whose susceptible genius imitated her in every gesture and motion; and Clairon soon showed the effect of her ardent studies, for she betrayed all the graces she had taught herself, in the common intercourse of life: she charmed her friends and even softened her barbarous mother; in a word, she was an actress without knowing what an actress was.

In this case of the use of genius, are we to conclude that the accidental view of a young actress practising her studies, imparted the character of the great tragic actress Clairon? Could a mere chance occurrence have given birth to those faculties which produced a sublime tragedian? In all arts there are talents which may be acquired by imitation and reflection; and thus far may genius be educated, but there are others which are entirely the result of native sensibility, which often secretly torment the possessor, and which may even be lost for the want of development; a state of languor from which many have not recovered. Clairon, before she saw the young actress, and having yet no conception of a theatre, never having entered one, had in her soul that latent faculty which creates a genius of her cast. 'Had I not felt like Dido,' she once exclaimed, 'I could not have thus personated her.'

Some of these facts, we conceive, afford decisive evidence of that instinct in genius, that constitutional propensity in the mind, sometimes called organization, which has inflamed such a war of words by its equivocal term and the ambiguity of its nature; it exists independent of education, and where it is wanting, education can never confer it. Of its mysterious influence we may be ignorant; the effect is more apparent than the cause. It is, however, always working in the character of the chosen mind. In the history of genius, there are unquestionably many secondary causes of considerable influence in developing or even crushing the germ—these have been of late often detected, and sometimes carried even to a ridiculous extreme; but among them none seem more remarkable than the first studies and the first habits.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST STUDIES.

The first studies form an epoch in the history of genius, and unquestionably have sensibly influenced its productions. Often have the first impressions stamped a character on the mind adapted to receive one, as often the first step into life has determined its walk. To ourselves, this is a distant period lost in the horizon of our own recollection, and so unobserved by others, that it passes away in neglect.

Many of those peculiarities of men of genius which are not fortunate, and some which have hardened the character in its mould, may be traced to this period. Physicians tell us that there is a certain point in youth at which the constitution is formed, and on which the sanity of life revolves; the character of genius experiences a similar dangerous period. Early bad tastes, early particular habits, early defective instructions, all the egotistical pride of an untamed intellect, are those evil spirits which will dog Genius, to its grave. An early attachment to the works of Sir Thomas Browne produced in Johnson an excessive admiration of that lazzaroni Englian, which violated

the native graces of the language. The first studies of Rembrandt affected his after-abours; that peculiarity of shadow which marks all his pictures originated in the circumstance of his father's mill receiving light from an aperture at the top, which habituated that artist afterwards to view all objects as if seen in that magical light. When Pope was a child, he found in his mother's closet a small library of mystical devotion; but it was not suspected till the fact was discovered, that the effusions of love and religion poured forth in his *Eloisa* were derived from the seraphic raptures of those erotic mystics, who to the last retained a place in his library among the classical bards of antiquity. The accidental perusal of Quintus Curtius first made Boyle "in love with other than pedantic boxes, and conjured up in him," as he expresses it, "an unsatisfied appetite of knowledge; so that he thought he owed more to Quintus Curtius than did Alexander." From the perusal of Rycart's folio of Turkish history in childhood, the noble and impassioned bard of our times retained those indelible impressions, which gave life and motion to the "Gianour," the "Gorsair," and "Alp." A voyage to the country produced the scenery. Rycart only communicated the impulse to a mind susceptible of the poetical character; and without this Turkish history we should still have had our poet.

The influence of first studies, in the formation of the character of genius, is a moral phenomenon, which has not sufficiently attracted our notice. Dr. Franklin acquaints us that when young and wanting books, he accidentally found De Foe's "Essay on Projects," from which weak impressions were derived which afterwards influenced some of the principal events of his life. Rousseau, in early youth, full of his Plutarch, while he was also devouring the trash of romances, could only conceive human nature in the colossal forms, or be affected by the inferior sensibility of an imagination mastering all his faculties: thinking like a Roman and feeling like a Sybarite. The same circumstance happened to Catharine Macauley, who herself has told us how she owed the bent of her character to the early reading of the Roman historians; but combining Roman admiration with English facts, she violated truth in her English characters, and exaggerated romance in the Roman. But the permanent effect of a solitary bias in the youth of genius, imparting the whole current of his after-life, is strikingly displayed in the remarkable character of Archdeacon Blackburne, the author of the famous "Confessionals," and the curious "Memoirs of Holis," written with such a republican fierceness.

I had long considered the character of our archdeacon as a *lunus politicus et theologico*. Having subscribed to the *Articles* and enjoying the archdeaconry, he was wrong against subscription and the whole hierarchy, with a spirit so irascible and caustic, as if, like Prynne and Barwick, the archdeacon had already lost both his ears; while his antipathy to monarchy might have done honour to a Roundhead of the Rota Club. The secret of these volcanic explosions was only revealed in a letter accidentally preserved. In the youth of our spirited archdeacon, when fox-hunting was his deepest study, it happened at the house of a relation, that on some rainy day, among other garret lumber, he fell on some worm eaten volumes which had once been the careful collections of his great grandfather, an Oliverian justice. 'These,' says he, 'I conveyed to my lodging-room, and there became acquainted with the manners and principles of many excellent old puritans, and then laid the foundation of my own.' Thus is the enigma solved! Archdeacon Blackburne, in his seclusion in Yorkshire amidst the Oliverian justice's library, shows that we are in want of a Cervantes, but not of a Quixote, and Yorkshire might yet be as renowned a country as La Mancha; for political romances, it is presumed, may be as fertile of ridicule as any of the folios of chivalry.

Such is the influence through life of those first unobserved impressions on the character of genius, which every author has not recorded.

Education, however indispensable in a cultivated age, produces nothing on the side of genius, and where education ends often genius begins. Gray was asked if he recollected when he first felt the strong predilection to poetry; he replied, that "he believed it was when he began to read Virgil for his own amusement, and not in school hours as a task." Such is the force of self-education in genius, that the celebrated physiognist, John Hunter, who

self-educated, evinced such penetration in his iscoveries, that his sensible biographer observes has brought into notice passages from writable to read, and which had been overlooked scholars.*

Education of genius must be its own work, we to every one of the family: it is not always many die amidst a waste of talents and the ir mind.

Many a soul sublime
The influence of malignant star.

Beattie.

urable position in society is an usual obstruc-
course of this self-education; and a man of
ugh half his life, has held a contest with a bad,
ducation. There is a race of the late-taught,
capacity of leading in the first rank, are mortu-
over themselves only on a level with their
ies. Winkleman, who passed his youth in
ry as a village schoolmaster, paints feelings
ngly contrast with his avocations. "I form-
e office of a schoolmaster with the greatest
and I taught the A, B, C, to children with
; at the moment, I was aspiring after the
f the beautiful, and meditating, low to myself,
as of Homer; then I said to myself, as I still
; my soul, thy strength shall surmount thy
be obstructions of so unhappy a self-education
jured his ardent genius; and his secret sor-
g, at this want of early patronage and these
abits of life. 'I am unfortunately one of those
reeks named *αἰμαῖτες*; *æro sapientes*, the late-
I have appeared too late in the world and in
have done something, it was necessary that I
had an education analogous to my pursuits, and
age.' This class of the late learned, which
notices, is a useful distinction; it is so with a
one of the greatest musicians of our country
that the ear is as latent with many; there
learned even in the musical world. Budmus
was both 'self-taught and late-taught.'
educated are marked by strong peculiarities.
le are rich in acquisition, they often want taste
of communication; their knowledge, like corn
granary, for want of ventilation and stirring,
its own masses. They may abound with tal-
aps, but rarely in its place, and they have to
bora of genius, and a delirium of wit. They
improve amazingly; their source turbid and
eks itself clear at last, and the stream runs and
ss. These men at first were pushed on by
energy; at length, they obtain the secret to
ir genius, which before had conducted them.
the greater portion of their lives is passed be-
n throw themselves out of that world of medi-
ich they had been confined; their first work
ounced genius, and their last is stamped with
re long judged by their first work: it takes a
ster they have surpassed themselves before it
d. This race of the self-educated are apt to
ne of their own insulated feelings those of all;
ices are often invincible, and their tastes un-
xious: glorying in their strength, while they
g their weaknesses, yet mighty even in that en-
uch is only disciplined by its own fierce habits.
the Spenser of the people. The fire burned
ven, although the altar was rude and rustic.
e painter, has left behind him works not to be
by the connoisseur by rote, nor the artist who
just and will not suffer even the infirmities of
buried in its grave. That enthusiast, with a
ind resembling Rousseau's, the same creature
on, consumed by the same passions, with the
intellect disordered, and the same fortitude of
his self-taught pen, like his pencil, betray his
vehement enthusiasm breaks through his ill-
works, throwing the spark of his bold and rich
, so philosophical and magnificent, into the
youth of genius. When in his character of
e delivered his lectures at the academy, he
d speaking but his auditors rose in a tumult,

ohn Hunter, by Dr Adams, p. 59, where the case
illustrated.

while their hands returned to him the proud feelings he
adored. The self-educated and gifted man, once listening
to the children of genius, whom he had created about him,
exclaimed, 'Go it, go it, my boys! they did so at Athens.'
Thus high could he throw up his native mud into the very
heaven of his invention!

But even the pages of Barry are the aliment of young
genius: before we can discern the beautiful, must we not
be endowed with the susceptibility of love? Must not
the disposition be formed before even the object appears?
The uneducated Barry is the higher priest of enthusiasm
than the educated Reynolds. I have witnessed the young
artist of genius glow and start over the reveries of Barry,
but pause and meditate, and inquire over the mature ele-
gance of Reynolds; in the one, he caught the passion for
beauty, and in the other, he discovered the beautiful: with
the one he was warm and restless, and with the other calm
and satisfied.

Of the difficulties overcome in the self-education of ge-
nius, we have a remarkable instance in the character of
Moses Mendelssohn, on whom literary Germany has be-
stowed the honourable title of the Jewish Socrates.*
Such were the apparent invincible obstructions which
barred out Mendelssohn from the world of literature and
philosophy, that, in the history of men of genius, it is
something like taking in the history of man, the savage of
Aveyron from his woods,—who, destitute of a human
language, should at length create a model of eloquence;
without a faculty of conceiving a figure, should be capa-
ble to add to the demonstrations of Euclid; and without a
complex idea and with few sensations, should at length, in
the sublimest strain of metaphysics, open to the world a
new view of the immortality of the soul!

Mendelssohn, the son of a poor rabbin, in a village in
Germany, received an education completely rabbinical,
and its nature must be comprehended, or the term of edu-
cation would be misunderstood. The Israelites in Poland
and Germany live, with all the restrictions of their cere-
monial law, in an insulated state, and are not always in-
structed in the language of the country of their birth. They
employ for their common intercourse a barbarous or *patois*
Hebrew, while the sole studies of the young rabbins are
strictly confined to the Talmud, of which the fundamental
principle, like the Sonna of the Turks, is a pious rejection
of every species of uninspired learning. This ancient
jealous spirit, which walls in the understanding and the
faith of man, was shutting out what the imitative Catholics
afterwards called heresy. It is, then, these numerous
folios of the Talmud which the true Hebrew student con-
templates through all the seasons of life, as the Patuecos
in their low valley imagine their surrounding mountains to
be the confines of the universe.

Of such a nature was the plan of Mendelssohn's first
studies; but even in his boyhood this conflict of study oc-
casioned an agitation of his spirits, which affected his life
ever after; rejecting the Talmudical dreamers he caught
a nobler spirit from the celebrated Maimonides; and his
native sagacity was already clearing up the darkness
around. An enemy not less hostile to the enlargement of
mind than voluminous legends, presented itself in the indig-
ence of his father, who was now compelled to send away
the youth on foot to Berlin to find labour and bread.

At Berlin he becomes an amanuensis to another poor
rabbin, who could only still initiate him into the theology,
the jurisprudence and scholastic philosophy of his people.
Thus he was no farther advanced in that philosophy of the
mind in which he was one day to be the rival of Plato and
Locke, nor in that knowledge of literature of which he
was to be among the first polished critics of Germany.

Some unexpected event occurs which gives the first
great impulse to the mind of genius. Mendelssohn receiv-
ed this from the first companion of his misery and his
studies, a man of congenial, but maturer powers. He was
a Polish Jew, expelled from the communion of the Ortho-
dox, and the calumniated student was now a vagrant, with

* I composed the life of Mendelssohn so far back as in 1778,
for a periodical publication, whence our late biographers have
drawn their notices; a juvenile production, which happened
to excite the attention of the late Barry, then not personally
known to me, and he has given all the immortality his poeti-
cal pencil could bestow on this man of genius, by immediately
placing in his elysium of genius, Moses Mendelssohn shaking
hands with Addison, who wrote on the truth of the Christian
religion, and near Locke, the English master of Mendelssohn's
mind.

more sensibility than fortitude. But this vagrant was a philosopher, a poet, a naturalist and a mathematician. Mendelssohn, at a distant day, never alluded to him without tears. Thrown together into the same situation, they approached each other by the same sympathies, and communicating in the only language which Mendelssohn knew, the Polander voluntarily undertook his literary education.

Then was seen one of the most extraordinary spectacles in the history of modern literature. Two houseless Hebrew youths might be discovered, in the moonlight streets of Berlin, sitting in retired corners, or on the steps of some porch, the one instructing the other, with an Euclid in his hand; but what is more extraordinary, it was a Hebrew version, composed by himself, for one who knew no other language. Who could then have imagined that the future Plato of Germany was sitting on those steps!

The Polander, whose deep melancholy had settled on his heart, died—yet he had not lived in vain, since the electric spark that lighted up the soul of Mendelssohn had fallen from his own.

Mendelssohn was now left alone; his mind teeming with its chaos, and still master of no other language than that barren idiom which was incapable of expressing the ideas he was meditating on. He had scarcely made a step into the philosophy of his age, and the genius of Mendelssohn had probably been lost to Germany, had not the singularity of his studies and the cast of his mind been detected by the sagacity of Dr Kisch. The aid of this physician was momentous; for he devoted several hours every day to the instruction of a poor youth, whose strong capacity he had the discernment to perceive, and the generous temper to aid. Mendelssohn was soon enabled to read Locke in a Latin version, but with such extreme pain, that, compelled to search for every word, and to arrange their Latin order, and at the same time to combine metaphysical ideas, it was observed that he did not so much translate, as guess by the force of meditation.

This prodigious effort of his intellect retarded his progress, but invigorated his habit, as the racer, by running against the hill, at length courses with facility.

A succeeding effort was to master the living languages, and chiefly the English, that he might read his favourite Locke in his own idiom. Thus a great genius for metaphysics and languages was forming itself by itself.

It is curious to detect, in the character of genius, the effects of local and moral influences. There resulted from Mendelssohn's early situation, certain defects in his intellectual character, derived from his poverty, his Jewish education, and his numerous impediments in literature. Inheriting but one language, too obsolete and naked to serve the purposes of modern philosophy, he perhaps overvalued his new acquisitions, and in his delight of knowing many languages, he with difficulty escaped from remaining a mere philologist; while in his philosophy, having adopted the prevailing principles of Wolf and Baumgarten, his genius was long without the courage or the skill to emancipate itself from their rusty chains. It was more than a step which had brought him into their circle, but a step was yet wanted to escape from it.

At length the mind of Mendelssohn enlarged in literary intercourse; he became a great and original thinker in many beautiful speculations in moral and critical philosophy; while he had gradually been creating a style which the critics of Germany have declared was their first luminous model of precision and elegance. Thus a Hebrew vagrant, first perplexed in the voluminous labyrinth of Judicial learning, in his middle age oppressed by indigence and malady, and in his mature life wrestling with that commercial station whence he derived his humble independence, became one of the masterwriters in the literature of his country. The history of the mind of Mendelssohn is one of the noblest pictures of the self-education of genius.

Friends who are so valuable in our youth, are usually prejudicial in the youth of genius. Peculiar and unfortunate in this state, which is put in danger from what in every other it derives security. The greater part of the multitude of authors and artists originate in the ignorant admiration of their early friends; while the real genius has often been disconcerted and thrown into despair, by the ill-judgments of his domestic circle. The productions of taste are more unfortunate than those which depend on a chain of reasoning, or the detail of facts; these are more palpable to the common judgments of men; but taste is of such rarity, that a long life may be passed by some without once obtaining a familiar acquaintance with a mind so

cultivated by knowledge, so tried by experience, and so practised by converse with the literary world that its prophetic feeling anticipates the public opinion. When a young writer's first essay is shown, some, through mere inability of censure, see nothing but beauties; others, with equal imbecility, can see none; and others, out of pure malice, see nothing but faults. 'I was soon disgusted,' says Gibbon, 'with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends some will praise for politeness, and some will criticise for vanity.' How several of our first writers set their fortunes on the cap of their friends' opinions, we might have lost some precious compositions. The friends of Thomson discovered nothing but faults in his early productions, one of which happened to be his noblest, the 'Winter'; they just could discern that these abounded with luxuriances, without being aware that they were the luxuriances of a poet. He had created a new school in art—and appealed from his circle to the public. From a manuscript letter of our poet's, written when employed on his 'Summer,' I transcribe his sentiments on his former literary friends in Scotland—he is writing to Mallet: * 'Far from defending these two lines, I damn them to the lowest depth of the poetical Tophet, prepared of old, for Mitchell. Morrice, Ross, Cook, Beckingham, and a long &c. Wherever I have evidence, or think I have evidence, which is the same thing, I'll be as obstinate as all the mules in Persia.' The poet, of warm affections, so irritably felt the perverse criticisms of his learned friends, that they were to share his nothing less than a damnation to a poetical hell. One of these 'blasts' broke out in a vindictive epigram on Mitchell, whom he describes with a 'blasted eye'; but this error having one literally, the poet, to avoid a personal reflection, could only consent to make the blemish more active:

'Why all thy faults, injurious Mitchell! why
Appears one beauty to thy blasting eye?'

He again calls him 'the planet-blasted Mitchell.' Of another of these critical friends he speaks with more sedateness, but with a strong conviction that the critic a very sensible man, had no sympathy with his poet. 'Aikman's reflections on my writings are very good, but he does not in them regard the turn of my genius enough; should I alter my way I would write poorly. I must choose what appears to me the most significant epithet, or I cannot, with any heart, proceed.' The 'Mirror,' when published in Edinburgh, was 'fastidiously' received, as all 'home-productions' are; but London avenged the cause of the author. When Swift introduced Parnell to Lord Bolingbroke, and to the world, he observes, in his Journal, 'it is pleasant to see one who hardly passed for any thing in Ireland, make his way here with a little friendly forwarding.' There is nothing more trying to the judgment of the friends of a young man of genius, than the invention of a new manner; without a standard to appeal to, without bladders to swim, the ordinary critic sinks into irretrievable distress; but usually pronounces against novelty. When Reynolds returned from Italy, warm with all the excellence of his art, says Mr Northcote, and painted a portrait, his old master, Hudson, viewing it, and perceiving no trace of his own manner, exclaimed that he did not paint so well as when he left England; while another, who conceived no higher excellence than Kneller, treated with signal contempt the future Raphael of England.

If it be dangerous for a young writer to resign himself to the opinions of his friends, he also incurs some peril in passing them with inattention. What an embarrassment! He wants a Quintilian. One great means to obtain such an invaluable critic, is the cultivation of his own judgment, in a round of meditation and reading; let him at once supply the marble and be himself the sculptor: let the great authors of the world be his gospels, and the best critics their expounders; from the one he will draw inspiration, and from the others he will supply those tardy discoveries in art, which he who solely depends on his own experience may obtain too late in life. Those who do not read criticism will not even merit to be criticised. The more extensive an author's knowledge of what has been done, the greater will be his powers in knowing what to do. Let him preserve his juvenile compositions,—whatever these may be, they are the spontaneous growth, and like the plants of the Alps, not always found in other soils; they are his virgin fancies; by contemplating them, he may detect some of his predominant habits,—resume an

* In Mr Murray's collection of autographical letters.

old manner more happily,—invent novelty from an old subject he had so rudely designed,—and often may steal from himself something so fine that, when thrown into his most finished compositions, it may seem a happiness rather than art. A young writer in the progress of his studies, should often recollect a fanciful simile of Dryden.—

'As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay;
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be Gold another day.'

Ingenious youth! if, in a constant perusal of the master-writers, you see your own sentiments anticipated, and in the tumult of your mind as it comes in contact with theirs, new ones arise; if in meditating on the Confessions of Rousseau, or on those of every man of genius, for they have all their confessions, you recollect that you have experienced the same sensations from the same circumstances, and that you have encountered the same difficulties and overcome them by the same means, then let not your courage be lost in your admiration,—but listen to that 'still small voice' in your heart, which cries with Correggio and with Montesquieu, 'Ed io anche son Pittore!'

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE IRRITABILITY OF GENIUS.

The modes of life of a man of genius, often tinged by eccentricity and enthusiasm, are in an eternal conflict with the monotonous and imitative habits of society, as society is carried on in a great metropolis,—where men are necessarily alike, and in perpetual intercourse, shaping themselves to one another.

The occupations, the amusements, and the ardour of the man of genius, are discordant with the artificial habits of life; in the vortexes of business or the world of pleasure, crowds of human beings are only treading in one another's steps; the pleasures and the sorrows of this active multitude are not his, while his are not obvious to them: Genius in society is therefore often in a state of suffering. Professional characters, who are themselves so often literary, yielding to their predominant interests, conform to that assumed urbanity which levels them with ordinary minds; but the man of genius cannot leave himself behind in the cabinet he quits; the train of his thoughts is not stopt at will, and in the range of conversation the habits of his mind will prevail; an excited imagination, a heightened feeling, a wandering reverie, a restlessness of temper, are perpetually carrying him out of the processional line of the mere conversationists. He is, like all solitary beings, much too sentient, and prepares for defence even at a random touch. His emotions are rapid, his generalizing views take things only in masses, while he treats with levity some useful prejudices; he interrogates, he doubts, he is caustic; in a word, he thinks he converses, while he is at his studies. Sometimes, apparently a complacent listener, we are mortified by detecting the absent man; now he appears humbled and spiritless, ruminating over some failure which probably may be only known to himself, and now haughty and hardy for a triumph he has obtained, which yet remains as secret to the world. He is sometimes insolent, and sometimes querulous. He is stung by jealousy; or he writhes in aversion; his eyes kindle, and his teeth gnash; a fever shakes his spirit; a fever which has sometimes generated a disease, and has even produced a slight perturbation of the faculties.†

Once we were nearly receiving from the hand of genius itself, the most curious sketches of the temper, the irascible humours, the delicacy of soul even to its shadowiness, from the warm *abbate* of Burns when he began a diary of the heart,—a narrative of characters and events, and a chronology of his emotions. It was natural for such a creature of sensation and passion to project such a regu-

lar task; but quite impossible to get through it. The paper-book that he conceived would have recorded all these things, therefore turns out but a very imperfect document. Even that little it was not thought proper to give entire. Yet there we view a warm original mind, when he first stepped into the polished circles of society, discovering that he could no longer 'pour out his bosom', his every thought and floating fancy, his very inmost soul, with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man; or, from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repenting his confidence.' This was the first lesson he learnt at Edinburgh, and it was as a substitute for such a human being, that he bought a paper-book to keep under lock and key; a security at least equal, says he, 'to the bosom of any friend whatever.' Let the man of genius pause over the fragments of this 'paper-book'; it will instruct as much as any open confession of a criminal at the moment he is to suffer. No man was more afflicted with that miserable pride, the infirmity of men of imagination, which exacts from its best friends a perpetual reverence and acknowledgment of its powers. Our Poet, with all his gratitude and veneration for 'the noble Glencairn,' was 'wounded to the soul' because his Lordship showed 'so much attention, engrossing attention, to the only blockhead at table; the whole company consisted of his Lordship, Dunderpate, and myself.' This Dunderpate, who dined with Lord Glencairn, might have been of more importance to the world than even a poet; one of the best and most useful men in it. Burns was equally offended with another of his patrons, and a literary brother, Dr. Blair. At the moment, he too appeared to be neglecting the irritable Poet—for the mere carcass of greatness—or when his eye measured the difference of their point of elevation; I say to myself, with scarcely any emotion, (he might have added, except a good deal of contempt,) 'what do I care for him or his pomp either?'—Dr. Blair's vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintance,* adds Burns, at the moment that the solitary haughtiness of his own genius had entirely escaped his self-observation. Such are the chimeras of passion infesting the distempered imagination of irritable genius!

Such therefore are censured for great irritability of disposition; and that happy equality of temper so prevalent among mere men of letters,* and which is conveniently acquired by men of the world, has been usually refused to great mental powers, or to vivacious dispositions; authors or artists. The man of wit becomes petulant, and the profound thinker, morose.

When Rousseau once retired to a village, he had to endure its conversation; for this purpose he was compelled to invent an expedient to get rid of his uneasy sensations. 'Alone,' says Rousseau, 'I have never known ennui, even when perfectly unoccupied; my imagination, filling the void, was sufficient to busy me. It is only the inactive chit-chat of the room, when every one is seated face to face, and only moving their tongues, which I never could support. There to be a fixture, nailed with one hand on the other, to settle the state of the weather, or watch the flies about one, or what is worse, to be bandying compliments, this to me is not bearable.' He hit on the expedient of making lace-strings, carrying his working cushion in his visits, to keep the peace with the country gossips.

Is the occupation of making a great name less anxious and precarious than that of making a great fortune? the progress of a man's capital is unequivocal to him, but that of the fame of an author, or an artist, is for the greater part of their lives of an ambiguous nature. They find it in one place, and they lose it in another. We may often smile at the local gradations of genius; the esteem in which an author is held here, and the contempt he encounters there; here the learned man is condemned as a heavy drone, and there the man of wit annoys the unwitty listener.

And are not the anxieties, of even the most successful, renewed at every work? often quitted in despair, often returned to with rapture; the same agitation of the spirits, the same poignant delight, the same weariness, the same dissatisfaction, the same querulous languishment after excellence. Is the man of genius a discoverer? the discovery is contested, or it is not comprehended for ten years, after, or during his whole life; even men of science are a

* This noble consciousness with which the Italian painter gave utterance to his strong feelings on viewing a celebrated picture by one of his rivals, is applied by Montesquieu to himself at the close of the preface to his great work.

† I have given a history of Literary Quarrels from personal motives, in *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. iii. p. 285. There we find how many controversies, in which the public get involved, have sprung from some sudden squabble, some neglect of party civility, some unlucky epithet, or some casual observation dropped without much consideration, which mortified or enraged an author. See further symptoms of this disease, at the close of the chapter on 'Self-praise,' in the present work.

* The class of Literary Characters whom I would distinguish as Men of Letters, are described under that title in this volume.

children before him. There is a curious letter in Sir Thomas Bodley's Remains to Lord Bacon, then Sir Francis, where he remonstrates with Bacon on his *new mode of philosophizing*. It seems the fate of all originality of thinking to be immediately opposed; no contemporary seems equal to its comprehension. Bacon was not at all understood at home in his own day; his celebrity was confined to his History of Henry VII, and to his Essays. In some unpublished letters I find Sir Edward Coke writing very miserable, but very bitter verses, on a copy of the Instauration presented to him by Bacon, and even James I, declaring that, like God's power, 'it passeth beyond all understanding.' When Kepler published his work on Comets, the first rational one, it was condemned even by the learned themselves as extravagant. We see the learned Selden signing his recantation; and long afterwards the propriety of his argument on Tithes fully allowed; the aged Galileo on his knees, with his hand on the Gospels, abjuring, as absurdities, errors, and heresies, the philosophical truths he had ascertained. Harvey, in his eightieth year, did not live to witness his great discovery established. Adam Smith was reproached by the economists for having borrowed his system from them, as if the mind of genius does not borrow little parts to create its own vast views. The great Sydenham, by the independence and force of his genius, so highly provoked the malignant emulation of his rivals, that they conspired to have him banished out of the College as 'guilty of medicinal heresy.' Such is the fate of men of genius, who advance a century beyond their contemporaries!

Is our man of genius a learned author? Erudition is a thirst which its fountains have never satiated. What volumes remain to open! What manuscript but makes his heart palpitate! There is no measure, no term in researches, which every new fact may alter, and a date may dissolve. Truth! thou fascinating, but severe mistress! thy adorners are often broken down in thy servitude, performing a thousand unregarded task-works;* or now winding thee through thy labyrinth, with a single thread often unravelling, and now feeling their way in darkness, doubtful if it be thyself they are touching. The man of erudition, after his elaborate work, is exposed to the fatal omissions of wearied vigilance, or the accidental knowledge of some inferior mind, and always to the taste, whatever it chance to be, of the public.

The favourite work of Newton was his Chronology, which he wrote over fifteen times; but desisted from its publication during his life-time, from the ill usage he had received, of which he gave several instances to Pearce, the Bishop of Rochester. The same occurred to Sir John Marsham, who found himself accused as not being friendly to revelation. When the learned Pocock published a specimen of his translation of Abulpharagius, an Arabian historian, in 1649, it excited great interest, but when he published his complete version, in 1663, it met with no encouragement; in the course of those thirteen years, the genius of the times had changed; oriental studies were no longer in request. There-~~not~~ then could not find a book-seller in London or at Amsterdam to print his Abulfeda, nor another, learned in Arabian lore, his history of Saladine.

* Look on a striking picture of these thousand task-works, coloured by his literary pangs, of Le Grand D'Aussy, the literary antiquary, who could never finish his very curious work, on 'The History of the private life of the French.'

'Endowed with a courage at all proofs, with health, which till then was unaltered, and with excess of labour has greatly changed, I devoted myself to write the lives of the learned, of the sixteenth century. Renouncing all kinds of pleasure, working ten to twelve hours a day, extracting, ceaselessly copying; after this sad life, I now wished to draw breath, turn over what I had amassed, and arrange it. I found myself possessed of many thousands of bulletins, of which the longest did not exceed many lines. At the sight of this frightful chaos, from which I was to form a regular history, I must confess that I shuddered; I felt myself for some time in a stupor and depression of spirits; and now actually that I have finished this work, I cannot endure the recollection of that moment of alarm, without a feeling of involuntary terror. What a business is this, good God, of a compiler! In truth it is too much condemned; it merits some regard. At length I regained courage, I returned to my researches: I have completed my plan, though every day I was forced to add, to correct, to change my facts as well as my ideas: six times has my hand recopied my work, and however fatiguing this may be, it certainly is not that portion of my task which has cost me most.'

The reputation of a writer of taste is subjected to more difficulties than any other. Every day we observe, of a work of genius, that those parts which have all the richness of the soil, and as such are most liked by its admirers, are the most criticised. Modest critics shelter themselves under that general amnesty too freely granted, that *artists* are allowed to differ; but we should approximate much nearer to the truth if we say that but few of mankind are capable of relishing the beautiful, with that enlarged taste, which comprehends all the forms of feeling which genius may assume; forms which may even at times be associated with defects. Would our author delight with the style of taste, of imagination, of passion? a path opens strewn with roses, but his feet bleed on these invisible thorns. A man of genius composes in a state of intellectual emotion, and the magic of his style consists of the movements of the soul, but the art of conducting these movements is separate from the feeling which inspires them. The idea in the mind is not always to be found under the pen. The artist's conception often breathes not in his pencil. He toils, and repeatedly toils, to throw into our minds that sympathy with which we hang over the illusion of his pages, and become himself. A great author is a great artist; if the hand cannot leave the picture, how much beauty will be undo! yet still he is lingering, still strengthening the weak, still subduing the daring, still searching for that single idea which awakens so many in others, while often, as it once happened, the dash of despair hangs the foam on the horse's nostrils. The art of composition is of such slow attainment, that a man of genius, late in life, may discover how its secret conceals itself in the habit. When Fox meditated on a history which should last with the language, he met his rival, genius in this new province: the rapidity and the fire of his elocution were extinguished by a pen unconsecrated by long and previous study; he saw that he could not class with the great historians of every great people; he complained, while he mourned over the fragment of genius, which, after such zealous preparation, he dared not complete! Rousseau has glowingly described the ceaseless inquietude by which he obtained the seductive eloquence of his style, and has said that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. His existing manuscripts display more erasures than Pope's, and show his eagerness to set down his first thoughts, and his art to raise them to the impassioned style of his imagination. The memoir of Gibbon was composed seven or nine times, and after all, was left unfinished. Burns's anxiety in finishing his poems was great; 'all my poetry,' says he, 'is the effect of easy composition, but of laborious correction.'

Pope, when employed on the Iliad, found it not only occupy his thoughts by day, but haunting his dreams by night, and once wished himself hanged, to get rid of Homer: and that he experienced often such literary agonies, witness his description of the depressions and elevations of genius,

Who pants for glory, finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows."

Thus must the days of a great author be passed in hours as unremitting and exhausting as those of the artisan. The world are not always aware, that to some, meditation, composition, and even conversation, may inflict pains undetected by the eye and the tenderness of friendship. Whenever Rousseau passed a morning in company, he tells us it was observed that in the evening he was dissatisfied and distressed; and John Hunter, in a mixed company, found conversation fatigued, instead of amusing him. Hawkeworth, in the second paper of the *Adventurer*, has composed, from his own feelings, an eloquent comparative estimate of intellectual and corporal labour; it may console the humble mechanic.

The anxious uncertainty of an author for his compositions resembles that of a lover when he has written to a mistress, not yet decided on his claims: he repents his labour, for he thinks he has written too much, while he is mortified at recollecting that he had omitted some things which he imagines would have secured the object of his wishes. Madame de Stael, who has often entered into feelings familiar to a literary and political family, in a parallel between ambition with genius, has distinguished them in this, that while 'ambition *perceives* in the desire of acquiring power, genius *flags* of itself. Genius in the midst of society is a pain, an internal fever which would

require to be treated as a real disease, if the records of glory did not soften the sufferings it produces.*

These moments of anxiety often darken the brightest hours of genius. Racine had extreme sensibility; the pain inflicted by a severe criticism outweighed all the applause he received. He seems to have felt, what he was often reproached with, that his Greeks, his Jews, and his Turks were all inmates of Versailles. He had two critics, who, like our Dennis with Pope and Addison, regularly dogged his pieces as they appeared. Corneille's objections he would attribute to jealousy—at his burlesqued pieces at the Italian theatre, he would smile outwardly, though sick at heart,—but his son informs us, that a stroke of railery from his witty friend Chapelle, whose pleasantry scarcely concealed its bitterness, sunk more deeply into his heart than the burlesques at the Italian theatre, the protest of Corneille, and the iteration of the two Dennises. The life of Tasso abounds with pictures of a complete exhaustion of this kind; his contradictory critics had perplexed him with the most intricate literary discussions, and probably occasioned a mental alienation. We find in one of his letters that he repents the composition of his great poem, for although his own taste approved of that marvel, which still forms the nobler part of its creation, yet he confesses that his critics have decided that the history of his hero G. d'frey required another species of conduct. 'Hence,' cries the unhappy bard, 'doubts vex me; but for the past and what is done, I know of no remedy'; and he longs to precipitate the publication that 'he may be delivered from misery and agony.' He solemnly swears that 'did not the circumstances of my situation compel me, I would not print it, even perhaps during my life, I so much doubt of its success.' Such was that painful state of fear and doubt, experienced by the author of the 'Jerusalem Delivered' when he gave it to the world; a state of suspense, among the children of imagination, of which none are more liable to participate in, than the too sensitive artist. At Florence may still be viewed the many works begun and abandoned by the genius of Michael Angelo; they are preserved inviolate; 'so sacred is the terror of Michael Angelo's genius!' exclaims Forsyth. Yet these works are not always to be considered as failures of the chisel; they appear rather to have been rejected by coming short of the artist's first conceptions. An interesting domestic story has been preserved of Genser, who so zealously devoted his graver and his pencil to the arts, but his sensibility was ever struggling after that ideal excellence he could not attain; often he sunk into fits of melancholy, and gentle as he was, the tenderness of his wife and friends could not sooth his disordered feelings; it was necessary to abandon him to his own thoughts, till after a long abstinence from his neglected works, in a lucid moment, some accident occasioned him to return to them. In one of these hypochondria of genius, after a long interval of despair, one morning at breakfast with his wife, his eye fixed on one of his pictures; it was a group of fauns with young shepherds dancing at the entrance of a cavern shaded with vines; his eye appeared at length to glisten; and a sudden return to good humour broke out in this lively apostrophe, 'Ah! see those playful children, they always dance!' This was the moment of gaiety and inspiration, and he flew to his forsaken easel.

La Harpe, an author by profession, observes, that as it has been shown, that there are some maladies peculiar to artists,—there are also sorrows which are peculiar to them, and which the world can neither pity nor soften, because they do not enter into their experience. The querulous language of so many men of genius has been sometimes attributed to causes very different from the real ones,—the most fortunate live to see their talents contested and their best works derided. An author with certain critics seems much in the situation of Benedict, when he exclaimed,—'Hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam!' Assuredly many an author has sunk into his grave without the consciousness of having obtained that fame for which he had in vain sacrificed an arduous life. The too feeling Smollet has left this testimony to posterity. 'Had some of those, who are pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, I should in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and anxiety I have since undergone.' And Smollet was a popular writer! Pope's solemn declaration in the pre-

face to his collected works comes by no means short of Smollet's avowal. Hume's philosophical indifference could often suppress that irritability which Pope and Smollet fully indulged. But were the feelings of Hume more obtuse, or did his temper, gentle as it was constitutionally, bear, with a saintly patience, the mortifications his literary life so long endured? After recomposing two of his works, which incurred the same neglect in their altered form, he raised the most sanguine hopes of his history,—but he tells us, 'miserable was my disappointment!' The reasoning Hume once proposed changing his name and his country! and although he never deigned to reply to his opponents, yet they haunted him; and an eye-witness has thus described the irritated author discovering in conversation his suppressed resentment.—'His forcible mode of expression, the brilliant quick movements of his eyes, and the gestures of his body,'—these betrayed the pangs of contempt, or of aversion! Erasmus once resolved to abandon for ever his favourite literary pursuits; 'if this,' he exclaimed, alluding to his adversaries, 'if this be the fruits of all my youthful labours!'—

Parties confederate against a man of genius, as happened to Corneille, to D'Avenant* and Milton, and a Pradon and a Settle carry away the meed of a Racine and a Dryden. It was to support the drooping spirit of his friend Racine on the opposition raised against Phœdra, that Boileau addressed to him an epistle on the utility to be drawn from the jealousy of the envious. It was more to the world than to his country, that Lord Bacon appealed, by a frank and noble conception in his will,—'For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next age.' The calm dignity of the historian De Thou, amidst the passions of his times, confidently expected that justice from posterity which his own age refused to his early and his late labour: that great man was, however, compelled, by his injured feelings, to compose a poem, under the name of another, to serve as his apology against the intolerant Court of Rome, and the factious politicians of France; it was a noble subterfuge to which a great genius was forced. The acquaintances of the poet Collius probably complained of his wayward humours and irritability; but how could they sympathize with the secret mortification of the poet for having failed in his Pastorals, imagining that they were composed on wrong principles; or with a secret agony of soul, burning with his own hands his unsold, but immortal Odes? Nor must we forget here the dignified complaint of the Rambler, with which he awfully closes his work, in appealing to posterity.

In its solitary occupations, genius contracts its peculiarities, and in that sensibility which accompanies it, that loneliness of spirit, those quick jealousies, those excessive affections and aversions, which view every thing, as it passes in its own ideal world, and rarely as it exists in the mediocrity of reality. This irritability of genius is a malady which has raged even among philosophers: we must not, therefore, be surprised at the poetical temperament. They have abandoned their country, they have changed their name, they have punished themselves with exile in the rage of their disorder. Descartes sought in vain, even in his secreted life, a refuge for his genius; he thought himself persecuted in France, he thought himself calumniated among strangers, and he went and died in Sweden; and little did that man of genius think, that his countrymen, would beg to have his ashes restored to them. Hume once proposed to change his name and country, and I believe did. The great poetical genius of our times has openly alienated himself from the land of his brothers; he becomes immortal in the language of a people whom he would condemn; he accepts with ingratitude the fame he loves more than life, and he is only truly great who on that spot of earth, whose genius, when he is no more, will contemplate on his shade in anger and in sorrow.

Thus, the state of authorship is not friendly to equality of temper; and in those various humours incidental to it, when authors are often affected deeply, while the cause escapes all perception of sympathy, at those moments the lightest injury to the feelings, which at another time would make no impression, may produce even fury in the warm temper, or the corroding chagrin of a self wounded spirit. These are moments which claim the tenderness of friendship, animated by a high esteem for the intellectual excellence of this man of genius,—not the general intercourse

* See 'Quarrelle of Authors,' Vol. II. on the confederacy of several wits against D'Avenant, a great genius.

of society,—not the insensibility of the dull, nor the levity of the volatile.

Men of genius are often revered only where they are known by their writings; intellectual beings in the romance of life,—in its history, they are men! Erasmus compared them to the great figures in tapestry-work, which lose their effect when not seen at a distance. Their foibles and their infirmities are obvious to their associates, often only capable of discerning these qualities. The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

CHAPTER V.

THE SPIRIT OF LITERATURE AND THE SPIRIT OF SOCIETY.

When a general intercourse in society prevails, the age of great genius has passed; and equality of talents rages among a multitude of authors and artists; they have extended the superfines of genius, but have lost the intensity; the contest is more furious, but victory is more rare. The founders of National Literature and Art pursued their insulated studies in the full independence of their mind and the development of their inventive faculty. The master-spirits who create an epoch, the inventors, lived at periods when they inherited nothing from their predecessors; in seclusion they stood apart, the solitary lights of their age.

At length, when a people have emerged to glory, and a silent revolution has obtained, by a more uniform light of knowledge coming from all sides, the genius of society becomes greater than the genius of the individual; hence, the character of genius itself becomes subordinate. A conversation age succeeds a studious one, and the family of genius are no longer recluses.

The man of genius is now trammelled with the artificial and mechanical forms of life; and in too close an intercourse with society, the loneliness and raciness of thinking is modified away in its reductive conventions. An excessive indulgence in the pleasures of social life constitutes the great interests of a luxurious and opulent age.

It may be a question whether the literary man and the artist are not immolating their genius to society, when, with the mockery of Proteus, they lose their own by all forms, in the shadowiness of assumed talent. But a path of roses, where all the senses are flattered, is now opened to win an Epictetus from his hut. The morning lounge, the luxurious dinner, and the evening party are the regulated dissipations of hours which true genius knows are always too short for Art, and too rare for its inspirations; and hence so many of our contemporaries, whose card-racks are crowded, have produced only flashy fragments,—efforts, and not works. It is seduction, and not reward, which mere fashionable society offers the man of true genius, for he must be distinguished from those men of the world, who have assumed the literary character, for purposes very distinct from literary ones. In this society, the man of genius shall cease to interest, whatever be his talent; he will be sought for with enthusiasm, but he cannot escape from his certain fate,—that of becoming tiresome to his pretended admirers. The confidential confession of Racine to his son is remarkable. 'Do not think that I am sought after by the great for my dramas; Corneille composes nobler verses than mine, but no one notices him, and he only pleases by the mouth of the actors. I never allude to my works when with men of the world, but I amuse them about matters they like to hear. My talent with them consists not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that they have.'—Racine treated the Great, like the children of society; Corneille would not compromise for the tribute he exacted; and consoled himself when, at his entrance into the theatre, the audience usually rose to salute him.

Has not the fate of our reigning literary favourites been uniform? Their mayoralty hardly exceeds the year. They are pushed aside to put in their place another, who in his turn must descend. Such is the history of the literary character encountering the perpetual difficulty of appearing what he really is not, while he sacrifices to a few, in a certain corner of the metropolis, who have long fantastically called themselves 'The World,' that more dignified celebrity which makes an author's name more familiar than his person. To one who appeared astonished at the extensive celebrity of Buffon, the modern Pliny replied, 'I have passed fifty years at my desk.' And has not one, the most sublime of the race, sung—

—che seggendo in piuma
In Fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre;
Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotel vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma.

*Dante, Inferno, c. xxiv.**

Another, who had great experience of the world and of literature,† observes, that literary men (and artists) seek an intercourse with the great from a refinement of self-love; they are perpetually wanting a confirmation of their own talents in the opinions of others, (for their rivals are, at all times, very cruelly and very adroitly diminishing their reputation;) for this purpose, they require judges sufficiently enlightened to appreciate their talents, but who do not exercise too penetrating a judgment. Now this is exactly the state of the generality of the great, (or persons of fashion,) who cultivate taste and literature; these have only time to acquire that degree of light which is just sufficient to set at ease the fears of these claimants of genius. Their eager vanity is more voracious than delicate, and is willing to accept an incense less durable than ambrosia.

The habitudes of genius, before it lost its freshness in this society, are the mould in which the character is cast; and these, in spite of all the disguise of the man, hereafter make him a distinct being from the man of society. There is something solitary in deep feelings; and the amusements who can only dazzle and surprise, will never spread that contagious energy only springing from the fullness of the heart. Let the man of genius then dread to level himself to that mediocrity of feeling and talent required in every-day society, lest he become one of themselves. Ridicule is the shadowy scourge of society, and the terror of the man of genius; Ridicule surrounds him with monstrous chimeras, like the shadowy monsters which opposed Æneas, too impalpable to be grasped, while the airy nothing triumphs, un wounded by a weapon. Æneas was told to pass the grinning monsters unnoticed, and they would then be as harmless, as they were unreal.

Study, Meditation, and Enthusiasm,—this is the progress of genius, and these cannot be the habits of him who lingers till he can only live among polished crowds. If he bears about him the consciousness of genius, he will be still acting under their influences. And perhaps there never was one of this class of men who had not either entirely formed himself in solitude, or amidst society is perpetually breaking out to seek for himself. With us, who, when no longer touched by the fervours of literary and patriotic glory, grovelled into a domestic voluptuary, observed with some surprise of the great Earl of Chatham, that he sacrificed every pleasure of social life, even in youth, to his great pursuit of eloquence; and the Earl himself acknowledged an artifice he practised in his intercourse with society, for he said, when he was young he always came late into company, and left it early. Vittorio Alfieri, and a brother-spirit in our own noble poet, were rarely seen amidst the brilliant circle in which they were born; the workings of their imagination were perpetually emancipating them, and one deep loneliness of feeling proudly insulated them among the unimpassioned trades of their rank. They preserved unbroken the unity of their character, in constantly escaping from the procession of spectacle of society, by frequent intervals of retirement. Is no trivial observation of another noble writer, Lord Shaftesbury, that 'it may happen that a person may have much the worse author, for being the finer gentleman.'

An extraordinary instance of this disagreement between the man of the world and the literary character, we find in a philosopher seated on a throne. The celebrated Julian stained the imperial purple with an author's ink; and when that Emperor resided among the Antiochians, his unassuming able character shocked that volatile and luxurious race; he slighted the plaudits of their theatre, he abhorred the dancers and their horse-racers, he was abstinent even at a festival, and perpetually incorrupt, admonished this dissipated people of their impious abandonment of the laws of their country. They labelled the Emperor and continually lampooned his beard, which the philosopher carelessly wore, neither perfumed nor curled. Julian, scorning to inflict a sharper punishment, pointed at them his sword.

* Not by reposing on pillows or under canopies, as F. acquired, without which he, who consumes his life, leaves such an unregarded vestige on the earth of his being, as the smoke in the air or the foam on the wave.

† D'Alembert et la Société des Gens de Lettres et des Grands.

of 'the Misopogon, or the Antiochian; the Enemy of the Beard,' where amidst the irony and invective, the literary monarch bestows on himself many exquisite and individual touches. All that those persons of fashion alleged against the literary character, Julian unreservedly confesses—his undressed beard and his awkwardnesses, his obstinacy, his unsocial habits, his deficient tastes, &c., while he represents his good qualities as so many extravagancies. But, in this pleasantry of self-reprehension, he has not failed to show this light and corrupt people that he could not possibly resemble them. The unhappiness of too strict an education under a family tutor, who never suffered him to swerve from the one right way, with the unlucky circumstance of his master having inspired Julian with such a reverence for Plato and Socrates, Aristotle and Theophrastus, as to have made them his models: 'Whatever manners,' says the Emperor, 'I may have previously contracted, whether gentle or boorish, it is impossible for me now to alter or unlearn. Habit is said to be a second nature; to oppose it is irksome, but to counteract the study of more than thirty years is extremely difficult, especially when it has been imbibed with so much attention.'

And what if men of genius, relinquishing their habits, could do this violence to their nature, should we not lose the original for a factitious genius, and spoil one race without improving the other? If nature, and habit, that second nature which prevails even over the first, have created two beings distinctly different, what mode of existence shall ever assimilate them? Antipathies and sympathies, those still occult causes, however concealed, will break forth at an unguarded moment. The man of genius will be restive even in his trammelled paces. Clip the wings of an eagle and place him to roost among the domestic poultry; will he peck with them? will he chuck like them? At some unforeseen moment his pinions will overshadow and terrify his tiny associates, for 'the feathered king' will be still musing on the rock and the cloud.

Thus it is, as our literary Emperor discovered, that 'we cannot counteract the study of more than thirty years, when it has been imbibed with so much attention.' Men of genius are usually not practised in the minute attentions; in those heartless courtesies, poor substitutes for generous feelings; they have rarely sacrificed to the unlaughing graces of Lord Chesterfield. Plato ingeniously compares Socrates to the galleys of the Athenian apothecaries, which were painted on the exterior with the grotesque figures of apes and owls, but contained within a precious balm. The man of genius may exclaim amidst many a circle, as did Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute—'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city'; and with Corneille he may be allowed to smile at his own deficiencies, and even disdain to please in trivial, asserting that, 'wanting all these things, he was not the less Corneille.' With the great thinkers and students, his character is still more hopeless. Adam Smith could never free himself from the embarrassed manners of a recluse; he was often absent; and his grave and formal conversation made him seem distant and reserved, when, in fact, no man had warmer feelings for his intimates. Buffon's conversation was very indifferent—and the most eloquent writer was then coarse and careless; after each laborious day of study, he pleaded that conversation was to him only a relaxation. Rousseau gave no indication of his energetic style in conversation. A princess, desirous of seeing the great moralist Nicole, experienced inconceivable disappointment, when the moral instructor, entering with the most perplexing bow imaginable, sank down silently on his chair; the interview promoted no conversation; and the retired student, whose elevated spirit might have endured martyrdom, sank with timidity in the unaccustomed honour of conversing with a princess, and having nothing to say. A lively Frenchman, in a very ingenious description of the distinct sorts of conversations of his numerous literary friends, among whom was Dr Franklin, energetically hits off that close observer and thinker, wary even in society; among these varieties of conversation he has noted down 'the silence of the celebrated Franklin.' When Lord Oxford desired to be introduced to the studious Thomas Baker, he very unaffectedly declined, in a letter I have seen, that honour, 'as a rash advocate he could not think of engaging in, not having fitted himself for any conversation, but with the dead.'

But this deficient agreeableness in a man of genius may be often connected with those qualities which conduce to the greatness of his public character. A vivid perception

of truth on the sudden, bursts with an irruptive heat on the subdued tone of conversation; should he hesitate, that he may correct an equivocal expression, or grasp at a remote idea, he is in danger of sinking into pedantry or rising to genius. Even the tediousness he bestows on us, may swell out from the fulness of knowledge, or be hammered into a hard chain of reasoning; and how often is the cold tardiness of decision, the strict balancings of scepticism and candour! even obscurity may arise from the want of previous knowledge in the listener. But above all, what offends is that freedom of opinion, which a man of genius can no more divest himself of than of the features of his face; that intractable obstinacy which may be called resistance of character—a rock which checks the flowing stream of popular opinions, and divides them by the collision. Poor Burns could never account to himself why 'though when he had a mind he was pretty generally beloved, he could never get the art of commanding respect.' He imagined it was owing to his being deficient in what Sterne calls 'that understrapping virtue of desecration.' 'I am so apt,' he says, 'to a *lapsus lingue*.'

It is remarkable that the conversationists have rarely proved themselves to be the abler writers. He whose fancy is susceptible of excitement, in the presence of his auditors, making the minds of men run with his own, seizing on the first impressions, and touching, as if he really felt them, the shadows and outlines of things—with a memory where all lies ready at hand, quickened by habitual associations, and varying with all those extemporary changes and fugitive colours, which melt away in the rainbow of conversation; that jargon, or vocabulary of fashion, those terms and phrases of the week perpetually to be learnt; that wit, which is only wit in one place, and for a certain time; such vivacity of animal spirits, which often exists separately from the more retired intellectual powers; all these can strike out wit by habit, and pour forth a stream of phrase that has sometimes been imagined to require only to be written down, to be read with the same delight it was heard; we have not all the while been sensible of the flutter of their ideas, the violence of their transitions, their vague notions, their doubtful assertions, and their meagre knowledge—a pen is the extinguisher of these luminaries. A curious contrast occurred between Buffon and his friend Montbelliard, who was associated in his great work: the one possessed the reverse qualities of the other. Montbelliard threw every charm of animation over his delightful conversation, but when he came to take his seat at the rival desk of Buffon, an immense interval separated them; his tongue distilled the music and the honey of the bee, but his pen seemed to be iron, as cold and as hard, while Buffon's was the soft pencil of the philosophical painter of nature. The characters of Cowley and Killegrew are an instance. Cowley was embarrassed in conversation, and had not quickness in argument or repartee; pensive elegance and refined combinations could not be struck at to catch fire; while with Killegrew the sparkling bubbles of his fancy rose and dropped; yet when this delightful conversationist wrote, the deception ceased. Denham, who knew them both, lit off the difference between them:—

'Had Cowley ne'er spoke; Killegrew ne'er writ,
Comb'd in one, they had made a matchless wit.'

Thought and expression are only found easily when they lie on the surface; the operations of the intellect with some, are slow and deep. Hence it is that slow-minded men are not, as men of the world imagine, always the dullest. Nicole said of a scintillant wit, 'He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase.' Many a great wit has thought the wit which he never spoke, and many a great reasoner has perplexed his listeners. The conversation-powers of some resemble the show-glass of the fashionable trader: all his moderate capital is there spread out in the last novelties; the *magazin* within is neither rich nor rare. Chaucer was more facetious in his Tales, than in his conversation, for the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him, observing that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Tasso's conversation which his friend Manso has attempted to preserve to us, was neither gay nor brilliant; and Goldoni, in his drama of Torquato Tasso, has contrasted the poets writings and his conversation:—

Ammirò il suo talento, gradisco i carmi suoi;
Ma piacer non trovo a conversar con lui.

The sublime Dante was taciturn or satirical; Butler was sullen or biting; Descartes, whose habits had formed him for solitude and meditation, was silent. Addison and Moliere were only observers in society; and Dryden has very honestly told us, 'my conversation is slow and dull; my humour saturnine and reserved; in short I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company or make repartees.' It was ingeniously said of Vaucanson, that he was as much a machine as any he made. Hogarth and Swift, who looked on the circles of society with eyes of inspiration, were absent in company; but their grossness and asperity did not prevent the one from being the greatest of comic painters, nor the other as much a creator of manners in his way. Genius even in society is pursuing its own operations; but it would cease to be itself, in becoming another.

One peculiar trait in the conversations of men of genius, which has often injured them when the listeners were not intimately acquainted with the man, are certain sports of a vacant mind; a sudden impulse to throw out opinions, and take views of things in some humour of the moment. Extravagant paradoxes and false opinions are caught up by the humbler prones; and the Philistines are thus enabled to triumph over the strong and gifted man, because in the hour of confidence and the abandonment of the mind, he laid his head in their lap and taught them how he might be shorn of his strength. Dr. Johnson appears often to have indulged this amusement in good and in ill humour. Even such a calm philosopher as Adam Smith, as well as such a child of imagination as Burns, were remarked for this ordinary habit of men of genius, which perhaps as often originates in a gentle feeling of contempt for their auditors, as from any other cause.

Not however that a man of genius does not utter many startling things in conversation which have been found admirable, when the public perused them. How widely the public often differ from the individual! a century's opinion may intervene between them. The fate of genius resembles that of the Athenian sculptor, who submitted his colossal Minerva to a private party; before the artist they trembled for his daring chisel, and behind him they calumniated. The man of genius smiled at the one, and forgave the other. The statue once fixed in a public place, and seen by the whole city, was the divinity. There is a certain distance at which opinions, as well as statues, must be viewed.

But enough of those defects of men of genius, which often attend their conversations. Must we then bow to authorial dignity, and kiss hands, because they are inked; and to the artist, who thinks us as nothing unless we are canvases under his hands? are there not men of genius, the grace of society? fortunate men! more blest than their brothers; but for this, they are not the more men of genius nor the others less. To how many of the ordinary intimates of a superior genius, who complain of his defects, might one say, 'Do his productions not delight and sometimes surprise you?—You are silent—I beg your pardon: the public has informed you of a great name; you would not otherwise have perceived the precious talent of your neighbour. You know little of your friend but his name.' The personal familiarity of ordinary minds with a man of genius has often produced a ludicrous prejudice. A Scotchman, to whom the name of Dr Robertson had travelled down, was curious to know who he was? 'Your neighbour!' but he could not persuade himself that the man whom he conversed with was the great historian of his country. Even a good man could not believe in the announcement of the Messiah, from the same sort of prejudice, 'Can there any thing good come out of Nazareth?' said Nathaniel.

Suffer a man of genius to be such as nature and habit have formed him, and he will then be the most interesting companion; then will you see nothing but his mighty mind when it opens itself on you. Barry was the most repulsive of men in his exterior, in the roughness of his language and the wildness of his looks; intermingling vulgar oaths, which, by some unlucky association of habit, he seemed to use as strong expletives and notes of admiration. His conversation has communicated even a horror to some: on one of these occasions, a pious lady, who had felt such intolerable uneasiness in his presence, did not however leave this man of genius that evening, without an impression that she had never heard so divine a man in her life. The conversation happening to turn on that principle of Benevolence which pervades Christianity and the meek-

ness of the Founder, it gave Barry an opportunity of opening on the character of Jesus, with that copiousness of heart and mind, which once heard could never be forgotten. That artist had indeed long in his meditations an ideal head of Christ, which he was always talking to execute; 'It is here!' he would cry, striking his head. What baffled the invention, as we are told, of Leonardo da Vinci, who left his Christ headless, having exhausted his creative faculty among the apostles, Barry was and dreaming on; but this mysterious mixture of a human and celestial nature could only be conceived by his mind, and even the catholic enthusiasm of Barry was compelled to refrain from unveiling it to the eye,—but this unpainted picture was perpetually exciting this artist's emotions in conversation.

Few authors and artists but are eloquently instructive on that sort of knowledge or that department of art which has absorbed all their affections: their conversations affect the mind to a distant period of life. Who has forgotten what a man of genius has said at such moments? the man of genius becomes an exquisite instrument, when the hand of the performer knows to call forth the rich concordance of the sounds; and—

'The flying fingers touch into a voice.'

D'Aumont.

CHAPTER VI.

LITERARY SOLITUDE.

The literary character is reproached with an extreme passion for retirement, cultivating those insulating habits which are great interruptions, and even weakeners of domestic happiness, while in public life these often induce to a succession from its cares, thus eluding its active duties. Yet the vacancies of retired men are eagerly filled by so many unemployed men of the world more happily framed for its business. We do not hear these accusations raised against the painter who wears away his days at his easel, and the musician by the side of his instrument: and much less should we against the legal and the commercial character; yet all these are as much withdrawn from public and private life as the literary character: their desk is as insulating as the library. Yet is the man who is working for his individual interest more highly estimated than the retired student, whose disinterested pursuits are at least more profitable to the world than to himself. La Bruyere discovered the world's erroneous estimate of literary labour: 'There requires a better name to be bestowed on the leisure (the idleness he calls it) of the literary character, and that to meditate, to compose, to read and to be tranquil, should be called *working*.' But so inviolable is the progress of intellectual pursuits, and so rarely are the objects palatable to the observers, that the literary character appears denied for his pursuits, what cannot be refused to every other. That unremitting application, that unbroken series of their thoughts, admired in every profession, is only complained of in that one whose professors with so much sincerity mourn over the shortness of life, which has often closed on them while sketching their works.

It is, however, only in solitude that the genius of eminent men has been formed; there their first thoughts sprang, and there it will become them to find their last: for the solitude of old age—and old age must be often in solitude—will be found the happiest with the literary character. Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius; in all ages it has been called for—it has been flown to. No considerable work was ever composed, but its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove, or to the closet, to invoke. When genius languishes in an irksome solitude among crowds, that is the moment to fly into seclusion and meditation. There is a society in the deepest solitude; in all the men of genius of the past—

'First of your kind, Society divine!'

Thomson.

and in themselves; for there only they can indulge in the romances of their soul, and only in solitude can they occupy themselves in their dreams and their vigils, and, with the morning, fly without interruption to the labour they had reluctantly quitted. This desert of solitude, so vast and so dreary to the man of the world, to the man of genius opens the magical garden of Armida whose enchantments arose amidst solitude, while solitude was every where among those enchantments.

Whenever Michael Angelo was meditating on some great design, he closed himself up from the world. 'Why do you lead so solitary a life?' asked a friend. 'Art,' replied the sublime artist, 'Art is a jealous god; it requires the whole and entire man.'

We observe men of genius, in public situations, sighing for this solitude; amidst the impediments of the world, and their situation in it, they are doomed to view their intellectual banquet often rising before them, like some fairy delusion, never to taste it. They feel that finer existence in solitude. Lord Clarendon, whose life so happily combined the contemplative with the active powers of man, dwells on three periods of retirement which he enjoyed; he always took pleasure in relating the great tranquillity of spirit experienced during his solitude at Jersey, where for more than two years, employed on his History, he daily wrote 'one sheet of large paper with his own hand.' At the close of his life, his literary labours in his other retirements are detailed with a proud satisfaction. Each of his solitudes occasioned a new acquisition; this the Spanish, that the French, and a third the Italian literature. The public are not yet acquainted with the fertility of Lord Clarendon's literary labours. It was not vanity that induced Scipio to declare of solitude, that it had no loneliness to him, since he voluntarily retired amidst a glorious life to his Linternum. Cicero was uneasy amidst applauding Rome, and has distinguished his numerous works by the titles of his various villas. Aulus Gellius marked his solitude by his 'Attic Nights.' The 'Golden Grove' of Jeremy Taylor is the produce of his retreat at the Earl of Carberry's seat in Wales; and the 'Divisions of Purley' preserved a man of genius for posterity. Voltaire had talents, and perhaps a taste for society; but at one period of his life he passed five years in the most secret seclusion. Montesquieu quitted the brilliant circles of Paris for his books, his meditations, and his immortal work, and was ridiculed by the gay triflers he deserted. Harrington, to compose his Oceana, severed himself from the society of his friends. Descartes, inflamed by genius, hires an obscure house in an unfrequented quarter at Paris, and there he passes two years, unknown to his acquaintance. Adam Smith, after the publication of his first work, throws himself into a retirement that lasts ten years: even Hume rallies him for separating himself from the world; but by this means the great political inquirer satisfied the world by his great work. And thus it was with men of genius, long ere Petrarch withdrew to his Val chiusa.

The interruption of visitors by profession has been feelingly lamented by men of letters.—The mind, maturing its speculation, feels the unexpected conversation of cold ceremony, chilling as the blasts of March winds over the blossoms of the Spring. Those unhappy beings who wander from house to house, privileged by the charter of society to obstruct the knowledge they cannot impart, to tire because they are tired, or to seek amusement at the cost of others, belong to that class of society which have affixed no other value to time than that of getting rid of it; these are judges not the best qualified to comprehend the nature and evil of their depredations in the silent apartment of the studious. 'We are afraid,' said some of those visitors to Baxter, 'that we break in upon your time.'—'To be sure you do,' replied the disturbed and blunt scholar. Ursinus, to hint as gently as he could to his friends that he was avaricious of time contrived to place an inscription over the door of his study, which could not fail to fix their eyes, intimating that whoever remained there must join in his labours. The amiable Melancthon incapable of a harsh expression, when he received these idle visits, only noted down the time he had expended, that he might reanimate his industry, and not lose a day. The literary character has been driven to the most inventive shifts to escape the irruption of a formidable party at a single rush, who enter without 'besieging or beseeching,' as Milton has it. The late elegant, poetical Mr Ellis, on one of these occasions, at his country-house, showed a literary friend, that when driven to the last, he usually made his escape by a leap out of the window. Brand Hollis endeavoured to hold out 'the idea of singularity as a shield: and the great Robert Boyle was compelled to advertise in a newspaper that he must decline visits on certain days, that he might have leisure to finish some of his works.*

But this solitude, at first a necessity, and then a pleasure, at length is not borne without repining. To tame the fer-

* This curious advertisement is preserved in Dr Birch's Life of Boyle, p. 222.

vid wildness of youth to the strict regularities of study is a sacrifice performed by the votary; but even Milton appears to have felt this irksome period of life; for in the preface to Smectymnus he says, 'It is but justice not to defraud of due esteem the wearisome labours and studious watchings wherein I have spent and tired out almost a whole youth.' Cowley, that enthusiast for seclusion, in his retirement calls himself 'the melancholy Cowley.' I have seen an original letter of this poet to Evelyn, where he expresses his eagerness to see Evelyn's Essay on Solitude; for a copy of which he had sent over the town, without obtaining one, being 'either all bought up, or burnt in the fire of London.' I am the more desirous, he says, because it is a subject in which I am more deeply interested. Thus Cowley was requiring a book to confirm his predilection, and we know he made the experiment, which did not prove a happy one. We find even Gibbon, with all his fame about him, anticipating the dread he entertained of solitude in advanced life. 'I feel, and shall continue to feel, that domestic solitude, however it may be alleviated by the world, by study, and even by friendship, is a comfortless state, which will grow more painful as I descend in the vale of years.' And again—'Your visit has only served to remind me that man, however amused or occupied in his closet, was not made to live alone.'

Had the mistaken notions of Sprat not deprived us of Cowley's correspondence, we doubtless had viewed the sorrows of lonely genius touched by a tender pencil. But we have Shenstone, and Gray, and Swift. The heart of Shenstone bleeds in the dead oblivion of solitude. 'Now I am come from a visit, every little uneasiness is sufficient to introduce my whole train of melancholy considerations, and to make me utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, and the life I foresee I shall lead, I am angry and envious, and dejected, and frantic, and disregard all present things, as becomes a madman to do. I am infinitely pleased, though it is a gloomy joy, with the application of Dr. Swift's complaint, that he is forced to die in a rage, like a rat in a poisoned hole.' Let the lover of solitude muse on its picture throughout the year, in this stanza by the same amiable, but suffering poet—

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day,
Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow,
Or, soothed by vernal airs, again survey
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow.

Swift's letters paint with terrifying colours a picture of solitude; and at length his despair closed with idiotism. Even the playful muse of Gresset throws a sombre querulousness over the solitude of men of genius—

Je les vois, Victimes du Génie,
Au faible prix d'un éclat passager
Vivre isolés, sans jour de la vie!
Vingt ans d'Ennuis pour quelques jours de Gloire.

Such are the necessity, the pleasures, and the inconveniences of solitude! Were it a question, whether men of genius should blend with the masses of society, one might answer, in a style rather oracular, but intelligible to the initiated—Men of genius! live in solitude, and do not live in solitude!

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEDITATIONS OF GENIUS.

A continuity of attention, a patient quietness of mind, forms one of the characteristics of genius.

A work on the Art of Meditation has not yet been produced: it might prove of immense advantage to him who never happened to have more than one solitary idea. The pursuit of a single principle has produced a great work, and a loose hint has conducted to a new discovery. But while in every manual art, every great workman improves on his predecessor, of the art of the mind, notwithstanding the facility of practice and our incessant experience, millions are yet ignorant of the first rudiments: and men of genius themselves are rarely acquainted with the materials they are working on. Johnson has a curious observation on the mind itself,—he thinks it obtains a stationary point, from whence it can never advance, occurring before the middle of life. He says, 'when the powers of nature have attained their intended energy, they can be no more advanced. The shrub can never become a tree. Nothing then remains but practice and experience; and perhaps why they do so little, may be worth inquiry.*

* I recommend the reader to turn to the whole passage, in Johnson's *Lectures* to Mrs Thrale, Vol. I. p. 224.

of this inquiry would probably lay a broader foundation for this art of the mind than we have hitherto possessed. Ferguson has expressed himself with sublimity—'The lustre which man casts around him, like the flame of a meteor, shines only while his motion continues; the moments of rest and of obscurity are the same.' What is this art of meditation, but the power of withdrawing ourselves from the world, to view that world moving within ourselves, while we are in repose; as the artist by an optical instrument concentrates the boundless landscape around him, and patiently traces all nature in that small space.

Certain constituent principles of the mind itself, which the study of metaphysics has curiously discovered, offer many important regulations in this desirable art. We may even suspect, since men of genius in the present age have confided to us the secrets of their studies, that this art may be carried on by more obvious means, and even by mechanical contrivances, and practical habits. There is a government of our thoughts; and many secrets yet remain to be revealed in the art of the mind; but as yet they consist of insulated facts, from which, however, may hereafter be formed an experimental history. Many little habits may be contracted by genius, and may be observed in ourselves. A mind well organized may be regulated by a single contrivance: it is by a bit of lead that we are enabled to track the flight of time. The mind of genius can be made to take a particular disposition, or train of ideas. It is a remarkable circumstance in the studies of men of genius, that previous to composition they have often awakened their imagination by the imagination of their favourite masters. By touching a magnet they became a magnet. A circumstance has been recorded of Gray, by Mr Mathias, 'as worthy of all acceptance among the higher votaries of the divine art, when they are assured that Mr Gray never sat down to compose any poetry without previously, and for a considerable time, reading the works of Spenser.' But the circumstance was not unusual with Malherbe, Corneille, and Racine; and the most fervid verses of Homer, and the most tender of Euripides, were often repeated by Milton. Even antiquity exhibits the same exciting intercourse of the mind of genius. Cicero informs us how his eloquence caught inspiration from a constant study of the Latin and Grecian poetry; and it has been recorded of Pompey, who was great even in his youth, that he never undertook any considerable enterprise, without animating his genius by having read to him the character of Alexander in the first Iliad; although he acknowledged that the enthusiasm he caught came rather from the poet than the hero. When Bossuet had to compose a funeral oration, he was accustomed to retire for several days to his study, to ruminate over the pages of Homer; and when asked the reason of this habit, he exclaimed, in these lines,

—Magnam mihi mentem, animunque
Delius inspirat Vates—

It is on the same principle of pre-disposing the mind, that many have first generated their feelings in the symphonies of music. Alfieri, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music—a circumstance which has been recorded of others.

We are scarcely aware how we may govern our thoughts by means of our sensations. De Luc was subject to violent bursts of passion, but he calmed the interior tumult by the artifice of filling his mouth with sweets and confits. When Goldoni found his sleep disturbed by the obtrusive ideas still floating from the studies of the day, he contrived to lull himself to rest by conning in his mind a vocabulary of the Venetian dialect, translating some word into Tuscan and French; which being a very uninteresting occupation, at the third or fourth version this recipe never failed. This was an act of withdrawing attention from the greater to the less emotion; where, as the interest weakened, the excitement ceased. Mendelssohn, whose feeble and too sensitive frame was often reduced to the last stage of suffering by intellectual exertion, when engaged in any point of difficulty, would in an instant contrive a perfect cessation from thinking, by mechanically going to the window, and counting the tiles upon the roof of his neighbour's house. Facts like these show how much art may be concerned in the management of the mind.

Some profound thinkers could not pursue the operations of their mind in the distraction of light and noise. Malbranche, Hobbes, Thomas, and others closed their curtains to concentrate their thoughts, as Milton says of the

mind, 'in the spacious circuits of her musings.' The study of an author or an artist would be ill placed in the midst of a beautiful landscape; the Penseroso of Milton, 'hid from day's garish eye,' is the man of genius. A secluded and naked apartment, with nothing but a desk, a chair, and a single sheet of paper, was for fifty years the study of Buffon; the single ornament was a print of Newton placed before his eyes—nothing broke into the unity of his reveries.

The arts of memory have at all times excited the attention of the studious; they open a world of undivulged mysteries; every one seems to form some discovery of his own, but which rather excites his astonishment than enlarges his comprehension. When the late William Hutton, a man of an original cast of mind, as an experiment in memory, opened a book which he had divided into 365 columns, according to the days of the year, he resolved to try to recollect an anecdote, as insignificant and remote as he was able, rejecting all under ten years of age; and to his surprise, he filled those spaces for small reminiscences, within ten columns; but till this experiment had been made, he never conceived the extent of this faculty. When we reflect, that whatever we know, and whatever we feel, are the very smallest portions of all the knowledge and all the feelings we have been acquiring through life, how desirable would be that art, which should open again the scenes which have vanished, revive the emotions which other impressions have effaced, and enrich our thoughts, with thoughts not less precious; the man of genius who shall possess this art, will not satisfy himself with the knowledge of a few mornings and its transient emotions, writing on the moveable sand of present sensations, present feelings, which alter with the first breezes of public opinion. Memory is the foundation of genius; for this faculty, with men of genius, is associated with imagination and passion, it is a chronology not merely of events, but of emotions; hence they remember nothing that is not interesting to their feelings, while the ordinary mind, accurate on all eve is alike, is not impassioned on any. The incidents of the novelist, are often founded on the common ones of life; and the personages so admirably alive in his fictions, he only discovered among the crowd. The arts of memory will preserve all we wish; they form a saving bank of genius, to which it may have recourse, as a wealth which it can accumulate unperceivably amidst the ordinary expenditure. Locke taught us the first rudiments of this art, when he showed us how he stored his thoughts and his facts, by an artificial arrangement; and Addison, before he commenced his Spectators, had amassed three folios of materials; but the higher step will be the volume which shall give an account of a man to himself, where a single observation, a chronicled emotion, a hope or a project, on which the soul may still hang, like a ciew of past knowledge in his hand, will restore to him all his lost studies; his evanescent existence again enters into his life, and he will contemplate on himself as an entire man; to preserve the past, is half of immortality.

The memorials of Gibbon and Priestly present us with the experience and the habits of the literary Character. 'What I have known,' says Dr Priestly, 'with respect to myself, has tended much to lessen both my admiration and my contempt of others. Could we have entered into the mind of Isaac Newton, and have traced all the steps by which he produced his great works, we might see nothing very extraordinary in the process. Our student, with an ingenious simplicity, opens to us that 'variety of mechanical expedients by which he secured and arranged his thoughts,' and that discipline of the mind, by a peculiar arrangement of his studies, for the day and for the year, in which he rivalled the calm and unalterable system pursued by Gibbon. Buffon and Voltaire employed the same manœuvres, and often only combined the knowledge they obtained, by humble methods. They knew what to ask for, and made use of an intelligent secretary: aware, as Lord Bacon has expressed it, that some Books 'may be read by deputy.' Buffon laid down an excellent rule to obtain originality, when he advised the writer, first to exhaust his own thoughts before he attempted to consult other writers. The advice of Lord Bacon, that we should pursue our studies, whether the mind is disposed or indispensed, is excellent: in the one case, we shall gain a great step, and in the other, we 'shall work out the knots and stands of the mind, and make the middle times the more pleasant.' John Hunter very happily illustrated the advantage, which every one derives from putting his thoughts to writing.

'it resembles,' said he 'a tradesman taking stock; without which, he never knows either what he possesses, or in what he is deficient.' Industry is the feature by which the ancients so frequently describe an eminent character; such phrases as '*incredibili industria; diligentia singulari*,' are usual. When we reflect on the magnitude of the labours of Cicero, Erasmus, Gesner, Baronius, Lord Bacon, Usher, and Bayle, we seem asleep at the base of these monuments of study, and scarcely awoken to admire. Such are the laborious instructions of mankind!

Nor let those other artists of the mind, who work in the airy looms of fancy and wit, imagine that they are weaving their webs, without the direction of a principle, and without a secret habit which they have acquired; there may be even an art, unperceived by themselves, in opening and pursuing a scene of pure invention, and even in the happiest turns of wit. One who had all the experience of such an artist, has employed the very terms we have used, of 'mechanical' and 'habitual.' 'Be assured,' says Goldsmith, 'that wit is in some measure mechanical; and that a man long habituated to catch at even its resemblance, will at last be happy enough to possess the substance. By a long habit of writing, he acquires a justness of thinking, and a mastery of manner, which holiday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal.' Even in the sublime efforts of imagination, this art of meditation may be practised; and Alfieri has shown us, that in those energetic tragic dramas which were often produced in a state of enthusiasm, he pursued a regulated process. 'All my tragedies have been composed three times,' and he describes the three stages of conception, development, and versifying. 'After these three operations, I proceed like other authors, to polish, correct or amend.'

'All is habit in mankind, even virtue itself' exclaimed Metastasio; and we may add, even the meditations of genius. Some of its boldest conceptions are indeed fortuitous, starting up and vanishing almost in the perception; like that giant form, sometimes seen amidst the glaciers, opposite the traveller, afar from him, moving as he moves, stopping as he stops, yet, in a moment lost and perhaps never more seen,—although but his own reflection! Often in the still obscurity of the night, the ideas, the studies, the whole history of the day is acted over again, and in these vivid reveries, we are converted into spectators. A great poetical contemporary of our country does not think that even his dreams should pass away unnoticed, and keeps, what he calls, a register of nocturnals. The historian De Thou was one of those great literary characters, who, all his life, was preparing to write the history which he wrote; omitting nothing, in his travels and his embassies, which went to the formation of a great man, De Thou has given a very curious account of his dreams. Such was his passion for study, and his ardent admiration of the great men whom he conversed with, that he often imagined in his sleep, that he was travelling in Italy, in Germany, and in England, where he saw and consulted the learned, and examined their curious libraries; he had all his life time these literary dreams, but more particularly when in his travels, he thus repeated the images of the day. If memory does not chain down these hurrying, fading children of the imagination, and

'Snatch the faithless fugitives to light.'

Pleasures of Memory.

with the beams of the morning, the mind suddenly finds itself forsaken and solitary. Rousseau has uttered a complaint on this occasion: full of enthusiasm, he devoted to the subject of his thoughts, as was his custom, the long sleepless intervals of his nights, meditating in bed, with his eyes closed, he turned over his periods, in a tumult of ideas; but when he rose and had dressed, all was vanished, and when he sat down to his papers, he had nothing to write. Thus genius has its vespers, and its vigils, as well as its matins, which we have been so often told are the true hours of its inspiration—but every hour may be full of inspiration for him who knows to meditate. No man was more practised in this art of the mind, than Pope, and even the night was not an unregarded portion of his poetical existence.

Few works of magnitude presented themselves at once, in their extent and their associations to their authors: the man of genius perceives not more than two or three striking circumstances, unobserved by another; in revolving the subject, the whole mind is gradually agitated; it is a

summer landscape, at the break of day, wrapt in mist, where the sun strikes on a single object, till the light and warmth increasing, all starts up in the noon-day of imagination. How beautifully this state of the mind, in the progress of composition, is described by Dryden, alluding to his work, 'when it was only a confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things, towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either to be chosen or rejected, by the judgment.' At that moment, he adds, 'I was in that eagerness of imagination, which, by over-pleasing fanciful men, flatters them into the danger of writing.'—Gibbon tells us of his history, 'at the onset, all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, &c. I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years.' Winckelman was long lost in composing his 'History of Art,' a hundred fruitless attempts were made, before he could discover a plan amidst the labyrinth. Slight conceptions kindle finished works: a lady asking for a few verses on rural topics, of the Abbé De Lille, his specimens pleased, and sketches heaped on sketches, produced 'Les Jardins.' In writing the 'Pleasures of Memory,' the poet at first proposed a simple description in a few lines, till conducted by meditation, the perfect composition of several years closed in that fine poem. And thus it happened with the Rape of the Lock, and many celebrated productions.

Were it possible to collect some thoughts of great thinkers, which were never written, we should discover vivid conceptions, and an originality they never dared to pursue in their works! Artists have this advantage over authors, that their virgin fancies, their chance felicities, which labour cannot afterwards produce, are constantly perpetuated; and these 'studies' as they are called, are as precious to posterity, as their more complete designs. We possess one remarkable evidence of these fortuitous thoughts of genius. Pope and Swift, being in the country together, observed, that if contemplative men were to notice 'the thoughts which suddenly present themselves to their minds, when walking in the fields &c. they might find many as well worth preserving, as some of their more deliberate reflections.' They made a trial, and agreed to write down such involuntary thoughts as occurred during their stay there; these furnished out the 'Thoughts' in Pope's and Swift's miscellanies.* Among Lord Bacon's Remains, we find a paper entitled '*sudden thoughts*, set down for profit.' At all hours, by the side of Voltaire's bed, or on his table, stood his pen and ink, with slips of paper. The margins of his books were covered with his 'sudden thoughts.' Cicero, in reading, constantly took notes and made comments; but we must recollect there is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking.

This art of meditation may be exercised at all hours and in all places; and men of genius in their walks, at table, and amidst assemblies, turning the eye of the mind inwards, can form an artificial solitude; retired amidst a crowd, and wise amidst distraction and folly. Some of the great actions of men of this habit of mind, were first meditated on, amidst the noise of a convivial party, or the music of a concert. The victory of Waterloo might have been organized in the ball room at Brussels, as Rodney at the table of Lord Sandwich, while the bottle was briskly circulating, was observed arranging bits of cork; his solitary amusement having excited an inquiry, he said that he was practising a plan how to annihilate an enemy's fleet; this afterwards proved to be that discovery of breaking the line, which the happy artifice of the hero executed. Thus Hogarth, with an eye always awake to the ridiculous, would catch a character on his thumb-nail; Leonardo da Vinci could detect in the rains of an old weather-beaten wall, the landscapes of nature, and Haydn carefully noted down in a pocket book, the passages and ideas which came to him in his walks, or amidst company.

To this habit of continuity of attention, tracing the first simple idea through its remoter consequences, Galileo and Newton owed many of their discoveries. It was one evening in the cathedral of Pisa, that Galileo observed the vibrations of a brass lustre pendent from the vaulted roof, which had been left swinging by one of the vergers; the habitual meditation of genius combined with an ordi-

* This anecdote is found in Ruff head's life of Pope, evidently given by Warburton, as was every thing of personal knowledge in that senseless volume of a mere lawyer, writing the life of a poet.

nary accident a new idea of science, and hence, conceived the invention of measuring time by the medium of a pendulum. Who but a genius of this order, sitting in his orchard, and being struck by the fall of an apple, could have discovered a new quality in matter by the system of gravitation; or have imagined, while viewing boys blowing soap-bubbles, the properties of light, and then anatomised a ray! It was the same principle which led Franklin when on board a ship, observing a partial stillness in the waves, when they threw down water which had been used for culinary purposes, to the discovery of the wonderful property in oil of calming the agitated ocean, and many a ship has been preserved in tempestuous weather, or a landing facilitated on a dangerous surf, by this simple meditation of genius.

In the stillness of meditation the mind of genius must be frequently thrown; it is a kind of darkness which hides from us all surrounding objects, even in the light of day. This is the first state of existence in genius.—In Cicero, on Old Age, we find Cato admiring that Caius Sulpitius Galus, who when he sat down to write in the morning was surprised by the evening, and when he took up his pen in the evening was surprised by the appearance of the morning. Socrates has remained a whole day in immovable meditation, his eyes and countenance directed to one spot as if in the stillness of death. La Fontaine, when writing his comic tales, has been observed early in the morning and late in the evening, in the same recumbent posture under the same tree. This quiescent state is a sort of enthusiasm, and renders every thing that surrounds us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. Poggius has told us of Dante, that he indulged his meditations more strongly than any man he knew; and when once deeply engaged in reading he seemed to live only in his ideas. The poet went to view a public procession, and having entered a bookseller's shop, taking up a book he sunk into a reverie; on his return he declared that he had neither seen nor heard a single occurrence in public exhibition which had passed before him. It has been told of a modern astronomer, that one summer night when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments. 'It must be thus; but I'll go to bed before it is late.' He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it.

There is nothing incredible in the stories related of some who have experienced this entranced state, in a very extraordinary degree; that ecstasy in study, where the mind deliciously inebriated with the object it contemplates, feels nothing, from the excess of feeling, as a philosopher well describes it:—Archimedes, involved in the investigation of mathematical truth, and the painters Protogenes and Parmeggiano, found their senses locked up as it were in meditation, so as to be incapable of withdrawing themselves from their work even in the midst of the terrors and storming of the place by the enemy. Marino was so absorbed in the composition of his 'Adonis,' that he suffered his leg to be burnt for some time before the pain grew stronger than the intellectual pleasure of his imagination. Thomas, an intense thinker, would sit for hours against a hedge, composing with a low voice, taking the same pinch of snuff for half an hour together, without being aware that it had long disappeared; when he quitted his apartment, after prolonging his studies there, a visible alteration was observed in his person, and the agitation of his recent thoughts was still traced in his air and manner. With what eloquent truth has Buffon described those reveries of the student, which compress his day, and mark the hours by the sensations of minutes. 'Invention,' he says, 'depends on patience; contemplate your subject long, it will gradually unfold till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius, the true hours for production and composition; hours so delightful that I have spent twelve or fourteen successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure.'

This eager delight of pursuing his study, and this impatience of interruption in the pursuit, are finely described by Milton in a letter to his friend Deodati.

'Such is the character of my mind, that no delay, none of the ordinary cessations (for rest or otherwise) no, I had

nearly said, care or thinking of the very subject, can hold me back from being hurried on to the destined point, and from completing the great circuit as it were, of the study in which I am engaged.'⁶

Such is the picture of genius, viewed in the stillness of meditation, but there is yet a more excited state,—when, as if consciousness were mixing with its reveries, in the allusion of a scene, a passion, the emotions of the soul affect even the organs of sense. It is experienced in the moments the man of genius is producing; these are the hours of inspiration, and this is the gentle enthusiasm of genius!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF GENIUS.

A state of mind occurs in the most active operations of genius, which the term *reverie* inadequately indicates; metaphysical distinctions but ill describe it, and popular language affords no terms for those faculties and feelings which escape the observation of the multitude who are not affected by the phenomenon.

The illusion of a drama, over persons of great sensibility, where all the senses are excited by a mixture of reality with imagination, is experienced by men of genius in their own vivid ideal world; real emotions are raised by fiction. In a scene, apparently passing in their presence, where the whole train of circumstances succeeds in all the continuity of nature, and a sort of real existences appear to rise up before them, they perceive themselves spectators or actors, feel their sympathies excited, and involuntarily use language and gestures, while the exterior organs of sense are vitally affected; not that they are spectators and actors, nor that the scene exists. In this equivocal state, the enthusiast of genius produces his master-pieces. This waking dream is distinct from reverie, where our thoughts wandering without connection, the faint impressions are so evanescent as to occur without even being recollected. Not so when one closely pursued act of meditation carries the enthusiast of genius beyond the precinct of actual existence, while this act of contemplation makes us thing contemplated. He is now the busy painter of a world which he himself only views; alone he hears, he sees, he touches, he laughs and weeps; his brows and nose, and his very limbs move. Poets and even painters, who as Lord Bacon describes witches, 'are imaginative,' have often involuntarily betrayed in the act of composition those gestures which accompany this enthusiasm. Quintilian has nobly compared them to the lashings of the lion's tail preparing to combat. Even actors of genius have accustomed themselves to wait on the stage for an hour before the curtain was drawn, to fill their minds with all the phantoms of the drama, to personify, to catch the passions, to speak to others, to do all that a man of genius would have viewed in the subject.

Aware of this peculiar faculty so prevalent in the more vivid exercise of genius, Lord Kaimes seems to have been the first who, in a work on criticism, attempted to name it *the ideal presence*, to distinguish it from the *real presence* of things; it has been called the representative faculty, the imaginative state, &c. Call it what we will, no term opens to us the invisible mode of its operations, or expresses its variable nature. Conscious of the existence of such a faculty, our critic perceived that the conception of it is by no means clear when described in words. Has not the difference of any actual thing and its image in a glass perplexed some philosophers? And it is well known how far the ideal philosophy has been carried. 'All are pictures, alike painted on the retina, or optical sensorium,' exclaimed the enthusiast Barry, who only saw pictures in nature and nature in pictures.

Cold and barren tempera without imagination, whose impressions of objects never rise beyond those of memory and reflection, which know only to compare, and not to excite, will smile at this equivocal state of the ideal presence; yet it is a real one to the enthusiast of genius, and it is his happiest and peculiar condition without this power no metaphysical aid, no art to be taught him, no mastery of talent shall avail him; unblest with it the votary shall find each sacrifice lying cold on the altar, for no accepting flame from heaven shall kindle it.

⁶ Meum sic est ingenium, nulla ut mora, nulla quies, nulla ferre illius rei cura aut cogitatio distinet, quoad perveniam quo feror, et gradatim aliquem studiorum meorum quasi patrum odum conficiam.

This enthusiasm indeed can only be discovered by men of genius themselves, yet when most under its influence, they can least perceive it, as the eye which sees all things cannot view itself; and to trace this invisible operation, this warmth on the nerve, were to search for the principle of life which found would cease to be life. There is, however, something of reality in this state of the ideal presence; for the most familiar instances show that the nerves of each external sense are put in motion by the idea of the object, as if the real object had been presented to it; the difference is only in the degree. Thus the exterior senses are more concerned in the ideal world than at first appears; we thrill at even the idea of anything that makes us shudder, and only imagining it often produces a real pain. A curious consequence flows from this principle: Milton, lingering amidst the freshness of nature in Eden, felt all the delights of those elements with which he was creating; his nerves moved with the images which excited them. The fierce and wild Dante amidst the abysses of his *Inferno*, must have often been startled by its horrors, and often left his bitter and gloomy spirit in the stings he inflicted on the great criminal. The moving nerves then of the man of genius are a reality; he sees, he hears, he feels by each. How mysterious to us is the operation of this faculty: a Homer and a Richardson,* like Nature, open a volume large as life itself—embracing a circuit of human existence!

Can we doubt of the reality of this faculty, when the visible and outward frame of the man of genius bears witness to its presence? When Fielding said, 'I do not doubt but the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears,' he probably drew that discovery from an inverse feeling to his own. Fielding would have been gratified to have confirmed the observation by facts which never reached him. Metastasio, in writing the ninth scene of the second act of his *Olympiad*, found himself suddenly moved, shedding tears. The imagined sorrows inspired real tears; and they afterwards proved contagious. Had our poet not perpetuated his surprise by an interesting sonnet, the circumstance had passed away with the emotion, as many such have. Alfieri, the most energetic poet of modern times, having composed, without a pause, the whole of an act, noted in the margin—'Written under a paroxysm of enthusiasm, and while shedding a flood of tears.' The impressions which the frame experiences in this state, leave deeper traces behind them than those of reverie. The tremors of Dryden, after having written an ode, a circumstance accidentally preserved, were not unusual with him—for in the preface to his *Tales*, he tells us, that 'in translating Homer, he found greater pleasure than in Virgil; but it was not a pleasure without pain; the continual agitation of the spirits must needs be a weakener to any constitution, especially in age, and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats.' We find Metastasio, like others of the brotherhood, susceptible of this state, complaining of his sufferings during the poetical æstus. 'When I apply with attention, the nerves of my sensorium are put into a violent tumult; I grow as red as a drunkard, and am obliged to quit my work.' When Buffon was absorbed on a subject which presented great objections to his opinions, he felt his head burn, and saw his countenance flushed; and this was a warning for him to suspend his attention. Gray could never compose voluntarily; his genius resembled the armed apparition in Shakespeare's master tragedy. 'He would not be commanded,' as we are told by Mr Mathias. When he wished to compose the *Installation Ode*, for a considerable time he felt himself without the power to begin it: a friend calling on him, Gray flung open his door hastily, and in a hurried voice and tone exclaiming, in the first verse of that ode,

'Hence, avant! 'tis holy ground!'

his friend started at the disordered appearance of the bard, whose organs had disturbed his very air and countenance, till he recovered himself. Listen to one labouring with all the magic of the spell. Madame Roland has thus powerfully described the ideal presence in her first readings of *Telemachus* and *Tasso*:—'My respiration rose, I felt a rapid fire colouring my face and my voice changing had

* Richardson assembles a family about him, writing down what they said, seeing their very manner of saying, living with them as often and as long as he will—with such a personal sympathy, that an ingenious lawyer once told me that he required no stronger evidence of a fact in any court of law than a circumstantial scene in Richardson.

betrayed my agitation. I was Eucharis for *Telemachus*, and Erminia for *Tancréd*. However, during this perfect transformation, I did not yet think that I myself was any thing, for any one: the whole had no connection with myself. I sought for nothing around me; I was them; I saw only the objects which existed for them; it was a dream, without being awakened.' The effect which the study of Plutarch's illustrious men produced on the mighty mind of Alfieri, during a whole winter, while he lived as it were among the heroes of antiquity, he has himself told. Alfieri wept and raved with grief and indignation that he was born under a government which favoured no Roman heroes nor sages; as often as he was struck with the great actions of these great men, in his extreme agitation he rose from his seat like one possessed. The feeling of genius in Alfieri was suppressed for more than twenty years, by the discouragement of his uncle; but as the natural temperament cannot be crushed out of the soul of genius, he was a poet without writing a single verse; and as a great poet, the ideal presence at times became ungovernable and verging to madness. In traversing the wilds of Arragon, his emotions, he says, would certainly have given birth to poetry, could he have expressed himself in verse. It was a complete state of the imaginative existence, or this ideal presence; for he proceeded along the wilds of Arragon in a reverie, weeping and laughing by turns. He considered this as a folly, because it ended in nothing but in laughter and tears. He was not aware that he was then yielding to a demonstration, could he have judged of himself, that he possessed those dispositions of mind and energy of passion which form the poetical character.

Genius creates by a single conception; the statuary conceives the statue at once, which he afterwards executes by the slow process of art; and the architect contrives a whole palace in an instant. In a single principle, opening as it were on a sudden to genius, a great and new system of things is discovered. It has happened, sometimes, that this single conception rushing over the whole concentrated soul of genius, has agitated the frame convulsively; it comes like a whispered secret from Nature. When Mallebranche first took up Descartes's *Treatise on Man*, the germ of his own subsequent philosophic system, such was his intense feeling, that a violent palpitation of the heart, more than once, obliged him to lay down the volume. When the first idea of the *Essay on the Arts and Sciences* rushed on the mind of Rousseau, a feverish symptom in his nervous system approached to a slight delirium: stopping under an oak, he wrote with a pencil the *Prosopopœia* of Fabricius.—'I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation,' exclaimed Gibbon in his *Memoirs*.

This quick sensibility of genius has suppressed the voices of poets in reciting their most pathetic passages.—Thomson was so oppressed by a passage in Virgil or Milton, when he attempted to read, that 'his voice sunk in ill-articulated sounds from the bottom of his breast.' The tremulous figure of the ancient Sibyl appears to have been viewed in that land of the Muses, by the energetic description of Paulus Jovius of the impetus and afflatus of one of the Italian improvisatori, some of whom, I have heard from one present at a similar exhibition, have not degenerated in poetic inspiration, nor in its corporal excitement. 'His eyes fixed downwards, knble, as he gives utterance to his effusions, the moist drops flow down his cheeks, the veins of his forehead swell, and wonderfully his learned ears as it were, abstracted and intent, moderate each impulse of his flowing numbers.'²

This enthusiasm throws the man of genius into those reveries where, amidst Nature, while others are terrified at destruction, he can only view Nature herself. The mind of Pliny, to add one more chapter to his mighty scroll, sought her amidst the volcano in which he perished. Verne was on board a ship in the midst of a raging tempest, and all hope was given up: the astonished captain beheld the artist of genius, his pened in his hand, in calm enthusiasm, sketching the terrible world of waters—studying the wave that was rising to devour him.

There is a tender enthusiasm in the elevated studies of antiquity, in which the ideal presence or the imaginative existence is seen prevailing over the mind. It is finely said by Livy, that 'in contemplating antiquity, the mind

² The passage is curious.—'Caute dedit exarcent oculi, ardore manebat, fronsque serena, cunctasque et quod mirum est eruditæ aures ita captam abiecit et interitum enim impetum profluentium numerorum excussima ratione inoderantur.'

itself becomes antique.' Amidst the monuments of great and departed nations, our imagination is touched by the grandeur of local impressions, and the vivid associations of the manners, the arts, and the individuals of a great people. Men of genius have roved amidst the awful ruins till the ideal presence has fondly built up the city anew, and have become Romans in the Rome of two thousand years past. Pomponius Lætus, who devoted his life to this study, was constantly seen wandering amidst the vestiges of this 'throne of the world': there, in many a reverie, as his eye rested on the mutilated arch and the broken column, he stopped to notice, and dropt tears in the ideal presence of Rome and of the Romans. Another enthusiast of this class was Badius, who sought beneath Rome for another Rome, in those catacombs built by the early Christians, for their asylum and their sepulchres. His work of 'Roma Sotterranea' is the production of a subterraneous life, passed in fervent and perilous labours. Taking with him a hermit's meal for the week, this new Pliny often descended into the bowels of the earth, by lamp-light, clearing away the sand and ruins, till some tomb broke forth, or some inscription became legible: accompanied by some friend whom his enthusiasm had inspired with his own sympathy, here he dictated his notes, tracing the mouldering sculpture, and catching the fading picture. Thrown back into the primitive ages of Christianity, amidst the local impressions, the historian of the Christian catacombs collected the memorials of an age and of a race, which were hidden beneath the earth.

Werner, the mineralogist, celebrated for his lectures, by some accounts transmitted by his auditors, appears to have exercised this faculty. Werner often said that 'he always depended on the muse for inspiration.' His unwritten lecture was a reverie—till kindling in his progress, blending science and imagination in the grandeur of his conceptions, at times, as if he had gathered about him the very elements of Nature, his spirit seemed to be hovering over the waters and the strata.

It is this enthusiasm which inconceivably fills the mind of genius in all great and solemn operations: it is an agitation in calmness, and is required not only in the fine arts, but wherever a great and continued exertion of the soul must be employed. It was experienced by De Thou, the historian, when after his morning prayers he always added another to implore the Divinity to purify his heart from partiality and hatred, and to open his spirit in developing the truth, amidst the contending factions of his times: and by Haydn, when employed in his 'Creation,' earnestly addressing the Creator ere he struck his instrument. In moments like these, man becomes a perfect unity—one thought and one act, abstracted from all other thoughts and all other acts. It was felt by Gray in his loftiest excursions, and is perhaps the same power which impels the villager, when, to overcome his rivals in a contest for learning, he retires back some steps, collects all exertion into his mind, and clears the eventual bound. One of our Admirals in the reign of Elizabeth, held as a maxim, that a height of passion, amounting to phrenzy, was necessary to qualify a man for that place; and Nelson, decorated by all his honours about him, on the day of battle, at the sight of those emblems of glory emulated himself. Thus enthusiasm was necessary and effective for his genius.

This enthusiasm, prolonged as it often has been by the operation of the imaginative existence, becomes a state of perturbed feeling, and can only be distinguished from a disordered intellect by the power of volition, in a sound mind, of withdrawing from the ideal world into the world of sense. It is but a step which carries us from the wanderings of fancy into the aberrations of delirium.

'With curious art the brain too finely wrought
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought;
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind—
The greatest genius to this fate may bow.'

Churchill.

There may be an agony in thought which only deep thinkers experience. The terrible effects of metaphysical studies on Beattie, has been told by himself.—Since the Essay on Truth was printed in quarto, I have never dared to read it over. I durst not even read the sheets to see whether there were any errors in the print, and was obliged to get a friend to do that office for me. These studies came in time to have dreadful effects upon my nervous system; and I cannot read what I then wrote without some degree of horror, because it recalls to my mind

the horrors that I have sometimes felt after passing a long evening in those severe studies.' Goldoni, after a rash exertion of writing sixteen plays in a year, confessed he paid the penalty of the folly; he flew to Genoa, leading a life of delicious vacuity; to pass the day without doing any thing, was all the enjoyment he was now capable of feeling. But long after he said, 'I felt at that time, and have ever since continued to feel, the consequence of that exhaustion of spirits I sustained in composing my sixteen comedies.' Boerhaave has related of himself, that having imprudently indulged in intense thought on a particular subject, he did not close his eyes for six weeks after: and Tissot, in his work on the health of men of letters, abounds in similar cases, where a complete stupor has affected the unhappy student for a period of six months.

Assuredly the finest geniuses could not always withdraw themselves from that intensely interesting train of ideas, which we have shown has not been removed from about them by even the violent stimuli of exterior objects; the scenical illusion,—the being of their passion,—the unstable existences repeatedly endowed by them with a vital force, have still hung before their eyes. It was in this state that Petrarch found himself in that minute narrative of a vision in which Laura appeared to him; and Tasso in the lofty conversations he held with a spirit that glided towards him on the beams of the sun: and thus, Maibranche listening to the voice of God within him; or Lord Herbert on his knees, in the stillness of the day; or Pascal starting at times at an abyss opening by his side. Descartes, when young, and in a country seclusion, his brain exhausted with meditation, and his imagination heated to excess, heard a voice in the air which called him to pursue the search of truth; he never doubted the vision; and this dream in the delirium of genius charmed him even in his after-studies. Our Collins and Cowper were often thrown into that extraordinary state of mind, when the ideal presence converted them into visionaries; and their illusions were as strong as Swedenburgh's, who saw heaven on earth in the glittering streets of his New Jerusalem; and Cardan's, when he so carefully observed a number of it's armed men at his feet; and Benvenuto Cellini, whose vivid imagination and glorious egotism so frequently contemplated a resplendent light hovering over his shadow.

Yet what less than enthusiasm is the purchase price of high passion and invention? Perhaps never has there been a man of genius of this rare cast, who has not betrayed early in youth the ebullitions of the imagination in some outward action at that period, when the illusions of life are more real to them than its realities. A slight derangement of our accustomed habits, a little perturbation of the faculties, and a romantic tinge on the feelings, give no indifferent promise of genius: of that generous temper which knows nothing of the baseness of mankind, unsatisfied, and raging with a devouring eagerness for the attainment it has not yet found; to perfect some glorious design, to charm the world, or make it happier. Often we hear from the confessions of men of genius, of their having indulged in the puerile state the most noble, the most delightful, the most impossible projects; and if age ridicules the imaginative existence of its youth, be assured that it is the decline of its genius. That virtuous and tender enthusiast, Fenelon, in his early youth, troubled his friends with a classical and religious reverie. He was on the point of quitting them to restore the independence of Greece, in the character of a missionary, and to collect the relics of antiquity with the taste of a classical antiquary. The Peloponnesus opened to him the Church of Corinth, where St Paul preached, the Piræus where Socrates conversed; while the latent poet was to pluck laurels from Delphos, and rove amidst the amenities of Tempe. Such was the influence of the ideal presence; and barren will be his imagination, and luckless his fortune, who, claiming the honours of genius, has never been touched by such a temporary delirium.

To this enthusiasm, and to this alone, can we attribute the self-immolation of men of genius. Mighty and laborious works have been pursued, as a forlorn hope, as the certain destruction of the fortune of the individual. The fate of Castelli's Lexicon,* of Bloch's magnificent work on

* Castelli lost 12000*l.* by this great work; and gave away copies, while the rest rotted at home. He exhibits a curious picture of literary labour in his preface.—'As for myself, I have been unceasingly occupied for such a number of years in this mass—Molendino he calls them—that day seemed as if it were a holiday in which I have not laboured so much as

Fishes, and other great and similar labours, attest the enthusiasm which accompanied their progress. They have sealed their works with their blood: they have silently borne the pangs of disease; they have barred themselves from the pursuits of fortune; they have torn themselves away from all they loved in life, patiently suffering these self-denials, to escape from those interruptions and impediments to their studies. Martyrs of literature and art, they behold in their solitude that halo of immortality over their studious heads, which is a reality to the visionary of glory. Milton would not desist from proceeding with one of his works, although warned by the physician of the certain loss of his sight; he declared he preferred his duty to his eyes, and doubtless his fame to his comfort. Anthony Wood, to preserve the lives of others, voluntarily resigned his own to cloistered studies; nor did the literary passion desert him in his last moments, when with his dying hands he still grasped his beloved papers, and his last mortal thoughts dwell on his *Athenæ Oxonienses*.^{*} Moreri, the founder of our great biographical collections, conceived the design with such enthusiasm, and found such voluptuousness in the labour, that he willingly withdrew from the popular celebrity he had acquired as a preacher, and the preferment which a minister of state, in whose house he resided, would have opened to his views. After the first edition of his *Historical Dictionary*, he had nothing so much at heart as its improvement. His unyielding application was converting labour into death; but collecting his last renovated vigour, with his dying hands he gave the volume to the world, though he did not live to witness even its publication. All objects in life appeared mean to him compared with that exalted delight of addressing to the literary men of his age, the history of their brothers. The same enthusiasm consumes the pupils of art devoured by their own ardour. The young and classical sculptor, who raised the statue of Charles II placed in the centre of the Royal Exchange, was in the midst of his work, advised by his medical friends to desist from marble; for the energy of his labour, with the strong excitement of his feelings, already had made fatal inroads in his constitution. But he was willing, he said to die at the foot of his statue. The statue was raised, and the young sculptor, with the shining eyes and hectic blush of consumption, beheld it there—returned home—and shortly was no more. Drouaix, a pupil of David, the French painter, was a youth of fortune, but the solitary pleasure of his youth was his devotion to Raphael: he was at his studies at four in the morning till night; 'Painting or Nothing' was the cry of this enthusiast of elegance; 'First fame, then amusement,' was another. His sensibility was as great as his enthusiasm: and he cut in pieces the picture for which David declared he would inevitably obtain the prize. 'I have had my reward in your approbation; but next year I shall feel more certain of deserving it!' was the reply of the young enthusiast. Afterwards he astonished Paris with his *Marius*—but while engaged on a subject which he could never quit, the principle of life itself was dying up in his veins. Henry Headly and Kirke White were the early victims of the enthusiasm of study; and are mourned for ever by the few who are organised like themselves.

'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helmed to plant the wound that laid thee low;
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.'

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

Thus comes the shadow of death among those who are existing with more than life about them. Yet 'there is no celebrity for the artist,' said Gesner, 'if the love of his own heart does not become a vehement passion; if the hours he employs to cultivate it are not for him the most delicious ones of his life; if study becomes not his true existence and his first happiness; if the society of his brothers in art is not that which most pleases him; if even in the night-time the ideas of his art do not occupy his vigils or his dreams; if in the morning he flies not to his work with a shiver or shiver of hours in these enlarging Lexicons and Polyglot Bibles.' Stoth expended all his fortune in his splendid work.

^{*} See Q^u

Vol. I, p. 243.

new rapture. These are the marks of him who labours for true glory and posterity; but if he seek only to please the taste of his age, his works will not kindle the desires nor touch the hearts of those who love the arts and the artists.'

Unaccompanied by enthusiasm, genius will produce nothing but uninteresting works of art; not a work of art, resembling the dove of Archidas, which other artists beheld flying, but could not make another dove to meet it in the air. Enthusiasm is the secret spirit which hovers over the production of genius throwing the reader of a book, or the spectator of a statue, into the very ideal presence whence these works have really originated. A great work always leaves us in a state of musing.

CHAPTER IX.

LITERARY JEALOUSY.

Jealousy, long declared to be the offspring of little minds, is not, however, restricted to them; it fiercely rages in the literary republic, among the Senate and the Order of Knights, as well as the people. In that curious self-description which Linnaeus comprised in a single page, written with the precision of a naturalist, that great man discovered that his constitution was liable to be afflicted with jealousy. Literary jealousy seems often proportioned to the degree of genius; the shadowy and equivocal claims of literary honour is the real cause of this terrible fear; in cases where the object is more palpable and definite, and the pre-eminence is more universal, than intellectual excellence can be, jealousy will not so strongly affect the claimant for our admiration. The most beautiful woman, in the age of beauty, will be rarely jealous: seldom she encounters a rival; and while her claims exist, who can contend with a fine feature or a dissolving glance? But a man of genius has no other existence than in the opinion of the world; a divided empire would obscure him, a contested one might annihilate him.

The lives of authors and artists exhibit a most painful disease in that jealousy which is the perpetual fever of their existence. Why does Plato never mention Zenophon, and why does Zenophon inveigh against Plato, studiously collecting every little report which may detract from his fame? They wrote on the same subject! Why did Corneille, tottering on the grave, when Racine consulted him on his first tragedy, advise the author never to write another? Why does Voltaire continually detract from the sublimity of Corneille, the sweetness of Racine, and the fire of Crebillon? Why, when Boccaccio sent to Petrarch a copy of Dante, declaring that the work was like a first light which had illuminated his mind, did Petrarch coldly observe that he had not been anxious to inquire after it, having intended to compose in the vernacular idiom and not wishing to be considered as a plagiarist; while he only allows Dante's superiority from having written in the vulgar idiom, which he did not think was an enviable, but an inferior merit. Thus frigidly Petrarch took the altitude of the solitary *Ætna* before him, in the 'Inferno,' while he shrunk into himself with the painful consciousness of the existence of another poet, who obscured his own solitary majesty. Why is Waller silent on the merits of Cowley, and why does he not give one verse to return the praise with which Dryden honoured him, while he is warm in panegyric on Beaumont and Fletcher, on Sandys, Ware, and D'Avenant? Because of some of these their species of composition was different from his own, and the rest he could not fear.

The moral feeling has often been found too weak to temper the malignancy of literary jealousy, and has led some men of genius to an incredible excess. A memorable and recent example offers in the history of the two brothers, Dr William, and John Hunter both great characters, fitted to be rivals, but Nature, it was imagined, in the tenderness of blood had placed a bar to rivalry. John, without any determined pursuit in his youth, was received by his brother at the height of his celebrity; the Doctor initiated him into his school; they performed their experiments together; and William Hunter was the first to announce to the world the great genius of his brother. After this close connection in all their studies and discoveries, Dr William Hunter published his magnificent work—the proud favourite of his heart, the asserter of his fame. Was it credible that the genius of the celebrated anatomist, which had been nursed under the wing of his brother, should turn on that wing to clip it? John Hun-

ter put in his claim to the chief discovery; it was answered by his brother. The Royal Society, to whom they appealed, concealed the documents of this unnatural feud. The blow was felt, and the jealousy of literary honour for ever separated the brothers, and the brothers of genius.*

In the jealousy of genius, however, there is a peculiar case, where the fever rages not in its malignancy, yet silently consumes. Even the man of genius of the gentlest temper dies under its slow workings; and this infection may happen among dear friends, when a man of genius loses that self-opinion which animated his solitary labours and constituted his happiness—when he views himself at the height of his class, suddenly eclipsed by another great genius. It is then the morbid sensibility, acting on so delicate a frame, feels as if under the old witchcraft of tying the knot on the nuptial day,—the faculties are suddenly extinct by the very imagination. This is the jealousy not of hatred, but of despair. A curious case of this kind appears in the anecdote of the Spanish artist Castillo, a man distinguished by every amiable disposition; he was the great painter of Seville. When some of Morillo's paintings were shown to him, who seems to have been his nephew, he stood in meek astonishment before them, and when he recovered his voice, turning away, he exclaimed with a sigh, *Ya murio Castillo!* Castillo is no more! Returning home the stricken genius relinquished his pencil, and pined away in hopelessness.

CHAPTER X.

WANT OF MUTUAL ESTEEM.

Among men of genius that want of mutual esteem, usually attributed to envy or jealousy, often originates in a deficiency of analogous ideas, or sympathy, in the parties. On this principle several curious phenomena in the history of genius may be explained.

Every man of genius has a manner of his own; a mode of thinking and a habit of style; and usually decides on a work as it approximates or varies from his own. When one great author depreciates another it has often no worse source than his own taste. The witty Cowley despised the natural Chaucer; the cold classical Bulcain the rough sublimity of Crebillon; the refining Marivaux the familiar Moliere. Fielding ridiculed Richardson, whose manner so strongly contrasted with his own; and Richardson contemned Fielding and declared he would not last. Cumberland escaped a fit of unforgiveness, not living to read his own character by Bishop Watson, whose logical head tried the lighter elegancies of that polished man by his own nervous genius, destitute of whatever was beautiful in taste. There was no envy in the breast of Johnson when he advised Mrs Thrale not to purchase Gray's Letters as trifling and dull, no more than in Gray himself when he sunk the poetical character of Shenstone, his simplicity and purity of feeling, by an image of ludicrous contempt. The deficient sympathy in these men of genius, for modes of feeling opposite to their own, was the real cause of their opinions; and thus it happens that even superior genius is so often liable to be unjust and false in its decisions.

The same principle operates still more strikingly in the remarkable contempt of men of genius for those pursuits and the pursuers, which require talents quite distinct from their own, with a cast of mind thrown by nature into another mould. Hence we must not be surprised at the antipathies of Selden and Locke, of Longueur and Buffon, and this class of genius, against poetry and poets: while on the other side, these undervalue the pursuits of the antiquary, the naturalist, and the metaphysician, by their own favourite course of imagination. We can only understand in the degree we comprehend: and in both these cases the parties will be found quite deficient in those qualities of genius which constitute the excellence of the other. A professor of polite literature condemned the study of botany, as adapted to mediocrity of talent and only demanding patience; but Linnæus showed how a man of genius becomes a creator even in a science which seems to depend only on order and method. It will not be a question with some whether a man must be endowed with the energy and aptitude of genius, to excel in antiquarianism, in natural history, &c.; and that the prejudices raised against the claims of such to the honours of genius have probably arisen from the secluded nature

* See Dr Adam's interesting life of Mr John Hunter.

of their pursuits, and the little knowledge the men of wit and imagination have of these persons, who live in a society of their own. On this subject a very curious circumstance has been revealed of Peirsec, whose enthusiasm for science was long felt throughout Europe; his name was known in every country, and his death was lamented in forty languages; yet was this great man unknown to several men of genius in his own country; Rochefoucault declared he had never heard of his name, and Malherbe wondered why his death created so universal a sensation. Thus we see the classes of literature, like the planets of Heaven, revolving like distinct worlds; and it would not be less absurd for the inhabitants of Venus to treat with contempt the powers and faculties of those of Jupiter, than it is for the men of wit and imagination, those of the men of knowledge and curiosity. They are incapable of exerting the peculiar qualities which give a real value to these pursuits, and therefore they must remain ignorant of their nature and their result.

It is not then always envy or jealousy which induces men of genius to undervalue each other; the want of sympathy will sufficiently account for their false judgments. Suppose Newton, Quinsuit, and Machiavel, accidentally meeting together, unknown to each other, would they not soon have desisted from the vain attempt of communicating their ideas? The philosopher had condemned the poet of the Graces as an intolerable trifler, and the author of the 'The Prince' as a dark political spy. Machiavel had conceived Newton to be a dreamer among the stars, and a mere almanack-maker among men; and the other a rhimer, nauseously *douceur*. Quinsuit might have imagined he was seated between two madmen. Having annoyed each other for some time, they would have retired their enmity by reciprocal contempt, and each have parted with a determination to avoid hereafter two disagreeable companions.*

CHAPTER XI.

SELF-PRaise.

Vanity, egotism, a strong sense of their own sufficiency, form another accusation against men of genius; but the complexion of self-praise must alter with the occasion; for the simplicity of truth may appear vanity, and the consciousness of superiority seem envy—to Mediocrity. It is we who do nothing, who cannot even imagine any thing to be done, who are so much displeased with self-lauding, self-love, self-independence, self-admiration, which with the men of genius are nothing but a modification of the passion of glory.

He who exults in himself is at least in earnest; but he who refuses to receive that praise in public for which he has devoted so much labour in his privacy, is not: he is compelled to suppress the very instinct of his nature: for while we censure no man for loving fame, but only for showing us how much he is possessed by the passion, we allow him to create the appetite, but we deny him the aliment. Our effeminate minds are the willing dupes of what is called the modesty of genius, or, as it has been termed, 'the polished reserve of modern times'; and this from the selfish principle that it serves at least to keep out of the company its painful pre-eminence. But this 'polished reserve,' like something as fashionable, the *laine* rouge, at first appearing with rather too much colour, will in the heat of an evening, be dying away till the true complexion comes out. We know well the numerous subterfuges of these modest men of genius, to extort that praise from their private circle which is thus openly denied them. Have they not been taken by surprise, enlarging their own panegyric, which might rival Pliny's on Trajan, for care and copiousness? or impudently veiling their naked beauty with the transparency of a third person? or never prefixing their name to the volume, which they would not easily forgive a friend to pass unnoticed.

The love of praise is instinctive in the nature of men of genius. Their praise is the foot on which the past rests, and the wheel on which the future rolls. The generous qualities and the virtues of a man of genius are really produced by the applause conferred on him. To him whom the world admires, the happiness of the world must be dear, said Madame De Sèze. Like the North American Indian, ('or the savage and the man of genius preserve the genuine feelings of Nature,) he would listen to his own

* See Helvetius, De l'Esprit.

name, when amidst his circle they chaunt their gods and their heroes. The honest savages laud the worthies among themselves, as well as their departed; and when an auditor hears his own name, he answers by a cry of pleasure and of pride. But pleasure and pride must raise no emotion in the breast of genius, amidst a polished circle: to bring himself down to them, he must start at a compliment, and turn away even from one of his own votaries.

But this, it seems, is not always the case with men of genius, since the accusation we are noticing has been so often reiterated. Take from some that supreme opinion of themselves, that pride of exultation, and you crush the germ of their excellence. Many vast designs must have perished in the conception, had not their authors breathed this vital air of self-delight, this energy of vanity, so operative in great undertakings. We have recently seen this principle in the literary character unfold itself in the life of the late Bishop of Landaff: whatever he did, he felt it was done as a master; whatever he wrote, it was as he once declared, the best work on the subject yet written. It was this feeling with which he emulated Cicero in retirement or in action. 'When I am dead, you will not soon meet with another John Hunter,' said the great anatomist, to one of his garrulous friends. An apology is formed for relating the fact, but the weakness is only in the apology. Corneille has given a very noble full-length of the sublime egotism which accompanied him through life: * and I doubt if we had any such author in the present day, whether he would dare to be so just to himself, and so hardy to the public. The self-praise of Buffon at least equalled his genius; and the inscription beneath his statue in the library of the Jardin des Plantes, which I was told was raised to him in his life-time, exceeds all panegyrics—it places him alone in Nature, as the first and the last interpreter of her works. He said of the great geniuses of modern times, that there were not more than five,—Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself.† It was in this spirit that he conceived and terminated his great works, that he sat in patient meditation at his desk for half a century, and that all Europe, even in a state of war, bowed to the modern Pliny.

Nor is the vanity of Buffon, and Voltaire, and Rousseau so purely national as some will suppose; for men of genius in all ages have expressed a consciousness of the internal force of genius. No one felt this self-exultation more potent than our Hobbes, who has indeed, in his controversy with Wallis, asserted that there may be nothing more just than self-commendation: * and De Thou, one of the most noble-minded, the most thinking, the most impartial of historians, in the Memoirs of his own life, composed in the third person, has surprised and somewhat puzzled the critics, by that frequent distribution of self-commendation which they knew not how to accord with the modesty and gravity with which he was so amply endowed. After his great and solemn labour, amidst the injustice of his persecutors, that great man had sufficient experience of his own merits to assert them. Kepler, amidst his great discoveries, looks down like a superior being on other men. Thus he breaks forth in glory and egotism: 'I dare insult mankind by confessing that I am he who has turned science to advantage. If I am pardoned, I shall rejoice; if blamed, I shall endure it. The die is cast; I have written this book, and whether it be read by posterity or by my contemporaries, is of no consequence; it may well wait for a reader during one century, when God himself during six thousand years has waited for an observer like myself.' He predicts that 'his discoveries would be verified in succeeding ages,' yet were Kepler now among us in familiar society, we should be invited to inspect a monster of inordinate vanity. But it was this solitary majesty; this lofty conception of their genius, which hovered over the sleepless pillow, and charmed the solitude, of Bacon, of Newton, and of Montesquieu; of Ben Jonson, of Milton, and Corneille; and of Michael Angelo. Such men of genius anticipate their contemporaries, and know they are creators, long before the tardy consent of the public;

* They see the laurel which entwines their bust,

They mark the pomp which consecrates their dust,

Shake off the dimness which obscures them now,

And feel the future glory bind their brow.

Smedley's Prescience.

* See it verified in *Curiosities of Literature*.

† See *Quarrels of Authors*, Vol. III, p. 113.

To be admired, is the noble simplicity of the Ancients in expressing with ardour the consciousness of genius, and openly claiming that praise by which it was nourished. The ancients were not infected by our spurious effeminate modesty. Socrates, on the day of his trial, firmly commended himself: he told the various benefits he had conferred on his country. 'Instead of condemning me for imaginary crimes, you would do better, considering my poverty, to order me to be maintained out of the public treasury.' Epicurus, writing to a minister of state, declares—'If you desire glory, nothing can bestow it more than the letters I write to you;' and Seneca, in quoting these words, adds—'What Epicurus promised to his friend, that, my Lucilius, I promise you.' *Orna me!* was the constant cry of Cicero; and he desires the historian Luccius to write separately the conspiracy of Cataline, and publish quickly; that while he yet lived, he might taste of the sweetness of his glory. Horace and Ovid were equally sensible to their immortality: but what modern poet would be tolerated with such an avowal? Yet Dryden honestly declares that it was better for him to own this failing of vanity, than the world to do it for him; and adds, 'For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? Why am I grown old in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown.' Was not Cervantes very sensible to his own merits, when a rival started up; and did he not assert them too, when passing sentence on the bad books of the times, he distinguishes his own work by a handsome compliment? Nor was Butler less proud of his own merits; for he has done ample justice to his Hudibras, and traced out, with great self-delight, its variety of excellences. Richardson, the novelist, exhibits one of the most striking instances of what is called literary vanity—the delight of an author in his works; he has pointed out all the beauties of his three great works, in various manners.* He always taxed a visitor by one of his long letters. It was this intense self-delight, which produced his voluminous labours.

There are certain authors whose very existence seems to require a high conception of their own talents; and who must, as some animals appear to do, furnish the means of life out of their own substance. These men of genius open their career with peculiar tastes, or with a predilection for some great work; in a word, with many unpopular dispositions. Yet we see them magnanimous, though defeated, proceeding with the public feeling against them. At length we view them ranking with their rivals. Without having yielded up their peculiar tastes or their incorrigible viciousness, they have, however, heightened their individual excellences. No human opinion can change their self opinion; alive to the consciousness of their powers, their pursuits are placed above impediment, and their great views can suffer no contraction. These men of genius bear a charmed mail on their breast; 'hopeless, not heartless,' may be often the motto of their ensign; and if they do not always possess reputation, they still look for fame; for these do not necessarily accompany each other.

Acknowledge, too, that an author must be more sensible to his real merits, while he is unquestionably much less to his defects, than most of his readers; the author not only comprehends his merits better, because they have passed through a long process in his mind, but he is familiar with every part, while the reader has had but a vague notion of the whole. Why does the excellent work, by repetition, rise in interest? because in obtaining this gradual intimacy with an author, we appear to recover half the genius we had lost on a first perusal. The work of genius too is associated, in the mind of the author, with much more than it contains. Why are great men often found greater than the books they write? Ask the man of genius, if he has written all he wished he could have written? Has he satisfied himself, in this work for which you accuse his pride? The true supplement has not always accompanied the work itself. The mind of the reader has the limits of a mere recipient, while that of the author, even after his work, is teeming with creation. 'On many occasions, my soul seems to know more than it can say, and to be endowed with a mind by itself, far superior to the mind I really have,' said Marivaux, with equal truth and happiness.

* I have observed them in *Curiosities of Literature*, First Series.

With these explanations of what are called the vanity and egotism of genius, be it remembered, that the sense of their own sufficiency is assumed at their own risk; the great man who thinks greatly of himself, is not diminishing that greatness, in heaping fuel on his fire. With his unlucky brethren, such a feeling may end in the aberrations of harmless madness: as it happened with Percival Stockdale. He, who after a parallel between himself and Charles XII. of Sweden, concludes that 'some parts will be to his advantage, and some to mine,' but in regard to fame,—the main object between Stockdale and Charles XII.—Percival imagined that 'his own will not probably take its fixed and immovable station, and shine with its expanded and permanent splendour till it consecrates his ashes, till it illumines his tomb.' After this, the reader, who may never have heard of the name of Percival Stockdale, must be told, that there exist his own 'Memoirs of his Life and Writings.*' The Memoirs of a scribbler are instructive to literary men; to correct, and to be corrected, should be their daily practice, that they may be taught not only to exult in themselves, but to fear themselves.

It is hard to refuse these men of genius that *aura vitalis*, of which they are so apt to be liberal to others. Are they not accused of the meanest adulations? When a young writer finds the notice of a person of some eminence, he has expressed himself in language which transcended that of mortality; a finer reason than reason itself, inspired it; the sensation has been expressed with all its fulness, by Milton,

'The debt immense of endless gratitude.'

Who ever pays an 'immense debt,' in small sums? Every man of genius has left such honourable traces of his private affections,—from Locke, whose dedication of his great work is more adulative than could be imagined, from a temperate philosopher to Churchill, whose warm eulogiums on his friends so beautifully contrast with the dark and evil passions of his satire. Even in advanced age, the man of genius dwells on the nutritious praise he caught in his youth from veteran genius; that seed sinks deep into a genial soil, roots there, and, like the aloe, will flower at the end of life. When Virgil was yet a youth, Cicero heard one of his eclogues, and exclaimed with his accustomed warmth,

Magna spes altera Romæ!

'The second great hope of Rome,' intending by the first either himself or Lucretius. The words of Cicero were the secret honey on which the imagination of Virgil fed for many a year; for in one of his latest productions, the twelfth book of the *Æneid*, he applies these very words to *Ascanius*; the voice of Cicero had hung forever in his ear.

Such then, is the extreme susceptibility of praise in men of genius, and not less their exuberant sensibility to censure; I have elsewhere shown how some have died of criticism. The Abbé Cassagne felt so acutely the severity of Boileau, that in the prime of life he fell melancholy, and died *maeno*. I am informed that the poet, Scott of Amwell, could never recover from a ludicrous criticism, written by a physician, who never pretended to poetical taste. Some, like Racine, have died of a simple rebuke, and some have found an epigram, as one who fell a victim to one, said, 'fasten on their hearts, and have been thrown into a slow fever.' Pope has been seen writhing in anguish on his chair; and it is told of Montesquieu, that notwithstanding the greatness of his character, he was so much affected by the perpetual criticisms on his work on Laws, that they hastened his death. The morbid feelings of Hawkesworth closed in suicide. The self-love in genius is, perhaps, much more delicate than gross.

But alas, their vengeance as quickly kindled lasts as long! Genius is a dangerous gift of nature; with a keener relish for enjoyment, and with passions more effervescent, the same material forms a Cataline, and a Cromwell, or a Cicero and a Bacon. Plato, in his visionary man of genius, lays great stress on his possessing the most vehement passions, while he adds reason to restrain them. But it is imagination which torments even their inflammable senses; give to the same vehement passion a different direction, and it is glory or infamy.

'Si je n'étois César, j'aurois été Brutus.'

Voltaire.

The imagination of genius is the breath of its life, which
* I have sketched a character of Percival Stockdale, in *Calamities of Authors*, II. 213, it was taken *ad vivum*.

breeds its own disease. How are we to describe symptoms which come from one source, but show themselves in all forms? It is now an intermittent fever, now a *maent delirium*, an hysterical affection, and now a horrid hypochondriacism. Have we no other opiate to still the agony, no other cordial to send its warmth to the heart, than Paine's reason? Must men of genius, who so rarely pass through this slow curative method, remain with all their tortured and torturing passions about them, often self-agitated, self-humiliated? The enemies of genius are often connected with their morbid imagination; these originate in casual slights, or in unguarded expressions, or in hasty opinions, or in a witty derision, or even in the obtruding goodness of tender admonition—The man of genius broods over the phantom that darkens his feelings, and sharpens his vindictive fangs, in a libel, called his memoirs, or in another public way, called a criticism. We are told that Comines the historian, when residing at the court of the Count de Charolois afterwards Duke of Burgundy, one day returning from hunting, with inconsiderate jocularity sat down before the Count, ordering the Prince to pull off his boots; the Count would not affect greatness, and having executed his commission, in return for the princely amusement, the Count dashed the boot on Comines's nose, which bled; and from that time, he was mortified at the Court of Burgundy, by retaining the nick-name of *the booted head*. The blow rankled in the heart of the man of genius, and the Duke of Burgundy has come down to us in his memoirs, blackened by his vengeance. Many, unknown to their readers, like Comines, have had a booted head, but the secret poison is distilled on their lasting page. I have elsewhere fully written a tale of literary hatred, where we seen a man of genius, devoting a whole life in harassing the industry or the genius which he himself could not attain, in the character of Gilbert Stuart.* The French Revolution, among its illustrations of the worst human passions exhibits one, in Collet d'Herbois; when that wretch was tossed up in the storm, to the summit of power, a monstrous imagination seized him; he projected *during* the city of Lyons, and massacring its inhabitants. He had even the heart to commence, and to continue this conspiracy against human nature; the ostensible motive was royalism, but the secret one was literary vengeance! as wretched a poet and actor as a man, he had been hissed off the theatre in Lyons, and his dark remorseless genius resolved to repay that ignominy, by the blood of its citizens and the very walls of the city. Is there but one Collet d'Herbois in the universe? When the imagination of genius becomes its madness, even the worst of human beings is only a genius.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF GENIUS.

When the temper and the leisure of the literary character are alike broken, even his best works, the too faithful mirrors of his state of mind, will participate of its inequalities; and surely the incubations of genius in its delicate and shadowy combinations, are not less sensible in their operation than the composition of sonorous bodies, where, while the warm metal is settling in the mould, even an unusual vibration of the air, during the moment of fusion, will injure the tone.

Some of the conspicuous blemishes of several great compositions may be attributed to the domestic infelicities of their authors. The desultory life of Camoens is imagined to be perceptible in the deficient connection of his epic; and Milton's peculiar situation and divided family prevented those passages from being erased, which otherwise had not escaped from his revising hand—he fit himself in the situation of his Sampson Agonistes, whom he so pathetically describes, as

'His feet' derision, captive, poor and blind.'

Cervantes, through precipitate publication, fell into those slips of memory observable in his satirical romance. The careless rapid liner of Dryden are justly attributed to his distress, and he indeed pleads for his inequalities from his domestic circumstances. Johnson silently, but eagerly often corrected the *Ramblers* in their successive editions of which so many had been despatched in haste. The learned Greaves offered some excuses for his errors in his edition of *Abulfeda*, from 'his being five years encumbered with law-suits and diverted from his studies.' When

* See *Calamities of Authors*, II; 48.

at length he returned to them, he expresses his surprise 'at the pains he had formerly undergone,' but of which he now felt himself 'unwilling, he knew not how, of again undergoing.' Goldoni, when at the bar, abandoned his comic talent for several years: and having resumed it, his first comedy totally failed: 'My head,' says he, 'was occupied with my professional employment, I was uneasy in mind and in bad humour.'

The best years of Mengs's life were embittered by the misery and the harshness of his father, who himself a poor artist, and with poorer feelings, converted his home into a prison-house, forced his son into the slavery of stipulated task-work, while his bread and water were the only fruits of the fine arts; in this domestic persecution, from which he was at length obliged to fly, he contracted those morose and saturnine habits which for ever after shut up the ungenial Mengs in the dark solitude of his soul. It has been said of Alonso Cano, a celebrated Spanish painter, that he would have carried his art much higher had not the unceasing persecution of the inquisitors entirely deprived him of that tranquillity so necessary to the very existence of art. The poet Rousseau passed half his life in trouble, in anger, and in despair, from the severe persecution, or the justice, of his enemies, respecting an anonymous libel attributed to him; his temper was poisoned, and he poisoned. Ovid, in exile on the barren shores of Tomos, deserted by his genius, even in his copious *Tristia*, loses the luxuriance of his fancy. The reason which Rousseau alleges for the cynical spleen which so frequently breathes forth in his works, shows how the domestic character of the man of genius leaves itself behind in his productions. After describing the infelicity of his domestic affairs occasioned by the mother of Theresa, and Theresa herself, both women of the lowest order, he adds on this wretched marriage, 'these unexpected disagreeable events, in a state of my own choice, plunged me into literature, to give a new direction and diversion to my mind; and in all my first works, I scattered that bilious humour which had occasioned this very occupation.' Our author's character in his works was the very opposite one in which he appeared to these low people: they treated his simplicity as utter silliness; feeling his degradation among them, his personal timidity assumed a tone of boldness and originality in his writings, while a strong sense of shame heightened his causticity, condemning that urbanity he knew not to practise. His miserable subservience to these people was the real cause of his oppressed spirit calling out for some undefined freedom in society. Thus the real Rousseau, with all his disordered feelings, only appeared in his writings; the secrets of his heart were in his pen.

The home of the literary character should be the abode of repose and of silence. There must be look for the feasts of study, in progressive and alternate labours; a taste 'which,' says Gibbon, 'I would not exchange for the treasures of India.' Rousseau had always a work going on for rainy days and spare hours, such as his dictionary of music; a variety of works never tired; the single one only exhausted. Metastasio talks with delight of his variety, which resembled the fruits in the garden of Armida,

E mentre spunta l'un, l'altro matura.

While one matures, the other buds and blows.

Nor is it always fame, nor any lower motive, which may induce him to hold an indefatigable pen; another equally powerful exists, which must remain inexplicable to him who knows not to escape from the listlessness of life—the passion for literary occupation. He whose eye can only measure the space occupied by the voluminous labours of the elder Pliny, of a Mazzuchelli, a Muratori, a Montfaucon, and a Gough; all men who laboured from the love of labour, and can see nothing in that space but the industry which filled it, is like him who only views a city at a distance—the streets and the squares, and all the life and population within, he can never know. These literary characters projected these works as so many schemes to escape from uninteresting pursuits; and, in those folios, how many evils of life did they bury, while their happiness expanded with their volume. Annius Gellius desired to live no longer, than he was able to retain the faculty of writing and observing. The literary character must grow as impassioned with his subject as Pliny with his *History of Animals*; 'wealth and honour I might have obtained at the courts of princes; but I preferred the delight of multiplying my knowledge. I am aware that the avaricious and the ambitious will accuse

me of folly, but I have always found most pleasure in observing the nature of animals, studying their character, and writing their history.' Even with those who have acquired their celebrity, the love of literary labour is not diminished, a circumstance recorded by the younger Pliny of Livy; in a preface to one of his lost books, that historian had said that he had got sufficient glory by his former writings on the Roman history, and might now repose in silence; but his mind was so restless and so abhorrent of indolence, that it only felt its existence in literary exertion. Such are the minds who are without hope, if they are without occupation.

Amidst the repose and silence of study, delightful to the literary character, are the soothing interruptions of the voices of those whom he loves; these shall re-animate his languor, and moments of inspiration shall be caught in the emotions of affection, when a father or a friend, a wife, a daughter, or a sister, become the participators of his own tastes, the companions of his studies, and identify their happiness with his fame. If Horace was dear to his friends, he declares they owed him to his father,

—purus et insons
(Ut nie collaudem) si vivo et carus amicus,
Causa fuit Pater his.

Lib. I. Sat. vi. v. 60.
If pure and innocent, if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause.

Francis.

This intelligent father, an obscure tax-gatherer, discovered the propensity of Horace's mind; for he removed the boy of genius from a rural seclusion to the metropolis, anxiously attending on him to his various masters. Vitruvius pours forth a grateful prayer to the memory of his parents, who had instilled into his soul a love for literary and philosophical subjects. The father of Gibbon urged him to literary distinction, and the dedication of the 'Essay on literature,' to that father, connected with his subsequent labour, shows the force of the excitement. The son of Buffon one day surprised his father by the sight of a column, which he had raised to the memory of his father's eloquent genius. 'It will do you honour,' observed the Gallic sage. And when that son in the revolution was led to the guillotine, he ascended in silence, so impressed with his father's fame, that he only told the people, 'I am the son of Buffon!' It was the mother of Burns who kindled his genius by delighting his childhood with the recitations of the old Scottish ballads, while to his father he attributed his cast of character; as Bishop Watson has recently traced to the affectionate influence of his mother, the religious feelings which he declares he had inherited from her. There is, what may be called, family genius; in the home of a man of genius he diffuses an electrical atmosphere; his own pre-eminence strikes out talents in all. Evelyn, in his beautiful retreat at Sayes Court, had inspired his family with that variety of tastes which he himself was spreading throughout the nation. His son translated Rapin's 'Gardens' which poem the father proudly preserved in his 'Silva'; his lady, ever busied in his study, excelled in the arts her husband loved, and designed the frontispiece to his *Lucretius*; she was the cultivator of their celebrated garden, which served as 'an example,' of his great work on 'forest trees.' Cowley, who has commemorated Evelyn's love of books and gardens, has delightfully applied them to his lady, in whom, says the bard, Evelyn meets both pleasures;

'The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.'

The house of Haller resembled a temple consecrated to science and the arts, for the votaries were his own family. The universal acquirements of Haller, were possessed in some degree by every one under his roof; and their studious delight in transcribing manuscripts, in consulting authors, in botanising, drawing and colouring the plants under his eye, formed occupations which made the daughters happy and the sons eminent. The painter Stella inspired his family to copy his fanciful inventions, and the playful graver of Claudine Stella, his niece, animated his 'Sports of Children.' The poems of the late Murdis were printed by the hands of his sisters.

No event in literary history is more impressive than the fate of Quintilian; it was in the midst of his elaborate work, composed to form the literary character of a son, his great hope, that he experienced the most terrible affliction in the domestic life of genius—the deaths of his

wife, and one child after the other. It was a moral earthquake with a single survivor amidst the ruins. An awful burst of parental and literary affliction breaks forth in Quintilian's lamentation,—'my wealth, and my writings, the fruits of a long and painful life, must now be reserved only for strangers; all I possess is for aliens and no longer mine!' The husband, the father, and the man of genius, utter one cry of agony.

Deprived of these social consolations, we see Johnson call about him those whose calamities exiled them from society, and his roof lodges the blind, the lame and the poor; for the heart of genius must possess something human it can call its own to be kind to. Its elevated emotions, even in domestic life, would enlarge the moral vocabulary, like the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who has fixed in his language two significant words: one which served to explain the virtue most familiar to him—*bienfaisance*; and the irritable vanity magnifying its ephemeral fame the sage reduced to a mortifying diminutive—*la gloriole*.

It has often excited surprise that men of genius eminent in the world, are not more revered than other men in their domestic circle. The disparity between the public and the private esteem of the same man is often striking; in privacy the comic genius is not always cheerful, the sage is sometimes ridiculous, and the poet not delightful. The golden hour of invention must terminate like other hours, and when the man of genius returns to the cares, the duties, the vexations, and the amusements of life, his companions behold him as one of themselves—the creature of habits and infirmities. Men of genius, like the deities of Homer, are deities only in their 'Heaven of Invention'; mixing with mortals, they shed their blood like Venus, or bellow like Mars. Yet in the business of life the cultivators of science and the arts, with all their simplicity of feeling and generous openness about them, do not meet on equal terms with other men; their frequent abstractions calling off the mind to whatever enters into its favourite pursuits, render them greatly inferior to others in practical and immediate observation. A man of genius may know the whole map of the world of human nature; but, like the great geographer, may be apt to be lost in the wood, which any one in the neighbourhood knows better than him. 'The conversation of a poet,' says Goldsmith, 'is that of a man of sense, while his actions are those of a fool.' Genius, careless of the future, and absent in the present, avoids to mix too deeply in common life as its business; hence it becomes an easy victim to common foibles and vulgar villanies. 'I love my family's welfare, but I cannot be so foolish as to make myself the slave to the minute affairs of a house,' said Montaigne. The story told of a man of learning is probably true, however ridiculous: deeply occupied in his library, one, rushing in, informed him that the house was on fire! 'Go to my wife—these matters belong to her!' pettishly replied the interrupted student. Bacon sat at one end of his table wrapt in many a reverie, while at the other the creatures about him were trafficking with his honour, and ruining his good name: 'I am better fitted for this,' said that great man once, holding out a book, 'than for the life I have of late led.' Buffon, who consumed his mornings in his old tower of Montbar, at the end of his garden, with all nature opening to him, formed all his ideas of what was passing before him by the arts of an active and pious capuchin, and the comments of a persequer on the scandalous chronicles; these he treated as children; but the children commanded the great man. Dr Young, whose satires give the very anatomy of human foibles, was entirely governed by his house-keeper; she thought and acted for him, which probably greatly assisted the 'Night Thoughts,' but his curate exposed the domestic economy of a man of genius by a satirical novel. Was not the hero Marlborough, at the moment he was the terror of France and the glory of Germany, held under the finger of his wife by the meanest passion of avarice?

But men of genius have too often been accused of imaginary crimes; their very eminence attracts the lie of calumny, a lie which tradition conveys beyond the possibility of refutation. Sometimes reproached for being undutiful sons, because they displeased their fathers in making an obscure name celebrated. The family of Descartes were insensible to the lustre his studies reflected on them; they lamented, as a blot in their escutcheon, that Descartes, who was born a gentleman, should become a philosopher. This elevated genius was even denied the satisfaction of embracing an unforgiving parent, while his dwarfish brother, with a mind diminutive as his person, ri-

diculed his philosophic relative, and turned to advantage his philosophic dispositions. They have been deemed disagreeable companions, because they felt the weariness of dullness, or the impertinence of intrusion; as bad husbands, when united to women, who without a hundred feeling had the mean sense, or the unnatural cruelty, to prey upon their infirmities. But is the magnet less a magnet, though the particles scattered about it, incapable of attraction, are unattracted by its occult quality?

Poverty is the endemic distemper of the commonwealth; but poverty is no term for 'ears polite.' Few can conceive a great character in a state of humble existence! That passion for wealth through all ranks, leaving the Hollanders aside, seems peculiar to the country where the 'Wealth of Nations' is made the first principle of its existence; and where the *cui bono*? is ever referred to a commercial result. This is not the chief object of life among the continental nations, where it seems properly restricted to the commercial class. Montesquieu, who was in England, observed that 'if he had been born here nothing could have consoled him on failing to accumulate a large fortune, but I do not lament the mediocrity of my circumstances in France.' This evil, for such it may be considered, has much increased here since Montesquieu's visit. It is useless to persuade some that there is a poverty, neither vulgar, nor terrifying, asking no favours, and on no terms receiving any—a poverty which annihilates its ideal evils, and becomes even a source of pride—a state which will confer independence, that first step to genius.

There have been men of genius who have even learnt to want. We see Rousseau rushing out of the hotel of the financier, selling his watch, copying music by the sheet, and by the mechanical industry of two hours, purchasing ten for genius. We may smile at the enthusiasm of young Barry, who finding himself too constant a haunter of tavern-company, imagined that his expenditure of time was occasioned by having money; to put an end to the conflict, he threw the little he possessed at once into the Lottery; but let us not forget that Barry, in the maturity of life, consistently began a labour of years, and one of the noblest inventions in his art, a great poem in a picture, with no other resource than what he found in secret labours through the night, by which he furnished the shops with those slight and saleable sketches which secured uninterrupted mornings for his genius. Spinoza, a name as celebrated and calumniated as Epicurus, lived in all sorts of abstinence, even of honours, of pensions, and of presents, which, however disguised by kindness, he would not accept, so fearful was this philosopher of a chain; lodging in a cottage, and obtaining a livelihood by polishing optical glasses, and at his death his small accounts showed how he had subsisted on a few pence a day.

'Enjoy spare feast! a radish and an egg.'—*Cooper*.

Spinoza said he never had spent more than he earned, and certainly thought there was such a thing as superfluous earnings. Such are the men who have often sailed at the light regard of their neighbours in contrast with their growing celebrity; and who feel that eternal truth, which the wisest and the poorest of the Athenians has sent down to us, that 'not to want any thing is an attribute of the Divinity; but man approximates to this perfection by wanting little.'

There may be sufficient motives to induce the literary character to make a state of mediocrity his choice. If he loses his happiness, he mutilates his genius. Goldsmith, with the simplicity of his feelings and habits, in reviewing his life, tells us how he was always relapsing into his old propensity of comic writing; 'but the thought of this does not disturb me; for though in any other situation I might have been in easier circumstances, I should never have been so happy.' Bayle is a parent of the modern literary character; he pursued the same course, and early in life adopted the principle 'Neither to fear bad fortune, nor have any ardent desires for good.' He was acquainted with the passions only as their historian, and living only for literature, he sacrificed to it the two great acquisitions of human pursuits—fortune and a family; but in England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Holland, in Flanders, at Geneva, he found a family of friends, and an accumulation of celebrity. A life of hard deprivations was long the life of Linnaeus. Without a fortune, it never seemed to him necessary to acquire. Peripatring on foot with a stivus, a magnifying glass, and a basket for plants, he shared with the peasant his rustic meal. Never was

glory acquired at a cheaper rate, says one of his eulogists. Satisfied with the least of the little, he only felt the necessity of completing his *Floras*; and the want of fortune did not deprive him of his glory, nor of that statue raised to him after death in the gardens of the University of Upsal; nor of that solemn eulogy delivered by a crowned head; nor of those medals which the king of Sweden, and the Swedes, struck, to commemorate the genius of the three kingdoms of Nature.

In substituting fortune for the object of his designs, the man of genius deprives himself of the inspirations of him who lives for himself; that is, for his Art. If he bends to the public taste, not daring to raise it to his own, he has not the choice of his subjects, which itself is a sort of invention. A task-worker ceases to think his own thoughts; the stipulated price and time are weighing on his pen or his pencil, while the hour-glass is dropping its hasty sands. If the man of genius would become something more than himself—if he would be wealthy and even luxurious, another fever torments him, besides the thirst of glory; such ardent desires create many fears, and a mind in fear is a mind in slavery. So inadequate, too, are the remunerations of literary works, that the one of the greatest skill and difficulty, and the longest labour, is not valued with that hasty spurious novelty for which the taste of the public is craving, from the strength of its disease, rather than its appetite. Rousseau observed that his musical opera, the work of five or six weeks, brought him as much money as he had received for his *Emilius*, which had cost him twenty years of meditation, and three years of composition. This single fact represents a hundred. In one of Shakespeare's sonnets he pathetically laments this compulsion of his necessities which forced him on the trade of pleasing the public; and he illustrates this degradation by a novel image. 'Chide Fortune,' cries the bard,—

'The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds;
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, LIKE THE DYER'S HAND.'

Such is the fate of that author, who, in his variety of task-works, blue, yellow, and red, lives without ever having shown his own natural complexion. We hear the eloquent truth from another who has shared in the bliss of composition, and the misery of its 'daily bread.' 'A single hour of composition won from the business of the day, is worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the trade of literature; in the one case the spirit comes joyfully to refresh itself, like a hart to the water-brooks; in the other it pursues its miserable way, panting and jaded with the dogs of hunger and necessity behind.*

Genius undegraded and unexhausted, may, indeed, even in a garret, glow in its career; but it must be on the principle which induced Rousseau solemnly to renounce writing 'par métier.' This in the *Journal des Savans* he once attempted, but found himself quite inadequate to 'the profession.† In a garret, the author of the 'Studies of Nature' exultingly tells us that he arranged his work. 'It was in a little garret, in the new street of St Etienne du Mont, where I resided four years, in the midst of physical and domestic afflictions. But there I enjoyed the most exquisite pleasures of my life, amid profound solitude and an enchanting horizon. There I put the finishing hand to my 'Studies of Nature,' and there I published them.

It has been a question with some, more indeed abroad than at home, whether the art of instructing mankind by the press would not be less suspicious in its character, were it less interested in one of its motives? We have had some noble self-denials of this kind, and are not without them even in our country. Boileau almost censures Racine for having accepted money for one of his dramas, while he who was not rich, gave away his elaborate works to the public; and he seems desirous of raising the art of writing to a more disinterested profession than any other requiring no fees. Milton did not compose his immortal labour with any view of copyright; and Linneus sold his works for a single ducat. The Abbé Mably, the author of many political and moral works, preserved the dignity of the literary character, for while he lived on little, he would accept only a few presentation copies from the booksellers. Since we have become a nation of book collect-

ors, the principle seems changed; even the wealthy author becomes proud of the largest tribute paid to his genius, because this tribute is the evidence of the numbers who pay it; so that the property of a book represents to the literary candidate so many thousand voters in his favour.

The man of genius wrestling with heavy and oppressive fortune, who follows the avocations of an author as a precarious source of existence, should take as the model of the authorial life that of Dr Johnson; the dignity of the literary character was ever associated with his feelings; and the 'reverence thyself' was present to his mind even when doomed to be one of the *Helots* of literature, by Osborn, by Cave, or by Millar. Destitute of this ennobling principle, the author sinks into the tribe of those rabid adventurers of the pen who have masked the degraded form of the literary character under the title of 'authors by profession—the Guthries, the Ralphs, and the Ambursts.* 'There are worse evils, for the literary man,' says a modern author, who is himself the true model of the literary character,—'than neglect, poverty, imprisonment, and death. There are even more pitiable objects than Chatterton himself with the poison of his lips.' 'I should die with hunger, were I at peace with the world,' exclaimed a corsair of literature,—and dashed his pen into that black flood before him of soot and gall.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MATRIMONIAL STATE.

Matrimony has often been considered as a condition not well suited to the domestic life of genius; it is accompanied by too many embarrassments for the head and the heart. It was an axiom with Fuessli, the Swiss artist, that the marriage state is incompatible with a high cultivation of the fine arts. Peiresc the great French collector, refused marriage, convinced that the cares of a family were too absorbing for the freedom necessary to literary pursuits, and a sacrifice of fortune incompatible with his great designs. Boyle, who would not suffer his studies to be interrupted by 'household affairs,' lived as a boarder with his sister, Lady Ranelagh. Bayle, and Hobbes, and Hume, and Gibbon, and Adam Smith, decided for celibacy. Such has been the state of the great author whose sole occupation is combined with passion, and whose happiness is his fame—fame, which balances that of the heroes of the age, who have sometimes honoured themselves by acknowledging it.

This debate, for our present topic has sometimes warmed into one, in truth is ill adapted for controversy; the heart is more concerned in its issue than any espoused doctrine terminating in partial views. Look into the domestic annals of genius—observe the variety of positions into which the literary character is thrown in the nuptial state. Will cynicism always obtain his sullen triumph, and prudence be allowed to calculate away some of the richer feelings of our nature? Is it an axiom that literary characters must necessarily institute a new order of celibacy? One position we may assume, that the studies, and even the happiness of the pursuits of literary characters, are powerfully influenced by the domestic associate of their lives.

Men of genius rarely pass through the age of love without its passion: even their *Delias* and *Amandas* are often the shadows of some real object. According to Shakespeare's experience,

'Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs.'

Love's Labour Lost, Act IV. Scene 2.

Their imagination is perpetually colouring those pictures of domestic happiness they delight to dwell on. He who is no husband may sigh for that devoted tenderness which is at once bestowed and received; and tears may start in the eyes of him who can become a child among children, and is no father. These deprivations have usually been the concealed cause of the querulous and settled melancholy of the literary character. The real occasion of Shensstone's unhappiness was, that early in life he had been captivated by a young lady adapted to be both the muse and the wife of the poet. Her mild graces were soon touched by his plaintive love-songs and elegies. Their

* The reader will find an original letter by Guthrie to a Minister of State, in which this modern phrase was probably his own invention, with the principle unblushingly avowed. See 'Calamities of Authors,' vol. i. p. 5. Ralph further opens mysteries, in an anonymous pamphlet of 'The Case of Authors by profession.' They were both pensioned.

* Quarterly Review, No. XVI. p. 538.

† Twice he repeated this resolution.—See his works, Vol. xxi., p. 228. Vol. xxii., p. 80.

sensibility was too mutual, and lasted for some years, till she died. It was in parting from her that he first sketched his 'Pastoral Ballad.' Shenstone had the fortitude to refuse marriage; his spirit could not endure that she should participate in that life of deprivations to which he was doomed, by an inconsiderate union with poetry and poverty. But he loved, and his heart was not locked up in the ice of celibacy. He says in a moment of humour, 'It is long since I have considered myself as *undone*. The world will not perhaps consider me in that light entirely till I have married my maid.' Thomson met a reciprocal passion in his Amanda, while the full tenderness of his heart was ever wasting itself like waters in a desert. As we have been made little acquainted with this part of the history of the poet of the Seasons, I give his own description of these deep feelings from a manuscript letter written to Mallet. 'To turn my eyes a softer way, to you know who—absence sighs it to me. What is my heart made of? a soft system of low nerves, too sensible for my quiet—capable of being very happy or very unhappy, I am afraid the last will prevail. Lay your hand upon a kindred heart, and despise me not. I know not what it is, but she dwells upon my thought in a mingled sentiment, which is the sweetest, the most intimately pleasing the soul can receive, and which I would wish never to want towards some dear object or another. To have always some secret darling idea to which one can still have recourse amidst the noise and nonsense of the world, and which never fails to touch us in the most exquisite manner, is an art of happiness that fortune cannot deprive us of. This may be called romantic; but whatever the cause is, the effect is really felt. Pray, when you write, tell me when you saw her, and with the pure eye of a friend, when you see her again, whisper that I am her most humble servant.' Even Pope was enamoured of 'a scornful lady; and as Johnson observed, 'polluted his will with female resentment.' Johnson himself, we are told by Miss Seward, who knew him, 'had always a metaphysical passion for one princess or other,—the rustic Lucy Porter, or the haughty Molly Aston, or the sublimated methodistic Hill Boothby; and lastly, the more charming Mrs Thrale.' Even in his advanced age, at the height of his celebrity, we hear his cries of lonely wretchedness. 'I want every comfort: my life is very solitary and very cheerless. Let me know that I have yet a friend—let us be kind to one another.' But the 'kindness' of distant friends is like the polar sun, too far removed to warm. A female is the only friend the solitary can have, because her friendship is never absent. Even those who have eluded individual tenderness, are tortured by an aching void in their feelings. The stoic Akenside, in his books of 'Odes,' has preserved the history of a life of genius in a series of his own feelings. One entitled, 'At Study,' closes with these memorabilia lines;

'Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame
And the old heroic lyre:
Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to lettered leisure known,
Or in social duty spent:
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest.
Languishes for true content.'

If ever a man of letters lived in a state of energy and excitement which might raise him above the atmosphere of social love, it was assuredly the enthusiast, Thomas Holis, who, solely devoted to literature and to republicanism, was occupied in furnishing Europe and America with editions of his favourite authors. He would not marry, lest marriage should interrupt the labours of his platonic politics. But his extraordinary memoirs, while they show an intrepid mind in a robust frame, bear witness to the self-tormentor who had trodden down the natural bonds of domestic life. Hence the deep 'dejection of his spirits': those incessant cries, that he has no 'one to advise, assist, or cherish those magnanimous pursuits in him.' At length he retreated into the country, in utter hopelessness.

I go not into the country for attentions to agriculture as such, nor attentions of interest of any kind, which I have ever despised as such; but as a *used man*, to pass the remainder of a life in tolerable sanity and quiet, after having given up the flower of it, voluntarily, day, week, month, year after year successive to each other, to public

service, and being no longer able to sustain, in *body or mind*, the labours that I have chosen to go through without falling speedily into the *greatest disorders*, and it might be *imbecility itself*. This is not colouring, but the exact plain truth, and Gray's,

'Poor moralist, and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets.'

Assuredly it would not be a question whether these literary characters should have married, had not Montaigne, when a widower, declared that 'he would not marry a second time, though it were wisdom itself;'—but the airy Gascon has not disclosed how far *Madame* was concerned in this anathema.

If the literary man unites himself to a woman whose taste and whose temper, are adverse to his pursuits, he must courageously prepare for a martyrdom. Should a female mathematician be united to a poet, it is probable that she would be left to her abstractions; to demonstrate to herself how many a specious diagram fails when brought to her mechanical operation; or while discovering the infinite varieties of a curve, may deduce her husband's. If she becomes as jealous of his books as other wives are of the mistresses of their husbands, she may act the virago even over his innocent papers. The wife of Bishop Cooper, while her husband was employed on his Lexicon, one day consigned the volume of many years to the flames; and obliged that scholar to begin a second siege of Troy in a second Lexicon. The wife of Whitelocke often destroyed his MSS and the marks of her nails have come down to posterity in the numerous lacerations still gaping in his 'Memorials.' The learned Sir Henry Saville, who devoted more than half his life, and near ten thousand pounds, to his magnificent edition of St Chrysostom, led a very uneasy life between that Saint and Lady Saville: viz: with her tenderness for him and her own want of amusement, Saint Chrysostom incurred more than one danger. One of those learned scholars who translated the Scriptures, kept a diary of his studies and his domestic calamities, for they both went on together; bussed only among his books, his wife, from many causes, plunged him in debt; he was compelled to make the last sacrifice of a literary man, by disposing of his library. But now, he without books, and she worse and worse in temper, discontents were of fast growth between them. Our man of study found his wife, like the remora, a little fish, sticking at the bottom of his ship impeding its progress. He desperately resolved to fly from the country and his wife. There is a cool entry in the diary, on a warm proceeding, one morning; wherein he expresses some curiosity to know the cause of his wife being out of temper! Simplicity of a patient scholar! * The present matrimonial case, however, terminated in unexpected happiness; the wife, after having forced her husband to be deprived of his library, to be daily chronicling her caprices, and finally, to take the serious resolution of abandoning his country, yet, living in good old times, religion and conscience united them again; and as the connubial diarist ingeniously describes this second marriage of himself and his wife, 'made it be with them, as surgeons say it is with a fractured bone, if once well set, the stronger for a fracture.' A new consolation for domestic ruptures!

Observe the errors and infirmities of the greatest man of genius in their matrimonial connections. Milton carried nothing of the greatness of his mind, in the choice of his wives; his first wife was the object of sudden fancy. He left the metropolis, and unexpectedly returned a married man; united to a woman of such uncongenial dispositions, that the romp was frightened at the literary habits of the great poet, found his house solitary, beat his nephews, and ran away after a single month's residence! to this circumstance, we owe his famous treatise on Divorce, and a party, (by no means extinct) who, having made as ill choices in their wives, were for divorcing, as fast as they had been for marrying, calling themselves *Miltonists*. When we find that Moliere, so skilful in human life, married a girl from his own troop, who made him experience

* The entry may amuse. *Hodie, nescio qua Intemperis uxorem meam agitavit, nam pecuniam usudatam propter humi, ac sic irata discessit.*—'This day, I know not the cause of the ill-temper of my wife: when I gave her money for daily expenses, she flung it upon the ground and departed in passion.' For some, this Flemish picture must be no familiar to please, too minute a copy of vulgar life.

all those bitter disgusts and ridiculous embarrassments which he himself played off at the Theatre; that Addison's fine taste in morals and in life, could suffer the ambition of a courtier to prevail with himself to seek a Countess, whom he describes under the stormy character of Occana, who drove him contemptuously into solitude, and shortened his days; and, that Steele, warm and thoughtless, was united to a cold precise 'Miss Prue,' as he calls her, and from whom he never parted without bickerings; in all these cases we censure the great men, not their wives.* Rousseau has honestly confessed his error: he had united himself to a low illiterate woman—and when he retreated into solitude, he felt the weight which he carried with him. He laments that he had not educated his wife; 'In a docile age, I could have adorned her mind with talents and knowledge which would have more closely united us in retirement. We should not then have felt the intolerable tedium of a tête à tête; it is in solitude one feels the advantage of living with another who can think.' Thus Rousseau confesses the fatal error, and indicates the right principle.

But it seems not absolutely necessary for the domestic happiness of the literary character, that his wife should be a literary woman. The lady of Wieland was a very pleasing domestic person, who without reading her husband's works, knew he was a great poet. Wieland was apt to exercise his imagination in a sort of angry declamation and bitter amplifications; and the writer of this account in perfect German taste, assures us, 'that many of his felicities of diction were thus struck out at a heat;' during this frequent operation of his genius, the placable temper of Mrs Wieland overcame the orgasm of the German bard, merely by her admiration and her patience. When the burst was over, Wieland himself was so charmed by her docility, that he usually closed with giving up all his opinions. There is another sort of homely happiness, aptly described in the plain words of Bishop Newton: He found 'the study of sacred and classic authors ill agreed with butchers' and bakers' bills;' and when the prospect of a bishopric opened on him, 'more servants, more entertainments, a better table, &c.' it became necessary to look out for 'some clever sensible woman to be his wife, who would lay out his money to the best advantage, and be careful and tender of his health; a friend and companion at all hours, and who would be happier in staying at home than be perpetually gadding abroad.' Such are the wives, not adapted to be the votaries, but who may be the faithful companions through life, even of a man of genius.

That susceptibility, which is love in its most compliant forms, is a constitutional faculty in the female character, and hence its docility and enthusiasm has varied with the genius of different ages. When universities were opened to the sex, have they not acquired academic glory? Have not the wives of military men shared in the perils of the field, and as Anna Comnena, and our Mrs Hutchinson, become even their historians? In the age of love and sympathy the female receives an indelible character from her literary associate; his pursuits are even the objects of her thoughts; he sees his tastes reflected in his family, much less by himself, whose solitary labours often preclude him from forming them, than by that image of his own genius in his house—the mother of his children. Antiquity abounds with many inspiring examples of this camaleon reflection of the female character. Aspasia, from the arms of Pericles, borrowing his genius, could instruct the archons how to govern the republic; Portia, the wife of the republican Brutus, devouring the burning coals, showed a glorious suicide which Brutus had approved; while Paulina, the wife of Seneca, when the veins of that philosopher were commanded to be opened, voluntarily chose the same death; the philosopher commanded that her flowing blood should be stopped, but her pallid features ever after showed her still the wife of Seneca! The wife of Lucan is said to have transcribed and corrected the *Pharsalia* after the death of her husband; the tender mind of the wife had caught the energy of the bard by its intercourse; and when he was no more, she placed his bust on her bed, that she might never close her eyes without being soothed by his image. The picture of a literary wife of antiquity has descended to us, touched by the domestic pencil of a man of genius. It is the susceptible Calpurnia, the lady of the younger Pliny; 'her affection to me has given her a turn to books—her passion will in-

crease with our days, for it is not my youth or my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured.' Could Mrs Hutchinson have written the life of her husband, had she not reflected from the patriots himself, all his devotedness to the country, had she not lent her whole soul to every event which concerned him? This female susceptibility was strong in the wife of Klopstock; our novelist Richardson, who could not read the Messiah in the original, was desirous of some account of the poem, and its progress. She writes to him that no one can inform him better than herself, for she knows the most of that which is not published, 'being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. Persons who live as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same; I with my little work, still, still,—only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion and all the sublimity of the subject—my husband reading me his young verses and suffering my criticisms.' Meta Mollers writes with enthusiasm, and in German English; but he is a pitiful critic who has only discovered the oddness of her language.

Gesner declared that whatever were his talents, the person who had most contributed to develop them was his wife. She is unknown to the public; but the history of the mind of such a woman can only be truly discovered in the 'Letters of Gesner and his Family.' While Gesner gave himself up entirely to his favourite arts, drawing, painting, etching, and composing poems, his wife would often reanimate a genius that was apt to despond in its attempts, and often exciting him to new productions, her certain and delicate taste was attentively consulted by the poet-painter—but she combined the most practical good sense with the most feeling imagination; this forms the rareness of the character—for this same woman, who united with her husband in the education of their children, to relieve him from the interruptions of common business, carried on alone the concerns of his house in *la librairie*. Her correspondence with her son, a young artist travelling for his studies, opens what an old poet comprehensively terms 'a gathered mind.' Imagine a woman attending the domestic economy, and the commercial details yet withdrawing out of this business of life into that of the more elevated pursuits of her husband, and the cares and counsels she bestowed on her son to form the artist and the man. To know this incomparable woman we must hear her. 'Consider your father's precepts as oracles of wisdom; they are the result of the experience he has collected, not only of life, but of that art which he has acquired simply by his own industry.' She would not have her son suffer his strong affection to herself to absorb all other sentiments. 'Had you remained at home, and been habituated under your mother's auspices to employments merely domestic, what advantage would you have acquired? I own we should have passed some delightful winter evenings together; but your love for the arts, and my ambition to see my sons as much distinguished for their talents as their virtues, would have been a constant source of regret at your passing your time in a manner so little worthy of you.' How profound is her observation on the strong but confined attachments of a youth of genius. 'I have frequently remarked, with some regret, the excessive attachment you indulge towards those who see and feel as you do yourself, and the total neglect with which you seem to treat every one else. I should reproach a man with such a fault who was destined to pass his life in a small and unvarying circle; but in an artist, who has a great object in view, and whose country is the whole world, this disposition seems to me likely to produce a great number of inconveniences—alas! my son, the life you have hitherto led in your father's house has been in fact a pastoral life, and not such a one as was necessary for the education of a man whose destiny summons him to the world.'—And when her son, after meditating on some of the most glorious productions of art, felt himself as he says, 'disheartened and cast down at the unattainable superiority of the artist, and that it was only by reflecting on the immense labour and continued efforts which such master pieces must have required, that I regained my courage and my ardour,' she observes, 'this passage, my dear son, is to me as precious as gold, and I send it to you again, because I wish you to impress it strongly on your mind. The remembrance of this may also be a useful preservative from too great confidence in your abilities, to which a warm imagination may sometimes be liable, or from the despondence you might

* See *Curiosities of Literature*, for various anecdotes of 'Literary Wives.'

occasionally feel from the contemplation of grand originals Continuous, therefore, my dear son, to form a sound judgment and a pure taste from your own observations; your mind, while yet young and flexible, may receive whatever impressions you wish. Be careful that your abilities do not inspire in you too much confidence, lest it should happen to you as it has to many others, that they have never possessed any greater merit than that of having good abilities.' One more extract to preserve an incident which may touch the heart of genius. This extraordinary woman whose characteristic is that of strong sense with delicacy of feeling, would check her German sentimentality at the moment she was betraying those emotions in which the imagination is so powerfully mixed up with the associated feelings. Arriving at their cottage at Sihlwald, she proceeds—'On entering the parlour three small pictures, painted by you, met my eyes. I passed some time in contemplating them. It is now a year, thought I since I saw him trace these pleasing forms; he whistled and sang, and I saw them grow under his pencil; now he is far, far from us.—In short, I had the weakness to press my lips on one of these pictures. You well know, my dear son, that I am not much addicted to scenes of a sentimental turn; but to-day, while I considered your works, I could not restrain from this little impulse of maternal feelings. Do not, however, be apprehensive that the tender affection of a mother will ever lead me too far, or that I shall suffer my mind to be too powerfully impressed with the painful sensations to which your absence gives birth. My reason convinces me that it is for your welfare that you are now in a place where your abilities will have opportunities of unfolding, and where you can become great in your art.'

Such was the incomparable wife and mother of the Gessners!—Will it now be a question whether matrimony is incompatible with the cultivation of the arts? A wife who reanimates the drooping genius of her husband, and a mother who is inspired by the ambition of seeing her sons eminent, is she not the real being which the ancients only personified in their Muse?

CHAPTER XIV.

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.

Among the virtues which literature inspires, is that of the most romantic friendship. The delirium of love, and even its lighter caprices, are incompatible with the pursuits of the student; but to feel friendship like a passion, is necessary to the mind of genius, alternately elated and depressed, ever prodigal of feeling, and excursive in knowledge.

The qualities which constitute literary friendship, compared with those of men of the world, must render it as rare as true love itself, which it resembles in that intellectual tenderness of which both so deeply participate. Two atoms must meet out of the mass of nature, of such purity, that when they once adhere, they shall be as one, resisting the utmost force of separation. This literary friendship begins 'in the dew of their youth,' and may be said not to expire on their tomb. Engaged in similar studies, if one is found to excel, he shall find in the other the protector of his fame. In their familiar conversations, the memory of the one associates with the fancy of the other; and to such an intercourse, the world owes some of the finer effusions of genius, and some of those monuments of labour which required more than one giant hand.

In the poem Cowley composed on the death of his friend Harvey, this stanza opens a pleasing scene of two young literary friends engaged in their midnight studies.

'Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Ladæan stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

Milton has not only given the exquisite Lycidas to the memory of one young friend, but his *Epitaphium Damonis* to another.

Now, mournfully cries the youthful genius, as versified by Langborne,

'To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart,
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?

The Sonnet of Gray on West, is another beautiful instance of that literary friendship of which we have several instances in our own days, from the school or the college; and which have rivalled in devoted affections any which these pages can record.

Such a friendship can never be the lot of men of the world, for it takes its source in the most elevated feelings; it springs up only in the freshness of nature, and is gathered in the golden age of human life. It is intellectual, and it loves solitude; for literary friendship has no convivial gaieties and factious assemblies. The friendships of the men of society move on the principle of personal interest, or to relieve themselves from the listlessness of existence; but interest can easily separate the interested, and as weariness is contagious, the contact of the propagator is watched. Men of the world may look on each other with the same countenances, but not with the same hearts. Literary friendship is a sympathy, not of manners, but of feelings. In the common mart of life may be found mimacies which terminate in complaint and contempt; the more they know one another, the less is their mutual esteem; the feeble mind quarrels with one still more imbecile than himself; the dissolute riot with the dissolute, and while they despise their companions, they too have become despicable.

That perfect unity of feeling, that making of two individuals but one being is displayed in such memorable friendships as those of Beaumont and Fletcher; whose labours were so combined that no critic can detect the mingled production of either; and whose lives were so closely united, that no biographer can compose the memoirs of the one without running into the life of the other. Their days were as closely interwoven as their verses. Montaigne and Charron, in the eyes of posterity, are rivals, but such literary friendship knows no rivalry; such was Montaigne's affection for Charron, that he requested him by his will to bear the arms of the Montaignes; and Charron evinced his gratitude to the manes of his departed friend, by leaving his fortune to the sister of Montaigne. How pathetically Erasmus mourns over the death of his beloved Sir Thomas More—*In More mihi videtur extitisse*—'I seem to see myself extinct in More.'—It was a melancholy presage of his own death, which shortly after followed. The Doric sweetness and simplicity of old Isaac Walton, the angler, were reflected in a mind as clear and generous, when Charles Cotton continued the feelings, rather than the little work of Walton. Metastasio and Farnelli called each other *il Gemello*, the Twin; and both delighted to trace the resemblance of their lives and fates, and the perpetual alliance of the verse and the voice. Gozuet, the author of 'The Origin of the Arts and Sciences,' bequeathed his MSS. and his books to his friend Fugere, with whom he had long united his affections and his studies, that his surviving friend might proceed with them; but the author had died of a slow and painful disorder, while Fugere had watched by the side of his dying friend, in silent despair; the sight of those MSS. and books was his death-stroke; half his soul which had once given them animation was parted from him, and a few weeks terminated his own days. When Lord heard of the death of Churchill, he neither wished to survive him nor did. The Abbé de St Pierre gave an interesting proof of literary friendship for Varignon the geometer: they were of congenial dispositions, and St Pierre, when he went to Paris, could not endure to part with Varignon, who was too poor to accompany him; and St Pierre was not rich. A certain income, however moderate, was necessary for the tranquil pursuits of geometry. St Pierre presented Varignon with a portion of his small income, accompanied by that delicacy of feeling which men of genius who know each other can best conceive: 'I do not give it you,' said St Pierre, 'as a salary, but as an annuity, that thus you may be independent and quit me when you dislike me.' The same circumstance occurred between Akenside and Dyson, who, when the poet was in great danger of adding one more illustrious name to the Calamities of Authors, interposed between him and ill-fortune, by allowing him an annuity of three hundred a year, and when he found the fame of his literary friend attacked, although not in the habit of composition, Dyson published an able and a curious defence of Akenside's poetical and philosophical character. The name and character of Dyson have been suffered to die away, without a single tribute of even biographical sympathy; but in the record of literary glory, the patron's name should be inscribed by the side of the literary character; for the

public incurs an obligation whenever a man of genius is protected.

The statesman Fouquet, deserted by all others, witnessed La Fontaine hastening every literary man to the prison-gate; many have inscribed their works to their disgraced patron, in the hour

When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain,
They wait, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.

Such are the friendships of the great literary character! Their elevated minds have raised them into domestic heroes, whose deeds have been often only recorded on that fading register, the human heart.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITERARY AND PERSONAL CHARACTER.

Are the personal dispositions of an author discoverable in his writings as those of an artist are imagined to appear in his works, where Michael Angelo is always great and Raphael ever graceful?

Is the moralist a moral man? Is he malignant who publishes caustic satires? Is he a libertine who composes loose poems? And is he whose imagination delights in terror and in blood, the very monster he paints?

Many licentious writers have led chaste lives. La Mothe le Vayer wrote two works of a free nature; yet his was the unblemished life of a retired sage. Bayle is the too faithful compiler of impurities, but he resisted the corruption of the senses as much as Newton. La Fontaine wrote tales fertile in intrigues, yet the 'bon homme' has not left on record a single ingenious amour. Smollet's character is immaculate; yet he has described two scenes which offend even in the freedom of imagination. Cowley, who boasts with such gaiety of the versatility of his passion among so many mistresses, wanted even the confidence to address one. Thus, licentious writers may be very chaste men: for the imagination may be a volcano, while the heart is an Alp of ice.

Turn to the moralist—there we find Seneca, the disinterested usurer of seven millions, writing on moderate desires, on a table of gold. Sallust, who so eloquently declaims against the licentiousness of the age, was repeatedly accused in the Senate of public and habitual debaucheries; and when this inveigher against the spoilers of provinces attained to a remote government, Sallust pillaged like Verres. Lucian, when young, declaimed against the friendship of the great, as another name for servitude; but when his talents procured him a situation under the Emperor, he facetiously compared himself to those quacks, who themselves plagued with a perpetual cough, offer to sell an infallible remedy for one. Sir Thomas More, in his *Utopia*, declares that no man ought to be punished for his religion; yet he became a fierce persecutor, racking and burning men when his own true faith here was at the ebb. At the moment the poet Rousseau was giving versions of the Psalms, full of unction, as our neighbours say, he was profaning the same pen with the most infamous of epigrams. We have heard of an erotic poet of our times composing sacred poetry, or night-hymns in church-yards. The pathetic genius of Sterne played about his head, but never reached his heart.

And thus with the personal dispositions of an author, which may be quite the reverse from those which appear in his writings. Johnson would not believe that Horace was a happy man, because his verses were cheerful, no more than he could think Pope so, because he is continually informing us of it. Young, who is constantly condemning preferment in his writings, was all his life pining after it: and while the sombrous author of the 'Night Thoughts' was composing them, he was as cheerful as any other man; he was as lively in conversation as he was gloomy in his writings: and when a lady expressed her surprise at his social converse, he replied—'There is much difference between writing and talking.' Molière, on the contrary, whose humour was so perfectly comic, and even ludicrous, was a very thoughtful and serious man, and perhaps even of a melancholy temper: his strongly-featured physiognomy exhibits the face of a great tragic, rather than of a great comic, poet. Could one have imagined that the brilliant wit, the luxuriant raillery, and the fine and deep sense of Pascal could have combined with the most opposite qualities—the hypochondriasm and

bigotry of an ascetic? Rochefoucauld, says the eloquent Dugald Stewart, in private life was a conspicuous example of all those moral qualities of which he seemed to deny the existence, and exhibited in this respect a striking contrast to the Cardinal De Retz, who has presumed to censure him for his want of faith in the reality of virtue; and to which we must add, that De Retz was one of those pretended patriots without a single of those virtues for which he was the clamorous advocate of faction. When Valincour attributed the excessive tenderness in the tragedies of Racine to the poet's own impassioned character, the younger Racine amply showed that his father was by no means this slave of love; that his intercourse with a certain actress was occasioned by his pains to form her, who with a fine voice, and memory, and beauty, was incapable of comprehending the verses she recited, or accompanying them with any natural gesture. The tender Racine never wrote a single love poem, nor had a mistress; and his wife had never read his tragedies, for poetry was not her delight. Racine's motive for making love the constant source of action in his tragedies, was on the principle which has influenced so many poets, who usually conform to the prevalent taste of the times. In the court of a young monarch, it was necessary that heroes should be lovers; and since Cornuille had so nobly run in one career, Racine could not have existed as a great poet, had he not rivalled him in an opposite one. The tender Racine was no lover; but he was a subtle and epigrammatic observer, before whom his convivial friends never cared to open their minds. It is not therefore surprising if we are often erroneous in the conception we form of the personal character of a distant author. Klopstock, the votary of Zion's muse, so astonished and warmed the sage Bodmer, that he invited the inspired bard to his house; but his visitor shocked the grave professor, when, instead of a poet rapt in silent meditation, a volatile youth leapt out of the chaise, who was an enthusiast for retirement only when writing verses. An artist whose pictures exhibit a series of scenes of domestic tenderness, awakening all the charities of private life, participated in them in no other way than on his canvass. Evelyn, who has written in favour of active life, loved and lived in retirement; while Sir George Mackenzie framed an eulogium on solitude, who had been continually in the bustle of business.

Thus an author and an artist may yield no certain indication of their personal character in their works. Inconstant men will write on constancy, and licentious minds may elevate themselves into poetry and piety. And were this not so, we should be unjust to some of the greatest geniuses, when the extraordinary sentiments they put into the mouths of their dramatic personages are maliciously applied to themselves. Euripides was accused of atheism, when he made a denier of the gods appear on the stage. Milton has been censured by Clarke for the impiety of Satan; and it was possible that an enemy of Shakespeare might have reproached him for his perfect delineation of the accomplished villain Iago; as it was said that Dr Moore was sometimes hurt in the opinions of some, by his horrid Zeluco. Crebillon complains of this.—'They charge me with all the iniquities of Atreus, and they consider me in some places as a wretch with whom it is unfit to associate; as if all which the mind invents must be derived from the heart.' This poet offers a striking instance of the little alliance existing between the literary and personal dispositions of an author. Crebillon, who exulted on his entrance into the French academy, that he had never tinged his pen with the gall of satire, delighted to strike on the most harrowing string of the tragic lyre. In his Atreus, the father drinks the blood of his son; in Rhadamistus, the son expires under the hand of the father; in Electra, the son assassinates the mother. A poet is a painter of the soul; but a great artist is not therefore a bad man.

Montaigne appears to have been sensible of this fact in the literary character. Of authors, he says, he likes to read their little anecdotes and private passions; and adds, 'Car j'ai une singulière curiosité de connoître l'ame et les naïfs jugemens de mes auteurs. Il faut bien juger leur suffisance, mais non pas leurs moeurs, ni eux, par cette montre de leurs écrits qu'ils étalent au théâtre du monde.' Which may be thus translated—'For I have a singular curiosity to know the soul and simple opinions of my authors. We must judge of their ability, but not of their manners, nor of themselves, by that show of their writings which they display on the theatre of the world.' This is very just, and are we yet convinced, that the simplicity of

this old favourite of Europe, might not have been as much a theatrical gesture, as the sentimentality of Sterne?

We must not therefore consider that he who paints vice with energy is therefore vicious, lest we injure an honourable man; nor must we imagine that he who celebrates virtue is therefore virtuous, for we may then repose on a heart which knowing the right pursues the wrong.

These paradoxical appearances in the history of genius present a curious moral phenomenon. Much must be attributed to the plastic nature of the versatile faculty itself. Men of genius have often resisted the indulgence of one talent to exercise another with equal power; some, who have solely composed sermons, could have touched on the foibles of society with the spirit of Horace or Juvenal; Blackstone and Sir William Jones directed that genius to the austere studies of law and philology, which might have excelled in the poetical and historical character. So versatile is this faculty of genius, that its possessors are sometimes uncertain of the manner in which they shall treat their subject; whether to be grave or ludicrous? When Breboeuf, the French translator of the *Pharsalia* of Lucan, had completed the first book as it now appears, he at the same time composed a burlesque version, and sent both to the great arbiter of taste in that day, to decide which the poet should continue? The decision proved to be difficult. Are there not writers who can brew a tempest or fling a sunshine with all the vehemence of genius at their will? They adopt one principle, and all things shrink into the pigmy forms of ridicule; they change it, and all rise to startle us, with animated Colossuses. On this principle of the versatility of the faculty, a production of genius is a piece of art which wrought up to its full effect is merely the result of certain combinations of the mind, with a felicity of manner obtained by taste and habit.

Are we then to reduce the works of a man of genius to a mere sport of his talents; a game in which he is only the best player? Can he whose secret power raises so many emotions in our breasts, be without any in his own? A mere actor performing a part? Is he unfeeling when he is pathetic, indifferent when he is indignant? An alien to all the wisdom and virtue he inspires? No! were men of genius themselves to assert this, and it is said some incline to it, there is a more certain conviction, than their mistakes, in our own consciousness, which for ever assures us, that deep feelings and elevated thoughts must spring from their source.

In proving that the character of the man may be very opposite to that of his writing, we must recollect that the habits of life may be contrary to the habits of the mind. The influence of their studies over men of genius, is limited; out of the ideal world, man is reduced to be the active creature of sensation. An author, has in truth, two distinct characters; the literary, formed by the habits of his study; the personal, by the habits of situation. Gray, cold, effeminate and timid in his personal, was lofty and awful in his literary character; we see men of polished manners and bland affection, in grasping a pen, are thrusting a poignard; while others in domestic life, with the simplicity of children and the feebleness of nervous affections, can shake the senate or the bar with the vehemence of their eloquence and the intrepidity of their spirit.

And, however the personal character may contrast with that of their genius, still are the works themselves genuine, and exist in realities for us—and were so doubtless to themselves, in the act of composition. In the calm study, a beautiful imagination may convert him whose morals are corrupt, into an admirable moralist, awakening feelings which yet may be cold in the business of life; since we have shown that the phlegmatic can excite himself into wit, and the cheerful man delight in Night-thoughts. Sallust, the corrupt Sallust, might retain the most sublime conceptions of the virtues which were to save the Republic; and Sterne, whose heart was not so susceptible in ordinary occurrences, while he was gradually creating incident after incident, touching the emotions one after another, in the stories of *Le Fevre* and *Maria*, might have thrilled—like some of his readers.* Many have mourned

* Long after this was written, and while this volume was passing through the press, I discovered a new incident in the life of Sterne, which verifies my conjecture. By some unpublished letters of Sterne's in Mr Murray's Collection of Autographical Letters, it appears that early in life, he deeply fixed the affections of a young lady, during a period of five years, and for some cause I know not, he suddenly deserted her and married another. The young lady was too sensible of

over the wisdom or the virtue they contemplated, mortified at their own infirmities. Thus, though there may be no identity, between the book and the man, still for us, as author is ever an abstract being, and, as one of the *Fathers* said, 'a dead man may sin dead, leaving books that make others sin.' An author's wisdom or his folly does not die with him. The volume, not the author, is our companion, and is for us a real personage, performing before us whatever it inspires; 'he being dead, yet speaketh.' Such is the vitality of a book!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Among the more active members of the republic there is a class to whom may be appropriately assigned the title of Men of Letters.

The man of letters, whose habits and whose whole life so closely resemble those of an author, can only be distinguished by the simple circumstance, that the man of letters is not an author.

Yet he whose sole occupation through life is literature, who is always acquiring and never producing appears as ridiculous as the architect who never raised an edifice, or the statuary who refrains from sculpture. His pursuits are reproached with terminating in an epicurean selfishness, and amidst his incessant avocations he himself is considered as a particular sort of idler.

This race of literary characters, as they now exist, could not have appeared till the press had poured its effluence; in the degree that the nations of Europe became literary, was that philosophical curiosity kindled, which induced some to devote their fortunes and their days, and to experience some of the purest of human enjoyments, in preserving and familiarising themselves with 'the monuments of vanished minds,' that indestructible history of the genius of every people, through all its eras—and whatever men have thought and whatever men have done, were at length discovered to be found in Books.

Men of letters occupy an intermediate station between authors and readers; with more curiosity of knowledge and more multiplied tastes, and by those precious collections which they are forming during their lives, more completely furnished with the means than are possessed by the multitude who read, and the few who write.

The studies of an author are usually restricted to particular subjects; his tastes are tinged by their coloring, and his mind is always shaping itself to them. An author's works form his solitary pride, and often mark the boundaries of his empire; while half his life wears away in the slow maturity of composition; and still the ambition of authorship torments its victim alike in disappointment or in possession.

But the solitude of the man of letters is soothed by the surrounding objects of his passion; he possesses them, and they possess him. His volumes in triple rows on their shelves; his portfolios, those moveable galleries of pictures and sketches; his rich *medallier* of coins and gems, that library without books; some favourite sculptures and paintings on which his eye lingers as they catch a magical light; and some antiquities of all nations, here and there, about his house; these are his furniture! Every thing about him is so endeared to him by habit, and many higher associations, that even to quit his collections for a short time becomes a real suffering; he is one of the *Liefhebbers* of the *Hollanders*—a lover or fancier.* He lives where he will die; often his library and his chamber are contiguous, and this 'Parva, sed apta,' this contracted space, has this act of treachery; she lost her senses and was confined in a private mad-house, where Sterne twice visited her. He has drawn and coloured the picture of her madness, which he himself had occasioned! This fact only adds to some which have so deeply injured the sentimental character of this author, and the whole spurious race of his wretched apes. His life was loose, and shandean, his principles unsettled, and it does not seem that our wit bore a single attraction of personal affection about him; for his death was characteristic of his life. Sterne died at his lodgings, with neither friend nor relative by his side; a hired nurse was the sole companion of the man whose wit found admirers in every street, but whose heart could not draw one by his death-bed.

* The Dutch call every thing for which they have a passion *Lief-hebberge*—things having their love; and as their feeling is much stronger than their delicacy, they apply the term to every thing, from poetry and picture to talips and volucra. *Lief-hebbers* are lovers or fanciers.

often marked the boundary of the existence of the opulent owner.

His invisible days flow on in this visionary world of literature and art; all the knowledge, and all the tastes, which genius has ever created are transplanted into his cabinet; there they flourish together in an atmosphere of their own. But tranquillity is essential to his existence; for though his occupations are interrupted without inconvenience, and resumed without effort, yet if the realities of life, with all their unquiet thoughts, are suffered to enter into his ideal world, they will be felt as if something were flung with violence among the trees where the birds are singing,—all would instantly disperse.

Such is that life of self-oblivion of the man of letters, for which so many have voluntarily relinquished a public station; or their rank in society; neglecting even fortune and health. Of the pleasures of the man of letters it may be said, they combine those opposite sources of enjoyment observed in the hunter and the angler. Of a great hunter it was said, that he did not live but hunt; and the man of letters, in his perpetual researches, feels the like heat, and the joy of discovery, in his own chase; while in the deep calm of his spirits, such is the sweetness of his uninterrupted hours, like those of the angler that one may say of him what Colonel Venables, an enthusiastic angler, declared of his favourite pursuit, 'many have cast off other recreations and embraced this; but I never knew any angler wholly cast off, though occasions might interrupt, their affections to their beloved recreation.'

But 'men of the world,' as they are so emphatically distinguished, imagine that a man so lifeless in 'the world' must be one of the dead in it, and, with mistaken wit, would inscribe over the sepulchre of his library, 'Here lies the body of our friend.' If the man of letters has voluntarily quitted their 'world,' at least he has past into another where he enjoys a sense of existence through a long succession of ages, and where Time, who destroys all things for others, for him only preserves and discovers. This world is best described by one who has lingered amongst its inspirations. 'We are wafted into other times and strange lands, connecting us by a sad but exalting relationship with the great events and great minds which have passed away. Our studies at once cherish and controul the imagination, by leading it over an unbounded range of the noblest scenes in the overawing company of departed wisdom and genius'*

If the man of letters is less dependent on others for the very perception of his own existence, his solitude is not that of a desert, but of the most cultivated humanity; for all there tends to keep alive those concentrated feelings which cannot be indulged with security, or even without ridicule, in general society. Like the Lucullus of Plutarch, he would not only live among the votaries of literature, but would live for them; he throws open his library, his gallery, and his cabinet, to all the Grecians. Such are the men who father neglected genius, or awaken its infancy by the perpetual legacy of the 'Prizes' of Literature and science; who project those benevolent institutions where they have poured out the philanthropy of their hearts in that world which they appear to have forsaken. If Europe is literary, to whom does she owe this, more than to these men of letters? To their noble passion of amassing through life those magnificent collections, which often bear the names of their founders from the gratitude of a following age? Venice, Florence, and Copenhagen, Oxford and London, attest the existence of their labours. Our Bodleys and our Harleys, our Cottons and our Sloanes, our Cracherodes and our Townleys, were of this race! In the perpetuity of their own studies, they felt as if they were extending human longevity, by throwing an unbroken light of knowledge into the next age. Each of the public works, for such they become, was the project and the execution of a solitary man of letters during half a century; the generous enthusiasm which inspired their intrepid labours; the difficulties overcome; the voluntary privations of what the world calls its pleasures and its honours would form an interesting history not yet written; their due, yet undischarged.

Living more with books than with men, the man of letters is more tolerant of opinions than they are among themselves, nor are his views of human affairs contracted to the day, as those who in the heat and hurry of life can act only on expedients, and not on principles: who deem themselves politicians because they are not moralists; to

whom the centuries behind have conveyed no results, and who cannot see how the present time is always full of the future; as Leibnitz has expressed a profound reflection. 'Every thing,' says the lively Burnet, 'must be brought to the nature of tinder or gunpowder, ready for a spark to set it on fire,' before they discover it. The man of letters is accused of a cold indifference to the interests which divide society. In truth, he knows their miserable beginnings and their certain terminations; he is therefore rarely observed as the head, or the rump, of a party.

Antiquity presents such a man of letters in Atticus, who retreated from a political to a literary life; had his letters accompanied those of Cicero they would have illustrated the ideal character of a man of letters. But the sage Atticus rejected a popular celebrity for a passion not less powerful yielding up his whole soul to study. Cicero, with all his devotion to literature, was still agitated by another kind of glory and the most perfect author in Rome imagined that he was enlarging his honours by the intrigues of the consulship. He has distinctly marked the character of the man of letters in the person of his friend Atticus, and has expressed his respect, although he could not content himself with its imitation. 'I know,' says this man of genius and ambition, 'I know the greatness and ingenuousness of your soul, nor have I found any difference between us, but in a different choice of life; a certain sort of ambition has led me earnestly to seek after honours, while other motives, by no means blameable, induced you to adopt an honourable leisure; *honestum otium*.'* These motives appear in the interesting memoirs of this man of letters—a contempt of political intrigues with a desire to escape from the bustle and splendour of Rome to the learned leisure of Athens; to dismiss a pompous train of slaves for the delight of assembling under his roof a literary society of readers and transcribers; and there having collected the portraits or busts of the illustrious men of his country, he caught their spirit and was influenced by their virtues or their genius, as he inscribed under them, in concise verses, the characters of their mind. Valuing wealth only for its use, a dignified economy enabled him to be profuse, and a moderate expenditure allowed him to be generous.

The result of this literary life was the strong affections of the Athenians; at the first opportunity, the absence of the man of letters offered, they raised a statue to him, conferring on our Porponius the fond surname of Atticus. To have received a name from the voice of the city they inhabited, has happened to more than one man of letters. Pinelli, born a Neapolitan, but residing at Venice, among other peculiar honours received from the senate, was there distinguished by the affectionate title of 'the Venetian.'

Yet such a character as Atticus could not escape censure from 'men of the world;' they want the heart and the imagination to conceive something better than themselves. The happy indifference, perhaps the contempt, of our Atticus for rival factions, they have stigmatised as a cold neutrality, and a timid cowardly hypocrisy. Yet Atticus could not have been a mutual friend, had both not alike held the man of letters as a sacred being amidst their disguised ambition; and the urbanity of Atticus, while it balanced the fierceness of two heroes, Pompey and Caesar, could even temper the rivalry of genius in the orators Hortensius and Cicero. A great man of our own country widely differed from the accusers of Atticus; Sir Matthew Hale lived in times distracted, and took the character of our man of letters for his model, adopting two principles in the conduct of Atticus; engaging with no party or public business, and affording a constant relief to the unfortunate of whatever party, he was thus preserved amidst the contests of times. Even Cicero himself, in his happier moments, in addressing his friend, exclaims—'I had much rather be sitting on your little bench under Aristotle's picture, than in the curule chairs of our great ones.' This wish was probably sincere, and reminds us of another great politician in his secession from public affairs, retreating to a literary life, when he appears suddenly to have discovered a new-found world. Fox's favourite line, which he often repeated, was,

'How various his employments whom the world

Calls idle.'

Cooper.

If the personal interests of the man of letters are not too deeply involved in society, his individual prosperity however is never contrary to public happiness. Other

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXIII, p. 146.

* Ed. A.

* B. L. Ep. 17.

professions necessarily exist by the conflict and the calamities of the community; the politician is great by hatching an intrigue; the lawyer is counting his briefs; the physician his sick-list; the soldier is clamorous for war, and the merchant riots on the public calamity of high prices. But the man of letters only calls for peace and books, to unite himself with his brothers scattered over Europe; and his usefulness can only be felt, when, after a long interchange of destruction, men during short intervals, recovering their senses, discover that 'knowledge is power.'

Of those eminent men of letters, who were not authors, the history of Peiresc opens the most enlarged view of their activity. This moving picture of a literary life had been lost for us, had not Peiresc found in Gassendi a twin-spirit; so intimate was that biographer with the very thoughts; so closely united in the same pursuits, and so perpetual an observer of the remarkable man whom he has immortalized, that when employed on this elaborate resemblance of his friend, he was only painting himself with all the identifying strokes of self-love.

It was in the vast library of Pinelli, the founder of the most magnificent one in Europe, that Peiresc, then a youth, felt the remote hope of emulating the man of letters before his eyes. His life was not without preparation, not without fortunate coincidences, but there was a grandeur of design in the execution, which originated in the genius of the man himself.

The curious genius of Peiresc was marked by its precocity, as usually are strong passions in strong minds; this was the germ of all those studies which seemed mature in his youth. He resolved on a personal intercourse with the great literary characters of Europe; and his friend has thrown over these literary travels, that charm of detail by which we accompany Peiresc into the libraries of the learned; there with the historian opening new sources of history, or with the critic correcting manuscripts, and settling points of erudition; or by the opened cabinet of the antiquary, decyphering obscure inscriptions, and explaining medals; in the galleries of the curious in art, among their marbles, their pictures and their prints, he has often revealed to the artist some secret in his own art. In the museum of the naturalist, or among the plants of the botanist, there was no rarity of nature, and no work of art on which he had not to communicate; his mind toiled with that impatience of knowledge, that becomes a pain only in the cessation of rest. In England Peiresc was the associate of Camden and Selden, and had more than one interview with that friend to literary men, our calumniated James I; one may judge by these who were the men whom he first sought, and by whom he himself ever after was sought. Such indeed were immortal friendships! immortal they may be justly called, from the objects in which they concerned themselves, and from the permanent results of their combined studies.

Another peculiar greatness in this literary character was his enlarged devotion to literature for itself; he made his own universal curiosity the source of knowledge to other men; considering the studious as forming but one great family wherever they were, the national repositories of knowledge in Europe, for Peiresc, formed but one collection for the world. This man of letters had possessed himself of their contents, that he might have manuscripts collected, unedited pieces explored, extracts supplied, and even draughtsmen employed in remote parts of the world, to furnish views and plans, and to copy antiquities for the student, who in some distant retirement discovered that the literary treasures of the world were unfailingly opened to him by the secret devotion of this man of letters.

Carrying on the same grandeur in his views, Europe could not limit his inextinguishable curiosity; his universal mind busied itself in every part of the habitable globe. He kept up a noble traffic with all travellers, supplying them with philosophical instruments and recent inventions, by which he facilitated their discoveries, and secured their reception even in barbarous realms; in return he claimed, at his own cost, for he was 'born rather to give than to receive,' Says Gassendi, fresh importations of oriental literature, curious antiquities, or botanic rarities, and it was the curiosity of Peiresc which first embellished his own garden, and thence the gardens of Europe, with a rich variety of exotic flowers and fruits. Whenever he was presented with a medal, a vase, or a manuscript, he never slept over the gift till he had discovered what the donor delighted in; and a book, a picture, or a plant, when money could not be offered, fed their mutual passion and

sustained the general cause of science.—The correspondence of Peiresc branched out to the farthest bounds of Ethiopia, connected both Americas, and had touched the newly discovered extremities of the universe, when this intrepid mind closed in a premature death.

I have drawn this imperfect view of Peiresc's character, that men of letters may be reminded of the capacities they possess. There still remains another peculiar feature. With all these vast views the fortune of Peiresc was not great; and when he sometimes endured the reproach of those whose sordidness was startled at this prodigality of mind, and the great objects which were the result, Peiresc replied that 'a small matter suffices for the natural wants of a literary man, whose true wealth consists in the monuments of arts, the treasures of his library, and the brotherly affections of the ingenious.' He was a French judge, but he supported the dignity more by his own character than by luxury or parade. He would not wear silk, and no tapestry hangings ornamented his apartments; but the walls were covered with the portraits of his literary friends: and in the unadorned simplicity of his study, his books, his papers, and his letters were scattered about him on the tables, the seats, and the floor. There, stealing from the world, he would sometimes admit to his sparse supper his friend Gassendi, 'content,' says that amiable philosopher, 'to have me for his guest.'

Peiresc, like Pinelli, never published any work. Few days, indeed, passed without Peiresc writing a letter on the most curious inquiries; epistles which might be considered as so many little books, observes Gassendi. These men of letters derived their pleasure, and perhaps their pride, from those vast strata of knowledge which their curiosity had heaped together in their mighty collections. They either were not endowed with that faculty of genius which strikes out aggregate views, or with the talent of composition which embellishes minute ones. This deficiency in the minds of such may be attributed to a thirst of learning, which the very means to allay can only inflame. From all sides they are gathering information; and that knowledge seems never perfect to which every day brings new acquisitions. With these men, to compose is to hesitate: and to revise is to be mortified by fresh doubts and unsupplied omissions. Peiresc was employed all his life in a history of Provence; and day after day he was adding to the splendid mass. But 'Peiresc,' observes Gassendi, 'could not mature the birth of his literary offspring, or lick it into any shape of elegant form; he was therefore content to take the midwife's part, by helping the happier labours of others.'

Such are the silent cultivators of knowledge, who are rarely authors, but who are often, however, contributing to the works of authors: without their secret labours, the public would not have possessed many valued works. That curious knowledge of books which, since Europe has become literary, is both the beginning and the result of knowledge; and literary history itself, which is the history of the age, of the nation and of the individual, one of the important consequences of these vast collections of books, has almost been created in our own times. These sources, which offer so much delightful instruction to the author and the artist, are separate studies from the cultivation of literature and the arts, and constitute more particularly the province of these men of letters.

The philosophical writer, who can adorn the page or history, is not always equal to form it. Robertson, after his successful history of Scotland, was long irresolute in his design, and so unpractised in researches of the sort he was desirous of attempting, that his admirers had nearly lost his popular productions, had not a fortunate introduction to Dr Birch enabled him to open the chafed books, and to drink of the sealed fountains. Robertson has confessed his inadequate knowledge and his overflowing gratitude, in letters which I have elsewhere printed. A suggestion by a man of letters has opened the career of

* The history of the letters of Peiresc is remarkable. He preserved copies of his entire correspondence; but it has been recorded that many of these epistles were consumed, to save fuel, by the obstinate avarice of a niece. This would not have been a solitary instance of eminent men leaving their collections to unworthy descendants. However, after the silence of more than a century, some of these letters have been recovered and may be found in some French journals of A. Millin. They descended from the gentleman who married this very niece, probably the remains of the collection. The letters answer to the description of Gassendi, full of curious knowledge and observation.

many an aspirant; a hint from Walsh conveyed a new conception of English poetry to one of its masters. The celebrated treatise of Grotius, on 'Peace and War,' was projected by Peiresc. It was said of Magliabechi, who knew all books and never wrote one, that by his diffusive communications he was in some respects concerned in all the great works of his times. Sir Robert Cotton greatly assisted Camden and Speed; and that hermit of literature, Baker of Cambridge, was still supplying with his invaluable researches, Burnet, Kennet, Hearne, of Middleton. Such is the concealed aid which these men of letters afford our authors, and which we may compare to those subterranean streams, which flowing into spacious lakes, are still, unobserved, enlarging the waters which attract the public eye.

Such are these men of letters! but the last touches of their picture, given with all the delicacy and warmth of a self-painter, may come from the Count de Caylus, celebrated for his collections and for his generous patronage of artists.

'His glory is confined to the mere power which he has of being one day useful to letters and to the arts; for his whole life is employed in collecting materials of which learned men and artists make no use till after the death of him who amassed them. It affords him a very sensible pleasure to labour in hopes of being useful to those who pursue the same course of studies, while there are so great a number who die without discharging the debt which they incur to society.'

CHAPTER XVII.

LITERARY OLD AGE.

The old age of the literary character retains its enjoyments, and usually its powers, a happiness which accompanies no other. The old age of coquetry with extinct beauty; that of the used idler left without a sensation; that of a grasping Croesus, who envies his heir; or that of the Machiavel who has no longer a voice in the cabinet, makes all these persons resemble unhappy spirits who cannot find their graves. But for the aged man of letters memory returns to her stories, and imagination is still on the wing, amidst fresh discoveries and new designs. The others fall like dry leaves, but he like ripe fruit, and is valued when no longer on the tree.

The intellectual faculties, the latest to decline, are often vigorous in the decrepitude of age. The curious mind is still striking out into new pursuits; and the mind of genius is still creating. *ANCORA IMPARO!*—'Yet I am learning!' Such was the concise inscription of an ingenious device of an old man placed in a child's go-cart, with an hour-glass upon it, which Michael Angelo applied to his own vast genius in his ninetieth year.*

Time, the great destroyer of other men's happiness, only enlarges the patrimony of literature to its possessor. A learned and highly intellectual friend once said to me, 'If I have acquired more knowledge these last four years than I had hitherto, I shall add materially to my stores in the next four years; and so at every subsequent period of my life, should I acquire only in the same proportion, the general mass of my knowledge will greatly accumulate. If we are not deprived by nature or misfortune, of the means to pursue this perpetual augmentation of knowledge, I do not see but we may be still fully occupied and deeply interested even to the last day of our earthly term.' In such pursuits, where life is rather wearing out, than rusting out, as Bishop Cumberland expressed it, death scarcely can take us by surprise: and much less by those continued menaces which shake the old age of men, of no intellectual pursuits, who are dying so many years.

Active enjoyments in the decline of life, then, constitute the happiness of literary men: the study of the arts and literature spread a sunshine in the winter of their days; and their own works may be as delightful to themselves, as roses plucked by the Norwegian amidst his snows; and they will discover that unregarded kindness of nature, who has given flowers that only open in the evening, and flower through the night-time. Necker offers a beautiful instance even of the influence of late studies in life; for he tells us, that 'the era of three-score and ten is an agreeable age for writing; your mind has not lost its

* This characteristic form closes the lectures of Mr Fuseli, who thus indirectly reminds us of the last words of Reynolds; and the graver of Blake, vital as the pencil of Fuseli, has raised the person of Michael Angelo with its admirable portraiture, breathing inspiration

vigour, and envy leaves you in peace.' The opening of one of La Mothe le Vayer's Treatises is striking: 'I should but ill return the favours God has granted me in the eightieth year of my age, should I allow myself to give way to that shameless want of occupation which I have condemned all my life;' and the old man proceeds with his 'observations, on the composition and reading of books.' The literary character has been fully occupied in the eightieth and ninetieth year of life. Isaac Walton still glowed while writing some of the most interesting biographies in his eighty-fifth year, and in his ninetieth enriched the poetical world with the first publication of a romantic tale by Chalkhill, 'the friend of Spenser.' Bodmer, beyond eighty, was occupied on Homer, and Wieland on Cicero's Letters.* But the delight of opening a new pursuit, or a new course of reading, imparts the vivacity and novelty of youth even to old age; the revolutions of modern chemistry kindled the curiosity of Dr Reid to his latest days; and a deservedly popular author, now advanced in life, at this moment, has discovered, in a class of reading to which he had never been accustomed, what will probably supply him with fresh furniture for his mind during life. Even the steps of time are retraced, and what has passed away again becomes ours; for in advanced life a return to our early studies refreshes and renovates the spirits; we open the poets who made us enthusiasts, and the philosophers who taught us to think, with a new source of feeling in our own experience. Adam Smith confessed his satisfaction at this pleasure to professor Dugald Stewart, while 'he was perusing, with the enthusiasm of a student, the tragic poets of ancient Greece, and Sophocles and Euripides lay open on his table.'

Dans ses veines toujours un jeune sang bouillonne,
Et Sophocle à cent ans peul encore Antigone.

The calm philosophic Hume found death only could interrupt the keen pleasure he was again receiving from Lucian, and which could inspire him at the moment with a humorous self-dialogue with Charon.

Not without a sense of exultation has the literary character felt his happiness, in the unbroken chain of his habits and his feelings. Hobbes exulted that he had outlived his enemies, and was still the same Hobbes; and to demonstrate the reality of this existence, published, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, his version of the *Odyssey*, and the following year, his *Iliad*. Of the happy results of literary habits in advanced life, the Count de Tressan, the elegant abridger of the old French romances, in his 'literary advice to his children,' has drawn a most pleasing picture. With a taste for study, which he found rather inconvenient in the moveable existence of a man of the world, and a military wanderer, he had however contrived to reserve an hour or two every day for literary pursuits; the men of science, with whom he had chiefly associated, appear to have turned his passion to observation and knowledge, rather than towards imagination and feeling; the combination formed a wreath for his grey hairs. When Count de Tressan retired from a brilliant to an affectionate circle, amidst his family, he pursued his literary tastes, with the vivacity of a young author inspired by the illusion of fame. At the age of seventy-five, with the imagination of a poet, he abridged, he translated, he recomposed his old Chivalric Romances, and his reanimated fancy struck fire in the veins of the old man. Among the first designs of his retirement was a singular philosophical legacy for his children; it was a view of the history and progress of the human mind—of its principles, its errors, and its advantages, as these were reflected in himself; in the dawnings of his taste, the secret inclinations of his mind, which the men of genius of the age with whom he associated had developed; in expatiating on their memory, he calls on his children to witness the happiness of study, in those pleasures which were soothing and adorning his old age. 'Without knowledge, without literature,' exclaims the venerable enthusiast, 'in whatever rank we are born, we can only resemble the vulgar.' To the Centenary Fontenelle the Count de Tressan was chiefly indebted for the happy life he derived from the cultivation of literature; and when this man of a hundred years died, Tressan, himself on the borders of the grave, would offer the last fruits of his mind in an eulogium to his ancient master; it was the voice of the dying to the dead, a last moment of the

* See *Curiosities of Literature* on 'The progress of old age in new studies.'

love and sensibility of genius, which feeble life could not extinguish.

If the genius of Cicero, inspired by the love of literature, has thrown something delightful over this latest season of life, in his *de Senectute*; and if to have written on old age, in old age, is to have obtained a triumph over time,* the literary character, when he shall discover himself like a stranger in a new world, when all that he loved has not life, and all that lives has no love for old age; when he shall find himself grown obsolete, when his ear shall cease to listen, and nature has locked up the man entirely within himself, even then the votary of literature shall not feel the decline of life;—preserving the flame alive on the altar, and even at his last moments, in the act of sacrifice. Such was the fate, perhaps now told for the first time, of the great Lord Clarendon; it was in the midst of composition that his pen suddenly fell from his hand on the paper, he took it up again, and again it fell; deprived of the sense of touch he found his hand without motion; the ear perceived himself struck by palsy—and thus was the life of the noble exile closed amidst the warmth of a literary work, unfinished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITERARY HONOURS.

Literature is an avenue to glory, ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honours or of wealth. Like that illustrious Roman who owed nothing to his ancestors, *videtur ex se natus*, they seem self-born; and in the baptism of fame, they have given themselves their name. The sons of a sword-maker, a potter, and a tax-gatherer, were the greatest of Orators, the most majestic of poets, and the most graceful of the saviours of antiquity. The eloquent Massillon, the brilliant Flehier, Rousseau and Diderot; Johnson, Akenside, and Franklin, arose amidst the most humble avocations.

It is the prerogative of genius to elevate obscure men to the higher class of society; if the influence of wealth in the present day has been justly said to have created a new aristocracy of its own, and where they already begin to be jealous of their ranks, we may assert that genius creates a sort of intellectual nobility, which is conferred on some Literary Characters by the involuntary feelings of the public; and were men of genius to bear arms, they might consist not of imaginary things, of griffins and chimeras, but of deeds performed and of public works in existence. When Dondi raised the great astronomical clock at the University of Padua, which was long the admiration of Europe, it gave a name and nobility to its maker and all his descendants: there still lives a Marquis Dondi dal' Horologio. Sir Hugh Middleton, in memory of his vast enterprise, changed his former arms to bear three piles, by which instruments he had strengthened the works he had invented, when his genius poured forth the waters through our metropolis, distinguishing it from all others in the world. Should not Evelyn have inserted an oak-tree in his bearings? For our author's 'Sylva' occasioned the plantation of 'many millions of timber-trees,' and the present navy of Great Britain has been constructed with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted. If the public have borrowed the names of some Lords to grace a Sandwich and a Spenser, we may be allowed to raise into titles of literary nobility those distinctions which the public voice has attached to some authors; *Æschylus* Potter, *Athenian* Stuart, and *Anacreon* Moore.

This intellectual nobility is not chimerical: does it not separate a man from the crowd? Whenever the rightful possessor appears, will not the eyes of all spectators be fixed on him? I allude to scenes which I have witnessed. Will not even literary honours add a nobility to nobility? and teach the nation to esteem a name which might otherwise be hidden under its rank, and remain unknown? Our illustrious list of literary noblemen is far more glorious than the satirical "Catalogue of Noble Authors," drawn up by a polished and heartless cynic, who has pointed his brilliant shafts at all who were chivalrous in spirit, or appertained to the family of genius. One may presume on the existence of this intellectual nobility, from the extraordinary circumstance that the Great have actually felt a jealousy of the literary rank. But no rivalry can exist in the solitary honour conferred on an author: an honour not

derived from birth, nor creation, but from public opinion; and as inseparable from his name, as an essential quality is from its object; for the diamond will sparkle and the rose will be fragrant, otherwise, it is no diamond nor rose. The great may well condescend to be humble to Genius, since genius pays its homage in becoming proud of that humility. Cardinal Richelieu was mortified at the celebrity of the unbending Corneille; several noblemen were at Pope's indifference to their rank; and Magliabechi, the book-prodigy of his age, whom every literary stranger visited at Florence, assured Lord Raley, that the Duke of Tuscany had become jealous of the attention he was receiving from foreigners, as they usually went first to see Magliabechi before the Grand Duke. A confession by Montesquieu states, with open candour, a fact in his life, which confirms this jealousy of the Great with the Literary Character. 'On my entering into life, I was spoken of as a man of talents, and people of condition gave me a favourable reception; but when the success of my *Persian Letters* proved perhaps that I was not unworthy of my reputation, and the public began to esteem me, my reception with the great was discouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications.' Montesquieu subjoins a reflection sufficiently humiliating for the mere nobleman: 'The Great, inwardly wounded with the glory of a celebrated name, seek to humble it. In general, he only can patiently endure the fame of others, who deserves fame himself.' This sort of jealousy unquestionably prevailed in the late Lord Orford; a wit, a man of the world, and a man of rank, but while he considered literature as a mere amusement, he was mortified at not obtaining literary celebrity; he felt his authorial, always beneath his personal character; he broke with every literary man who looked up to him as their friend; and how he has delivered his feelings on Johnson, Goldsmith and Gray, whom unfortunately he him personally knew, it fell to my lot to discover; I could add, but not diminish, what has been called the severity of that delineation.*

Who was the dignified character, Lord Chesterfield or Samuel Johnson, when the great author, proud of his labour, rejected his lordship's sneaking patronage? 'I value myself,' says Swift, 'upon making the ministry desirous to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry.' Piron would not suffer the Literary Character to be lowered in his presence. Entering the apartment of a nobleman, who was conducting another peer to the stair's head, the latter stopped to make way for Piron. 'Pass on my lord,' said the noble master, 'pass, he is only a poet.' Piron replied, 'since our qualities are declared, I shall take my rank,' and placed himself before the lord. Nor is this pride, the true source of elevated character, refused to the great artist as well as the great author. Michael Angelo, invited by Julius II, to the Court of Rome, found that intrigue had indisposed his Holiness towards him, and more than once, the great artist was suffered to linger in attendance in the anti-chamber. One day the indignant man of genius exclaimed, 'tell his holiness, if he wants me, he must look for me elsewhere.' He flew back to his beloved Florence, to proceed with that celebrated cartoon, which afterwards became a favourite study with all artists. Thrice the Pope wrote for his return, and at length menaced the little state of Tuscany with war, if Michael Angelo prolonged his absence. He returned. The sublime artist knelt at the feet of the Father of the Church, turning aside his troubled countenance in silence: an intermeddling Bishop offered himself as a mediator, apologizing for our artist by observing, that 'of this proud humour are these painters made!' Julius turned to this pitiable mediator, and as Vasari tells used a swath on this occasion, observing, 'you speak injuriously of him, while I am silent. It is you who are ignorant.' Raving Michael Angelo, Julius II, embraced the man of genius. 'I can make lords of you every day, but I cannot create a Titian,' said the Emperor Charles V to his courtiers, who had become jealous of the hours, and the half-hours, which that monarch managed, that he might converse with the man of genius at his work. There is an elevated intercourse between Power and Genius; and if they are deficient in reciprocal esteem, neither are great. The intellectual nobility seems to have been asserted by De Harlay, a great French statesman, for when the academy was once not received with royal honours, he complained to the French monarch, observing, that when 'a man of letters was presented to Francis I, for the first time, the king

* *Spurinna*, or the Comforts of Old Age, by Sir Thomas Bernard.

* *Calamities of Authors*, Vol. I.

always advanced three steps from the throne to receive him.

If ever the voice of individuals can recompense a life of literary labour it is in speaking a foreign accent—it sounds like the distant plaudit of posterity. The distance of space between the literary character and the inquirer in some respects represents the distance of time which separates the author from the next age. Fontenelle was never more gratified than when a Swede, arriving at the gates of Paris, inquired of the custom-house officers where Fontenelle resided, and expressed his indignation that not one of them had ever heard of his name. Hobbes expresses his proud delight that his portrait was sought after by foreigners and that the Great Duke of Tuscany made the philosopher the object of his first inquiries. Camden was not insensible to the visits of German noblemen, who were desirous of seeing the British Pliny; and Pucocock, while he received no aid from patronage at home for his Oriental studies, never relaxed in those unrequited labours, from the warm personal testimonies of learned foreigners, who hastened to see and converse with this prodigy of eastern learning.

Yes! to the very presence of the man of genius will the world spontaneously pay their tribute of respect, of admiration, or of love; many a pilgrimage has he lived to receive, and many a crowd has followed his footsteps. There are days in the life of genius which repay its sufferings. Demosthenes confessed he was pleased when even a fish-woman of Athens pointed him out. Corneille had his particular seat in the theatre, and the audience would rise to salute him when he entered. At the presence of Raynal in the House of Commons, the speaker was requested to suspend the debate till that illustrious foreigner, who had written on the English parliament, was there placed and distinguished, to his honour. Spinoza, when he gained a humble livelihood by grinding optical glasses, at an obscure village in Holland, was visited by the first General in Europe, who, for the sake of this philosophical conference, suspended his march.

In all ages, and in all countries, has this feeling been created: nor is it a temporary ebullition, nor an individual honour; it comes out of the heart of man. In Spain, whatever was most beautiful in its kind was described by the name of the great Spanish bard; every thing excellent was called a Lope. Italy would furnish a volume of the public honours decreed to literary men, nor is that spirit extinct, though the national character has fallen by the chance of fortune; and Metastasio and Tiraboschi received what had been accorded to Petrarch and to Poggio. Germany, patriotic to its literary characters, is the land of the enthusiasm of genius. On the borders of the Linnet, in the public walk of Zurich, the monument of Geener, erected by the votes of his fellow-citizens, attests their sensibility; and a solemn funeral honoured the remains of Klopstock, led by the senate of Hamburgh, with fifty thousand votaries, so penetrated by one universal sentiment, that this multitude preserved a mournful silence, and the interference of the police ceased to be necessary through the city at the solemn burial of the man of genius. Has even Holland proved insensible? The statue of Erasmus, in Rotterdam, still animates her young students, and offers a noble example to her neighbours of the influence even of the sight of the statue of a man of genius: nor must it be forgotten that the senate of Rotterdam declared of the emigrant Bayle, that 'such a man should not be considered as a foreigner.' In France, since Francis I created genius, and Louis XIV knew to be liberal to it, the impulse was communicated to the French people. There the statues of their illustrious men spread inspiration on the spots which living they would have haunted—in their theatres the great dramatists; in their Institute their illustrious authors; in their public edifices their other men of genius.* This is worthy of the country which

* We cannot bury the Fame of our English worthies—that exists before us, independent of ourselves; but we bury the influence of their inspiring presence in those immortal memorials of genius easy to be read by all men, their statues and their busts, consigning them to spots seldom visited, and often too obscure to be viewed. Count Algarotti has ingeniously said 'L'argent que nous employons en tabatières et en pompons servoit aux anciens à célébrer la mémoire des grands hommes par des monumens dignes de passer à la postérité; et là où l'on brule des feux de joie pour une victoire remportée, ils élevèrent des arcs de triomphe de porphyre et de marbre.' May we not, for our honour, and for the advantage of our artists, predict better times for ourselves?

privileged the family of La Fontaine to be for ever exempt, from taxes, and decreed that the productions of the mind, were not seizable, when the creditors of Crebillon would have attached the produce of his tragedies. These distinctive honours accorded to genius were in unison with their decree respecting the will of Bayle. It was the subject of a law-suit between the heir of the will, and the inheritor by blood. The latter contested that this great literary character, being a fugitive for religion and dying in a prohibited country, was without the power of disposing of his property, and that our author, when he resided in Holland, was civilly dead. In the parliament of Toulouse the judge decided that learned men are free in all countries; that he who had sought in a foreign land an asylum from his love of letters, was no fugitive; that it was unworthy of France to treat as a stranger a son in whom she gloried; and he protested against the notion of a civil death to such a man as Bayle, whose name was living throughout Europe.

Even the most common objects are consecrated when associated with the memory of the man of genius. We still seek for his tomb on the spot where it has vanished; the enthusiasts of genius still wander on the hills of Pausanippe, and muse on Virgil to retrace his landscapes or as Sir William Jones ascended Forest-hill, with the Allegro in his hand, and step by step, seemed in his fancy to have trodden in the foot-path of Milton; there is a grove at Magdalen College which retains the name of Addison's walk, where still the student will linger; and there is a cave at Macao, which is still visited by the Portuguese from a national feeling, where Camoens is said to have composed his Lusiad. When Petrarch was passing by his native town he was received with the honors of his fame; but when the heads of the town, unawares to Petrarch, conducted him to the house where the poet was born, and informed him that the proprietor had often wished to make alterations, but that the towns-people had risen to insist that the house which was consecrated by the birth of Petrarch should be preserved unchanged; this was a triumph more affecting to Petrarch than his coronation at Rome. In the village of Certaldo is still shown the house of Boccaccio; and on a turret are seen the arms of the Medici, which they had sculptured there, with an inscription alluding to a small house and a name which filled the world. 'Foreigners,' says Anthony Wood of Milton, 'have, out of pure devotion, gone to Bread-street to see the house and chamber where he was born'; and at Paris the house which Voltaire inhabited, and at Ferney his study, are both preserved inviolate. Thus is the very apartment of a man of genius, the chair he studied in, the table he wrote on, contemplated with curiosity; the spot is full of local impressions. And all this happens from an unsatisfied desire to see and hear him whom we never can see nor hear; yet in a moment of illusion, if we listen to a traditional conversation, if we can revive one of his feelings, if we can catch but a dim image of his person, we reproduce this man of genius before us, on whose features we so often dwell. Even the rage of the military spirit has taught itself to respect the abode of genius; and Cæsar and Sylla, who never spared their own Roman blood, alike felt their spirit rebuked, and saved the literary city of Athens. The house of the man of genius has been spared amidst contending empires, from the days of Pindar to those of Buffon; and the recent letter of Prince Schwartzemberg to the Countess, for the preservation of the philosopher's chateau, is a memorial of this elevated feeling.*

And the meanest things, the very household stuff associated with the memory of the man of genius, become the objects of our affections. At a festival in honour of Thom-

* In the grandeur of Milton's verse we perceive the feeling he associated with this literary honour.

'The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
Went to the ground——' Sonnet VIII.

'To the Countess of Buffon, in Montherl.

'The Emperor, my Sovereign, having ordered me to provide for the security of all places dedicated to the sciences, and of such as recall the remembrance of men who have done honour to the age in which they lived, I have the honour to send to your ladyship a safeguard for your chateau of Montbard.

'The residence of the Historian of Nature must be sacred in the eyes of all the friends of science. It is a domain which belongs to all mankind.—I have the honour, &c.

'SCHWARTZENBERG.'

son the poet, the chair in which he composed part of his *Seasons* was produced, and appears to have communicated some of the raptures to which he was liable who had sat in that chair; Rabelais among his drollest inventions, could not have imagined that his old cloak would have been preserved in the University of Montpellier for future doctors to wear on the day they took their degree; nor could Shakespeare, that the mulberry tree which he planted would have been multiplied into relics. But in such instances the feeling is right with a wrong direction; and while the populace are exhausting their emotions on an old tree, and an old cloak, they are paying that involuntary tribute to genius which forms its pride, and will generate the race.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INFLUENCE OF AUTHORS.

Wherefore should not the literary character be associated in utility or glory with the other professional classes of society? These indeed press more immediately on the attention of men; they are stimulated by personal interests, and they are remunerated by honours; while the literary character, from its habits, is secluded; producing its usefulness in concealment, and often at a late period in life; not always too of immediate application, and often even unvalued by the passing generation.

It is curious to observe of the characters of the other classes in society, how each rises or falls in public esteem, according to the exigencies of the times. Ere we had swept from the seas all the fleets of our rivals, the naval hero was the popular character; while military, from the political panic occasioned by standing armies, was invariably lowered in public regard; the extraordinary change of circumstances, and the genius of one man, have entirely reversed the public feeling.*

The commercial character was long, even in this country, placed very low in the scale of honour; the merchant was considered merely as a money-trader, profiting by the individual distress of the nobleman, and afterwards was viewed with jealous eyes by the country gentleman. A Dutch monarch, who initiated us into the mysteries of banks and loans, by combining commercial influence with political power, raised the mercantile character.

But the commercial prosperity of a nation inspires no veneration in mankind; nor will its military power win their affection. There is an interchange of opinions, as well as of spices and specie, which induces nations to esteem each other; and there is a glorious succession of authors, as well as of seamen and soldiers, for ever standing before the eyes of the universe.

It is by our authors that foreigners have been taught to subdue their own prejudices. About the year 1700, the Italian Gemelli told all Europe that he could find nothing among us but our *writings* to distinguish us from the worst of barbarians. Our civil wars, and our great revolution, had probably disturbed the Italian's imagination. Too long we appeared a people whose genius partook of the density and variability of our climate, incapacitated even by situation, from the enjoyment of arts which had not yet travelled to us; and as if Nature herself had designed to disjoin us from more polished neighbours and brighter skies. We now arbitrate among the nations of the world; we possess their involuntary esteem; nor is there a man of genius among them who stands unconnected with our intellectual sovereignty.

'We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms,
Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms.'

At the moment Pope was writing these lines, that silent operation of genius had commenced, which changes the fate of nations. The first writers of France were passing over into England to learn to think and write, or thought and wrote like Englishmen in France.† This

*Mr Gifford, in his notes to his recent Translation of *Persius*, with his accustomed keenness of spirit, has detected this fact in our popular manners. '*Persius*, whenever he has occasion for a more worthless character than ordinary, commonly repairs to the camp for him. Fielding and Smollet in compliance with the cant of their times, manifested a patriotic abhorrence of the military; and seldom went farther for a blockhead, a parasite, or an adept in low villainy, than the Armyist. We have outlived this stupid piece of injustice, and a 'led-captain' is no longer considered as the indispensable vice of every novel.'

† *Voltaire borrowed all the genius of our country; our poetry and our philosophy. Buffon began by translating Hales's 'Vegetable Statics'; and before Linnaeus classed his plants,*

singular revolution in the human mind, and, by its reaction, in human affairs, was not effected by merchants profiting over them by superior capital; or by admirals and generals humiliating them by victories; but by our authors, whose works are now printed at foreign presses, a circumstance which proves, as much as the commerce and prowess of England, the ascendancy of her genius. Even had our nation displayed more limited resources than its awful powers have opened; had the sphere of its dominion been only its island boundaries, could the same literary character have predominated, we might have attained to the same eminence and admiration in the hearts of our continental neighbours. The small cities of Athens and of Florence will perpetually attest the influence of the literary character over other nations; the one received the tributes of the mistress of the universe, when the Romans sent their youth to be educated at Athens; while the other, at the revival of letters, beheld every polished European crowding to its little court.

There is a small portion of men, who appear marked out by nature and habit, for the purpose of cultivating their thoughts in peace, and giving activity to their sentiments, by disclosing them to the people. Those who govern a nation cannot at the same time enlighten them;—authors stand between the governors and the governed.

Important discoveries are often obtained by accident; by the single thought of a man of genius, which has sometimes changed the dispositions of a people, and even of an age, is slowly matured in meditation. Even the mechanical inventions of genius must first become perfect in its own solitary abode, ere the world can possess them. The people are a vast body, of which men of genius are the eyes and the hands; and the public mind is the creation of the philosophical writer; these are axioms as demonstrable as any in Euclid, and as sure in their operation, as any principle in mechanics. When Epicurus published his doctrines, men immediately began to express themselves with freedom on the established religion; the dark and fearful superstitions of paganism fell into neglect, and mouldered away, the inevitable fate of established falsehood. When Machiavel, living amidst the principalities of Italy, where stratagem and assassination were the politics of those wretched rivals, by lifting the veil from these cabinets of banditti, that calumniated man of genius, alarmed the world by exposing a system subversive of all human virtue and happiness, and led the way to political freedom. When Locke and Montesquieu appeared, the old systems of government were reviewed; the principles of legislation were developed; and many changes have succeeded, and are still to succeed. Politicians affect to disbelieve that abstract principles possess any considerable influence on the conduct of the subject. 'In times of tranquillity,' they say, 'they are not wanted, and in times of confusion they are never heard.' But this has been their error; it is in leisure, when they are not wanted, that they are studied by the speculative part of mankind; and when they are wanted they are already prepared for the active multitude, who come like a phalanx, pressing each other with an unity of feeling and an integrity of force. Paley would not close his eyes on what was passing before him; and he has observed, that during the convulsive troubles at Geneva the political theory of Rousseau was prevalent in their contests; while in the political disputes of our country, those ideas of civil authority displayed in the works of Locke, recurred in every form. How, therefore, can the character of an author be considered as subordinate in society? Politicians do not secretly think so, at the moment they are proclaiming it to the world; nor do they fancy, as they would have us imagine, that paper and pens are only rags and feathers; whatever they affect, the truth and Buffon began his *Natural History*, our own naturalist Ray had opened their road to Nature. Bacon, Newton, and Boyle, reduced the fanciful philosophy of France into experiment and demonstration. Helvetius, Diderot, and their brothers, gleaned their pretended discoveries from our Shaltesbury, Mandeville, and Toland, whom sometimes they only translated. Even our novelists were closely imitated.—Our great compilations of voyages and travels, Hackluyt, Churchill, &c. furnished Montesquieu with the moral facts he required for his large picture of his '*Esprit des Loix*.' The *Cyclopaedia* of Chambers was the parent of the French work. Even historical compilers existed in our country before the race appeared in France. Our *Universal History*, and Stanley, Echard, and Hooke, preceded Rollin and other French abridgers of history; while Hume and our philosophical historians set them a nobler example, which remains for them yet to rival.

is that they consider the worst actions of men, as of far less consequence than the propagation of their opinions. They well know, as Sophocles declared, that 'opinion is ever stronger than truth.' Have politicians not often exposed their disguised terrors? Books, and sometimes their authors, have been burnt; but burning books is no part of their refutation. Cromwell was alarmed when he saw the Oceana of Harrington, and dreaded the effects of that volume more than the plots of the royalists; while Charles II. trembled at an author, only in his manuscript state; and in the height of terror, and to the honour of genius, it was decreed, that 'Scribere est agere.'

Observe the influence of authors in forming the character of men, where the solitary man of genius stamps his own on a people. The parsimonious habits, the money-getting precepts, the wary cunning, and not the most scrupulous means to obtain the end, of Dr Franklin, impressed themselves on his Americans; loftier feelings could not elevate a man of genius, who became the founder of a trading people, retaining the habits of a journeyman printer; while the elegant tastes of Sir William Jones could inspire the servants of a commercial corporation to open new and vast sources of knowledge; a mere company of traders, influenced by the literary character, enlarge the stores of the imagination and collect fresh materials for the history of human nature.

I have said that authors produce their usefulness in privacy, and that their good is not of immediate application, and often undervalued by their own generation. On this occasion the name of Evelyn always occurs to me. This author supplied the public with nearly thirty works, at a time when taste and curiosity were not yet domiciliated in our country; his patriotism warmed beyond the eightieth year of his age; and in his dying hand he held another legacy for his nation. Whether his enthusiasm was introducing to us a taste for medals and prints; or intent on purifying the city of smoke and smells, and to sweeten it by plantations of native plants; or having enriched our orchards and our gardens; placed summer-ices on our tables, and varied even the sallads of our country; furnishing 'a Gardener's Kalendar,' which, as Cowley said, was to last as long 'as months and years,' and the horticulturist will not forget Father Evelyn in the heir of his fame, Millar; whether the philosopher of the Royal Society, or the lighter satirist of the toilette, or the fine moralist for active as well as contemplative life;—yet in all these changes of a studious life, the better part of his history has not been told.—While Britain retains her awful situation among the nations of Europe, the 'Sylvæ' of Evelyn will endure with her triumphant oaks. In the third edition of that work the heart of the patriot exults at its result: he tells Charles, I 'how many millions of timber trees, besides infinite others, have been propagated and planted at the instigation, and by the sole direction of this work.' It was an author in his studious retreat, who casting a prophetic eye on the age we live in, secured the late victories of our naval sovereignty. Inquire at the Admiralty how the fleets of Nelson have been constructed? and they can tell you that it was with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted.†

The same character existed in France, where De Serres in 1599 composed a work on the cultivation of mulberry trees in reference to the art of raising silk-worms. He taught his fellow citizens to convert a leaf into silk, and silk to become the representative of gold. Our author encountered the hostility of the prejudices of his times in giving his country one of her staple commodities; but I lately received a medal recently struck in honour of De Serres, by the Agricultural Society of the department of the Seine. We are too slow in commemorating the ge-

*Algernon Sydney was condemned to death for certain manuscripts found in his library; and the reason alleged was, that scribere est agere—that to write is to act. The papers which served to condemn Sydney, it appears, were only answers to Filmer's obsolete Defence of Monarchical Tyranny.—The metaphysical inference drawn by the crown lawyers is not a necessary consequence. Authors may write that which they may not afterwards approve; their manuscript opinions are very liable to be changed, and authors even change those opinions they have published. A man ought only to lose his opinion, in the metaphysical sense; opinions against opinions; but not an axe against a pen.

† Since this has been written, the Diary of Evelyn is published: it cannot add to his general character, whatever it may be; but we may anticipate much curious amusement from the diary of a literary character whose studies formed the business of his life.

nius of our own country; and our authors are defrauded even in the debt we are daily incurring of their posthumous fame.

When an author writes on a national subject, he awakens all the knowledge which lies buried in the sleep of nations; he calls around him, as it were, every man of talents; and though his own fame should be eclipsed by his successors, yet the emanation, the morning light, broke from his source. Our naturalist Ray, though no man was more modest in his claims, delighted to tell a friend that 'since the publication of his catalogue of Cambridge Plants, many were prompted to botanical studies, and to herbalise in their walks in the fields.' A work in France, under the title of 'L'Ami des Hommes,' first spread there a general passion for agricultural pursuits; and although the national ardour carried all to excess, yet marshes were drained and waste lands enclosed. The Emilius of Rousseau, whatever errors and extravagancies a system which would bring us back to nature may contain, operated a complete revolution in modern Europe, by changing the education of men; and the boldness and novelty of some of its principles communicated a new spring to the human intellect. The commercial world owes to two retired philosophers, in the solitude of their study, Locke and Smith, those principles which dignify Trade into a liberal pursuit, and connect it with the happiness of a people.

Beccaria, who dared to raise his voice in favour of humanity, against the prejudices of many centuries, by his work on 'Crimes and Punishments,' at length abolished torture; and Locke and Voltaire, on 'Toleration,' have long made us tolerant. But the principles of many works of this stamp have become so incorporated in our minds and feelings, that we can scarcely at this day conceive the fervour they excited at the time, or the magnanimity of their authors in the decision of their opinions.

And to whom does the world owe more than to the founders of miscellaneous writing, or the creators of new and elegant tastes in European nations? We possess one peculiar to ourselves. To Grange our nation is indebted for that visionary delight of recalling from their graves the illustrious dead; and as it were, of living with them, as far as a familiarity with their features and their very looks forms a part of life. This pleasing taste for portraits seems peculiar to our nation, and was created by the ingenuity of a solitary author, who had very nearly abandoned those many delightful associations which a collection of fine portraits affords, by the want of a due comprehension of their nature among his friends, and even at first in the public. Before the miscellanists rose, learning was the solitary enjoyment of the insulated learned; they spoke a language of their own; and they lived in a desert, separated from the world; but the miscellanists became their interpreters, opening a communication between two spots, close to each other, yet which were so long separated, the closet and the world. These authors were not Bacon, Newtons, and Leibnitzes; but they were Addison, Fontenelle, and Feyjoo, the first popular authors in their nations who taught England, France, and Spain to become a reading people; while their fugitive page imbues with intellectual sweetness, an uncultivated mind, like the perfumed mould which the swimmer in the Persian Sadi took up; it was a piece of common earth, but astonished at its fragrance, he asked whether it were musk or amber? 'I am nothing but earth; but roses were planted on my soil, and their odorous virtues have deliciously penetrated through all my pores; I have retained the infusion of sweetness; otherwise I had been but a lump of earth.'

There is a singleness and unity in the pursuits of genius, through all ages, which produces a sort of consanguinity in the characters of authors. Men of genius, in their different classes, living at distinct periods, or in remote countries, seem to be the same persons with another name: and thus the literary character who has long departed, seems only to have transmigrated. In the great march of the human intellect he is still occupying the same place, and he is still carrying on with the same powers, his great work, through a line of centuries.

In the history of genius there is no chronology, for to us every thing it has done is present; and the earliest attempt is connected with the most recent. Many men of genius must arise before a particular man of genius can appear. Before Homer there were other bards—we have a catalogue of their names and works. Corneille could not have been the chief dramatist of France, had not the founders of the French drama preceded him; and Pope

could not have appeared before Dryden. Whether the works of genius are those of pure imagination, or searches after truth, they are alike tinctured by the feelings and the events of their times; but the man of genius must be placed in the line of his descent.

Aristotle, Hobbes, and Locke, Descartes and Newton, approximate more than we imagine. The same chain of intellect Aristotle holds, through the intervals of time, is held by them; and links will only be added by their successors. The naturalists, Pliny, Gesner, Aldrovandus, and Buffon, derive differences in their characters from the spirit of the times; but each only made an accession to the family estate, while each was the legitimate representative of the family of the naturalists. Aristophanes, Moliere, and Foote, are brothers of the family of national wits: the wit of Aristophanes was a part of the common property, and Moliere and Foote were Aristophanic. Plutarch, La Mothe le Vayer, and Bayle, alike busied in amassing the materials of human thought and human action, with the same vigorous and vagrant curiosity, must have had the same habits of life. If Plutarch was credulous, La Mothe le Vayer sceptical, and Bayle philosophical, the heirs of the family may differ in their dispositions, but no one will arraign the integrity of the lineal descent. My learned and reflecting friend, whose original researches have enriched our national history, has thus observed on the character of Wickliffe:—"To complete our idea of the importance of Wickliffe, it is only necessary to add, that

as his writings made John Huss the reformer of Bohemia, so the writings of John Huss led Martin Luther to be the reformer of Germany; so extensive and so incalculable are the consequences which sometimes follow from human actions.* Our historian has accompanied this by giving the very feelings of Luther in early life on his first perusal of the works of John Huss: we see the spark of creation caught at the moment; a striking influence of the generation of character! Thus a father spirit has many sons; and several of the great revolutions in the history of man have been opened by such, and carried on by that secret creation of minds visibly operating on human affairs. In the history of the human mind, he takes an imperfect view, who is confined to contemporary knowledge, as well as he who stops short with the Ancients, and has not advanced with their descendants. Those who do not carry their researches through the genealogical lines of genius, will mutilate their minds, and want the perfect strength of an entire man.

Such are 'the great lights of the world,' by whom the torch of knowledge has been successively seized and transmitted from one to the other. This is that noble image borrowed from a Grecian game, which Plato has applied to the rapid generations of man to mark how the continuity of human affairs is maintained from age to age. The torch of genius is perpetually transferred from hand to hand amidst this fleeting scene.

* Turner's History of England, vol. ii. p. 432.

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CURIOSITIES
OF
LITERATURE.

FIRST SERIES.

BY I. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

"ALEXANDRIAN EDITION."

NEW-YORK:
WILLIAM PEARSON & CO., 106 NASSAU STREET;
SAMUEL COLMAN, BOSTON; AND CHAPPELL AND CO., PHILADELPHIA.
1835.

PREFACE.

THIS miscellany was first formed, many years ago, when two of my friends were occupied in those anecdotal labours, which have proved so entertaining to themselves, and their readers.* I conceived that a collection of a different complexion, though much less amusing, might prove somewhat more instructive; and that literary history afforded an almost unexplored source of interesting facts. The work itself has been well enough received by the public to justify its design.

Every class of readers requires a book adapted to itself and that book which interests, and perhaps brings much new information to a multitude of readers, is not to be contemned, even by the learned. More might be alleged in favour of works like the present than can be urged against them. They are of a class which was well known to the ancients. The Greeks were not without them; the Romans loved them under the title of *Varia Eruditio*; and the Orientalists, more than either, were passionately fond of these agreeable collections. The fanciful titles, with which they decorated their variegated miscellanies, sufficiently express their delight.

The design of this work is to stimulate the literary curiosity of those, who, with a taste for its tranquil pursuits, are impeded in their acquirements. The characters, the events, and the singularities of modern literature, are not always familiar even to those who excel in classical studies. But a more numerous part of mankind, by their occupations, or their indolence, both unfavourable causes to literary improvement, require to obtain the materials for thinking, by the easiest and readiest means. This work has proved useful: it has been reprinted abroad, and it has been translated; and the honour which many writers at home have conferred on it, by referring to it, has exhilarated the zealous labour which seven editions have necessarily exacted.

* The late William Seward, Esq., and James Pettit Andrews, Esq.

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THE

PHILOSOPHY

OF

SLEEP.

BY

ROBERT MACNISH,

AUTHOR OF "THE ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS," AND MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS
AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.

NEW-YORK:

WILLIAM PEARSON & CO., 108 NASSAU STREET;

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1835.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The present edition of *THE PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP* is so different from its predecessor, that it may almost be regarded as a new treatise. The work has been, in a great measure, re-written, the arrangement altered, and a great accession made to the number of facts and cases: the latter, many of which are now published for the first time, will, I hope, add much to its value. Some of them have occurred in my own practice; and for others, I am indebted to the kindness of several ingenious friends. Notwithstanding every care, the work is far from being what it ought to be, and what I could have wished; but, imperfect as it is, it may, perhaps, stimulate some other inquirer to investigate the subject more deeply, and thus give rise to an abler disquisition. So far as I know, this is the only treatise in which an attempt is made to give a complete account of Sleep. The subject is not an easy one; and, in the present state of our knowledge, moderate success is probably all that can be looked for.

In the first edition Dr Gall's theory, that the brain is composed of a plurality of organs, each organ being the seat of a particular mental faculty, was had recourse to for the purpose of explaining the different phenomena of Sleep; in the present edition, this doctrine is more prominently brought forward. The great objection to the prevailing metaphysical systems is, that none of their positions can be proved; and that scarcely two writers, agree upon any particular point. The disciples of Gall, on the one hand, assume that his system, having ascertainable facts to illustrate it, is at all times susceptible of demonstration—that nothing is taken for granted; and that the inquirer has only to make an appeal to nature to ascertain its fallacy or its truth. The science is *entirely* one of observation: by that it must stand or fall, and by that alone ought it to be tested. The phrenological system appears to me the only one

capable of affording a rational and easy explanation of all the phenomena of mind. It is impossible to account for dreaming, idiocy, spectral illusions, monomania, and partial genius in any other way. For these reasons, and for the much stronger one, that having studied the science for several years with a mind rather hostile than otherwise to its doctrines, and found that nature invariably vindicated their truth, I could come to no other conclusion than that of adopting them as a matter of belief, and employing them for the explanation of phenomena which they alone seem calculated to elucidate satisfactorily. The system of Gall is gaining ground rapidly among scientific men, both in Europe and America. Some of the ablest physiologists in both quarters of the globe have admitted its accordance with nature; and, at this moment, it boasts a greater number of proselytes than at any previous period of its career. The prejudices still existing against it, result from ignorance of its real character. As people get better acquainted with the science, and the formidable evidence by which it is supported, they will think differently.

Many persons who deny the possibility of estimating individual character, with any thing like accuracy, by the shape of the head, admit the great phrenological principle that the brain is composed of a plurality of organs. To them, as well as to those who go a step farther, the doctrine laid down in the present work will appear satisfactory. An admission that the brain is the material apparatus by which the mind manifests itself, and that each mental faculty is displayed through the medium of a particular part of the brain, is all that is demanded in considering the philosophy of the science. These points are only to be ascertained by an appeal to nature. No man can wisely reject phrenology without making such an appeal.

PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTION.

Sleep is the intermediate state between wakefulness and death : wakefulness being regarded as the active state of all the animal and intellectual functions, and death as that of their total suspension.

Sleep exists in two states ; in the complete and the incomplete. The former is characterized by a torpor of the various organs which compose the brain, and by that of the external senses and voluntary motion. Incomplete sleep, or dreaming, is the active state of one or more of the cerebral organs while the remainder are in repose : the senses and the volition being either suspended or in action according to the circumstances of the case. Complete sleep is a temporary metaphysical death, though not an organic one—the heart and lungs performing their offices with their accustomed regularity under the control of the involuntary muscles.

Sleep is variously modified, as we shall fully explain hereafter, by health and disease. The sleep of health is full of tranquillity. In such a state we remain for hours at a time in unbroken repose, nature banqueting on its sweets, renewing its lost energies, and laying in a fresh store for the succeeding day. This accomplished, slumber vanishes like a vapour before the rising sun ; languor has been succeeded by strength ; and all the faculties, mental and corporeal, are recruited. In this delightful state, man assimilates most with that in which Adam sprang from his Creator's hands, fresh, buoyant, and vigorous ; rejoicing as a racer to run his course, with all his appetencies of enjoyment on edge, and all his feelings and faculties prepared for exertion.

Reverse the picture, and we have the sleep of disease. It is short, feverish, and unrefreshing, disturbed by frightful or melancholy dreams. The pulse is agitated, and, from nervous excitation, there are frequent startings and twitchings of the muscles. Nightmare presses like an incarnation of misery upon the frame—imagination, distempered by its connexion with physical disorder, ranging along the gloomy confines of terror, holding communication with hell and the grave, and throwing a discolouring shade over human life.

Night is the time for sleep ; and assuredly the hush of darkness as naturally courts to repose as meridian splendour flashes on us the necessity of our being up at our labour. In fact, there exists a strange, but certain sympathy between the periods of day and night, and the performance of particular functions during these periods. That this is not the mere effect of custom, might be readily demonstrated. All nature awakes with the rising sun. The birds begin to sing ; the bees to fly about with murmurous delight. The flowers which shut under the embrace of darkness, unfold themselves to the light. The cattle arise to crop the dewy herbage ; and 'man goeth forth to his labour until the evening.' At close of day, the reverse of all this activity and motion is observed. The songs of the w-
chor, one after another, become hushed, till

twilight is left to silence, with her own star and her falling dews. Action is succeeded by listlessness, energy by languor, the desire of exertion by the inclination for repose. Sleep, which shuns the light, embraces darkness, and they lie down together under the sceptre of midnight.

From the position of man in society, toil or employment of some kind or other is an almost necessary concomitant of his nature—being essential to healthy sleep, and consequently to the renovation of our bodily organs and mental faculties. But as no general rule can be laid down as to the quality and quantity of labour best adapted to particular temperaments, so neither can it be positively said how many hours of sleep are necessary for the animal frame. When the body is in a state of increase, as in the advance from infancy to boyhood, so much sleep is required, that the greater portion of existence may be fairly stated to be absorbed in this way. It is not mere repose from action that is capable of recruiting the wasted powers, or restoring the nervous energy. Along with this is required that oblivion of feeling and imagination which is essential to, and which in a great measure constitutes, sleep. But if in mature years the body is adding to its bulk by the accumulation of adipose matter, a greater tendency to somnolency occurs than when the powers of the absorbents and exhalents are so balanced as to prevent such accession of bulk. It is during the complete equipoise of these animal functions that health is enjoyed in greatest perfection ; for such a state presupposes exercise, temperance, and the tone of the stomach quite equal to the process of digestion.

Sleep and stupor have been frequently treated of by physiological writers as if the two states were synonymous. This is not the case. In both there is insensibility ; but it is easy to awake the person from sleep, and difficult, if not impossible, to arouse him from stupor. The former is a necessary law of the animal economy ; the latter is the result of diseased action.

Birth and death are the Alpha and Omega of existence ; and life, to use the language of *Shakespeare*, 'is rounded by a sleep.'

When we contemplate the human frame in a state of vigour, an impression is made on the mind that it is calculated to last forever. One set of organs is laying down particles and another taking them up, with such exquisite nicety, that for the continual momentary waste there is continual momentary repair ; and this is capable of going on with the strictest equality for a half a century.

What is life ? Those bodies are called living in which an appropriation of foreign matter is going on ; death is where this process is at an end. When we find blood in motion, the process of appropriation is going on. The circulation is the surest sign of life. Muscles retain irritability for an hour or two after circulation ceases, but irritability is not life. Death is owing to

the cessation of this process of appropriation.

Life has divided into two varieties, the organic and the inorganic. The first is common to both vegetables

and animals, the last is peculiar to animals alone. Organic life applies to the functions which nourish and sustain the object—animal life to those which make it a sentient being ; which give it thought, feeling, and motion, and bring it into communication with the surrounding world. The processes of assimilation and excretion exist both in animals and vegetables : the other vital processes are restricted solely to animals. The digestive organs, the kidneys, the heart, and the lungs, are the apparatus which carry into effect the organic life of animals. Those which manifest animal life are the brain, the organs of the senses, and the voluntary powers. Sleep is the suspension of animal life ; and during its continuance the creature is under the influence of organic life alone.

Notwithstanding the renovating influence of sleep, which apparently brings up the lost vigour of the frame to a particular standard, there is a power in animal life which leads it almost imperceptibly on from infancy to second childhood, or that of old age. This power, sleep, however, healthy, is incapable of counteracting. The skin wrinkles, and everywhere shows marks of the ploughshare of Saturn ; the adipose structure dissolves ; the bones become brittle ; the teeth decay or drop out ; the eye loses its exquisite sensibility to sight ; the ear to sound ; and the hair is bleached to whiteness. These are accompanied with a general decay of the intellectual faculties ; there is a loss of memory, and less sensibility to emotion ; the iris hues of fancy subside to twilight ; and the sphere of thought and action is narrowed. The principle of decay is implanted in our nature, and cannot be counteracted. Few people, however, die of mere decay, for death is generally accelerated by disease. From sleep we awake to exertion—from death not at all, at least on this side of time. Methuselah in ancient, and Thomas Parr in modern times, ate well, digested well, and slept well ; but at length they each died. Death is omnivorous. The worm which crawls on the highway and the monarch on his couch of state, are alike subjected to the same stern and inexorable law ; they alike become the victims of the universal tyrant.

CHAPTER II.

SLEEP IN GENERAL.

Every animal passes some portion of its time in sleep. This is a rule to which there is no exception ; although the kind of slumber and the degree of profoundness in which it exists in the different classes are extremely various. Some physiologists lay it down as a general rule, that the larger the brain of an animal the greater is the necessity for a considerable proportion of sleep. This, however, I suspect is not borne out by facts. Man, for instance, and some birds, such as the sparrow, have the largest brains in proportion to their size, and yet it is probable that they do not sleep so much as some other animals with much smaller brains. The serpent tribe, unless when stimulated by hunger, (in which case they will remain awake for days at a time waiting for their prey,) sleep much more than men or birds, and yet their brain are proportionally greatly inferior in size : the boa, after dining on a stag or goat, will continue in profound sleep for several days. Fishes,* indeed, whose brains are small, require little sleep ; but the same remark applies to birds,† which have

* As a proof that fishes sleep, Aristotle, who seems to have paid more attention to their habits than any modern author, states, that while in this condition they remain motionless, with the exception of a gentle movement of the tail—that they may then be readily taken by the hand, and that, if suddenly touched, they instantly start. The tunny, he adds, are surprised and surrounded by nets while asleep, which is known by their showing the whites of their eyes.

† The sleep of some birds is amazingly light. Such is the

large brains, and whose slumber is neither profound nor of long continuance. The assertion, therefore, that the quantum of sleep has any reference to the size of the brain may be safely looked upon as unfounded. That it has reference to the quality of the brain is more likely, for we find that carnivorous animals sleep more than such as are herbivorous ; and it is probable that the texture, as well as form, of the brains of these two classes is materially different. This remark, with regard to the causes of the various proportions of sleep required by the carnivorous and herbivorous tribes, I throw out not as a matter of certainty, but merely as surmise which seems to have considerable foundation in truth.

In proportion as man exceeds all other animals in the excellency of his physical organization, and an intellectual capability, we shall find that in him the various phenomena of sleep are exhibited in greater regularity and perfection. Sleep seems more indispensably requisite to man than to any other creature, if there can be supposed to exist any difference where its indispensability is universal, and where every animal must in some degree or other, partake of it ; but, as regards man, it is certain that he sustains any violation of the law ordaining regular periods of repose with less indifference than the lower grades of creation—that a certain proportion of sleep is more essential to his existence than theirs—that he has less power of enduring protracted wakefulness, or continuing in protracted sleep—and that he is more refreshed by repose and more exhausted by the want of it than they. The sleep of man, therefore, becomes a subject of deeper interest and curiosity than that of any other animal, both on account of the more diversified manner in which it displays itself, and the superior opportunity which exists of ascertaining the various phenomena which in the inferior animals can only be conjectured or darkly guessed at.

Sleep, being a natural process, takes place in general without any very apparent cause. It becomes, as it were, a habit, into which we insensibly fall at stated periods, as we fall into other natural or acquired habits. But it differs from the latter in this, that it cannot in any case be entirely dispensed with, although by custom we may bring ourselves to do with a much smaller portion than we are usually in the practice of indulging in. In this respect it bears a strong analogy to the appetite for food or drink. It has a natural tendency to recur every twenty-four hours, and the periods of its accession coincide with the return of night.

But though sleep becomes a habit into which we would naturally drop without any obvious, or very easily discovered cause, still we can often trace the origin of our slumbers ; and we are all acquainted with many circumstances which either produce or heighten them. I shall mention a few of these causes.

Heat has a strong tendency to produce sleep. We often witness this in the summer season ; sometimes in the open air, but more frequently at home, and above all in a crowded meeting. In the latter case the soporific tendency is greatly increased by the impurity of the air. A vitiated atmosphere is strongly narcotic, and when combined with heat and monotony, is apt to induce slumber, not less remarkable for the rapidity of its accession than its overpowering character. In such a situation, the mind in a few minutes ceases to act, and sinks into a state of overpowering oblivion. The slumber, however, not being a natural one, and seldom occurring at the usual period, is generally short : it rarely exceeds an hour ; and when the person awakes from it, so far from being refreshed, he is unusually dull, thirsty, and feverish, and finds more than compensate with the goose which is disturbed by the slightest noise, and more useful than any watch-dog for giving warning of danger. It was the cackling of the sacred geese that saved the Capitol of Rome from the soldiers of Brennus, when the watch-dogs failed to discover the approach of an enemy.

mon difficulty in getting his mental powers into their usual state of activity.

A heated church and a dull sermon are almost sure to provoke sleep. There are few men whose powers are equal to the task of opposing the joint operation of two such potent influences. They act on the spirit like narcotics, and the person seems as if involved in a cloud of anconite or belladonna. The heat of the church might be resisted, but the sermon is irresistible. Its monotony falls in leaden accents upon the ear, and soon subdues the most powerful attention. Variety, whether of sight or sound, prevents sleep, while monotony of all kinds is apt to induce it. The murmuring of a river, the sound of a Eolian harp, the echo of a distant cascade, the ticking of a clock, the hum of bees under a burning sun, and the pealing of a remote bell, all exercise the same influence. So conscious was Boerhaave of the power of monotony, that in order to procure sleep for a patient, he directed water to be placed in such a situation as to drop continually on a brass pan. When there is no excitement, sleep is sure to follow. We are all kept awake by some mental or bodily stimulus, and when that is removed our wakefulness is at an end. Want of stimulus, especially in a heated atmosphere, produces powerful effects; but where sufficient stimulus exists, we overcome the effects of the heat, and keep awake in spite of it. Thus, in a crowded church, where a dull, inanimate preacher would throw the congregation into a deep slumber, such a man as Massillon, or Chalmers, would keep them in a state of keen excitement. He would arrest their attention, and counteract whatever tendency to sleep would otherwise have existed. In like manner, a prosing, monotonous, long-winded acquaintance is apt to make us doze, while another of a lively, energetic conversation keeps us brisk and awake. It will generally be found that the reasoning faculties are those which are soonest prostrated by slumber, and the imaginative the least so. A person would more readily fall asleep if listening to a profound piece of argumentation, than to a humorous or fanciful story; and probably more have slumbered over the pages of Bacon and Locke, than over those of Shakspeare and Milton.

Cold produces sleep as well as heat, but to do so a very low temperature is necessary, particularly with regard to the human race; for, when cold is not excessive, it prevents, instead of occasioning slumber: in illustration of which, I may mention the case of several unfortunate women, who lived thirty-four days in a small room overwhelmed with the snow, and who scarcely slept during the whole of that period. In very northern and southern latitudes, persons often lose their lives by lying down in a state of drowsiness, occasioned by intense cold. The winter sleep, or hybernation of animals, arises from cold; but as this species of slumber is of a very peculiar description; I have discussed it separately in another part of the work.

The finished gratification of all ardent desires has the effect of inducing slumber; hence, after any keen excitement, the mind becomes exhausted, and speedily relapses into this state. Attention to a single sensation has the same effect. This has been exemplified in the case of all kinds of monotony, where there is a want of variety to stimulate the ideas, and keep them on the alert. 'If the mind,' says Cullen, 'is attached to a single sensation, it is brought very nearly to the state of the total absence of impression;' or, in other words, to the state most closely bordering upon sleep. Remove those stimuli which keep it employed, and sleep ensues at any time.

Any thing which mechanically determines the blood to the brain, acts in a similar manner, such as whirling round for a great length of time, ascending a lofty mountain, or swinging to and fro. The first and last of these actions give rise to much giddiness, followed by intense slumber, and at last by death, if they be

continued very long. By lying flat upon a millstone while performing its evolutions, sleep is soon produced, and death, without pain, would be the result, if the experiment were greatly protracted. Apoplexy, which consists of a turgid state of the cerebral vessels, produces perhaps the most complete sleep that is known, in so far that, while it continues it is utterly impossible to waken the individual: no stimulus, however powerful, has any influence in arousing his dormant faculties. When the circulating mass in the brain is diminished beyond a certain extent, it has the same effect on the opposite state; whence excessive loss of blood excites sleep.

Opium, hyoscyamus, aconite, belladonna, and the whole tribe of narcotics, induce sleep, partly by a specific power which they exert on the nerves of the stomach, and partly by inducing an apoplectic state of the brain. The former effect is occasioned by a moderate—the latter by an over dose.

A heavy meal, especially if the stomach is at the same time weak, is apt to induce sleep. In ordinary circumstances, the nervous energy or sensorial power of this viscus is sufficient to carry on its functions; but when an excess of food is thrown upon it, it is then unable to furnish, from its own resources, the powers requisite for digestion. In such a case it draws upon the whole body—upon the chest, the limbs, &c., from whence it is supplied with the sensorial power of which it is deficient; and is thus enabled to perform that which by its own unassisted means it never could have accomplished. But mark the consequences of such accommodation! Those parts, by communicating vigor to the stomach, become themselves debilitated in a corresponding ratio, and get into a state analogous to that from which they had extricated this viscus. The extremities become cold, the respiration heavy and stertorous, and the brain torpid. In consequence of the torpor of the brain, sleep ensues. It had parted with that portion of sensorial energy which kept it awake, and by supplying another organ is itself thrown into the state of sleep. It is a curious fact, that the feeling of sleep is most strong while the food remains on the stomach, shortly after the accession of the digestive process, and before that operation which converts the nourishment into chyle has taken place.

When, therefore, the sensorial power is sufficiently exhausted, we naturally fall asleep. As this exhaustion, however, is a gradual process, so is that of slumber. Previous to its accession, a feeling of universal lassitude prevails, and exhibits itself in yawning,* peevishness, heaviness, and weakness of the eyes; indifference to surrounding objects, and all the characteristics of fatigue. If the person be seated, his head nods and droops; the muscles become relaxed; and, when circumstances admit of it, the limbs are thrown into the recumbent position, or that most favorable for complete inaction. The senses then become unconscious of impressions, and, one after the other, part with sensation; the sight first, then taste, smell, hearing, and touch, all in regular order. The brain does not all at once glide into repose: its different organs being successively thrown into this state; one dropping asleep, then another, then a third, till the whole are locked up in the fetters of slumber. This gradual process of intellectual obliteration is a sort of confused dream—a mild delirium which always precedes sleep. The ideas have no resting-place, but float about in the con-

* We yawn before falling asleep and when we wake; yawning, therefore, precedes and follows sleep. It seems an effort of nature to restore the just equilibrium between the flexor and extensor muscles. The former have a natural predominancy in the system; and on their being fatigued, we, by an effort of the will, or rather by a species of instinct, put the latter into action for the purpose of redressing the balance, and positing the respective muscular powers. We do the same thing on awaking, or even on getting up from a recumbent posture—the flexors in such circumstances having prevailed over the extensors, which were in a great measure inert.

fused tabernacle of the mind, giving rise to images of the most perplexing description. In this state they continue for some time, until, as sleep becomes more profound, the brain is left to thorough repose, and they disappear altogether.

Sleep produces other important changes in the system. The rapidity of the circulation is diminished, and, as a natural consequence, that of respiration: the force of neither function, however, is impaired; but, on the contrary, rather increased. Vascular action is diminished in the brain and organs of volition, while digestion and absorption shall proceed with increased energy. The truth of most of these propositions it is not difficult to establish.

The diminished quickness of the circulation is shown in the pulse, which is slower and fuller than in the waking state; that of respiration in the more deliberate breathing which accompanies sleep. Diminished action of the brain is evident from the abolition of its functions, as well as direct evidence. A case is related by Blumenbach, of a person who had been trepanned, and whose brain was observed to sink when he was asleep, and swell out when he was awake. As for the lessened vascular action in the voluntary powers, this is rendered obvious by the lower temperature on the surface which takes place during the slumbering state. Moreover, in low typhus, cynanche maligna, and other affections attended with a putrid diathesis, the petechiæ usually appear during sleep, when the general circulation is least vigorous, while the paroxysms of reaction or delirium take place, for the most part, in the morning when it is in greater strength and activity.

In some individuals the stronger and more laborious respiration of sleep is made manifest by that stertorous sound commonly denominated snoring. Stout apoplectic people—those who snuff much or sleep with their mouths open, are most given to this habit. It seems to arise principally from the force with which the air is drawn into the lungs in sleep. The respiratory muscles being less easily excited during this state do not act so readily, and the air is consequently admitted into the chest with some degree of effort. This, combined with the relaxed state of the fauces, gives rise to the stertorous noise. Snuffing, by obstructing the nasal passages and thus rendering breathing more difficult, has the same effect; consequently snuffers are very often great snorers. The less rapidly the blood is propelled through the lungs, the slower is the respiration, and the louder the stertor becomes. Apoplexy, by impairing the sensibility of the respiratory organs, and thus reducing the frequency of breathing, produces snoring to a great extent; and all cerebral congestions have, to a greater or less degree, the same effect.

That sleep increases absorption is shown in the disappearance or diminution of many swellings, especially œdema of the extremities, which often disappears in the night and recurs in the daytime, even when the patient keeps his bed, a proof that its disappearance does not not always depend on the position of the body: that it increases digestion, and, as a natural consequence, nutrition, is rendered probable by many circumstances: hence it is the period in which the regeneration of the body chiefly takes place. Were there even no augmentation given to the assimilative function, as is maintained by Broussais and some other physiologists, it is clear that the body would be more thoroughly nourished than when awake, for all those actions which exhaust it in the latter condition are quiescent, and it remains in a state of rest, silently accumulating power, without expending any.

Sleep lessens all the secretions, with one exception—that of the skin. The urinary, salivary, and bronchial discharges, the secretions from the nose, eyes, and ears, are all formed less copiously than in the waking state. The same rule holds with regard to other secretions—

hence diarrhœa, menorrhagia, &c., are checked during the intervals of slumber.

From the diminished vascular action going on upon the surface, we would be apt to expect a decrease of perspiration, but the reverse is the case. Sleep relaxes the cutaneous vessels, and they secrete more copiously than in the waking state. According to Sancto-rius, a person sleeping some hours undisturbed, will perspire insensibly twice as much as one awake. This tendency of sleep to produce perspiration is strikingly exhibited in diseases of debility; whence the nocturnal sweats so prevailing and so destructive in all cachectic affections. Sanctorius farther states, that the insensible perspiration is not only more abundant, but less acrimonious during sleep than in the waking state; that, if diminished during the day, the succeeding sleep is disturbed and broken, and that the diminution in consequence of too short a sleep, disposes to fever, unless the equilibrium is established, on the following day, by a more copious perspiration.

Sleep produces peculiar effects upon the organs of vision. *A priori*, we might expect that, during this state, the pupil would be largely dilated in consequence of the light being shut out. On opening the eyelids cautiously it is seen to be contracted; it then quivers with an irregular motion, as if disposed to dilate, but at length ceases to move, and remains in a contracted state till the person awakes. This fact I have often verified by inspecting the eyes of children. Sleep also communicates to these organs a great accession of sensibility, so much so, that they are extremely dazzled by a clear light. This, it is true, happens on coming out of a dark into a light room, or opening our eyes upon the sunshine even when we are awake, but the effect is much stronger when we have previously been in deep slumber.

Sleep may be natural or diseased—the former arising from such causes as exhaust the sensorial power, such as fatigue, pain, or protracted anxiety of mind; the latter from cerebral congestion, such as apoplexy or plethora. The great distinction between these varieties is, that the one can be broken by moderate stimuli, while the other requires either excessive stimuli, or the removal of the particular cause which gave rise to it.

During complete sleep no sensation whatever is experienced by the individual: he neither feels pain, hunger, thirst, nor the ordinary desires of nature. He may be awakened to a sense of such feelings, but during perfect repose he has no consciousness whatever of their existence—if they can indeed be said to exist where they are not felt. For the same reason, we may touch him without his feeling it; neither is he sensible to sounds, to light, or to odours. When, however, the slumber is not very profound, he may hear music or conversation, and have a sense of pain, hunger, and thirst; and, although not awakened by such circumstances, may recollect them afterwards. These impressions, caught by the senses, often give rise to the most extraordinary mental combinations, and form the groundwork of the most elaborate dreams.

I am of opinion that we rarely pass the whole of any one night in a state of perfect slumber. My reason for this supposition is, that we very seldom remain during the whole of that period in the position in which we fall asleep. This change of posture must have been occasioned by some emotion, however obscure, affecting the mind, and through it the organs of volition, whereas in complete sleep we experience no emotion whatever.

The position usually assumed in sleep has been mentioned; but sleep may ensue in any posture of the body; persons fall asleep on horseback, and continue riding in this state for a long time without being awakened. Horses sometimes sleep for hours in the standing posture; and the circumstance of somnambu-

lism shows that the same thing may occur in the human race.

Some animals, such as the hare, sleep with their eyes open; and I have known similar instances in the human subject. But the organ is dead to the ordinary stimulus of light, and sees no more than if completely shut.

Animals which prey by night, such as the cat, hyena, &c., pass the greater part of their time in sleep; while those that do not, continue longer awake than asleep. The latter slumber part of the night and continue awake so long as the sun continues above the horizon. The propensity of the former to sleep in the day time seems to proceed from the structure of their eyes; as they see much better in darkness than in light, and consequently pass in slumber that period in which their vision is of least avail to them. It is a very curious fact, however, that these animals, when kept in captivity, reverse the order of their nature, and remain awake by day while they sleep by night. This fact has been ascertained in the menagerie at Paris. In such cases I apprehend that some corresponding change must take place in the structure of the eyes, assimilating them to those animals which naturally sleep by night.

M. Castel observes,* that the greater part of animals sleep longer in winter than in summer. It is precisely on account of perspiration that in the first of these seasons sleep is more necessary than in the second. In winter, the want of perspiration during the day is furnished in sleep; in summer, the diurnal sweat supplies that of the night, and renders much sleep less necessary. In other words, during summer the perspiration is so much excited by atmospheric temperature, that a shorter time is sufficient to give issue to the fluids which have to be expelled by this means. For the same reason, the inhabitants of very cold climates sleep more than those who live in the warmer latitudes.

The profoundness of sleep differs greatly in different individuals. The repose of some is extremely deep; that of others quite the reverse. One will scarcely obey the roar of cannon; another will start at the chirping of a cricket or the faintest dazzling of the moonbeams. Heavy-minded, phlegmatic people generally belong to the former class; the irritable, the nervous, and the hypochondriac to the latter, although we shall at times find the cases reversed with regard to the nature of sleep enjoyed by these different temperaments. Man is almost the only animal in whom much variety is to be found in this respect. The lower grades are distinguished by a certain character, so far as their slumber is concerned, and this character runs through the whole race; thus, all hares, cats, &c., are light sleepers; all bears, turtles, badgers, &c., are the reverse. In man, the varieties are infinite. Much of this depends upon the age and temperament of the individual, and much upon custom.

The profoundness of sleep differs also during the same night. For the first four or five hours, the slumber is much heavier than towards morning. The cause of such difference is obvious; for we go to bed exhausted by previous fatigue, and consequently enjoy sound repose, but, in the course of a few hours, the necessity for this gradually abates, and the slumber naturally becomes lighter.

That sleep from which we are easily roused is the healthiest: very profound slumber partakes of the nature of apoplexy.

On being suddenly awakened from a profound sleep our ideas are exceedingly confused; and it is sometime before we can be made to comprehend what is said to us. For some moments, we neither see, nor hear, nor think without our usual distinctness, and are, in fact, in a state of temporary reverie.

When there is a necessity for our getting up at a cer-

* *Journal Complémentaire.*

tain hour, the anxiety of mind thus produced not only prevents the sleep from being very profound, but retards its accession; and even after it does take place, we very seldom oversleep ourselves, and are almost sure to be awake at, or before, the stipulated time.

Shortly after falling asleep, we often awake with a sudden start, having the mind filled with painful impressions; although we often find it impossible to say to what subject they refer. Some persons do this regularly every night, and there can be no doubt that it proceeds from the mind being tortured by some distressing vision; which, however, has faded away without leaving behind it any feeling, save one of undefinable melancholy. There are some persons who are sure to be aroused in this startling and painful manner if they happen to fall asleep in the position in which they at first lay down, who nevertheless escape if they turn themselves once or twice before falling into repose. This fact we must take as we find it: any explanation as to its proximate cause seems quite impracticable.

Disease exercises a powerful influence upon sleep. All affections attended with acute pain prevent it, in consequence of the undue accumulation which they occasion of sensorial power. This is especially the case where there is much active determination of blood to the head, as in phrenetic affections, and fevers in general.

Sleep is always much disturbed in hydrothorax; and almost every disease affects it, more or less; some preventing it altogether, some limiting the natural proportion, some inducing fearful dreams, and all acting with a power proportioned to the direct or indirect influence which they exercise upon the sensorium.

From the increased irritability of the frame and relaxed state of the cutaneous vessels during sleep, the system at that time is peculiarly apt to be acted upon by all impressions, especially of cold; and those who fall asleep exposed to a current of air are far more apt to feel the consequences thereof than if they were broad awake. By a law of nature the sensibility of the system is increased by any suspension of the mental or voluntary powers, for the same reason that it is diminished, while these powers resume their action. In drunkenness, for instance, where the mind is vehemently excited, we are far less susceptible of cold than in a state of sobriety.

Sleep is much modified by habit. Thus, an old artillery-man often enjoys tranquil repose, while the cannon are thundering around him; an engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating it on the outside with their ponderous hammers; and the repose of a miller is nowise incommoded by the noise of his mill. Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others, is by them altogether unheeded. It is common for carriers to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches. During the battle of the Nile, some boys were so exhausted, that they fell asleep on the deck amid the deafening thunder of that dreadful engagement. Nay, silence itself may become a stimulus, while sound ceases to be so. Thus, a miller being very ill, his mill was stopped that he might not be disturbed by its noise; but this so far from inducing sleep, prevented it altogether; and it did not take place till the mill was set a-going again. For the same reason, the manager of some vast iron-work who, slept close to them amid the incessant din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would awake if there was any cessation of the noise during the night. To carry the illustration still farther, it has been noticed, that a person who falls asleep near a church, the bell of which is ringing, may hear the sound during the whole of his slumber, and be nevertheless aroused by its sudden cessation. Here the sleep must have been imperfect, otherwise he would have been insensible to the sound: the noise of the bell was no stimulus; it was its ces-

sation which, by breaking the hypotony, became so, and caused the sleeper to awake.

The effects of habit may be illustrated in various ways. 'If a person, for instance, is accustomed to go to rest exactly at nine o'clock in the evening, and to rise again at six in the morning, though the time of going to sleep be occasionally protracted till twelve, he will yet awake at his usual hour of six; or, if his sleep be continued by darkness, quietude or other causes, till the day be farther advanced, the desire for sleep will return in the evening at nine.'

Persons who are much in the habit of having their repose broken, seldom sleep either long or profoundly, however much they may be left undisturbed. This is shown in the cases of soldiers and seamen, nurses, mothers, and keepers.

Seamen and soldiers on duty can, from habit, sleep when they will, and wake when they will. The Emperor Napoleon was a striking instance of this fact. Captain Barclay, when performing his extraordinary feat in walking a mile an hour for a thousand successive hours, obtained at last such a mastery over himself, that he fell asleep the instant he lay down. Some persons cannot sleep from home, or on a different bed from their usual one: some cannot sleep on a hard, others on a soft bed. A low pillow prevents sleep in some, a high one in others. The faculty of remaining asleep for a great length of time, is possessed by some individuals. Such was the case with Quin, the celebrated player, who could slumber for twenty-four hours successively—with Elizabeth Orvin, who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep—with Elizabeth Perkins, who slept for a week or a fortnight at a time—with Mary Lyall, who did the same for six successive weeks—and with many others, more or less remarkable. In Bowyer's life of Beattie, a curious anecdote is related of Dr Reid, viz., that he could take as much food and immediately afterwards as much sleep as were sufficient for two days.

A phenomenon of an opposite character is also sometimes observed, for there are individuals who can subsist upon a surprisingly small portion of sleep. The celebrated General Elliot was an instance of this kind: he never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. In all other respects he was strikingly abstinent; his food consisting wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. In a letter communicated to Sir John Sinclair, by John Gordon, Esq. of Swiney, Caithness, mention is made of a person named James Mackay, of Skerray, who died in Strathnaver in the year 1797, aged ninety-one: he only slept, on an average, four hours in the twenty-four, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and the illustrious surgeon, John Hunter, only slept five hours in the same period; and the sleep of the active-minded is always much less than that of the listless and indolent. The celebrated French General Pichegru, informed Sir Gilbert Blane, that, during a whole year's campaigns, he had not above one hour's sleep in the twenty-four. I know a lady who never sleeps above half an hour at a time, and the whole period of whose sleep does not exceed three or four hours in the twenty-four; and yet she is in the enjoyment of excellent health. Gooch gives an instance of a man who slept only for fifteen minutes out of the twenty-four hours, and even this was only a kind of dozing, and not a perfect sleep: notwithstanding which, he enjoyed good health, and reached his seventy-third year. I strongly suspect there must be some mistake in this case, for it is not conceivable that human nature could subsist upon such a limited portion of repose. Instances have been related of persons who *never slept*; but these must be regarded as purely fabulous.

The period of life modifies sleep materially. When a man is about his grand climacteric, or a few years beyond it, he slumbers less than at any former period of

life; but very young children always sleep away the most of their time. At this early period, the nerves being extremely sensitive and unaccustomed to impressions, become easily fatigued. As the children get older, the brain besides becoming habituated to impressions, acquires an accession of sensorial power, which tends to keep it longer awake. For the first two or three years, children sleep more than once in the twenty-four hours. The state of the fetus has been denominated, by some writers, a continued sleep, but the propriety of this definition may be doubted; for the mind having never yet manifested itself, and the voluntary organs never having been exercised, can hardly be said to exist in slumber, a condition which supposes a previous waking state of the functions. Middle-aged persons who lead an active life, seldom sleep above eight or nine hours in the twenty-four, however much longer they may lie in bed; while a rich, lazy, and gormandizing citizen will sleep twelve or thirteen hours at a time.

Sleep is greatly modified in old people. They usually slumber little, and not at all profoundly. Sometimes, however, when they get into a state of dotage, in consequence of extreme old age, the phenomena of childhood once more appear, and they pass the greater part of their time in sleep. The repose of the aged is most apt to take place immediately after taking food, while they often solicit it in vain at that period at which, during the former years of their lives, they had been accustomed to enjoy it. The celebrated de Moivre slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and Thomas Parr latterly slept away by far the greater part of his existence.

Those who eat heartily, and have strong digestive powers, usually sleep much. The great portion of sleep required by infants is owing, in part, to the prodigious activity of their digestive powers. The majority of animals sleep after eating, and man has a strong tendency to do the same thing, especially when oppressed with heat. In the summer season, a strong inclination is often felt, to sleep after dinner, when the weather is very warm.

A heavy meal, which produces no uneasy feeling while the person, will often do so if he fall asleep. According to Dr. Darwin, this proceeds from the sensorial actions being increased, when the volition is suspended. The digestion from this circumstance goes on with increased rapidity. 'Heat is produced in the system faster than it is expended; and, operating on the sensitive actions, carries them beyond the limitations of pleasure, producing, as is common in such cases, increased frequency of pulse.' In this case, incomplete sleep is supposed, for, when the slumber is perfect, no sensation whatever, either painful or the reverse, can be experienced.

In recovering from long protracted illness, accompanied with great want of rest, we generally sleep much—far more, indeed, than during the most perfect health. This seems to be a provision of nature for restoring the vigour which had been lost during disease, and bringing back the body to its former state. So completely does this appear to be the case, that as soon as a thorough restoration to health takes place, the portion of sleep diminishes till it is brought to the standard at which it originally stood before the accession of illness.

After continuing a certain time asleep, we awake, stretch ourselves, open our eyes, rub them, and yawn several times. At the moment of awaking, there is some confusion of ideas, but this immediately wears away. The mental faculties from being in utter torpor, begin to act one after the other; * the senses do the

* 'In the gradual progress from intense sleep, when there can be no dream, to the moment of perfect vigilance, one what occurs. The first cerebral organ that awakes enters into the train of thinking connected with its faculty: some kind of dream is the result; as an organ after organ awakes, the dream becomes more vivid; and as the number of active organs increases, so

come. At last, the mind, the senses, and the locomotion being completely restored, what are our sensations? Instead of the listlessness, lassitude, and general fatigue experienced on lying down, we feel vigorous and refreshed. The body is stronger, the thoughts clearer and more composed; we think coolly, clearly, rationally, and can often comprehend with ease what baffled us on the previous night.

One or two other points remain to be noticed. On awaking, the eyes are painfully affected by the light, but this shortly wears away, and we then feel them stronger than when we went to bed. The muscular power, also, for a few seconds, is affected. We totter when we get up; and if we lay hold of any thing, the hand lacks its wonted strength. This, however, as the current of nervous energy is restored throughout the muscles, immediately disappears; and we straightway possess redoubled vigour. On examining the urine, we find that it is higher in its colour than when we lay down. The saliva is more viscid, the phlegm harder and tougher, the eyes glutinous, and the nostrils dry. If we betake ourselves to the scale, we find that our weight has diminished in consequence of the nocturnal perspirations; while, by subjecting our stature to measurement, we shall see that we are taller by nearly an inch than on the preceding night. This fact was correctly ascertained in a great variety of instances, by Mr. Wasse, Rector of Aynho in Northumberland; and is sufficiently accounted for by the intervertebral cartilages recovering their elasticity, in consequence of the bodily weight being taken off them during the recumbent posture of sleep.

Such are the leading phenomena of sleep. With regard to the purposes which it serves in the economy, these are too obvious to require much detail. Its main object is to restore the strength expended during wakefulness; to recruit the body by promoting nutrition and giving rest to the muscles; and to renovate the mind by the repose which it affords the brain. Action is necessarily followed by exhaustion; sleep by checking the one restrains the other, and keeps the animal machine in due vigour. Mr Carmichael supposes sleep to be the period when assimilation goes on in the brain. In this respect, I believe that the brain is not differently situated from the rest of the body. There, as elsewhere, the assimilative process proceeds both in the slumbering and in the waking state; but that it is only at work in the brain during sleep analogy forbids us to admit. So long as circulation continues, a deposition of matter is going on; and circulation, we all know, is at work in the brain as in other organs, whether we be asleep or awake. According to Richerand, one of the great purposes, served by sleep, is to diminish the activity of the circulation, which a state of wakefulness has the invariable effect of increasing. 'The exciting causes' he observes, 'to which our organs are subject during the day, tend progressively to increase their action. The throbbings of the heart, for instance, are more frequent at night than in the morning; and this action, gradually, accelerated, would soon be carried to such a degree of activity as to be inconsistent with life, if its velocity were not moderated at intervals by the recurrence of sleep.'

To detail the beneficent purposes served by sleep in the cure of diseases, as well as in health, would be a work of supererogation. They are felt and recognised by mankind as so indispensable to strength, to happiness, and to life itself, that he who dispenses with that portion of repose required by the wants of nature, is in reality curtailing the duration of its own existence.

CHAPTER III.

DREAMING.

In perfect sleep, as we have elsewhere stated, there is a quiescence of all the organs which compose the brain; but when, in consequence of some inward excitement, one organ or more continues awake, while the remainder are in repose, a state of incomplete sleep is the result, and we have the phenomena of dreaming. If, for instance, any irritation, such as pain, fever, drunkenness, or a heavy meal, should throw the perceptive organs into a state of action while the reflecting ones continue asleep, we have a consciousness of objects, colors, or sounds being presented to us, just as if the former organs were actually stimulated by having such impressions communicated to them by the external senses; * while in consequence of the repose of the reflecting organs, we are unable to rectify the illusions, and conceive that the scenes passing before us, or the sounds that we hear, have a real existence. This want of mutual co-operation between the different organs of the brain accounts for the disjointed nature, the absurdities, and incoherencies of dreams.

Many other doctrines have been started by philosophers, but I am not aware of any which can lay claim even to plausibility; some, indeed, are so chimerical, and so totally unsupported by evidence, that it is difficult to conceive how they ever entered into the imaginations of their founders. Baxter, for instance, in his 'Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul,' endeavours to show that dreams are produced by the agency of some spiritual beings, who either amuse, or employ themselves seriously, in engaging mankind in all those imaginary transaction with which they are employed in dreaming. The theory of Democritus and Lucretius is equally whimsical. They accounted for dreams by supposing that spectres, and simulacra of corporeal things constantly emitted from them, and floating up and down in the air, come and assault the soul in sleep. The most prevailing doctrine is that of the Cartesians, who supposed that the mind was continually active in sleep; in other words, that during this state we were always dreaming. Hazlitt, in his 'Round Table,' has taken the same view of the subject, and alleges, that if a person is awakened at any given time and asked what he has been dreaming about, he will at once be recalled to a train of associations with which his mind has been busied previously. Unfortunately for this theory it is not sustained by facts; experiments made on purpose having shown that, though in some few instances, the individual had such a consciousness of dreaming as is described, yet in the great majority he had no consciousness of any thing of the kind. The doctrine, therefore, so far as direct evidence is concerned must fall to the ground; and yet, unsupported as it is either by proof or analogy, this is the fashionable hypothesis of the schools, and the one most in vogue among our best metaphysical writers.

There is a strong analogy between dreaming and insanity. Dr. Abercrombie defines the difference between the two states to be, that in the latter the erroneous impression, being permanent, affects the conduct; whereas in dreaming, no influence on the conduct is produced, because the vision is dissipated on awaking. This definition is nearly, but not wholly correct; for in somnambulism and sleep-talking, the conduct is influenced by the prevailing dream. Dr. Rush has, with great shrewdness, remarked, that a dream may be considered as a transient paroxysm of delirium, and delirium as a permanent dream.

Man is not the only animal subject to dreaming. We have every reason to believe that many of the lower

see the complication of
is awake, the man
ing him into sleep
On

* The internal organs
wakening senses
world.
show, p. 92.

* This internal stimulation of particular organs without the concurrence of outward impressions by the senses, is more fully stated under the head of Spectral Illusions.

animals do the same. Horses neigh and rear, and dogs bark and growl in their sleep. Probably, at such times, the remembrance of the chase or the combat was passing through the minds of these creatures; and they also not unfrequently manifest signs of fear, joy, playfulness, and almost every other passion.* Ruminating animals, such as the sheep and cow, dream less; but even they are sometimes so affected, especially at the period of rearing their young. The parrot is said to dream, and I should suppose some other birds do the same. Indeed the more intellectual the animal is, the more likely it is to be subject to dreaming. Whether fishes dream it is impossible to conjecture: nor can it be guessed, with any thing like certainty, at what point in the scale of animal intellect, the capability of dreaming ceases, although it is very certain there is such a point. I apprehend that dreaming is a much more general law than is commonly supposed, and that many animals dream which are never suspected of doing so.

Some men are said never to dream, and others only when their health is disordered: Dr. Beattie mentions a case of the latter description. For many years before his death, Dr. Reid had no consciousness of ever having dreamed; and Mr. Locke takes notice of a person who never did so till his twenty-sixth year, when he began to dream in consequence of having had a fever. It is not impossible, however, but that, in these cases, the individuals may have had dreams from the same age as other people, and under the same circumstances, although probably they were of so vague a nature, as to have soon faded away from the memory.

Dreams occur more frequently in the morning than in the early part of the night: a proof that the sleep is much more profound in the latter period than in the former. Towards morning, the faculties, being refreshed by sleep, are more disposed to enter into activity; and this explains why, as we approach the hours of waking, our dreams are more fresh and vivid. Owing to the comparatively active state of the faculties, morning dreams are more rational—whence the old adage, that such dreams are true.

Children dream almost from their birth; and if we may judge from what, on many occasions, they endure during sleep, we must suppose that the visions which haunt their young minds are often of a very frightful kind. Children, from many causes, are more apt to have dreams of terror than adults. In the first place, they are peculiarly subject to various diseases, such as teething, convulsions, and bowel complaints, those fertile sources of mental terror in sleep; and, in the second place, their minds are exceedingly susceptible of dread in all forms, and prone to be acted on by it, whatever shape it assume. Many of the dreams experienced at this early period, leave an indelible impression upon the mind. They are remembered in after-years with feelings of pain; and, blending with the more delightful reminiscences of childhood, demonstrate that this era, which we are apt to consider one varied scene of sunshine and happiness, had, as well as future life, its shadows of melancholy, and was not untinged with hues of sorrow and care. The sleep of infancy, therefore, is far from being that ideal state of felicity which is commonly supposed. It is haunted with its own terrors, even more than that of adults; and, if many of the visions which people are equally delightful, there can be little doubt that it is also tortured by dreams of a more painful character than often fall to the share of after-life.

In health, when the mind is at ease, we seldom dream; and when we do so our visions are generally of a pleasing character. In disease, especially of the

brain, liver, and stomach, dreams are both common and of a very distressing kind.

Some writers imagine, that as we grow older, our dreams become less absurd and inconsistent, but this is extremely doubtful. Probably, as we advance in life, we are less troubled with these phenomena than in the period of youth, when imagination is full of action, and the mind peculiarly liable to impressions of every kind; but when they do take place, we shall find them equally preposterous, unphilosophical, and crude, with those which haunted our early years. Old people dream more, however, than the middle-aged, owing doubtless to the more broken and disturbed nature of their repose.

I believe that dreams are uniformly the resuscitation or re-embodiment of thoughts which have formerly, in some shape or other, occupied the mind. They are old ideas revived either in an entire state, or heterogeneously mingled together. I doubt if it be possible for a person to have, in a dream, any idea whose elements did not, in some form, strike him at a previous period. If these break loose from their connecting chain, and become jumbled together incoherently, as is often the case, they give rise to absurd combinations; but the elements still subsist, and only manifest themselves in a new and unconnected shape. As this is an important point, and one which has never been properly named upon, I shall illustrate it by an example. I have dreamed that I walked upon the banks of the great canal in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. On the side opposite to that on which I was, and within a few feet of the water, stood the splendid portico of the Royal Exchange. A gentleman, whom I knew, was standing upon one of the steps, and we spoke to each other. I then lifted a large stone, and poised it in my hand, when he said that he was certain I could not throw it to a certain spot which he pointed out. I made an attempt, and fell short of the mark. At this moment, a well known friend came up, whom I knew to excel in putting the stone; but, strange to say, he had lost one of his legs, and walked upon wooden substitutes. This struck me as exceedingly curious; for my impression was that he had only lost one leg, and had but a single wooden one. At my desire he took up the stone, and without difficulty, threw it beyond the point indicated by the gentleman upon the opposite side of the canal. The absurdity of this dream is extremely glaring; and yet, on strictly analyzing it, I find it to be wholly composed of ideas which passed through my mind on the previous day, assuming a new and ridiculous arrangement. I can compare it to nothing but to cross-matings in the newspapers, or to that well known amusement which consists in putting a number of sentences, each written on a separate piece of paper, into a bag, shaking the whole, then taking them out one by one as they come, and seeing what kind of medley the heterogeneous compound will make, when thus fortuitously put together. For instance, I had, on the above day, taken a walk to the canal, along with a friend. On returning from it, I pointed out to him a spot where a new road was forming, and where, a few days before, one of the workmen had been overwhelmed by a quantity of rubbish falling upon him, which fairly choiced off one of his legs, and so much damaged the other that it was feared amputation would be necessary. Not this very spot there is a park, in which, about a month previously, I practised throwing the stone. On passing the Exchange on my way home, I expressed regret at the lowness of its situation, and remarked what an fine effect the portico would have were it placed upon some elevated ground. Such were the previous circumstances, and let us see how they bear upon the dream. In the first place, the canal appeared before me. 2. The situation is an elevated one. 3. The position of the exchange, occurring to my mind as being placed so low, became associated with

* The stag-hounds, wary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged in dreams the forest race
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

Lay of the last Minstrel.

and I placed it close by on a similar altitude. 4. The gentleman I had been walking with, was the same whom, in the dream, I saw standing upon the steps of the portico. 5. Having related to him the story of the man who lost one limb, and had a chance of losing another, this idea brings before me a friend with a brace of wooden legs, who, moreover, appears in connexion with putting the stone, as I know him to excel at that exercise. There is only one other element in the dream which the preceding events will not account for, and that is, the surprise at the individual referred to having more than one wooden leg. But why should he have even one, seeing that in reality he is limbed like other people! This also, I can account for. Some years ago he slightly injured his knee while leaping a ditch, and I remember of jocularly advising him to get it cut off. I am particular in illustrating this point with regard to dreams, for I hold, that if it were possible to analyze them all, they would invariably be found to stand in the same relation to the waking state as the above specimen. The more diversified and incongruous the character of a dream, and the more remote from the period of its occurrence the circumstances which suggest it, the more difficult does its analysis become; and, in point of fact, this process may be impossible, so totally are the elements of the dream often discovered from their original source, and so ludicrously huddled together. This subject shall be more fully demonstrated in speaking of the remote causes of dreams.

Dreams generally arise without any assignable cause, but sometimes we can very readily discover their origin. Whatever has much interested us during the day, is apt to resolve itself into a dream; and this will generally be pleasurable, or the reverse, according to the nature of the exciting cause. If, for instance, our reading or conversation be of horrible subjects, such as spectres, murders, or conflagrations, they will appear before us magnified and heightened in our dreams. Or if we have been previously sailing upon a rough sea, we are apt to suppose ourselves undergoing the perils of shipwreck. Pleasurable sensations during the day are also apt to assume a still more pleasurable aspect in dreams. In like manner, if we have a longing for any thing, we are apt to suppose that we possess it. Even objects altogether unattainable are placed within our reach: we achieve impossibilities, and triumph with ease over the invincible laws of nature.

A disordered state of the stomach and liver will often produce dreams. Persons of bad digestion, especially hypochondriacs, are harassed with visions of the most frightful nature. This fact was well known to the celebrated Mrs Radcliffe, who, for the purpose of filling her sleep with those phantoms of horror which she has so forcibly embodied in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' and 'Romance of the Forest,' is said to have supped upon the most indigestible substances; while Dryden and Fuseli, with the opposite view of obtaining splendid dreams, are reported to have eaten raw flesh. Diseases of the chest, where the breathing is impeded, also give rise to horrible visions, and constitute the frequent causes of that most frightful modification of dreaming—nightmare.

The usual intoxicating agents have all the power of exciting dreams. The most exquisite visions, as well as the most frightful, are perhaps those occasioned by narcotics. These differences depend on the dose and the particular state of the system at the time of taking it. Dreams also may arise from the deprivation of customary stimuli, such as spirits, or supper before going to bed. More frequently, however, they originate from indulging in such excitations.

A change of bed will sometimes induce dreams; and, generally speaking, they are more apt to occur in a strange bed than in the one to which we are accustomed.

Dreams often arise from the impressions made upon the senses during sleep. Dr Beattie speaks of a man

on whom any kind of dream could be induced, by his friends gently speaking in his presence upon the particular subject which they wished him to dream about. I have often tried this experiment upon persons asleep, and more than once with a like result. I apprehend, that when this takes place, the slumber must have been very imperfect. With regard to the possibility of dreams being produced by bodily impressions, Dr Gregory relates that having occasion to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet when he went to bed, he dreamed that he was making a journey to the top of Mount Etna, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insufferable. Another person having a blister applied to his head, imagined that he was scalped by a party of Indians; while a friend of mine happening to sleep in damp sheets, dreamed that he was dragged through a stream. A paroxysm of gout during sleep, has given rise to the persons supposing himself under the power of the Inquisition, and undergoing the torments of the rack. The bladder is sometimes emptied during sleep, from the dreaming idea being directed (in consequence of the unpleasant fullness of the viscus) to this particular want of nature. These results are not uniform, but such is the path in which particular bodily states are apt to lead the imagination; and dreams, occurring in these states, will more frequently possess a character analogous to them than to any other modified, of course, by the strength of the individual cause, and fertility of the fancy.

Some curious experiments in regard to this point, were made by M. Giron de Buzareingues, which seems to establish the practicability of a person determining at will the nature of his dreams. By leaving his knees uncovered, he dreamed that he travelled during night in a diligence: travellers, he observes, being aware that in a coach it is the knees that get cold during the night. On another occasion, having left the posterior part of his head uncovered, he dreamed that he was present at a religious ceremony performed in the open air. It was the custom of the country in which he lived to have the head constantly covered, except on particular occasions, such as the above. On awaking, he felt the back of his neck cold, as he had often experienced during the real scenes, the representation of which had been conjured up by his fancy. Having repeated this experiment at the end of several days, to assure himself that the result was not the effect of chance, the second vision turned out precisely the same as the first. Even without making experiments, we have frequent evidence of similar facts; thus, if the clothes chance to fall off us, we are liable to suppose that we are parading the streets in a state of nakedness, and feel all the shame and inconvenience which such a condition would in reality produce. We see crowds of people following after us and mocking our nudity; and we wander from place to place, seeking a refuge under this ideal misfortune. Fancy, in truth, heightens every circumstance, and inspires us with greater vexation than we would feel if actually labouring under such an annoyance. The streets in which we wander are depicted with the force of reality; we see their windings, their avenues, their dwelling-places, with intense truth. Even the inhabitants who follow us are exposed to view in all their various dresses and endless diversities of countenance. Sometimes we behold our intimate friends gazing upon us with indifference, or torturing with annoying impertinence. Sometimes we see multitudes whom we never beheld before; and each individual is exposed so vividly, that we could describe or even paint his aspect.

In like manner, if we lie awry, or if our feet slip over the side of the bed, we often imagine ourselves standing upon the brink of a fearful precipice, or falling from its beetling summit into the abyss beneath.* If the

* Dr Currie, in allusion to the visions of the hypochondriac observes, that if he dream of falling into the sea, he awakes gasping.

rain or hail patter against our windows, we have often the idea of a hundred cataracts pouring from the rocks; if the wind howl without, we are suddenly wrapt up in a thunderstorm, with all its terrible associations; if the head happen to slip under the pillow, a huge rock is hanging over us, and ready to crush us beneath its ponderous bulk. Should the heat of the body chance to be increased by febrile irritation or the temperature of the room, we may suppose ourselves basking under the fiery sun of Africa; or if, from any circumstance, we labour under a chill, we may then be careering and foundering among the icebergs of the pole, while the morse and the famished bear are prowling around us, and claiming us for their prey. Dr Beattie informs us, that once, after riding thirty miles in a high wind, he passed the night in visions terrible beyond description. The extent, in short, to which the mind is capable of being carried in such cases, is almost incredible. Stupendous events arise from the most insignificant causes—so completely does sleep magnify and distort every thing placed within its influence. The province of dreams is one of intense exaggeration—exaggeration beyond even the wildest conceptions of Oriental romance.

A smoky chamber, for instance, has given rise to the idea of a city in flames. The conflagrations of Rome and Moscow may then pass in terrific splendor before the dreamer's fancy. He may see Nero standing afar off, surrounded by his licitors and guards, gazing upon the imperial city wrapt in flames; or the sanguinary fight of Borodino, followed by the burning of the ancient capital of Russia, may be presented before him with all the intenseness of reality. Under these circumstances, his whole being may undergo a change. He is no longer a denizen of his native country, but of that land to which his visions have transported him. All the events of his own existence fade away; and he becomes a native of Rome or Russia, gazing upon the appalling spectacle.

On the other hand, the mind may be filled with imagery equally exaggerated, but of a more pleasing character. The sound of a flute in the neighborhood may invoke a thousand beautiful and delightful associations. The air is, perhaps, filled with the tones of harps, and all other varieties of music—nay, the performers themselves are visible; and while the cause of this strange scene is one trivial instrument, we may be regaled with a rich and melodious concert. For the same reason a flower being applied to the nostrils may, by affecting the sense of the smell, excite powerfully the imagination, and give the dreamer the idea of walking in a garden.

There is one fact connected with dreams which is highly remarkable. When we are suddenly awaked from a profound slumber by a loud knock at, or by the rapid opening of the door, a train of actions which it would take hours, or days, or even weeks to accomplish, sometimes passes through the mind. Time, in fact, seems to be in a great measure annihilated. An extensive period is reduced, as it were, to a single point, or rather a single point is made to embrace an extensive period. In one instant, we pass through many adventures, see many strange sights, and hear many strange sounds. If we are awaked by a loud knock, we have perhaps the idea of a tumult passing before us, and know all the characters engaged in it—their aspects, and even their very names. If the door open violently, the flood-gates of a canal may appear to be expanding, and we may see the individuals employed in the process, and hear their conversation, which may seem an hour in length. If a light be brought into the room, the notion of the house being in flames perhaps invades us, and we are witnesses to the waters close over him, and is sensible of the precise gurgling sound which those experience who actually sink under water. In falling from heights, during dreams, we always awake before reaching the ground.

the whole conflagration from its commencement till it be finally extinguished. The thoughts which arise in such situations are endless, and assume an infinite variety of aspects. The whole, indeed, constitutes one of the strangest phenomena of the human mind, and calls to recollection the story of the Eastern monarch who, on dipping his head into the magician's water pail, fancied he had travelled for years in various nations, although he was only immersed for a single instant. This curious psychological fact, though occurring under somewhat different circumstances, has not escaped the notice of Mr De Quincey, better known as the 'English Opium-Eater.' 'The sense of space,' says he, 'and, in the end, the sense of time were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye was not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the expansion of time. I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration beyond the limits of any human experience.' It is more easy to state the fact of this apparent expansion of time in dreams than to give any theory which will satisfactorily account for it. I believe that, whenever it occurs, the dream has abounded in events and circumstances which, had they occurred in reality, would have required a long period for their accomplishment. For instance, I lately dreamed that I made a voyage to India—remained some days in Calcutta—then took ship for Egypt, where I viewed the cataracts of the Nile, and the pyramids; and, to crown the whole, had the honor of an interview with Mehemet Ali, Cleopatra, and the Sultan Saladin. All this was the work of a single night, probably of a single hour, or even a few minutes; and yet it appeared to occupy many months.

I must also mention another circumstance of a somewhat similar kind, which though it occur in the waking condition, is produced by the peculiar effect of previous sleep upon the mind. Thus, when we awake in a melancholy mood, the result probably of some distressing dream, the remembrance of all our former actions, especially those of an evil character, often rushes upon us as from a dark and troubled sea.* They do not appear individually, one by one, but come linked together in a close phalanx, as if to take the conscience by storm, and crush it beneath their imposing front. The whole span of our existence, from childhood downwards, sends them on; oblivion opens its gulphs and impels them forwards; and the mind is robbed in a cloud of wretchedness, without one ray of hope to brighten up its gloom. In common circumstances, we possess no such power of grouping so instantaneously the most distant and proximate events of life: the spell of memory is invoked to call them successively from the past; and they glide before us like shadows, more or less distinct according to their remoteness, or the force of their impress upon the mind. But in the case of which I speak, they start abruptly forth from the bosom of time, and overwhelm the spirit with a crowd of most sad and appalling reminiscences. In the crucible of our distorted imagination, every thing is exaggerated and invested with a blacker gloom than belongs to it; we see, at one glance, down the whole vista of time; and each event of our life is written there in gloomy and distressing characters. Hence the mental depression occurring under these circumstances, and even the remorse which falls, like bitter and unrefreshing dews, upon the heart.

We have seldom any idea of past events in dreams; if such are called forth, they generally seem to be pre-

* Something similar occurs in drowning. Persons recovered from this state have mentioned that, in the course of a single minute, almost every event of their life has been brought to their recollection.

sent and in the process of actual occurrence. We may dream of Alexander the Great, but it is as of a person who is co-existent with ourselves.

Dreams being produced by the active state of such organs as are dissociated from, or have not sympathised in, the general slumber, partake of the character of those whose powers are in greatest vigour, or farthest removed from the somnolent state. A person's natural character, therefore, or his pursuits in life, by strengthening one faculty, make it less susceptible, than such as are weaker, of being overcome, by complete sleep; or, if it be overcome, it awakes more rapidly from its dormant state, and exhibits its proper characteristics in dreams. Thus, the miser dreams of wealth, the lover of his mistress, the musician of melody, the philosopher of science, the merchant of trade, and the debtor of duns and bailiffs. In like manner, a choleric man is often passionate in his sleep; a vicious man's mind is filled with wicked actions; a virtuous man's with deeds of benevolence; a humorist's with ludicrous ideas. Pugnacious people often fight on such occasions, and do themselves serious injury by striking against the posts of the bed; while persons addicted to lying, frequently dream of exercising their favourite vocation.

For such reasons persons who have a strong passion for music often dream of singing and composing melodies; and the ideas of some of our finest pieces are said to have been communicated to the musician in his sleep. Tartini, a celebrated violin player, is said to have composed his famous *Devil's Sonata* from the inspiration of a dream, in which the Devil appeared to him and challenged him to a trial of skill upon his own fiddle. A mathematician, in like manner, is often engaged in the solution of problems, and has his brain full of Newton, Euler, Euclid, and Laplace; while a poet is occupied in writing verses, or in deliberating upon the strains of such bards as are most familiar to his spirit; it was thus in a dream that Mr Coleridge composed his splendid fragment of *Kubla Khan*.^{*} To speak phrenologically: if the organ of *size* be large, then material images more than sounds or abstractions possess the mind, and every thing may be magnified to unnatural dimensions; if *color* be fully developed, whatever is presented to the mental eye is brilliant and gaudy, and the person has probably the idea of rich paintings, shining flowers, or varied landscapes: should *locality* predominate, he is carried away to distant lands, and beholds more extraordinary sights than Cook, Ross, or Franklin ever described. An excess of *cautiousness* will inspire him with terror; an excess of *self-esteem* cause him to be placed in dignified situations; while *imitation* may render him a mimic or a

player; *language*, a wrangler or philologist; *secretiveness*, a deceiver; *acquisitiveness*, a thief. Occasionally, indeed, the reverse is the case, and those trains of thoughts in which we mostly indulge are seldom or never the subjects of our dreams. Some authors even assert that when the mind has been strongly impressed with any peculiar ideas, such are less likely to occur in dreams than their opposites; but this is taking the exception for the general rule, and is directly at variance with both experience and analogy. In fact, whatever propensities or talents are strongest in the mind of the individual, will, in most cases, manifest themselves with greatest readiness and force in dreams; and where a faculty is very weak it will scarcely manifest itself at all. Thus, one person who has large *tune* and small *casuality* will indulge in music, but seldom in ascertaining the nature of cause and effect; while another, with a contrary disposition of organs, may attempt to reason upon abstract truths, while music will rarely intrude into the temple of his thoughts. It is but fair to state, however, that the compositions, the reasonings, and the poems which we concoct in sleep, though occasionally superior to those of our waking hours,^{*} are generally of a very absurd description; and, how admirable soever they have appeared, their futility is abundantly evident when we awake. To use the words of Dr Parr, 'In dreams we seem to reason, to argue, to compose; and in all these circumstances, during sleep, we are highly gratified, and think that we excel. If, however, we remember our dreams, our reasonings we find to be weak, our arguments we find to be inconclusive, and our compositions trifling and absurd.' The truth of these remarks is undeniable; but the very circumstance of a man's dreams turning habitually upon a particular subject—however ridiculously he may meditate thereupon—is a strong presumption that that subject is the one which most frequently engrosses his faculties in the waking state; in a word, that the power most energetic in the latter condition is that also most active in dreams.

Dreams are sometimes useful in affording prognostics of the probable termination of several diseases. Violent and impetuous dreams occurring in fevers generally indicate approaching delirium; those of a gloomy, terrific nature give strong grounds to apprehend danger; while dreams of a pleasant cast may be looked upon as harbingers of approaching recovery. The visions, indeed, which occur in a state of fever are highly distressing; the mind is vehemently hurried on from one train of ideas to another, and participates in the painful activity of the system. Those generated by hypochondria or indigestion are equally afflicting, but more confined to one unpleasant idea—the intellect being overpowered, as it were, under the pressure of a ponderous load, from which it experiences an utter incapacity to relieve itself. The febrile dream has a fiery, volatile, fugitive character: the other partakes of the nature of nightmare, in which the faculties seem frozen to torpor, by the presence of a loathsome and indolent fiend.

Other diseases and feelings besides fever give a character to dreams. The dropsical subject often has the idea of fountains, and rivers, and seas, in his sleep; jaundice tinges the objects beheld with its own yellow and sickly hue; hunger induces dreams of eating agreeable food; an attack of inflammation disposes us to see all things of the colour of blood; excessive thirst presents us with visions of dried up streams, burning sand-plains, and immitigable heat; a bad taste in the mouth, with every thing bitter and nauseous in the vegetable world.

^{*} Such was the case with Cabanis, who often, during dreams, saw clearly into the bearings of political events which had baffled him when awake; and with Condorcet, who, when engaged in some deep and complicated calculations, was frequently obliged to leave them in an unfinished state, and retire to rest, when the results to which they led were at once unfolded in his dreams.

* The following is the account he himself gives of the circumstance:—'In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill-health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Eymoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's Pilgrimage:—'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he had the most vivid confidence, that he could have composed not less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking, he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole: and taking his pen, ink, and paper instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour; and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision; yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but alas! without the other restoration of the latter.'

If, from any cause, we chance to be relieved from the physical suffering occasioning such dreams, the dreams themselves also wear away, or are succeeded by others of a more pleasing description. Thus, if perspiration succeed to feverish heat, the person who, during the continuance of the latter, fancied himself on the brink of a volcano, or broiled beneath an African sun, is transported to some refreshing stream, and enjoys precisely the pleasure which such a transition would produce did it actually take place.

Some authors imagine that we never dream of objects which we have not seen; but the absurdity of this notion is so glaring as to carry its own refutation along with it. I have a thousand times dreamed of such objects.

When a person has a strong desire to see any place or object which he has never seen before, he is apt to dream about it; while, as soon as his desire is gratified, he often ceases so to dream. I remember of hearing a great deal of the beauty of Rouen Cathedral, and in one form or other it was constantly presented before my imagination in dreams; but having at last seen the cathedral I never again dreamed about it. This is not the invariable result of a gratified wish; but it happens so often that it may be considered a general rule.

Sometimes we awake from dreams in a pleasing, at other times in a melancholy mood, without being able to recollect them. They leave a pleasurable or disagreeable impression upon the mind, according doubtless to their nature; and yet we cannot properly remember what we were dreaming about. Sometimes, though baffled at the time, we can recall them afterwards, but this seldom happens.

It often happens that the dreamer, under the influence of a frightful vision, leaps from his bed and calls aloud in a paroxysm of terror. This is very frequently the case with children and persons of weak nerves; but it may happen even with the strongest minded. There is something peculiarly horrible and paralyzing in the terror of sleep. It lays the energies of the soul prostrate before it, crushes them to the earth as beneath the weight of an enormous vampire, and equalizes for a time the courage of the hero and the child. No firmness of mind can at all times withstand the influence of these deadly terrors. The person awakes panic-struck from some hideous vision; and even after reason returns and convinces him of the unreal nature of his apprehensions, the panic for some time continues, his heart throbs violently, he is covered with cold perspiration, and hides his head beneath the bed-clothes, afraid to look around him, lest some dreadful object of alarm should start up before his affrighted vision. Courage and philosophy are frequently opposed in vain to these appalling terrors. The latter dreads what it disbelieves; and spectral forms, sepulchral voices, and all the other horrid superstitions of sleep arise to vindicate their power over that mind, which, under the fancied protection of reason and science, conceived itself shielded from all such attacks, but which, in the hour of trial, often sinks beneath their influence as completely as the ignorant and unreflecting mind, who never employed a thought as to the real nature of these fantastic and illusive sources of terror. The alarm of a frightful dream is sometimes so overpowering, that persons under the impression thus generated, of being pursued by some imminent danger, have actually leaped out of the window to the great danger and even loss of their lives. In the 9th volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London,' a curious case is given by Archdeacon Squire, of a person who, after having been dumb for years, recovered the use of his speech by means of a dream of this description: 'One day, in the year 1741, he got very much in liquor, so much so, that on his return at home at night to the De-vizes, he fell from his horse three or four times, and was at last taken up by a neighbour, and put to bed in

a house on the road. He soon fell asleep; when, dreaming that he was falling into a furnace of boiling wort, it put him into so great an agony of fright, that, struggling with all his might to call out for help, he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue that moment, as effectually as ever he had in his life, without the least hoarseness or alteration in the old sound of his voice.'

There have been instances where the terror of a frightful dream has been so great as even to produce insanity. Many years ago, a woman in the West Highlands, a consequence of a dream of this kind, after being newly brought to bed, became deranged, and soon after made her escape to the mountains, where for seven years, she herded with the deer, and became so fleet that the sheepherds and others, by whom she was occasionally seen, could never arrest her. At the end of this term, a very severe storm brought her and her associates to the valley, when she was surrounded, caught, and conveyed to her husband, by whom she was cordially received and treated with the utmost kindness. In the course of three months, she regained her reason, and had afterwards several children. When caught, her body was said to have been covered with hair, thus giving a color to the story of Orson and other wild men of the wood.

Instances have not been wanting where, under the panic of a frightful vision, persons have actually committed murder. They awake from such a dream—they see some person standing in the room, whom they mistake for an assassin, or dreadful apparition; driven to desperation by terror, they seize the first weapon that occurs, and inflict a fatal wound upon the object of their alarm. Hoffbauer, in his Treatise on Legal Medicine, relates a case of this kind. Although he does not state that the circumstances which occasioned his panic was a previous dream of terror, I do not deem that such, in reality, must have been the case. 'A report,' says he, 'of the murder committed by Bernard Schmidmaizig was made by the Criminal College of Silesia. Schmidmaizig awoke suddenly at midnight: at the moment of awaking, he beheld a frightful phantom (at least his imagination so depicted it) standing near him, (in consequence of the heat of the weather he slept in an open coach-house.) Fear, and the obscurity of the night, prevented him from recognizing anything distinctly, and the object which struck his vision appeared to him an actual spectre. In a tremulous voice he twice called out, *who goes there?*—he received no answer, and imagined that the apparition was approaching him. Frightened out of his judgment, he sprang from his bed, seized a hatchet which he generally kept close by him, and with this weapon assaulted the imaginary spectre. To see the apparition, to call out *who goes there?* and to seize the hatchet where the work of a moment: he had not an instant for reflection, and with one blow the phantom was felled to the ground. Schmidmaizig uttered a deep groan. This, and the noise occasioned by the fall of the phantom, completely restored him to his senses; and all at once the idea flashed across his mind that he must have struck down his wife, who slept in the same coach-house. Falling instantly upon his knees, he raised the head of the wounded person, saw the wound which he had made, and the blood that flowed from it; and in a voice full of anguish exclaimed *Susannah, Susannah, come to yourself!* He then called his eldest daughter, aged eight years, ordered her to see if her mother was recovering, and to inform her grandmother that he had killed her. In fact, it was his unhappy wife who received the blow, and she died the next day.*

* This case is highly important in a legal point of view: and to punish a man for acting similarly in such a state would be as unjust as to inflict punishment for deeds committed under the influence of insanity or somnambulism. 'This man,' as Hoffbauer properly remarks, 'did not enjoy the free use of his senses: he knew not what he saw: he believed that he was repelling an unlooked for attack. He soon recognised the place where he usually slept; it was natural that he should seize the hatchet

The passion of horror is more frequently felt in dreams than at any other period. Horror is intense dread, produced by some unknown or superlatively disgusting object. The visions of sleep, therefore, being frequently undefined, and of the most revolting description, are apt to produce this emotion, as they are to occasion simple fear. Under its influence, we may suppose that fiends are lowering upon us; that diabolical voices, as from the bottomless pit, or from the tomb, are floating around us; that we are haunted by apparitions; or that serpents, scorpions and demons are our bed-fellows. Such sensations are strongly akin to those of nightmare; but between this complaint and a mere dream of terror, there is a considerable difference. In incubus, the individual feels as if his powers of volition were totally paralyzed; and as if he were altogether unable to move a limb in his own behalf, or utter a cry expressive of his agony. When these feelings exist, we may consider the case to be one of nightmare: when they do not, and when notwithstanding his terror, he seems to himself to possess unrestrained muscular motion, to run with ease, breathe freely, and enjoy the full capability of exertion, it must be regarded as a simple dream.

Dr. Elliotson has remarked, with great acuteness, that dreams, in which the perceptive faculties alone are concerned, are more incoherent, and subject to more rapid transitions than those in which one or more of the organs of the feelings are also in a state of activity. 'Thus, in our dreams, we may walk on the brink of a precipice, or see ourselves doomed to immediate destruction by the weapon of a foe, or the fury of a tempestuous sea, and yet feel not the slightest emotion of fear, though, during the perfect activity of the brain, we may be naturally disposed to the strong manifestation of this feeling; again we may see the most extraordinary object or event without surprise, perform the most ruthless crime without compunction, and see what, in our waking hours, would cause us unmitigated grief, without the smallest feeling of sorrow.'

Persons are to be found, who, when they speak much during sleep, are unable to remember their dreams on awaking, yet recollect them perfectly if they do not speak. This fact is not very easily accounted for. Probably when we are silent, the mind is more directed upon the subject of the dream, and not so likely to be distracted from it. There is perhaps another explanation. When we dream of speaking, or actually speak, the necessity of using language infers the exercise of some degree of reason; and, thus the incongruities of the dream being diminished, its nature becomes less striking, and consequently less likely to be remembered. Though we often dream of performing impossibilities, we seldom imagine that we are relating them to others.

When we dream of visible objects, the sensibility of the eyes is diminished in a most remarkable manner; and on opening them, they are much less dazzled by the light than if we awoke from a slumber altogether unvisited by such dreams. A fact equally curious is noticed by Dr. Darwin, in his 'Zoonomia,'—'If we sleep in the day time, and endeavor to see some object in dreams, the light is exceedingly painful to our eyes; and, after repeated struggles, we lament in our sleep that we cannot see it. In this case, I apprehend, the eyelid is in some measure opened by the vehemence of our sensations; and the iris being dilated, shows as great, or greater sensibility than in our waking hours.'

There are some persons to whom the objects of their dreams are always represented in a soft, mellow lustre, similar to twilight. They never seem to behold any thing in the broad glare of sunshine; and, in general, the atmosphere of our vision is less brilliant than that through which we are accustomed to see things while awake.

since he had taken the precaution to place it beside him; but the idea of his wife and the possibility of killing her were the last things that occurred to him.'

The most vivid dreams are certainly those which have reference to sight. With regard to hearing, they are less distinctly impressed upon the mind, and still more feebly as regards smell, or taste. Indeed, some authors are of opinion that we never dream of sounds, unless when a sound takes place to provoke a dream; and the same with regard to smell and taste; but this doctrine is against analogy, and unsupported by proof.

There are, beyond doubt, certain parts of the brain which take cognizance of taste, odors, and sounds, for the same reason that there are others which recognise forms, dimensions, and colors. As the organs of the three latter sensations are capable of inward excitement, without any communication, by means of the senses, with the external world, it is no more than analogical to infer that, with the three former, the same thing may take place. In fever, although the individual is ever so well protected against the excitement of external sounds, the internal organ is often violently stimulated, and he is harassed with tumultuous noises. For such reasons, it is evident that there may be in dreams a consciousness of sounds, of tastes, and of odors, where such have no real existence from without.

Dreams are sometimes exceedingly obscure, and float like faint clouds over the spirit. We can then resolve them into nothing like shape or consistence, but have an idea of our minds being filled with dim, impalpable imagery, which is so feebly impressed upon the tablet of memory, that we are unable to embody it in language, or communicate its likeness to others.

At other times, the objects of sleep are stamped with almost supernatural energy. The dead, or the absent, whose appearance to our waking faculties had become faint and obscure, are depicted with intense truth and reality; and even their voices, which had become like the echo of a forgotten song, are recalled from the depths of oblivion, and speak to us as in former times. Dreams therefore, have the power of brightening up the dim regions of the past, and presenting them with a force which the mere effects of unassisted remembrance could never have accomplished our waking hours.

This property of reviving past images, is one of the most remarkable possessed by sleep. It even goes the length, in some cases, of recalling circumstances which had been entirely forgotten, and presenting them to the mind with more than the force of their original impression. This I conceive to depend upon a particular part of the brain—that, for instance, which refers to the memory of the event—being preternaturally excited; hence forgotten tongues are sometimes brought back to the memory in dreams, owing doubtless to some peculiar excitement of the organ of *Language*. The dreamer sometimes converses in a language of which he has no knowledge whatever when he awakes, but with which he must at one period have been acquainted. Phenomena of a similar kind occasionally occur in madness, delirium, or intoxication, all of which states have an analogy to dreaming. It is not uncommon, for instance, to witness in the insane an unexpected and astonishing reacquaintance of knowledge—an intimacy with events and languages of which they were entirely ignorant in the sound state of their minds. In like manner, in the delirium attendant upon fevers, people sometimes speak in a tongue* they know nothing of in

* A girl was seized with a dangerous fever, and, in the delirious paroxysm accompanying it, was observed to speak in a strange language which, for some time, no one could understand. At last it was ascertained to be Welsh—a tongue she was wholly ignorant of at the time she was taken ill, and of which she could not speak a single syllable after her recovery. For some time the circumstance was unaccountable, till, on inquiry, it was found she was a native of Wales, and had been familiar with the language of that country in her childhood, but had wholly forgotten it afterwards. During the delirium of fever, the obliterated impressions of infancy were brought to her mind, and continued to operate there so long as she remained under the mental excitation occasioned by the disease, but no longer,

health; and in drunkenness events are brought to the memory which desert it in a state of sobriety.* Analogous peculiarities occur in dreams. Forgotten facts are restored to the mind. Sometimes those adhere to it and are remembered when we awake: at other times—as can be proved in cases of sleep-talking—they vanish with the dream which called them into existence, and are recollected no more.

I believe that the dreams of the aged, like their memory, relate chiefly to the events of early life, and less to those of more recent occurrence. My friend, Dr Cumin, has mentioned to me the case of one of his patients, a middle-aged man, whose visions assumed this character in consequence of severe mental anxiety. Owing to misfortunes in trade, his mind had been greatly depressed: he lost his appetite, became restless, nervous, and dejected; such sleep as he had was filled with incessant dreams, which at first were entirely of events connected with the earliest period of his life, so far as he recollected it, and never by any chance of late events. In proportion as he recovered from this state, the dreams changed their character, and referred to circumstances farther on in life; and so regular was the progression, that, with the march of his recovery, so was the onward march of his dreams. During the worst period of his illness, he dreamed of occurrences which happened in boyhood: no sooner was convalescence established than his visions had reference to manhood; and on complete recovery they were of those recent circumstances which had thrown him into bad health. In this curious case, one lateral half of the head was much warmer than the other. This was so remarkable as to attract the notice of the barber who shaved it.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of dreams is the absence of surprise. This, indeed, is not inviolable, as every one must occasionally have felt the sensation of surprise, and been not a little puzzled in his visions to account for the phenomena which present themselves; but, as a general rule, its absence is so exceedingly common, that, when surprise does occur, it is looked upon as an event out of the common order, and remarked accordingly. Scarcely any event, however incredible, impossible, or absurd, gives rise to this sensation. We see circumstance at utter variance with the laws of nature, and yet their discordancy, impracticability, and oddness, seldom strike us as at all out of the usual course of things. This is one of the strongest proofs that can be alleged in support of the dormant condition of the reflecting faculties. Had these powers been awake, and in full activity, they would have pointed out the erroneous nature of the impressions conjured into existence by fancy: and shown us truly that the visions passing before us were merely the chimeras of excited imagination—the airy phantoms of imperfect sleep.

In visions of the dead, we have a striking instance of the absence of surprise. We almost never wonder at beholding individuals whom we yet know, in our dreams, to have even been buried for years. We see them among us, and hear them talk, and associate with them on the footing of fond companionship. Still the circumstance seldom strikes us with wonder, nor do we attempt to account for it. They still seem alive as when they were on earth, only all their qualities, whether good or bad, are exaggerated by sleep. If we hated them while in life, our animosity is now exaggerated to a double degree. If we loved them, our affection becomes more passionate and intense than ever. Under

for so soon as the state of mind which recalled these impressions was removed, they also disappeared, as she was as ignorant of Welsh as before she was taken ill.

* Mr Combe mentions the case of an Irish porter to a warehouse, who, in one of his drunken fits, left a parcel at the wrong house, and when sober could not recollect what he had done with it; but the next time he got drunk, he recollected where he had left it, and went and recovered it.

these circumstances, many scenes of most exquisite pleasure often take place. The slumberer supposes himself enjoying the communionship of those who were dearer to him than life, and has far more intense delight than he could have experienced, had these individuals been in reality alive, and at his side.

'I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall:
I see thy form, as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.'

Nor is the passion of love, when experienced in dreams, less vivid than any other emotion, or the sensation to which it gives rise less pleasurable. I do not here allude to the passion in its physical sense, but to that more moral and intellectual feeling, the result of deep sensibility and attachment. Men who never loved before, have conceived a deep affection to some particular woman in their dreams, which, continuing to operate upon them after they awoke, has actually terminated in a sincere and lasting fondness for the object of their visionary love. Men, again, who actually are in love, dream more frequently of this subject than of any thing else—fancying themselves in the society of their mistresses, and enjoying a happiness more exquisite than is compatible with the waking state—a happiness, in short, little removed from celestial. Sex feelings are not confined to men; they pervade the female breast with equal intensity; and the young maiden, stretched upon the couch of sleep, may have her spirit filled with the image of her lover, while her whole being swims in the ecstasies of impassioned, yet virtuous attachment. At other times, this pure passion may, in both sexes, be blended with one of a grosser character; which also may acquire an increase of pleasurable sensation: to such an extent is every circumstance, whether of delight or suffering, exaggerated by sleep.

For the same reason that the lover dreams of love, does the newly married woman dream of children. They, especially if she have a natural fondness for them—if she herself be pregnant, or possess an ardent longing for offspring—are often the subject of her sleeping thoughts; and she conceives herself to be encircled by them, and experiencing intense pleasure in their innocent society. Men who are very fond of children often experience the same sensations; and both men and women who are naturally indifferent in this respect, seldom dream about them, and never with any feelings of peculiar delight.

During the actual process of any particular dream, we are never conscious that we are really dreaming; but it sometimes happens that a second dream takes place, during which we have a consciousness, or a suspicion, that the events which took place in the first dream were merely visionary, and not real. People, for instance, sometimes fancy in sleep, that they have acquired wealth: this may be called the first dream; and during its progress they never for a moment doubt the reality of their impressions; but a second one supervenes upon this, and they then begin to wonder whether their riches be real or imaginary—in other words, they try to ascertain whether they had been previously dreaming or not. But even in the second dream we are unconscious of dreaming. We still seem to ourselves to be broad awake—a proof that in dreams we are never aware of being asleep. This unconsciousness of being asleep during the dreaming state, is referable to the quiescent condition of the reasoning powers. The mind is wholly subject to the sceptre of other faculties; and whatever emotions or images they invoke seem to be real, for want of a controlling power to point out their true character.

'You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream.'

Those troubled with deafness do not hear distinctly such sounds as they conceive to be uttered during sleep. Dr. Darwin speaks of a gentleman who, for thirty years, had entirely lost his hearing, and who in his dreams never seemed to converse with any person except by the fingers or in writing: he never had the impression of hearing them speak. In like manner, a blind man seldom dreams of visible objects, and never if he has been blind from his birth. Dr. Blacklock, indeed, who became blind in early infancy, may seem an exception to this rule. While asleep, he was conscious of a sense which he did not possess in the waking state, and which bears some analogy to sight. He imagined that he was united to objects by a sort of distant contact, which was effected by threads or strings passing from their bodies to his own.

The illusion of dreams is much more complete than that of the most exquisite plays. We pass, in a second of time, from one country to another; and persons who lived in the most different ages of the world are brought together in strange and incongruous confusion. It is not uncommon to see, at the same moment, Robert the Bruce, Julius Caesar, and Marlborough in close conversation. Nothing, in short, however monstrous, incredible, or impossible, seems absurd. Equally striking examples of illusion occur when the person awakes from a dream, and imagines that he hears voices or beholds persons in the room beside him. In the first cases we are convinced, on awaking, of the deceptive nature of our visions, from the utter impossibility of their occurrence; they are at variance with natural laws; and a single effort of reason is sufficient to point out their absolute futility. But when the circumstances which seem to take place are not in themselves conceived impossible, however unlikely they may be, it is often a matter of the utmost difficulty for us to be convinced of their real character. On awaking, we are seldom aware that, when they took place, we laboured under a dream. Such is their deceptive nature, and such the vividness with which they appear to strike our senses, that we imagine them real; and accordingly often start up in a paroxysm of terror, having the idea that our chamber is invaded by thieves, that strange voices are calling upon us, or that we are haunted by the dead. When there is no way of confuting those impressions, they often remain ineradicably fixed in the mind, and are regarded as actual events, instead of the mere chimeras of sleep. This is particularly the case with the weak-minded and superstitious, whose feelings are always stronger than their judgments; hence the thousand stories of ghosts and warnings with which the imaginations of those persons are haunted—hence the frequent occurrence of nocturnal screaming and terror in children, whose reflecting faculties are naturally too weak to correct the impressions of dreams, and point out their true nature—hence the painful illusions occurring even to persons of strong intellect, when they are debilitated by watchfulness, long-continued mental suffering, or protracted disease. These impressions often arise without any apparent cause: at other times, the most trivial circumstances will produce them. A voice, for instance, in a neighbouring street, may seem to proceed from our own apartment, and may assume a character of the most appalling description; while the tread of footsteps, or the knocking of a hammer over-head, may resolve itself into a frightful figure stalking before us.

'I know,' says Mr. Waller, 'a gentleman who is living at this moment a needless slave to terror, which arises from a circumstance which admits easily of explanation. He was lying in his bed with his wife, and, as he supposed, quite awake, when he felt distinctly the impression of some person's hand upon his arm, which created such a degree of alarm

not to move himself in bed, and indeed could not, if he had possessed the courage. It was some time before he had it in his power to awake his wife, and communicate to her the subject of his terror. The shoulder which had felt the impression of the hand, continued to feel benumbed and uncomfortable for some time. It had been uncovered, and most probably, the cold to which it was exposed was the cause of the phenomenon.'*

An attack of dreaming illusion, not, however, accompanied with any unpleasant feeling, occurred to myself lately. I had fallen accidentally asleep upon an arm-chair, and was suddenly awaked by hearing, as I supposed, two of my brothers talking and laughing at the door of the room, which stood wide open. The impressions were so forcible, that I could not believe them fallacious, yet I ascertained that they were so entirely; for my brothers had gone to the country an hour before, and did not return for a couple of hours afterwards.

There are few dreams involving many circumstances, which are, from beginning to end, perfectly philosophical and harmonious: there is usually some absurd violation of the laws of consistency, a want of congruity, a deficiency in the due relation of cause and effect, and a string of conclusions altogether unwarranted by the premises. Mr. Hood, in his 'Whims and Oddities,' gives a curious illustration of the above facts. 'It occurred,' says he, 'when I was on the eve of marriage, a season when, if lovers sleep sparingly, they dream profusely. A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me, in the night coach, to Bogner. It had been concerted between Honoria and myself that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed upon, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look-out upon the sea. I chose one accordingly, a pretty villa, with bow windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook on her part to promote the comfort of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far the nocturnal faculty had served me truly: a day dream could not have proceeded more orderly: but alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea-view was secured, the rent agreed upon, when every thing was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in, and confounded all—by marrying me to the old woman of the house!'

There are no limits to the extravagancies of those visions sometimes called into birth by the vivid exercise of the imagination. Contrasted with them, the wildest fictions of Rabelais, Ariosto, or Dante, sink into absolute probabilities. I remember of dreaming on one occasion that I possessed ubiquity, twenty resemblances of myself appearing in as many different places, in the same room; and each being so thoroughly possessed by my own mind, that I could not ascertain which of them was myself, and which my double, &c. On this occasion, fancy so far travelled into the regions of absurdity, that I conceived myself riding upon my own back—one of the resemblances being mounted upon another, and both animated with the soul appertaining to myself, in such a manner that I knew not whether I was the *carrier* or the *carried*. At another time, I dreamed that I was converted into a mighty pillar of stone, which reared its head in the midst of a desert, where it stood for ages, till generation after generation melted away before it. Even in this state, though unconscious for possessing any organs of sense, or being else than a mass of lifeless stone, I saw every object around—the mountains growing bald with age—the sea trees drooping in decay; and I heard whatever

* Waller's 'Treatise on the Fictions or Nightmare.'

sounds nature is in the custom of producing such as the thunder-peal breaking over my naked head, the winds howling past me, or the ceaseless murmur of streams. At last I also waxed old, and began to crumble into dust, while the moss and ivy accumulated, upon me, and stamped me with the aspect of hoar antiquity. The first of these visions may have arisen from reading Hoffman's 'Devil's Elixir,' where there is an account of a man who supposed he had a double, or, in other words, was both himself and not himself; and the second had perhaps its origin in the Heathen Mythology, a subject to which I am extremely partial, and which abounds in stories of metamorphosis.

Such dreams as occur in a state of drunkenness are remarkable for their extravagance. Exaggeration beyond limits is a very general attendant upon them; and they are usually of a more airy and fugitive character than those proceeding from almost any other source. The person seems as if he possessed unusual lightness, and could mount into the air, or float upon the clouds, while every object around him reels and staggers with emotion. But of all dreams, there are none which, for unlimited wildness, equal those produced by narcotics. An eminent artist, under the influence of opium, fancied the ghastly figures in Holbein's 'Dance of Death' to become vivified—each grim skeleton being endowed with life and motion, and dancing and grinning with an aspect with hideous reality. The 'English Opium Eater,' in his 'Confessions,' has given a great variety of eloquent and appalling descriptions of the effects produced by this drug upon the imagination during sleep. Listen to one of them:—

'Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a farther sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, and cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in the secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and laid confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.'

Again; 'Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not so despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now

it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean, the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens: faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries:—my agitation was infinite—my mind tossed and surged with the ocean.'

I have already spoken of the analogy subsisting between dreaming and insanity, and shall now mention a circumstance which occurs in both states, and points out a very marked similitude of mental condition. The same thing also occasionally, or rather frequently, takes place in drunkenness, which is, to all intents and purposes, a temporary paroxysm of madness. It often happens, for instance, that such objects or persons as we have seen before and are familiar with, become utterly changed in dreams, and bear not the slightest resemblance to their *real* aspect. It might be thought that such a circumstance would so completely annihilate their identity as to prevent us from believing them to be what, by us, they are conceived; but such is not the case. We never doubt that the particular object or person presented to our eyes appears in its true character. In illustration of this fact, I may mention that I lately visited the magnificent palace of Versailles in a dream, but that deserted abode of kings stood not before me as when I have gazed upon it *awake*; it was not only magnified beyond even its stupendous dimensions, and its countless splendours immeasurably increased, but the very aspect itself of the mighty pile was changed; and instead of stretching its huge Corinthian front along the entire breadth of an elaborate and richly fantastic garden, adorned to profusion with alcoves, fountains, waterfalls, statues, and terraces, it stood alone in a boundless wilderness—an immense architectural creation of the Gothic ages, with a hundred spires and ten thousand minarets sprouting up, and piercing with their pointed pinnacles the sky. The whole was as different as possible from the reality, but this never once occurred to my mind; and, while gazing upon the visionary fabric, I never doubted for an instant that it then appeared as it had ever done, and was in no degree different from what I had often previously beheld.

Another dream I shall relate in illustration of the point. It was related to me by a young lady, and, independent of its illustrative value, is well worthy of being preserved as a specimen of fine imagination. 'I dreamed,' said she, 'that I stood alone upon the brink of a dreadful precipice, at the bottom of which rolled a great river. While gazing awe-struck upon the gulf below, some one from behind laid a hand upon my shoulder, and, on looking back, I saw a tall, venerable figure with a long, flowing, silvery beard, and clothed in white garments, whom I at once knew to be the Saviour of the world. "Do you see," he inquired, "the great river that washes the foundation of the rock upon which you now stand? I shall dry it up, so that not a drop of its waters shall remain, and all the fishes that are in it shall perish." He then waved his hand, and the river was instantly dried up; and I saw the fishes gasping and writhing in the channel, where they all straightway died. "Now," said he, "the river is dried up and the fishes are dead; but to give you a farther testimony of my power, I shall bring back the flood, and every creature that was wont to inhabit it shall live again." And he waved his hand a second time, and the river was instantly restored, its dry bed filled with volumes of water, and all the dead fishes brought back unto life. On looking round to express to him my astonishment at those extraordinary miracles, and to fall down and worship him, he was gone; and I stood by myself upon the precipice, gazing with astonishment at the river which rolled a thousand feet beneath me.' In this fine vision, the difference between the aspect of Christ as he appeared in it, and as

he is represented in the sacred writings, as well as in paintings, did not suggest itself to the mind of the dreamer. He came in the guise of an aged man, which is diametrically opposite to our habitual impressions of his aspect. If it be asked what produces such differences between the reality and the representation, I apprehend we must refer it to some sudden second dream or flash of thought breaking in upon the first, and confusing its character. For instance, I have a dream of an immense Gothic pile, when something about Versailles, somehow, occurs to my mind, and this I immediately associate with the object before me. The lady has the idea of an old man in her dream, and the thought of Christ happening to come across her at the instant, she identifies it involuntarily with the object of her vision. There is yet another explanation of the latter. The old man has the power of working a great miracle; so had Christ, and she is thus led to confound the two together. She, it is true, imagines she knows the old man at once to be the Saviour, without any previous intimation of his miraculous gifts; but, this, very possibly, may be a mistake; and the knowledge which she only acquires after witnessing his power, she may, by the confusion attendant on dreams, suppose to have occurred to her in the first instance. These facts, combined with the dormant state of the reflecting faculties, which do not rectify the erroneous impressions, render the explanation of such dreams sufficiently easy, however puzzling, and unaccountable at first sight.

In some cases, the illusion is not merely confined to sleep, but extends itself to the waking state. To illustrate this I may state the following circumstance: Some years ago, my impressions concerning the aspect and localities of Inverness, were strangely confused by a dream which I had of that town, taking so strong a hold upon my fancy as to be mistaken for a reality. I had been there before, and was perfectly familiar with the appearance of the town, but this was presented in so different a light, and with so much force by the dream, that I, at last, became unable to say which of the two aspects was the real one. Indeed, the visionary panorama exhibited to my mind, took the strongest hold upon it; and I rather felt inclined to believe that this was the veritable appearance of the town, and that the one which I had actually beheld, was merely the illusion of the dream. This uncertainty continued for several years, till, being again in that quarter, I satisfied myself on the real state of the case. On this occasion, the dream must have occurred to my mind some time after it had happened, and taken such a firm hold upon it as to de throne the reality, and taken its place. I remember distinctly of fancying that the little woody hill of Tomnachurich was in the centre of the town, although it stands at some distance from it; that the principle steeple was on the opposite side of the street to that on which it stands; and that the great mountain of Ben-Wevis, many miles off, was in the immediate neighborhood.

The power of imagination is perhaps never so vividly displayed, as in those dreams which haunt the guilty mind. When any crime of an infamous character has been perpetrated, and when the person is not so utterly hardened as to be insensible of his iniquity, the wide storehouse of retributive vengeance is opened up, and its appalling horrors poured upon him. In vain does he endeavor to expel the dreadful remembrance of his deeds, and bury them in forgetfulness; from the abyss of slumber they start forth, as the vampires start from their sepulchres, and hover around him like the furies that pursued the footsteps of Orestes; while the voice of conscience stuns his ears with murmurs of judgment and eternity. Such is the punishment reserved for the guilty in sleep. During the busy stir of active existence, they may contrive to evade the memory of their wickedness;—in silence the whispers of the 'still small voice' still

and cheat themselves with a

semblance of happiness; but when their heads are laid upon the pillow, the flimsy veil which hung between them and crime, melts away like an illusive vapor, and displays the latter in naked and horrid deformity. Then, in the silence of night, the 'still small voice' is heard like an echo from the tomb; then, a crowd of doleful remembrances rush in upon the criminal, no longer to be debarred from visiting the depths of his spirit; and when dreams succeed to such broken and miserable repose, it is only to aggravate his previous horrors, and present them in a character of still more overwhelming dread.*

"Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell."

Such are the principal phenomena of dreams; and from them it will naturally be deduced, that dreaming may occur under a great variety of circumstances; that it may result from the actual state of the body or mind, previous to falling asleep; or exist as a train of emotions which can be referred to no apparent external cause. The forms it assumes are also as various as the causes giving rise to it, and much more striking in their nature. In dreams, imagination unfolds, most gorgeously, the ample stores of its richly decorated empire; and in proportion to the splendor of that faculty in any individual, are the visions which pass before him in sleep. But even the most dull and passionless, while under the dreaming influence, frequently enjoy a temporary inspiration: their torpid faculties are aroused from the benumbing spell which hung over them in the waking state, and lighted up with the Promethean fire of genius and romance; the prose of their frigid spirits is converted into magnificent poetry; the atmosphere around them peopled with new and unheard-of imagery; and they walk in a region to which the proudest flights of their limited energies could never otherwise have attained.

I shall conclude this chapter with a few words on the management of dreams.

When dreams are of a pleasing character, no one cares any thing about their removal: it is only when they get distressing and threaten to injure the health of the individual, by frequent recurrence, that this becomes an important object. When dreams assume the character of nightmare, they must be managed according to the methods laid down for the cure of that affection. In all cases, the condition of the digestive organs must be attended to, as any disordered state of these parts is

* No fiction of romance presents so awful a picture of the ideal tyrant as that of Caligula by Suetonius. His palace—radiant with purple and gold, but murder every where lurking beneath flowers; his smiles and echoing laughter, masking (yet hardly meant to mask) his foul treachery of heart; his hideous and tumultuous dreams; his baffled sleep, and his sleepless nights, comprise the picture of an *Æchylus*. What a master's sketch lies in those few lines:—"Incubatur insomnio maxime; neque enim plus tribus horis nocturnis quiescebat; ac ne hic placida quiete, at pavida miris rerum imaginibus; ut qui inter ceteras pelagi quondam speciem colloquens secum vivere visus sit. Idemque magna parte noctis, vigilis cubanilque tello, nunc toro resedens, nunc per longissimas porticus vagus, invocare identidem atque expectare lucem consueverat;—*Id. e.* But above all, he was tormented with nervous irritation, by sleeplessness; for he enjoyed not more than three hours of nocturnal repose: not even these in pure, untroubled rest, but agitated by phantasms of portentous anxiety; as, for example, upon one occasion he fancied he saw the sea, under some definite impression, conversing with himself. Hence it was, and from this incapacity of sleeping, and from weariness of lying awake, that he had fallen into habits of ranging all the night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, sometimes wandering along the vast corridors—watching for the earliest dawn, and anxiously invoking its approach."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxii. p. 35.

apt to induce visions of a very painful character. For this purpose, mild laxatives may become useful; and if the person is subject to heartburn, he should use a little magnesia, chalk, or carbonate of soda, occasionally. Attention, also, must be paid to the diet; and as suppers, with some people, have a tendency to generate dreams of all kinds, these meals should, in such cases, be carefully avoided. At the same time, great care should be taken not to brood over any subject upon lying down, but to dispel, as soon as possible, all intrusive ideas, especially if they are of a painful nature. If there is any unpleasant circumstances, such as hardness, irregularity, &c., connected with the bed, which tends to affect sleep, and thus induce dreams, it must be removed. Late reading, the use of tea or coffee shortly before going to rest, or any thing which may stimulate the brain, ought likewise to be avoided.

If dreaming seems to arise from any fulness of the system, bleeding and low diet will sometimes effect a cure. Mr Stewart, the celebrated pedestrian traveller, states that he never dreamed when he lived exclusively upon vegetable food. This, however, may not hold true with every one. 'When dreams arise from a diminution of customary stimuli, a light supper, a draught of porter, a glass of wine, or a dose of opium, generally prevent them. Habitual noises, when suspended should be restored.'^{*}

In speaking of dreams representative of danger, I may mention that there are instances of persons, who, having determined to remember that the perils seen in them are fallacious, have actually succeeded in doing so, while asleep; and have thus escaped the terrors which those imaginary dangers could otherwise have produced. Haller relates a case of this kind; and Mr Dugald Stewart mentions that the plan was successfully adopted by Dr Reid to get rid of the distress of those fearful visions by which he was frequently annoyed.

Whenever, in a dream, the Doctor supposed himself on the brink of a precipice, or any other dangerous situation, it was his custom to throw himself over, and thus destroy the illusion. Dr Beattie also relates, that at one time he found himself in a dangerous situation upon the parapet of a bridge. Reflecting that he was not subject to pranks of this nature, he began to fancy that it might be a dream, and determined to pitch himself over, with the conviction that this would restore him to his senses, which accordingly took place.† I could never manage to carry this system into effect in an ordinary dream of terror, but I have sometimes succeeded in doing so during an attack of nightmare; and have thus very materially mitigated the alarm produced by that distressing sensation. This intellectual operation may also be successfully employed to dispel the lowness of spirits under which we often awake from unpleasant visions by teaching us that the depression we experience is merely the result of some unnatural excitement in the brain. Indeed, all kinds of melancholy, not based upon some obvious foundation, might be mitigated or dispelled altogether, could we only oppose our feelings with the weapons of reason, and see things as they really are, and not as they only seem to be.

CHAPTER IV.

PROPHETIC POWER OF DREAMS.

Dreams have been looked upon by some, as the occasional means of giving us an insight into futurity,

^{*} Rush's Medical Inquiries.

† These facts do not controvert what is elsewhere stated of a person never being aware, during the actual process of a dream, that he was dreaming. While the above dreams were in progress, the individuals never doubted that they were dreaming: the *facts*, and the actions consequent upon it, were after-operations.

This opinion is so singularly unphilosophical, that I would not have noticed it, were it not advocated even by persons of good sense and education. In ancient times, it was so common as to obtain universal belief; and the greatest men placed as implicit faith in it as in any fact of which their own senses afforded them cognizance. That it is wholly erroneous, however, cannot be doubted; and any person who examines the nature of the human mind, and the manner in which it operates in dreams, must be convinced, that under no circumstances, except those of a miracle, in which the ordinary laws of nature are triumphed over, can such an event ever take place. The sacred writings testify that miracles were common in former times; but I believe no man of sane mind will contend that they ever occur in the present state of the world. In judging of things as now constituted, we must discard supernatural influence altogether, and estimate events according to the general laws which the great ruler of nature has appointed for the guidance of the universe. If, in the present day, it were possible to conceive a suspension of these laws, it must, as in former ages, be in reference to some great event, and to serve some mighty purpose connected with the general interests of the human race; but if faith is to be placed in modern miracles, we must suppose that God suspended the above laws for the most trivial and useless of purposes—as, for instance, to intimate to a man that his grandmother will die on a particular day, that a favourite mare has broke her neck, that he has received a present of a brace of game, or that a certain friend will step in and take pot-luck with him on the morrow.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that many circumstances occurring in our dreams have been actually verified; but this must be regarded as altogether the effect of chance; and for one dream which turns out to be true, at least a thousand are false. In fact, it is only when they are of the former description, that we take any notice of them; the latter are looked upon as mere idle vagaries, and speedily forgotten. If a man, for instance, dreams that he has gained a law-suit in which he is engaged, and if this circumstance actually takes place, there is nothing at all extraordinary in the coincidence: his mind was full of the subject, and, in sleep, naturally resolved itself into that train of ideas in which it was most deeply interested. Or if we have a friend engaged in war, our fears for his safety will lead us to dream of death or captivity, and we may see him pent up in a hostile prison-house, or lying dead upon the battle plain. And should these melancholy catastrophes ensue we call our vision to memory; and, in the excited state of mind into which we are thrown, are apt to consider it as a prophetic warning, indicative of disaster. The following is a very good illustration of this particular point.

Miss M—, a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the peninsular war. The constant danger to which he was exposed, had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction, that when she last parted with her lover, she had parted with him for ever. In vain was every scheme tried to dispel from her mind the awful idea; in vain were all the sights which opulence could command, unfolded before her eyes. In the midst of pomp and gaiety, when music and laughter echoed around her, she walked as a pensive phantom, over whose head some dreadful and mysterious influence hung. She was brought by her affectionate parents to Edinburgh, and introduced into all the gaiety of that metropolis, but nothing could restore her, or banish from her mind the insupportable load which oppressed it. The song and the dance were tried in vain: they only aggravated her ~~distress~~,.

and made the bitterness of despair more poignant. In a surprisingly short period, her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness; and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days thereafter, but not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly after received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day, on the night of which his mistress had beheld the vision.

This relation, which may be confidently relied upon, is one of the most striking examples of identity between the dream and the real circumstances with which I am acquainted, but it must be looked upon as merely accidental. The lady's mind was deeply interested in the fate of her lover, and full of that event which she most deeply dreaded—his death. The time of this occurrence, as coinciding with her dream, is certainly curious; but still there is nothing in it which can justify us in referring it to any other origin than chance. The following events, which occurred to myself, in August 1821, are almost equally remarkable, and are imputable to the same fortuitous cause.

I was then in Caithness, when I dreamed that a near relation of my own, residing three hundred miles off, had suddenly died: and immediately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of nightmare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half-earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened, or would happen; and although I could not help blaming myself for a childish weakness in so feeling, I was unable to get rid of the painful idea which had taken such rooted possession of my mind. Three days after sending away the letter, what was my astonishment when I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed, had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before—viz. the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream! My friends received my letter two days after sending their own away, and were naturally astonished at the circumstance. I may state that my relation was in perfect health before the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger.

The following case will interest the reader, both on its own account, and from the remarkable coincidence between the dream and the succeeding calamity; but, like all other instances of the kind, this also must be referred to chance.

'Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1781, my father, Mr D. of K—, in the County of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, and re-

mained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr D. and three or four young gentlemen from England, (his intimates,) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig-Millar, &c., &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr D. said, 'We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inch-Keith tomorrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoken our boat; we shall be off at six;' no objection being made, they separated for the night.

'Mrs Griffiths, had not been long asleep, till she screamed out in the most violent agitated manner, 'The boat is sinking; save, oh, save them!' The Major awoke her, and said, 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'Oh no,' said she, 'I had not once thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again; in about an hour, she cried out in a dreadful fright, 'I see the boat is going down.' The Major again awoke her, and she said, 'It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep, but no rest could be obtained for her; in the most extreme agony, she again screamed, 'They are gone; the boat is sunk!' When the Major awakened her, she said, 'Now I cannot rest; Mr D. must not go, for I feel, should he go, I would be miserable till his return; the thoughts of it would almost kill me.'

'She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping-gown, went to his bedside, for his room was next their own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?' 'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present; consider, you are an only son, under our protection, and should any thing happen to you, it would be my death.' Mr D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented from joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat, and all that were in it, went to the bottom, and were never heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen.*

Equally singular is the following case, from 'the *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*.'

'My mother being sick to death of a fever, three months after I was born, which was the occasion she gave me suck no longer, her friends and servants thought to all outward appearance she was dead, and so lay almost two days and a night; but Dr Winston coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly on her face, said, 'She was so handsome, and now looks so lovely, I cannot think she is dead;' and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket, and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this, he immediately caused her to be laid upon the bed again, and to be rubbed, and such means, as she came to life, and opening her eyes, saw two of her kinswomen stand by her, my Lady Knollys and my Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said, 'Did not you promise me fifteen years, and are you come again' which they not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she then was; but some hours after, she desired my father and Dr Howland might be left alone with her, to whom she said, 'I will acquaint you, that during the time of my trance I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down upon my face upon the dust; and they asked

* 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,' vol. xix. p. 72.

why I was so troubled in so great happiness. I replied, O let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman: to which they answered, It is done: and then, at that instant, I awoke out of my trance!" and Dr Howsworth did there affirm, that that day she died made just fifteen years from that time.*

A sufficiently striking instance of such coincidence occurs in the case of Dr Donne, the metaphysical poet; but I believe that, in this case, it was a spectral illusion rather than a common dream. Two days after he had arrived in Paris, he was left alone in a room where he had been dining with Sir Robert Drury and a few companions. 'Sir Robert returned about an hour afterwards. He found his friend in a state of ecstasy, and so altered in his countenance, that he could not look upon him without amazement. The Doctor was not able for some time to answer the question, *what had befallen him?*—but a long and perplexed pause, at last said, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert answered, 'Sure, Sir, you have slept since I went out; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' Donne replied, 'I cannot be more sure that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, looked me in in the face and vanished.'† It is certainly very curious that Mrs Donne, who was then in England, was at this time sick in bed, and had been delivered of a dead child, on the same day, and about the same hour, that the vision occurred. There were distressing circumstances in the marriage of Dr Donne which account for his mind being strongly impressed with the image of his wife, to whom he was exceedingly attached; but these do not render the coincidence above related less remarkable.

I do not doubt that the apparition of Julius Cesar, which appeared to Brutus, and declared it would meet him at Philippi, was either a dream or a spectral illusion—probably the latter. Brutus, in all likelihood, had some idea that the battle which was to decide his fate would be fought at Philippi: probably it was a good military position, which he had fixed upon as a fit place to make a final stand; and he had done enough to Cesar to account for his own mind being painfully and constantly engrossed with the image of the assassinated Dictator. Hence the verification of this supposed warning—hence the easy explanation of a supposed supernatural event.

At Newark-upon-Trent, a curious custom, founded upon the preservation of Alderman Clay and his family by a dream, has prevailed since the days of Cromwell. On the 11th March, every year, penny loaves are given away to any one who chooses to appear at the town hall and apply for them, in commemoration of the alderman's deliverance, during the siege of Newark by the parliamentary forces. This gentleman, by will, dated 11th December, 1694, gave to the mayor and aldermen one hundred pounds, the interest of which was to be given to the vicar yearly, on condition of his preaching an annual sermon. Another hundred pounds were also appropriated for the behoof of the poor, in the way above mentioned. The origin of this bequest is singular. During the bombardment of Newark by Oliver Cromwell's forces, the alderman dreamed three nights successively that his house had taken fire, which produced such a vivid impression upon his mind, that he and his family left it; and in a few days the circumstances of his vision actually took place, by the house being burned down by the besiegers.

Dr Abercrombie relates the case of a gentleman in

* Herbert's *Philosophy of Apparitions*, p. 254.

Edinburgh, who was affected with an aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons. About two days before the time appointed for the operation, his wife dreamed that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which an operation would not be required. On examining the tumor in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention that the cure of popliteal aneurism, without an operation, is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening, perhaps, in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case. It is likely, however, that the lady had heard of the possibility of such a termination, and that her anxiety had very naturally embodied this into a dream: the fulfilment of it, at the very time when the event took place, is certainly a very remarkable coincidence.*

Persons are said to have had the period of their own death pointed out to them in dreams. I have often heard the case of the late Mr M. of D—— related in support of this statement. It is certainly worth telling, not on account of any supernatural character belonging to it, but simply from the extraordinary coincidence between the dream and the subsequent event. This gentleman dreamed one night that he was out riding, when he stopped at an inn on the road side for refreshment, where he saw several people whom he had known some years before, but who were all dead. He was received kindly by them, and desired to sit down and drink, which he accordingly did. On quitting this strange company, they exacted a promise from him that he would visit them that day six weeks. This he promised faithfully to do; and, bidding them farewell, he rode homewards. Such was the substance of his dream, which he related in a jocular way to his friends, but thought no more about it, for he was a person above all kind of superstition. The event, however, was certainly curious enough, as well as melancholy; for on that very day six weeks on which he had engaged to meet his friends at the inn, he was killed in attempting to spring his horse over a five-barred gate. The famous case of Lord Lyttleton is also cited as an example of a similar kind, but with less show of reason, for this case is now very generally supposed to be an imposition; and so will almost every other of the same kind, if narrowly investigated. At the same time, I do not mean to doubt that such an event, foretold in a dream, may occasionally come to pass; but I would refer the whole to fortuitous coincidence. Men dream, every now and then, that they will die on a certain day, yet how seldom do we see those predictions fulfilled by the result! In very delicate people, indeed, such a visionary communication, by acting fatally upon the mind, might be the means of occasioning its own fulfilment. In such cases, it has been customary for the friends of the individual to put back the clock an hour or two, so as to let the fatal period pass by without his being aware of it; and as soon as it was fairly passed, to inform him of the circumstance, and laugh him out of his apprehension.

There is another way in which the apparent fulfilment of a dream may be brought about. A good illustration in point is given by Mr Combe. The subject of it was one Scott, executed in 1823, at Jedburg, for murder. 'It is stated in his life, that some years be-

* Abercrombie's *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers*, p. 282, 1st edit.

† Of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was, no doubt, singular that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick upon his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.—*Scott's Letters on Demology*, p. 221.

fore the fatal event, he had dreamed that he had committed a murder, and was greatly impressed, with the idea. He frequently spoke of it, and recurred to it as something ominous, till at last it was realized. The organ of *Destructiveness* was large in the head, and so active that he was an enthusiast in poaching, and prone to outrage and violence in his habitual conduct. This activity of the organ might take place during sleep, and then it would inspire his mind with destructive feelings, and the dream of murder would be the consequence. From the great natural strength of the propensity, he probably may have felt, when awake, an inward tendency to this crime; and, joining this and the dream together, we can easily account for the strong impression left by the latter on the mind.*

One method in which death may appear to be foretold is, by the accession of frightful visions immediately before the fatal illnesses. This, however, goes for nothing in the way of argument, for it was the state of the system shortly before the attack of disease which induced such dreams. According to Silamachus, the epidemic fever which prevailed at Rome was ushered in by attacks of nightmare; and Sylvius Deleboe, who describes the epidemic which raged at Leyden in 1669, states, that previous to each paroxysm of the fever, the patient fell asleep, and suffered a severe attack of nightmare. The vulgar belief, therefore, that unpleasant dreams are ominous of death, is not destitute of foundation; but the cause why they should be so is perfectly natural. It is the incipient disease which produces the dreams, and the fatal event which often follows, is a natural consequence of that disease.

It is undoubtedly owing to the faculty possessed by sleep, of renewing long-forgotten ideas, that persons have had important facts communicated to them in dreams. There have been instances, for example, where valuable documents, sums of money, &c, have been concealed, and where either the person who secreted them or he who had the place of their concealment communicated to him, may have forgotten every thing therewith connected. He may then torture his mind in vain, during the waking state, to recollect the event; and it may be brought to his remembrance, at once, in a dream. In such cases, an apparition is generally the medium through which the seemingly mysterious knowledge is communicated. The imagination conjures up some phantom that discloses the secret; which circumstance, proceeding, in reality, from a simple operation of the mind, is straightway converted into something supernatural, and invested with all the attributes of wonder and awe. When such spectral forms appear, and communicate some fact which turns out to be founded on truth, the person is not always aware that the whole occurred in a dream, but often fancies that he was broad awake when the apparition appeared to him and communicated the particular intelligence. When we hear, therefore, of hidden treasures, wills, &c, being disclosed in such a manner, we are not always to scout the report as false. The spectre divulging the intelligence was certainly the mere chimera of the dreamer's brain, but the facts revealed, apparently by this phantom, may, from the above circumstance, be substantially true. The following curious case is strikingly in point, and is given by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to the new edition of 'The Antiquary'

'Mr R——d of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the Vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tiend, (or tithe,) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropiators of the tithes.) Mr R——d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and, therefore, that the present prosecution was groundless.

* Combe's System of Phrenology, p. 611, 2d ed.

But after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed the determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams, men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr R——d thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding, that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. 'You are right, my son,' replied the paternal shade; 'I did acquire right to these tiends, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are now in the hands of Mr —, a writer, (or attorney,) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible,' pursued the vision, 'that Mr — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern.'

Mr R——d awoke in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to walk across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man. Without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them—so that Mr R——d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot, therefore, refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind, which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. R——d a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr R——d had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours. It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr R——d; whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired, by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the

night.' This result is a melancholy proof of the effect sometimes produced by ignorance of the natural laws. Had Mr R—d been acquainted with the nature of the brain, and of the manner in which it is affected in sleep, the circumstance above related would have given him no annoyance. He would have traced the whole chain of events to their true source; but, being ignorant of this, he became the victim of superstition, and his life was rendered miserable.

CHAPTER V.

NIGHTMARE.

Nightmare may be defined a painful dream, accompanied with difficult respiratory action, and a torpor in the powers of volition. The reflecting organs are generally more or less awake; and, in this respect, nightmare differs from simple dreaming, where they are mostly quiescent.

This affection, the *EPHALTES* of the Greeks, and *INCUBUS* of the Romans, is one of the most distressing to which human nature is subject. Imagination cannot conceive the horrors it frequently gives rise to, or language describe them in adequate terms. They are a thousand times more frightful than the visions conjured up by necromancy or *diablerie*; and far transcend every thing in history or romance, from the fable of the writhing and asp-encircled Laocoon to Dante's appalling picture of Ugolino and his famished offspring, or the hidden tortures of the Spanish inquisition. The whole mind, during the paroxysm, is wrought up to a pitch of unutterable despair: a spell is laid upon the faculties, which freezes them into inaction; and the wretched victim feels as if pent alive in his coffin, or overpowered by resistless and immitigable pressure.

The modifications which nightmare assumes are infinite; but one passion is almost never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid, slimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of Lerna. Every thing horrible, disgusting, or terrific in the physical or moral world, is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid upon his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony; mad bulls and tigers pursue his palsied footsteps: the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches, and fiends float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed, he feels superlatively wretched; he is Ixion working for ages at his wheel: he is Sisyphus rolling his eternal stone: he is stretched upon the iron bed of Procrustes: he is prostrated by inevitable destiny beneath the approaching wheels of the car of Juggernaut. At one moment, he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side: then to shun the sight of so appalling an object, he will close his eyes, but still the fearful being makes its presence known; for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his visage, and he knows that he is face to face with a fiend. Then, if he look up, he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with even more than hellish malice. Or, he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted upon his breast—mute, motionless, and malignant; an incarnation of the evil spirit—whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly, incessant stare petrifies him with horror and makes his very existence insufferable.

In every instance, there is a sense of oppression and

helplessness; and the extent to which these are carried, varies according to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent: on the contrary he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run, with his wonted facility. If pursued by an imminent danger, he can hardly drag one limb after another: if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffective: if involved in the fangs of any animal, or in the grasp of an enemy, extrication is impossible. He struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all in vain: his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of complete freedom: the benumbing stupor never departs from him; and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its contracted and inextricable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre, beside the mouldering dead. There is, in most cases, an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspects of the hideous phantasms, which harass his imagination are bold and defined: the sounds which greet his ear appalling distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.

Much of the horror experienced in nightmare will depend upon the natural activity of the imagination, upon the condition of the body, and upon the state of mental exertion before going to sleep. If, for instance, we have been engaged in the perusal of such works as 'The Monk,' 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' or 'Satan's Invisible World Discovered,' and if an attack of nightmare should supervene, it will be aggravated into sevenfold horror by the spectral phantasms with which our minds have been thereby filled. We will enter into all the fearful mysteries of those writings, which, instead of being mitigated by slumber, acquire an intensity which they never could have possessed in the waking state. The apparitions of murdered victims, like the form of Banquo, which wrung the guilty conscience of Macbeth, will stalk before us; we are surrounded by sheeted ghosts, which glare upon us with their cold sepulchral eyes; our habitation is among the vaults of ancient cathedrals, or among the dungeons of ruined monasteries, and our companions are the dead.

At other times, an association of ludicrous images passes through the mind: every thing becomes incongruous, ridiculous, and absurd. But even in the midst of such preposterous fancies, the passion of mirth is never for one moment excited: the same blank despair, the same freezing *inertia*, the same stifling tortures, still harass us; and so far from being amused by the laughable drama enacted before us, we behold it with sensations of undefined horror and disgust.

In general, during an attack, the person has the consciousness of an utter inability to express his horror by cries. He feels that his voice is half choked by impending suffocation, and that any exertion of it, further than a deep sigh or groan, is impossible. Sometimes, however, he conceives that he is bellowing with prodigious energy, and wonders that the household are not alarmed by his noise. But this is an illusion: those outcries which he fancies himself uttering, are merely obscure moans, forced with difficulty and pain from the stifled penetralia of his bosom.

Nightmare takes place under various circumstances. Sometimes, from a state of perfect sleep, we glide into it, and feel ourselves unconsciously overtaken by its attendant horrors: at other times, we experience it stealing upon us like a thief, at a period when we see

all but awake, and aware of its approach. We have then our senses about us, only, perhaps a little deadened and confused by incipient slumber; and we feel the gradual advance of the fiend, without arousing ourselves, and scaring him away, although we appear to possess the full ability of doing so. Some persons, immediately previous to an attack, have sensations of vertigo and ringing in the ears.

At one time, nightmare melts into unbroken sleep or pleasing dreams; and when we awake in the morning with merely the remembrance of having had one of its attacks; at another, it arouses us by its violence, and we start out of it with a convulsive shudder. At the moment of throwing off the fit, we seem to turn round upon the side with a mighty effort, as if from beneath the pressure of a superincumbent weight; and, the more thoroughly to awake ourselves, we generally kick violently, beat the breast, rise up in bed, and cry out once or twice. As soon as we are able to exercise the voice or voluntary muscles with freedom, the paroxysm is at an end; but for some time after, we experience extreme terror, and often cold shivering, while the heart throbs violently, and the respiration is hurried. These two latter circumstances are doubted by Dr Darwin, but I am convinced of their existence, both from what I have experienced in my own person, and from what I have been told by others: indeed, analogy would irresistibly lead us to conclude that they must exist; and whoever carefully investigates the subject, will find that they do almost universally.

An opinion prevails, that during incubus the person is always upon his back; and the circumstances of his usually feeling as if in that posture, together with the relief which he experiences on turning round upon his side, are certainly strong presumptions in favour of its accuracy. The sensations, however, which occur, in this state, are fallacious in the highest degree. We have seldom any evidence either that he was on his back, or that he turned round at all. The fact, that he supposed himself in the above position during the fit, and the other fact, that, on recovering from it, he was lying on his side, may have produced the illusion; and, where he never moved a single muscle, he may conceive that he turned round after a prodigious effort. I have had an attack of this disorder while sitting in an arm-chair, or with my head leaning against a table. In fact, these are the most likely positions to bring it on, the lungs being then more completely compressed than in almost any other posture. I have also had it most distinctly while lying on the side, and I know many cases of a similar description in others. Although, therefore, nightmare may take place more frequently upon the back than upon the side, the opinion that it occurs only in the former of these postures, is altogether incorrect; and where we are much addicted to its attacks, no posture whatever will protect us.

Persons not particularly subject to incubus, feel no inconvenience, save temporary terror or fatigue, from any occasional attack which they may have; but those with whom it is habitual, are apt to experience a certain degree of giddiness, ringing in the ears, tension of the forehead, flashing of light before the eyes, and other symptoms of cerebral congestion. A bad taste in the mouth, and more or less fulness about the pit of the stomach, are sometimes experienced after an attack.

The illusions which occur, are perhaps the most extraordinary phenomena of nightmare; and so strongly are they often impressed upon the mind, that, even on awaking, we find it impossible not to believe them real. We may, for example, be sensible of knockings at the door of our apartment, hear familiar voices calling upon us, and see individuals passing through the chamber. In many cases, no arguments, no efforts of the under-

standing will convince us that these are merely the chimeras of sleep. We regard them as events of actual occurrence, and will not be persuaded to the contrary. With some, such a belief has gone down to the grave; and others have maintained it strenuously for years, till a recurrence of the illusions under circumstances which rendered their real existence impossible, has shown them that the whole was a dream. Many a good ghost story has had its source in the illusions of nightmare.

The following case related by Mr Waller gives a good idea of the strength of such illusive feelings.

In the month of February, 1814, I was living in the same house with a young gentleman, the son of a peer of the United Kingdom, who was at that time under my care, in a very alarming state of health; and who had been, for several days, in a state of violent delirium. The close attention which his case required from me, together with a degree of personal attachment to him, had rendered me extremely anxious about him; and as my usual hours of sleep suffered a great degree of interruption from the attendance given to him, I was from that cause alone, rendered more than usually liable to the attacks of nightmare, which consequently intruded itself every night upon my slumbers. The young gentleman in question, from the violence of his delirium, was with great difficulty kept in bed; and had one or twice eluded the vigilance of his attendants, and jumped out of bed, an accident of which I was every moment dreading a repetition. I awoke from one sleep one morning about four o'clock—at least it appeared to me that I awoke—and heard distinctly the voice of this young gentleman, who seemed to be coming hastily up the stairs leading to my apartment, calling me by name in the manner he was accustomed to do in his delirium; and, immediately after, I saw him standing by my bedside, holding the curtains open, expressing all that wildness in his looks which accompanies a violent delirium. At the same moment, I heard the voices of his two attendants coming up the stairs in search of him, who likewise came into the room and took him away. During all this scene I was attempting to speak, but could not articulate; I thought, however, that I succeeded in attempting to get out of bed, and assisting his attendants in removing him out of the room; after which, I returned to bed, and instantly fell asleep. When I waited upon my patient in the morning, I was not a little surprised to find that he was asleep; and was utterly confounded on being told that he had been so all night; and as this was the first sleep he had enjoyed for three or four days, the attendants were very minute in detailing the whole particulars of it. Although this account appeared inconsistent with what I conceived I had seen, and with what I concluded they knew as well as myself, I did not, for some time, perceive the error into which I had been led, till I observed that some of my questions and remarks were not intelligible; then I began to suspect the true source of the error, which I should never have discovered had not experience rendered these hallucinations familiar to me. But the whole of this transaction had so much consistency and probability in it, that I might, under different circumstances, have remained forever ignorant of having been imposed upon in this instance, by my senses.*

During nightmare, the deepness of the slumber varies much at different times. Sometimes we are in a state closely approximating upon perfect sleep; at other times we are almost completely awake; and it will be remarked, that the more awake we are, the greater is the violence of the paroxysm. I have experienced the affection stealing upon me while in perfect possession of my faculties, and have undergone the greatest tortures, being haunted by spectres, hags, and every sort of phantom—having, at the same time, a full conscious-

* Waller's Treatise.

ness that I was labouring under incubus, and that all the terrifying objects around me were the creations of my own brain. This shows that the judgment is often only very partially affected, and proves also that nightmare is not merely a disagreeable dream, but a painful bodily affection. Were it nothing more than the former, we could rarely possess a knowledge of our condition; for, in simple visions, the reflecting organs are almost uniformly quiescent, and we scarcely ever, for a moment, doubt the reality of our impressions. In nightmare, this is often, perhaps generally, the case; but we frequently meet with instances, in which, during the worst periods of the fit, consciousness remains almost unimpaired.

There are great differences in the duration of the paroxysm, and also in the facility with which it is broken. I know not of any method by which the period to which it extends can be estimated, for the sufferer has no data to go by, and time, as in all modifications of dreaming, is subjected to the most capricious laws—an actual minute often appearing to embrace a whole hour. Of this point, therefore, we must be contented to remain in ignorance; but it may be conceived that the attack will be as various in its duration, as in the characters which it assumes—in one case being ten times as long as in another. With regard to the breaking of the fit, the differences are equally great. At one time, the slightest agitation of the body, the opening of the chamber door, or calling softly to the sufferer, will arouse him; at another, he requires to be shaken violently, and called upon long and loudly, before he is released.

Some people are much more prone to incubus than others. Those whose digestion is healthy, whose minds are at ease, and who go supperless to bed, will seldom be troubled with it. Those, again, who keep late hours, study hard, eat heavy suppers, and are subject to bile, acid, or hypochondria, are almost sure to be more or less its victims. There are particular kinds of food, which pretty constantly lead to the same result, such as cheese, cucumbers, almonds, and whatever is hard to be digested. Hildesheim, in his *De Affectibus Capitis*, justly remarks, that 'he who wishes to know what nightmare is, let him eat chestnuts before going to sleep, and drink seculent wine after them.'

Certain diseases, also, are apt to induce it, such as asthma, hydrothorax, agina pectoris, and other varieties of dyspnoea. Men are more subject to it than women, probably from their stomachs being more frequently disordered by intemperance, and their minds more closely occupied. Sailors, owing to the hard and indigestible nature of their food, are very frequently its victims; and it is a general remark that it oftener occurs at sea than on shore. It seems probable that much of the superstitious belief of these men, in apparitions, proceeds from the phantoms which nightmare calls into existence. Unmarried women are more annoyed by it than those who are married; and the latter, when pregnant, have it oftener than at other times. Persons who were extremely subject to the complaint in their youth, sometimes get rid of it when they reach the age of puberty, owing, probably, to some change in the constitution which occurs at this period.

There have been different opinions with regard to the proximate cause of incubus, and authors have generally looked upon it as involved in considerable obscurity. An impeded circulation of blood in the pulmonary arteries, compression of the diaphragm by a full stomach, and torpor of the intercostal muscles, are all mentioned as contributing wholly, or partially, to the event. I am of opinion that either of these states may cause nightmare, but that, in most cases, they are all combined. Any thing, in fact, which impedes respiration, may give rise to the disorder, whether it be asthma, hydrothorax, distended stomach, muscular torpor, or external compression. The causes, then, are various,

but it will be found that, whatever they may be, this ultimate operation is upon the lungs.

We have already seen that, in ordinary sleep, particular states of the body are apt to induce visions: it is, therefore, easily conceivable that a sense of suffocation, such as occurs in nightmare, may give birth to all the horrid phantoms seen in that distemper. The physical sufferings in such a case, exalts the imagination to its utmost pitch: fills it with spectres and chimeras; and plants an immovable weight or malignant fiend upon the bosom to crush us into agony. Let us see how such physical sufferings is brought about.

Any disordered state of the stomach may produce it. This organ may be so distended with food or wind as to press upon the diaphragm, lessen the dimensions of the chest, obstruct the movements of the heart, and thereby impede respiration. Circumstances like these alone are sufficient to produce nightmare; and the cause from the first is purely mechanical.

Secondly. The state of the stomach may call forth incubus by means circuitous or indirect. In this case, the viscus is unequal to the task imposed upon it of digesting the food, either from an unusual quantity being thrown upon it, from the food being of an indigestible nature, or from actual weakness. Here the sensorial power latent in this organ, is insufficient to carry it through with its operations, and it is obliged to draw upon the rest of the body—upon the brain, the respiratory muscles, &c, for the supply of which it is deficient. The muscles of respiration, in giving their portion, reduce themselves to a state of temporary debility, and do not retain a sufficient share to execute their own actions with due vigour. The pectorals, the intercostals, and the diaphragm become thus paralyzed; and the chest not being sufficiently dilated for perfect breathing, a feeling of suffocation inevitably insues. In like manner, the muscles of volition, rendered inert by the subtraction of their quota of sensorial power, are unable to exercise their functions, and remain, during the paroxysm, in a state of immovable torpor. This unequal distribution of nervous energy continues till, by producing some excessive uneasiness, it stimulates the will to a violent effort, and breaks the fit: and so soon as this takes place, the balance becomes redressed, and the sensorial equilibrium restored.

Physical suffering of that kind which impedes breathing, may also be occasioned by many other causes—by pneumoemia, by empyema, by aneurism of the aorta, by laryngitis by croup, by external pressure; and, accordingly, either of these may give rise to nightmare. If we chance to lie down with a pillow or heavy cloak upon the breast, or to sleep with the body bent forward, and the head supported upon a table, as already mentioned, we may be seized with it; and, in truth, whatever, either directly or indirectly, acts upon the respiratory muscles, and impedes their operation, is pretty sure to bring it on. Even a weak or disordered stomach, in which there is no food, by attracting to itself a portion of their sensorial power to aid its own inadequacies, may induce it. The disorder, therefore, takes place under various circumstances—either by direct pressure upon the lungs, as in distended stomach, or hydrothorax; or by partial torpor of the stomach or muscles of respiration, owing to a deficiency of nervous energy. These physical impediments coexisting with, or giving rise to a distempered state of the brain, sufficiently account for the horrors of nightmare.

Why are hard students, deep thinkers, and hypochondriacs unusually subject to incubus? The cause is obvious. Such individuals have often a bad digestion: their stomachs are subject to acidity, and other functional derangements, and therefore, peculiarly apt to generate the complaint. The sedentary life, and habits of intellectual or melancholy reflection in which they indulge, have a tendency not merely to disturb the digestive apparatus, but to act upon the whole cere-

neral system: hence, they are far more liable to dreams of every kind than other people, in so far as their minds are more intently employed; and when, in sleep, they are pained by any physical endurance, the activity of their mental powers will naturally associate the most horrible ideas with such suffering, and produce incubus, and all its frightful accompaniments.

Nightmare is sometimes attended with danger, when it becomes habitual. It may then give rise to apoplexy, and destroy life; or, in very nervous subjects, may occasion epileptic and hysterical affections, which prove extremely harassing. According to Cælius Aurelianus, many people die of this complaint. Probably some of those who are found dead in bed have lost their lives in a fit of incubus, the circumstance being imputed to some other cause. Nightmare is thus, in some cases dangerous: and in all, when it becomes habitual, is such a source of misery, that sleep, instead of being courted as a period of blissful repose, is looked upon with horror, as the appointed season of inexpressible suffering and dread. It becomes, on this account, a matter of importance to contrive some method for preventing the attacks of so distressful a malady. The cause, whatever it may be, must, if practicable, be removed, and the symptoms thence arising will naturally disappear. If the disorder proceed from heavy suppers, or indigestible food, these things ought to be given up, and the person should either go supperless to bed, or with such a light meal as will not hurt his digestion. Salted provisions of all kinds must be abandoned, nor should he taste any thing which will lie heavily upon the stomach, or run into fermentation. For this reason, nuts, cucumbers, cheese, ham, and fruits are all prejudicial. If he be subject to heart-burn, flatulence, and other dyspeptic symptoms, he should make use of occasional doses of magnesia, or carbonate of potash or soda. I have known a tea-spoonful of either of the two latter, or three times that quantity of the former, taken before stepping into bed, prevent an attack, where, from the previous state of the stomach, I am convinced it would have taken place, had those medicines not been used. Great attention must be paid to the state of the bowels. For this purpose, the colocynth, the compound rhubarb, or the common aloetic pill, should be made use of, in doses of one, two, or three, according to circumstances, till the digestive organs are brought into proper play. The common blue pill, used with proper caution, is also an excellent medicine. In all cases, the patient should take abundant exercise, shun late hours, or too much study, and keep his mind in as cheerful a state as possible. The bed he lies on ought to be hard, and the pillow not very high. When the attacks are frequent, and extremely severe, Dr Darwin recommends that an alarm clock might be hung up in the room, so that the repose may be interrupted at short intervals. It is a good plan to have another person to sleep in the same bed, who might arouse him from the paroxysm; and he should be directed to lie as little as possible upon the back.

These points comprehend the principal treatment, and when persevered in, will rarely fail to mitigate or remove the disease. Sometimes, however, owing to certain peculiarities of constitution, it may be necessary to adopt a different plan, or combine other means along with the above: thus, Whyatt, who was subject to nightmare, could only insure himself against an attack, by taking a small glassful of brandy, just before going to bed; and some individuals find that a light supper prevents the fit, while it is sure to occur if no supper at all be taken. But these are rare exceptions to the general rule, and, when they do occur, must be treated in that manner which experience proves most effectual, without being bound too nicely by the ordinary modes of cure. Blood-letting, which some writers recommend, is useless or hurtful, except in cases where there is reason to suppose that the affection is

brought on by plethora. With regard to the other causes of nightmare, such as asthma, hydrothorax, &c., these must be treated on general principles, and it, as one of their symptoms, will depart so soon as they are removed.

Some persons recommend opium for the cure of nightmare, but this medicine I should think more likely to aggravate than relieve the complaint. The late Dr Polydori, author of 'The Vampyre,' and of an 'Essay on Positive Pleasure,' was much subject to incubus, and in the habit of using opium for its removal. One morning he was found dead, and on the table beside him stood a glass, which had evidently contained laudanum and water. From this, it was supposed he had killed himself by his own treatment; but whether the quantity of laudanum taken by him would have destroyed life in ordinary circumstances, has never been ascertained.

CHAPTER VI.

DAYMARE.

I have strong doubts as to the propriety of considering this affection in any way different from the incubus, or nightmare. It seems merely a modification of the latter, only accompanied by no aberration of the judgment. The person endures precisely many of the same feelings, such as difficult respiration, torpor of the voluntary muscles, deep sighing, extreme terror, and inability to speak. The only difference which seem to exist between the two states is, that in daymare, the reason is *always* unclouded—whereas in incubus it is *generally* more or less disturbed.

Dr Mason Good, in his 'Study of Medicines,' takes notice of a case, recorded by Forestus, 'that returned periodically every third day, like an intermittent fever. The patient was a girl, nine years of age, and at these times was suddenly attacked with great terror, a constriction of both the lower and upper belly, with urgent difficulty of breathing. Her eyes continued open, and were permanently continued to one spot; with her hands she forcibly grasped hold of things, that she might breathe the more easily. When spoken to, she returned no answer. In the meantime, the mind seemed to be collected; she was without sleep; sighed repeatedly; the abdomen was elevated, the thorax still violently contracted, and oppressed with laborious respiration and heavy panting: she was incapable of utterance.'

During the intensely hot summer of 1825, I experienced an attack of daymare. Immediately after dining, I threw myself on my back upon a sofa, and, before I was aware, was seized with difficult respiration, extreme dread, and utter incapability of motion or speech. I could neither move nor cry, while the breath came from my chest in broken and suffocating paroxysms. During all this time, I was perfectly awake: I saw the light glaring in at the windows in broad sultry streams; I felt the intense heat of the day pervading my frame; and heard distinctly the different noises in the street, and even the ticking of my own watch, which I had placed on the cushion beside me. I had, at the same time, the consciousness of flies buzzing around, and settling with annoying pertinacity upon my face. During the whole fit, judgment was never for a moment suspended. I felt assured that I laboured under a species of incubus. I even endeavoured to reason myself out of the feeling of dread which filled my mind, and longed with insufferable ardour for some one to open the door, and dissolve the spell which bound me in its fetters. The fit did not continue above five minutes: by degrees I recovered the use of speech and motion: and as soon as they were so far restored as to enable

me to call out and move my limbs, it wore insensibly away.

Upon the whole, I consider daymare and nightmare identical. They proceed from the same causes, and must be treated in a similar manner.

CHAPTER VII.

SLEEP-WALKING.

In simple dreaming, as I have already stated, some of the cerebral organs are awake, while others continue in the quiescence of sleep. Such, also, is the case in somnambulism, but with this addition, that the dream is of so forcible a nature as to stimulate into action the muscular system as well as, in most cases, one or more of the organs of the senses. If we dream that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to arouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk. Should we dream that we hear or see, and the impression be so vivid as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or, more properly speaking, those parts of the brain which take cognizance of sights and sounds, then we both see any objects, or hear any sounds, which may occur, just as if we were awake. In some cases, the muscles only are excited, and then we simply walk, without either seeing or hearing. In others, both the muscles and organs of sight are stimulated, and we not only walk, but have the use of our eyes. In a third variety, the activity of hearing is added, and we both walk, and see, and hear. Should the senses of smell, taste, and touch be stimulated into activity, and relieved from the torpor into which they were thrown by sleep, we have them also brought into operation. If, to all this, we add an active state of the organs of speech, inducing us to talk, we are then brought as nearly as the slumbering state admits, into the condition of perfect wakefulness. The following passage from Dr Mason Good will illustrate some of the foregoing points more fully.

'If,' observes he, 'the external organ of sense thus stimulated be that of sight, the dreamer may perceive objects around him, and be able to distinguish them; and if the tenor of the dreaming ideas should as powerfully operate upon the muscles of locomotion, these also may be thrown into their accustomed state of action, and he may rise from his bed, and make his way to whatever place the drift of his dream may direct him, with perfect ease, and free from danger. He will see more or less distinctly, in proportion as the organ of sight is more or less awake: yet, from the increased exhaustion, and, of course, increased torpor of the other organs, in consequence of an increased demand of sensorial power from the common stock, to supply the action of the sense and muscles immediately engaged, every other sense will probably be thrown into a deeper sleep or torpor than if the whole had been quiescent. Hence, the ears may not be roused even by a sound that might otherwise awake the sleeper. He may be insensible not only to a slight touch, but a severe shaking of the limbs; and may even cough violently, without being recalled from his dream. Having accomplished the object of his visionary pursuit, he may safely return, even over the most dangerous precipices—for he sees them distinctly—to his bed: and the organ of sight being now quite exhausted, or there being no longer any occasion for its use, it may once more associate in the general inactivity, and the dream take a new turn, and consist of a new combination of images.'

I suspect that sleep-walking is sometimes hereditary, at least I have known instances which gave countenance to such a supposition. Its victims are generally pale, nervous, irritable persons; and it is remarked that they

are subject, without any apparent cause, to frequent attacks of cold perspiration. Somnambulism, I have had occasion to remark, is very common among children; and I believe that it more frequently affects childhood than any other age. In females, it sometimes arises from amenorrhœa; and any source of bodily or mental irritation may produce it. It is a curious, and not easily explained fact, that the aged, though they dream more than the middle-aged, are less addicted to somnambulism and sleep-talking. Indeed, these phenomena are seldom noticed in old people.

It has been matter of surprise to many, that somnambulists often get into the most dangerous situations without experiencing terror. But the explanation of this ought not to be attended with any real difficulty: for we must reflect, that alarm cannot be felt unless we apprehend danger, and that the latter, however great it may be, cannot excite emotion of any kind, so long as we are ignorant of its existence. This is the situation in which sleep-walkers, in a great majority of cases, stand. The reasoning faculties, which point out the existence of danger, are generally in a state of complete slumber, and unable to produce corresponding emotions in the mind. And even if danger should be perceived by a sleep-walker and avoided, as is sometimes the case, his want of terror is to be imputed to a quiescent state of the organ of *cautionness*; the state of fear originating in high excitement of this particular part of the brain. That the reasoning faculties, however, are sometimes only very partially suspended, we have abundant evidence, in the fact of the individual not only now and then studiously avoiding danger, but performing offices which require no small degree of judgment. In the higher ranks of somnambulism, many of the organs of the brain are in activity, and there is such perfect wakefulness of the external senses and locomotive powers, that the person may almost be said to be awake.

Somnambulism bears a closer analogy than a common dream to madness. 'Like madness, it is accompanied with muscular action, with coherent and incoherent conduct, and with that complete oblivion (in most cases) of both, which takes place in the worst grade of madness.'

Somnambulists generally walk with their eyes open, but these organs are, nevertheless frequently asleep, and do not exercise their functions. This fact was well known to Shakespeare, as is apparent in the famous instance of Lady Macbeth:

'Doctor. You see her eyes are open.'

Gentleman. Ay, but their sense is shut.'

The following is a remarkable instance in point, and shows that though the power of vision was suspended, that of hearing continued in full operation.

A female servant in the town of Chelmsford, surprised the family, at four o'clock one morning, by walking down a flight of stairs in her sleep, and rapping at the bed-room door of her master, who inquired what she wanted! when, in her usual tone of voice, she requested some cotton, saying that she had torn her gown, but hoped that her mistress would forgive her: at the same time bursting into tears. Her fellow-servant, with whom she had been conversing for some time, observed her get out of bed, and quickly followed her, but not before she had related the pitiful story. She then returned to her room, and a light having been procured, she was found groping to find her cotton-box. Another person went to her, when, perceiving a difference in the voice, she called out, 'That is a different voice, that is my mistress,' which was not the case—thus clearly showing, that she *did not see* the object before her, although her eyes were *wide open*. Upon inquiry as to what was the matter, she only said that she wanted some cotton, but that her fellow-servant had been to her master and mistress, making a fuss about it. It

* Good's Study of Medicine, vol. iv. p. 176, 2d ed.

* Rush's Medical Inquiries.

was now thought prudent that she should be allowed to remain quiet for some short time, and she was persuaded to lie down with her fellow-servant, until the usual hour of rising, thinking that she might then awake in her accustomed manner. This failing in effect, her mistress went up to her room, and rather angrily desired her to get up, and go to her work, as it was now six o'clock; this she refused, telling her mistress that if she did not please her, she might look out for another servant, at the same time saying, that she would not rise up at two o'clock, (pointing to the window,) to injure her health for any one. For the sake of a joke, she was told to pack up her things, and start off immediately, but to this she made no reply. She rebuked her fellow-servant for not remaining longer in bed, and shortly after this became quiet. She was afterwards shaken violently, and awoke. She then rose, and seeing the cotton-box disturbed, demanded to know why it had been meddled with, not knowing that she alone was the cause of it. In the course of the day, several questions were put to her in order to try her recollection, but the real fact of her walking, was not made known to her; and she is still quite unconscious of what has transpired.

The next case is of a different description, and exhibits a dormant state of the sense of hearing, while sight appears, throughout, to have been in active operation.

A young man named Johns, who works at Cardrew, near Redruth, being asleep in the sump-house of that mine, was observed by two boys to rise and walk to the door, against which he leaned; shortly after, quitting that position, he walked to the engine-shaft, and safely descended to the depth of twenty fathoms, where he was found by his comrades soon after, with his back resting on the ladder. They called to him, to apprise him of the perilous situation in which he was, but he did not hear them, and they were obliged to shake him roughly till he awoke, when he appeared totally at a loss to account for his being so situated.

In Lodge's 'Historical Portraits,' there is a likeness, by Sir Peter Lely, of Lord Culpepper's brother, so famous as a dreamer. In 1686, he was indicted at the Old Bailey, for shooting one of the Guards, and his horse to boot. He pleaded somnambulism, and was acquitted on producing nearly fifty witnesses, to prove the extraordinary things he did in his sleep.

A very curious circumstance is related of Dr Franklin, in the memoirs of that eminent philosopher, published by his grandson. 'I went out,' said the Doctor, 'to bathe in Martin's salt water hot bath, in Southampton, and, floating on my back, fell asleep, and slept nearly an hour, by my watch, without sinking or turning—a thing I never did before, and should hardly have thought possible.'

A case still more extraordinary occurred some time ago in one of the towns on the coast of Ireland. About two o'clock in the morning, the watchmen on the Revenue quay, were much surprised at desecrating a man disappearing himself in the water, about a hundred yards from the shore. Intimation having been given to the Revenue boat's crew, they pushed off and succeeded in picking him up, but strange to say, he had no idea whatever of his perilous situation: and it was with the utmost difficulty they could persuade him he was not still in bed. But the most singular part of this novel adventure, and which was afterwards ascertained, was that the man had left his house at twelve o'clock that night, and walked through a difficult, and, to him, dangerous road, a distance of nearly two miles, and had actually swum one mile and a half when he was fortunately discovered and picked up.

Not very long ago a boy was seen fishing off Brest, up to the middle in water. On coming up to him, he was found to be fast asleep.

I know a gentleman who, in consequence of dream-

ing that the house was broken into by thieves, got out of bed, dropped from the window (fortunately a low one) into the street; and was a considerable distance on his way to warn the police, when he was discovered by one of them, who awoke him, and conducted him home.

A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bourdeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines, and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr Gall takes notice of a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual avocations at the mill, then returning to bed; on awaking in the morning, he recollected nothing of what passed during night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr Pritchard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

The stories related of sleep-walkers are, indeed, of so extraordinary a kind, that they would almost seem fictitious, were they not supported by the most incontrovertible evidence. To walk on the house-top, to scale precipices, and descend to the bottom of frightful ravines, are common exploits with the somnambulist; and he performs them with a facility far beyond the power of any man who is completely awake. A story is told of a boy, who dreamed that he got out of bed, and ascended to the summit of an enormous rock, where he found an eagle's nest, which he brought away with him, and placed beneath his bed. Now, the whole of these events actually took place; and what he conceived on awaking to be a mere vision, was proved to have had an actual existence, by the nest being found in the precise spot where he imagined he had put it, and by the evidence of the spectators who beheld his perilous adventure. The precipice which he ascended, was of a nature that must have baffled the most expert mountaineer, and such as, at other times, he never could have scaled. In this instance, the individual was as nearly as possible, without actually being so, awake. All his bodily, and almost the whole of his mental powers, appear to have been in full activity. So far as the latter are concerned, we can only conceive a partial defect of the judgment to have existed, for that it was altogether abolished is pretty evident from the fact of his proceeding to work precisely as he would have done, had he, in his waking hours, seriously resolved to make such an attempt; the defect lay in making the attempt at all; and still more in getting out of bed to do so in the middle of the night.

Somnambulism, as well as lunacy, sometimes bestows supernatural strength upon the individual. Mr Dubrie, a musician in Bath, affords an instance of this kind. One Sunday, while awake, he attempted in vain to force open the window of his bed-room, which chanced to be nailed down; but having got up in his sleep, he repeated the attempt successfully, and threw himself out, by which he unfortunately broke his leg.

Sleep-walking is sometimes periodical. Martinet describes the case of a watchmaker's apprentice who had an attack of it every fortnight. In this state, though insensible to all external impressions, he would perform his work with his usual accuracy, and was always astonished, on awaking, at the progress he had made. The paroxysm began with a sense of heat in the epigastrium extending to the head, followed by confusion of ideas and complete insensibility, the eyes remaining open with a fixed and vacant stare. This case, which undoubtedly originated in some diseased state of the brain, terminated in epilepsy. Dr Gall relates that he saw at Berlin a young man, sixteen years of age, who had, from time to time, very extraordinary fits. He moved about unconsciously in bed, and had no perception of any thing that was done to him; at last he would jump out of bed, and walk with rapid steps about the room, his eyes being fixed and open. Several obstacles which were placed by Dr Gall in his way, he either removed or cautiously avoided. He then threw himself suddenly again upon bed, moved about for some time, and finished by jumping up awake, not a little surprised at the number of curious people about him.

The facility with which somnambulists are awakened from the paroxysm, differs extremely in different cases. One man is aroused by being gently touched or called upon, by a flash of light, by stumbling in his peregrinations, or by setting his foot in water. Another remains so heavily asleep, that it is necessary to shout loudly, to shake him with violence, and make use of other excitations equally powerful. In this condition, when the sense of vision chances to be dormant, it is curious to look at his eyes. Sometimes they are shut; at other times wide open; and when the latter is the case, they are observed to be fixed and inexpressive, 'without speculation,' or energy, while the pupil, is contracted, as in the case of perfect sleep.

It is not always safe to arouse a sleep walker; and many cases of the fatal effects thence arising have been detailed by authors. Nor is it at all unlikely that a person, even of strong nerves, might be violently agitated by awaking in a situation so different from that in which he lay down. Among other examples, that of a young lady, who was addicted to this affection, may be mentioned. Knowing her failing, her friends, made a point of locking the door, and securing the window of her chamber in such a manner that she could not possibly get out. One night, these precautions were, unfortunately overlooked; and in a paroxysm of somnambulism, she walked into the garden behind the house. While there, she was recognised by some of the family, who were warned by the noise she made on opening the door, and they followed and awoke her; but such was the effect produced upon her nervous system, that she almost instantly expired.

The remote causes of sleep walking are so obscure, that it is seldom we are able to ascertain them. General irritability of frame, a nervous temperament, and bad digestion, will dispose to the affection. Being a modification of dreaming, those who are much troubled with the latter will, consequently be most prone to its attacks. The causes, however, are, in a great majority of cases, so completely unknown, that any attempt to investigate them would be fruitless; and we are compelled to refer the complaint to some idiosyncrasy of constitution beyond the reach of human knowledge.

According to the report made by a Committee of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, animal magnetism appears to have the power of inducing a peculiar species of somnambulism. The circumstances seem so curious, that, even authenticated as they are by men of undoubted integrity and talent, it is extremely difficult to place reliance upon them. The person who is thrown into the magnetic sleep is said to acquire a new consciousness, and entirely to forget all the events of

his ordinary life. When this sleep is dissolved, he gets into his usual state of feeling and recollection, but forgets every thing that happened during the sleep; being again magnetized, however, the remembrance of all that occurred in the previous sleep is brought back to his mind. In one of the cases above related, the patient, a lady of sixty-four years, had an ulcerated cancer in the right breast. She had been magnetized for the purpose of dissolving the tumor, but no other effect was produced than that of throwing her into a species of somnambulant sleep, in which sensibility was annihilated, while her ideas retained all their clearness. In this state her surgeon, M. Chapelain, disposed her to submit to an operation, the idea of which she rejected with horror when awake. Having formally given her consent she undressed herself, sat down upon a chair, and the diseased glands were carefully and deliberately dissected out, the patient conversing all the time and being perfectly insensible of pain. On awaking, she had no consciousness whatever of having been operated upon; but being informed of the circumstance, and seeing her children around her, she experienced the most lively emotion, which the magnetizer instantly checked by again setting her asleep. These facts appear startling and incredible. I can give no opinion upon the subject from any thing I have seen myself; but the testimony of such men as Cloquet, Georget, and Lard, is not to be received lightly on any physiological point; and they all concur in bearing witness to such facts as the above. In the present state of knowledge and opinion, with regard to animal magnetism, and the sleep occasioned by it, I shall not say more at present, but refer the reader to the ample details contained in the Parisian Report; an able translation of which into English has been made by Mr Colquhoun.

When a person is addicted to somnambulism, great care should be taken to have the door and windows of his sleeping apartment, secured, so as to prevent the possibility of egress, as he sometimes forces his way through the panes of glass: this should be put out of his power, by having the shutters closed, and bolted in such a way that they cannot be opened without the aid of a key or screw, or some such instrument, which should never be left in the room where he sleeps, but carried away, while the door is secured on the outside. Some have recommended that a tub of water should be put by the bedside, that, on getting out, he might step into it, and be awaked by the cold; but this, from the suddenness of its operation, might be attended with bad consequences in very nervous and delicate subjects. It is a good plan to fix a cord to the bedpost, and tie the other end of it securely round the person's wrist. This will effectually prevent mischief if he attempts to get up. Whenever it can be managed, it will be prudent for another person to sleep along with him. In all cases, care should be taken to arouse him suddenly. This must be done as gently as possible, and when he can be conducted to bed without being awakened at all, it is still better. Should he be perceived in any dangerous situation as on the house-top, or the brink of a precipice, the utmost caution is requisite: for, if we call loudly upon him, his dread, on recovering, at finding himself in such a predicament, may actually occasion him to fall, where, if he had been left to himself, he would have escaped without injury.

To prevent a recurrence of somnambulism, we should remove, if possible, the cause which gave rise to it. Thus, if it proceed from a disordered state of the stomach, or biliary system, we must employ the various medicines used in such cases. Plenty of exercise should be taken, and late hours and much study avoided. If it arises from plethora, he must be bled, and live low; should hysteria produce it, antispasmodics, such as valerian, ammonia, assafetida, and opium may be necessary.

But, unfortunately, we can often refer sleep-walking to no complaint whatever. In this case, all that can be done is to carry the individual as safely as possible through the paroxysm, and prevent him from injury by the means we have mentioned. In many instances, the affection will wear spontaneously away: in others, it will continue in spite of every remedy.

CHAPTER VIII.

SLEEP-TALKING.

This closely resembles somnambulism, and proceeds from similar causes. In somnambulism, those parts of the brain which are awake call the muscles of the limbs into activity; while, in sleep-talking, it is the muscles necessary for the production of speech which are animated by the waking cerebral organs. During sleep, the organ of *language* may be active, either singly or in combination with other parts of the brain; and of this activity sleep-talking is the result.* If, while we dream that we are conversing with some one, the organ of *language* is in such a high state of activity as to rouse the muscles of speech, we are sure to talk. It often happens, however, that the cerebral parts, though sufficiently active to make us dream that we are speaking, are not excited so much as to make us actually speak. We only suppose we are carrying on a conversation, while, in reality, we are completely silent. To produce sleep-talking, therefore, the brain, in some of its functions, must be so much awake as to put into action the voluntary muscles by which speech is produced.

The conversation in this state, is of such subjects as our thoughts are most immediately occupied with; and its consistency or incongruity depends upon that of the prevailing ideas—being sometimes perfectly rational and coherent; at other times, full of absurdity. The voice is seldom the same as in the waking state. This I would impute to the organs of hearing being mostly dormant, and consequently unable to guide the modulations of sound. The same fact is observable in very deaf persons, whose speech is usually harsh, unvaried, and monotonous. Sometimes the faculties are so far awake, that we can manage to converse with the individual, and extract from him the most hidden secrets of his soul: circumstances have thus been ascertained which would otherwise have remained in perpetual obscurity. By a little address in this way, a gentleman lately detected the infidelity of his wife from some expressions which escaped her while asleep, and succeeded in finding out that she had a meeting arranged with her paramour for the following day. Lord Byron describes a similar scene in his 'Parisina':

'And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,
To covet there another's bride;
But she must lay her conscious head
A husband's trusting heart beside.

* Among the insane, the organ just mentioned is occasionally excited to such a degree that even, in the waking state, the patient, however *desirous*, is literally *unable* to refrain from speaking. Mr. W. A. F. Browne has reported two cases of this nature in the 35th No. of the *Phrenological Journal*. The first is that of a woman in the hospital of 'La Salpêtrière' in Paris. Whenever she encounters the physician or other of the attendants, she bursts forth into an address which is delivered with incredible rapidity and vehemence, and is generally an abusive or ironical declamation against the tyranny, cruelty, and injustice to which she is exposed. In the midst of her harangues, however, she introduces frequent and earnest parenthetical declarations 'that she does not mean what she says; that though she vows vengeance and showers imprecations on her medical attendant, she loves him, and feels grateful for his kindness and forbearance; and that, though anxious to evince her gratitude and obedience by silence, she is constrained by an invisible agency to speak.' In the other case, the individual speaks constantly; 'sleep itself does not yield an intermission; and there is strong reason to believe that a part, at least, of his waking errands is delivered either without the cognizance of the other powers, or without consciousness on the part of the speaker.'

But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
And red her cheek with troubled dreams,
And mutters she in her unrest
A name she dare not breathe by day,
And clasps her lord unto her breast
Which pants for one away.'

From what has been said of somnambulism, the reader will be prepared for phenomena equally curious as regards sleep-talking. Persons have been known, for instance, who delivered sermons and prayers during sleep; among others, Dr Haycock, Professor of Medicine in Oxford. He would give out a text in his sleep, and deliver a good sermon upon it; nor could all the pinching and pulling of his friends prevent him. 'One of the most remarkable cases of speaking during sleep,' observes a writer in *Frazer's Magazine*, 'is that of an American lady, now (we believe) alive, who preached during her sleep, performing regularly every part of the Presbyterian service, from the psalm to the blessing. This lady was the daughter of respectable and even wealthy parents; she fell into bad health, and, under its influence, she disturbed and annoyed her family by her nocturnal eloquence. Her unhappy parents, though at first surprised, and perhaps flattered by the exhibition in their family of so extraordinary a gift, were at last convinced that it was the result of disease; and, in the expectation that their daughter might derive benefit from change of scene, as well as from medical skill, they made a tour with her of some length, and visited New York and some of the other great cities of the Union. We know individuals who have heard her preach during the night in steamboats; and it was customary, at tea parties in New York. (at the houses of medical practitioners,) to put the lady to bed in a room adjacent to the drawing-room, in order that the dilettanti might witness so extraordinary a phenomenon. We have been told by ear-witnesses, that her sermons, though they had the appearance of connected discourses, consisted chiefly of texts of scripture strung together. It is strongly impressed upon our memory, that some of her sermons were published in America.'

In the *Edinburgh Journal of science*, a lady who was subject to spectral illusions, is described as being subject to talk in her sleep with great fluency, to repeat great portions of poetry, especially when unwell, and even to *cap verses* for half an hour at a time, never failing to quote lines beginning with the final letter of the preceding till her memory was exhausted.

Dr Dyce, in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*, relates the case of Maria C—, who, during one paroxysm of somnambulism, recollected what took place in a preceding one, without having any such recollection during the interval of wakefulness. One of the occasions in which this young woman manifested the power in question, was of a very melancholy nature. Her fellow-servant, a female of abandoned character, having found out that, on awaking, she entirely forgot every thing which occurred during the fit, introduced by stealth into the house, a young man of her acquaintance, and obtained for him an opportunity of treating Maria in the most brutal and treacherous manner. The wretches succeeded in their object by stopping her mouth with the bed-clothes, by which and other means, they overcame the vigorous resistance she was enabled to make to their villany, even in her somnolent state. On awaking she had no consciousness whatever of the outrage; but some days afterwards, having fallen into the same state, it recurred to her memory, and she related to her mother all the revolting particulars. The state of mind in this case was perfectly analogous to that which is said to occur in the magnetic sleep; but the particular state of the brain which induces such conditions will, I believe, ever remain a mystery.*

* A case, in some respects similar, was published in the *Medical Repository*, by Dr Mitchell, who received the particulars of it from Major Elliot, Professor of Mathematics in the United States Military Academy at West Point. The subject was a

The following singular case of sleep-talking, combined with somnambulism, will prove interesting to the reader:—

'A very ingenious and elegant young lady, with light eyes and hair, about the age of seventeen, in other respects well, was suddenly seized with this very wonderful malady. The disease began with violent convulsions of almost every muscle of her body, with great, but vain efforts to vomit, and the most violent hiccoughs that can be conceived: these were succeeded in about an hour with a fixed spasm; in which, one hand was applied to her head, and the other to support it: in about half an hour these ceased, and the reverie began suddenly, and was at first manifest by the look of her eyes and countenance, which seemed to express attention. Then she conversed aloud with imaginary persons, with her eyes open, and could not, for about an hour, be brought to attend to the stimulus of external objects by any kind of violence which it was possible to use: these symptoms returned in this order every day for five or six weeks.

'These conversations were quite consistent, and we could understand what she supposed her imaginary companions to answer, by the continuation of her part of the discourse. Sometimes she was angry, at other times showed much wit and vivacity, but was most frequently inclined to melancholy. In these reveries, she sometimes sung over some music with accuracy, and repeated whole passages from the English poets. In repeating some lines from Mr Pope's works, she had forgot one word, and began again, endeavouring to recollect it; when she came to the forgotten word, it was shouted aloud in her ears, and this repeatedly, to no purpose; but by many trials she at length regained it herself.

'Those paroxysms were terminated with the appearance of inexpressible surprise and great fear, from which she was some minutes in recovering herself, calling on her sister with great agitation, and very frequently underwent a repetition of convulsions, apparently from the pain of fear.

'After having thus returned for about an hour a-day, for two or three weeks, the reveries seemed to become less complete, and some of the circumstances varied, so that she could walk about the room in them, without running against any of the furniture; though these motions were at first very unsteady and tottering. And afterwards, she once, drank a dish of tea, and the whole apparatus of the tea-table was set before her, and ex-

young lady, of a good constitution, excellent capacity, and well educated. Her memory was capacious and well stored with a copious stock of ideas. Unexpectedly, and without any forewarning, she fell into a profound sleep, which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking, she was discovered to have lost every trace of acquired knowledge. Her memory was *tabula rasa*—all vestiges, both of words and things were obliterated and gone. It was found necessary for her to learn every thing again. She even acquired, by new efforts, the art of spelling, reading, writing, and calculating, and gradually became acquainted with the persons and objects around, like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency. But after a few months another fit of somnolency invaded her. On rousing from it, she found herself restored to the state she was in before the first paroxysm; but was wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that had befallen her afterwards. The former condition of her existence she now calls the Old State, and the latter the New State; and she is as unconscious of her double character as two distinct persons are of their respective natures. For example, in her old state, she possesses all the original knowledge; in her new state, only what she acquired since. If a lady or gentleman be introduced to her in the old state, and vice versa, (and so of all other matters) to know them satisfactorily, she must learn them in both states. In the old state, she possesses fine powers of penmanship, while in the new, she writes a poor, awkward hand, having not had time or means to become expert. During four years and upwards, she has had periodical transitions from one of these states to the other. The alterations are always consequent upon a long and sound sleep. Both the lady and her family are now capable of conducting the affair without embarrassment. By simply knowing whether she is in the old or new state, they regulate the intercourse and govern themselves accordingly.'

pressed some suspicion that a medicine was put into it; and once seemed to smell at a tuberosa, which was in flower in her chamber, and deliberated about about breaking it for the stem, saying, 'It would make her sister so charmingly angry.' At another time, in her melancholy moments, she heard the bell, and then taking off one of her shoes as she sat upon the bed, 'I love the color black,' says she; 'a little wider and a little longer, and even this might make me a coffin.' Yet it is evident she was not sensible at this time, any more than formerly, of seeing or hearing any person about her; indeed, when great light was thrown upon her by opening the shutters of the window; she seemed less melancholy: and when I have forcibly held her hands, or covered her eyes, she appeared to grow impatient, and would say, she could not tell what to do, for she could neither see nor move. In all these circumstances, her pulse continued unaffected, as in health. And when the paroxysm was over, she could never recollect a single idea of what had passed.'

Equally extraordinary is the following instance of combined sleep-talking and somnambulism:

'A remarkable instance of this affection occurred to a lad named George David, sixteen years and a half old, in the service of Mr Hewson, butcher, of Bridge-Road, Lambeth. At about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, the lad bent forward in his chair, and rested his forehead on his hands, and in ten minutes started up, went for his whip, put on his one spur, and went thence to the stable; not finding his own saddle in the proper place, he returned to the house and asked for it. Being asked what he wanted with it, he replied, to go his rounds. He returned to the stable, got on the horse without the saddle, and was proceeding to leave the stable: it was with much difficulty and force that Mr Hewson, junior, assisted by the other lad, could remove him from the horse; his strength was great, and it was with difficulty he was brought in doors. Mr Hewson, senior, coming home at this time, sent for Mr Benjamin Ridge, an eminent practitioner, in Bridge-Road, who stood by him for a quarter of an hour, during which time the lad considered himself as stopped at the turnpike-gate, and took sixpence out of his pocket to be changed; and holding out his hand for the change, the sixpence was returned to him. He immediately observed, 'None of your nonsense—that is the sixpence again; give me my change;' when two pence halfpenny was given to him, he counted it over, and said, 'None of your gammon; that is not right; I want a penny more;' making the three pence halfpenny, which was his proper change. He then said, 'Give me my castor, (meaning his hat,) which along term he had been in the habit of using, and then began to whip and spur to get his horse on. His pulse at this time was 136, full and hard; no change of countenance could be observed, nor any spasmodic affection of the muscles, the eyes remaining close the whole of the time. His coat was taken off his arm, shirt sleeves tucked up, and Mr Ridge bled him to 33 ounces; no alteration had taken place in him during the first part of the time the blood was flowing; at about 24 ounces, the pulse began to decrease; and when the full quantity named above had been taken, it was at 80—a slight perspiration on the forehead. During the time of bleeding, Mr Hewson related a circumstance of a Mr Harris, optician, in Holborn, whose son, some years since, walked out on the parapet of the house in his sleep. The boy joined the conversation, and observed, 'He lived at the corner of Brownlow-Street.' After the arm was tied up, he unlaced one boot, and said he would go to bed: in three minutes from this time, he awoke, got up, and asked what was the matter, (having then been one hour in the trance,) not having the slightest recollection of any thing that had passed, and wondered at his somnambulism tied up, and at the blood, &c. A strong argument

• Darwin's 'Zoonomia.'

medicine was then administered: he went to bed, slept well, and the next day appeared perfectly well, excepting debility from the bleeding, and operation of the medicine, and has no recollection whatever of what had taken place. None of his family or himself were ever affected in this way before.*

Sleep-talking is generally such a trivial affection as not to require any treatment whatever. In every case the digestive organs must be attended to, and, if disordered, put to rights by suitable medicines. And should the affection proceed, or be supposed to proceed from hypochondria, hysteria, or the prevalence of any strong mental emotion, these states must be treated according to general principles. When it arises from idiosyncrasy, and becomes habitual, I believe that no means which can be adopted will be of much avail. As, in the case of somnambulism, it very frequently happens that the affection, after continuing for a long time, and baffling every species of treatment, disappears spontaneously.

CHAPTER IX.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Sleep takes place as soon as the sensorial power that keeps the brain awake is expended, which, under common circumstances, occurs at our ordinary hour of going to rest, or even sooner, if any soporific cause sufficiently strong should chance to operate. But the above power may be increased by various means, as in cases of physical suffering, or excited imagination, and, consequently, is not expended at the usual time. In this case, the person remains awake, and continues so till the period of its expenditure, which may not happen for several hours after he lies down, or even not at all, during the whole of that night. Now, whatever increases the sensorial power, whether it be balls, concerta, grief, joy, or bodily pain, is prejudicial to repose. By them the mind is exalted to a pitch of unnatural action, from which it is necessary it should descend before it can roll into the calm channel of sleep.

Whatever stimulates the external senses, however slightly, may prevent sleep. Thus, the ticking of a clock has this effect with very sensitive people; and a candle burning in the chamber is attended with the same result. Even when the eyes are shut this may take place, for the eye-lids are sufficiently transparent to transmit a sense of light to the retina. For the same reason, the light of day peering in at the window may awake us from or prevent slumber. It is said that Napoleon could never sleep if exposed to the influence of light, although, in other circumstances, slumber appeared at his bidding with surprising readiness.

A constitutional restlessness is sometimes brought on by habitually neglecting to solicit sleep when we lie down, by which means the brain is brought into such a state of irritability, that we can hardly sleep at all. Chronic wakefulness, originating from any mental or bodily affection, sometimes degenerates into a habit, in which the sufferer will remain for weeks, months, or even years, if authors are to be believed, awake. In the disease called delirium tremens, wakefulness is a constant symptom, and frequently continues for many successive days and nights. It is also an attendant upon all disorders accompanied by acute suffering, especially when the brain is affected, as in phrenitis, or fever. Maniacs, from the excited state of their sensorium, are remarkably subject to want of sleep; and this symptom is often so obstinate as to resist the most powerful remedies we can venture to prescribe.

Certain stimulating agents, such as tea or coffee, taken shortly before going to bed, have often the effect

of preventing sleep. I would impute this to their irritative properties, which, by supplying the brain with fresh sensorial power, enable it to carry on uninterruptedly all its functions longer than it would otherwise do, and consequently prevent it from relapsing into slumber at the usual period.

Any uneasy bodily feeling has the same effect—both preventing the accession of sleep, and arousing us from it when it has fairly taken place. Thus, while moderate fatigue provoke slumber, excessive fatigue, owing to the pain and irritation it necessarily occasions, drives it away. Sickness, cold, heat, pregnancy, the ordinary calls of nature, a disagreeable bed, the want of an accustomed supper, too heavy a supper, or uneasiness of any kind, have the same result. Cold is most apt to induce sleeplessness, when partial, especially if it be confined to the feet; for when general and sufficiently intense, it has the opposite effect, and give rise to drowsiness. Certain diseases, such as hemicrania, tic douloureux, &c., have actually kept the person awake for three successive months; and all painful affections prevent sleep more or less. But the most violent tortures cannot altogether banish, however much they may retard it. Sooner or later the fatigue, which a want of it occasions, prevails, and slumber ultimately ensues.

Sleeplessness is sometimes produced by a sense of burning heat in the soles of the feet and palms of the hands, to which certain individuals are subject some time after lying down. This seems to proceed from a want of perspiration in those parts; owing generally to impaired digestion.

Mental emotions, of every description, are unfavorable to repose. If a man, as soon as he lays his head upon a pillow, can banish thinking, he is morally certain to fall asleep. There are many individuals so constituted, that they can do this without effort, and the consequence is, they are excellent sleepers. It is very different with those whose minds are oppressed by care, or over stimulated by excessive study. The sorrowful man, above all others, has the most need of sleep; but, far from shedding its benignant influence over him, it flies away, and leaves him to the communionship of his own sad thoughts:

*'His slumbers—if he slumber—are not sleep,
'But a continuance of enduring thought.'*

It is the same with the man of vivid imagination. His fancy, instead of being subdued by the spell of sleep, becomes more active than ever. Thoughts in a thousand fantastic forms—myriads of waking dreams—pass through his mind, whose excessive activity spurns at repose, and mocks all his endeavors to reduce it to quiescence. Great joy will often scare away sleep for many nights; but, in this respect, it is far inferior to grief, a fixed attack of which has been known to keep the sufferer awake for several months. Those who meditate much, seldom sleep well in the early part of the night: they lie awake, for perhaps two or three hours, after going to bed, and do not fall into slumber till towards morning. Persons of this description often lie long, and are reputed lazy by early risers, although, it is probable, they actually sleep less than these early risers themselves. Long continued study is highly prejudicial to repose. Boerhaave mentions that, on one occasion, owing to this circumstance, he did not close his eyes for six weeks.

Nothing is so hurtful both to the mind and body as want of sleep. Deprived of the necessary portion, the person gets wan, emaciated and listless, and very soon falls into bad health; the spirit becomes entirely broken, and the fire of even the most ardent dispositions is quenched. Nor is this law peculiar to the human race, for it operates with similar power upon the lower animals, and deprives them of much of their natural ferocity. An illustration of this fact is afforded in the taming of wild elephants. These animals, when tame

* *Lancet*, vol. 1.

caught, are studiously prevented from sleeping; in consequence of which, they become, in a few days, comparatively mild and harmless. Restlessness, when long protracted, may terminate in delirium, or confirmed insanity; and in many diseases, it is the most obstinate symptom we have to struggle against. By it alone, all the existing bad symptoms are aggravated; and as soon as we can succeed in overcoming it, every thing disagreeable and dangerous frequently wears away, and the person is restored to health.

In restlessness, both the perspiration and urinary secretions are usually much increased; there is also an accession of heat in the system, and a general feverish tendency, unless the want of sleep should proceed from cold.

With regard to the treatment of sleeplessness, a very few words will suffice: in fact, upon this head little more can be said, than a recommendation to obviate the causes from whence it proceeds, and it will naturally disappear. I may mention, however, that when there is no specific disease, either of body or mind, to which the want of sleep can be imputed, the person should keep himself in as cheerful a mood as possible—should rise early, if his strength permits it, and take such exercise as to fatigue himself moderately; and if all these means fail, that he ought to make use of opium. In all cases of restlessness, indeed, this medicine must be had recourse to, if the affection resists every other remedy, and continues so long as to endanger health. Those preparations of opium, the acetate and muriate of morphia, have latterly been a good deal used, and with excellent effect, for the same purpose. When neither opium nor its preparations agrees with the constitution, it becomes necessary to employ other narcotics, especially hyoscianus or hop. A pillow of hops sometimes succeeds in inducing sleep when other means fail. Such was the case with his late majesty, George III., who, by this contrivance, was relieved from the protracted wakefulness under which he laboured for so long a time. In giving medicines to produce sleep, great attention must be paid to the disease which occasions the restlessness; for, in phrenitis, high fever, and some other disorders, it would be most injurious to administer anodynes of any kind. In such cases, as the restlessness is merely a symptom of the general disease, its removal will depend upon that of the latter. When, however, the acute symptoms have been overcome, and nothing but chronic wakefulness, the result of debility, remains behind, it then becomes necessary to have recourse to opium, or such other remedies as may be considered applicable to the particular case. Studious men ought to avoid late reading; and, on going to bed, endeavour to abstract their minds from all intrusive ideas. They should try to circumscribe their thoughts within the narrowest possible circle, and prevent them from becoming rambling or excursive. I have often coaxed myself asleep by internally repeating half a dozen of times, any well known rhyme. While doing so, the ideas must be strictly directed to this particular theme, and prevented from wandering; for sometimes, during the process of repetition, the mind takes a strange turn, and performs two offices at the same time, being directed to the rhyme on the one hand, and to something else on the other; and it will be found that the hold it has of the former, is oftentimes much weaker than of the latter. The great secret is, by a strong effort of the will to compel the mind to depart from the favourite train of thought into which it has run, and address itself solely to the internal repetition of what is substituted in its place. If this is persevered in, it will generally be found to succeed; and I would recommend all those who are prevented from sleeping, in consequence of too active a flow of ideas, to try the experiment. As has been already remarked, the more the mind is made to turn upon a single impression, the more closely it is made to approach

to the state of sleep, which is the total absence of all impressions. People should never go to bed immediately after studying hard, as the brain is precisely in that state of excitement which must prevent sleep. The mind ought previously to be relaxed by light conversation, music, or any thing which requires little thought.

In some cases of restlessness, sleep may be procured by the person getting up, and walking for a few minutes about the room. It is not easy to explain on what principle this acts, but it is certain, that by such means sleep sometimes follows, where previously it had been solicited in vain. It is customary with some people to read themselves into slumber, but dangerous accidents have arisen from this habit, in consequence of the lighted candle setting fire to the bed curtains. A safer and more effectual way is to get another person to read; in which case, sleep will very generally take place, especially if the subject in question is not one of much interest, or read in a dry monotonous manner. When sleeplessness proceeds from the heat of the weather, the person should lie very lightly covered, and let the air circulate freely through his room. A cold bath taken shortly before going to bed, or sponging the body with cold water, will often ensure a comfortable night's rest in the hot season of the year. When it arises from heat in the soles or palms, these parts should be bathed with cold vinegar and water, before lying down, and, if necessary, occasionally afterwards till the heat abates, which usually occurs in two or three hours. Attention must also be paid to the stomach and bowels.

An easy mind, a good digestion, and plenty of exercise in the open air, are the grand conduces to sound sleep;—and, accordingly, every man whose repose is indifferent, should endeavour to make them his own as soon as possible. When sleeplessness becomes habitual, the utmost care ought to be taken to overcome the habit, by the removal of every thing that has a tendency to cherish it.

CHAPTER X.

DROWSINESS.

Drowsiness is symptomatic of apoplexy and some other diseases, but sometimes it exists as an idiopathic affection. There are persons who have a disposition to sleep on every occasion. They do so at all times, and in all places. They sleep after dinner; they sleep in the theatre; they sleep in church. It is the same to them in what situation they may be placed: sleep is the great end of their existence—their occupation—their sole employment. Morpheus is the deity at whose shrine they worship—the only god whose influence over them is omnipotent. Let them be placed in almost any circumstances, and their constitutional failing prevails. It falls upon them in the midst of mirth; it assails them when travelling. Let them sail, or ride, or sit, or lie, or walk, sleep overtakes them—binds their faculties in torpor; and makes them dead to all that is passing around. Such are our dull, heavy-headed, drowsy mortals, those sons and daughters of phlegm—with passions as inert as a Dutch fog, and intellects as sluggish as the movements of the hippopotamus or the leviathan. No class of society is so insufferable as this. There is a torpor and obtuseness about their faculties, which render them dead to every impression. They have eyes and ears, yet they neither see nor hear; and the most exhilarating scenes may be passing before them without once attracting their notice. It is not uncommon for persons of this stamp to fall asleep in the midst of a party to which they have been invited; Mr Mackenzie, in one of his papers, speaks of an honest

farmer having done so alongside of a young lady, who was playing on the harp for his amusement. The cause of this constitutional disposition to doze upon every occasion, seems to be a certain want of activity in the brain, the result of which is, that the individual is singularly void of fire, energy, and passion. He is of a phlegmatic temperament, generally a great eater, and very destitute of imagination. Such are the general characteristics of those who are predisposed to drowsiness: the cases where such a state coexists with intellectual energy are few in number.

Boerhaave speaks of an eccentric physician who took it into his head that sleep was the natural state of man, and accordingly slept eighteen hours out of the twenty-four—till he died of apoplexy, a disease which is always apt to be produced by excessive sleep.

Cases of constitutional drowsiness are in a great measure without remedy, for the soporific tendency springs from some natural defect, which no medicinal means can overcome.

Equally impossible of cure is the affection when it arises, as it very often does, from old age. Even long before this period of life, as at the age of fifty or sixty, people very often get into somnolent habits, and are pretty sure to fall asleep if they attempt to read, or even if they place themselves in an easy chair before the fire. I know of no cure for this indolent propensity, unless indeed the habits arise, as it sometimes does, from corpulency, in which case it is more manageable, in so far as its cause is occasionally capable of being removed.

Drowsiness sometimes proceeds from a fulness of blood in the head, or a disordered state of the digestive organs. When it originates from the former cause, it becomes necessary to have recourse to general or local blood-letting. The person, likewise, should use, from time to time, mild laxatives, live temperately, and take abundance of exercise. Medicines of a similar kind are necessary when the affection arises from the state of the stomach and bowels: so soon as these organs are restored to health, the symptomatic drowsiness will naturally disappear.

Persons who feel the disposition to drowsiness gaining upon them, should struggle vigorously against it; for when once the habit is fairly established, its eradication is very difficult. Exercise of body and mind, early rising and the cold bath, are among the best means for this purpose.

CHAPTER XI.

PROTRACTED SLEEP.

I have already mentioned a few instances of individuals remaining for days or weeks in a state of profound sleep. The nature of this extraordinary affection is in a great measure, unknown; it arises, in most cases, without any obvious cause, generally resists every method that can be adopted for removing it, and disappears of its own accord.

The case of Mary Lyall, related in the 8th volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,' is one of the most remarkable instances of excessive somnolency on record. This woman fell asleep on the morning of the 27th of June, and continued in that state till the evening of the 30th of the same month, when she awoke, and remained in her usual way till the 1st of July, when she again fell asleep, and continued so till the 8th of August. She was bled, blistered, immersed in the hot and cold bath, and stimulated in almost every possible way, without having any consciousness of what was going on. For the first seven days she continued motionless, and exhibited no inclination to eat. *At the end of this time she began to move her left*

hand; and, by pointing to her mouth, signified a wish for food. She took readily what was given to her; still she discovered no symptoms of hearing, and made no other kind of bodily movement than of her left hand. Her right hand and arm, particularly, appeared completely dead, and bereft of feeling; and even when pricked with a pin, so as to draw blood, never shrunk in the least degree. At the same time, she instantly drew back her left arm whenever it was touched by the point of the pin. She continued to take food whenever it was offered to her. For the first two weeks, her pulse generally stood at 50, during the third and fourth week, about 60; and on the day before her recovery, at 70 or 72. Her breathing was soft and almost imperceptible, but during the night-time she occasionally drew it more strongly, like a person who has first fallen asleep. She evinced no symptom of hearing, till about four days before her recovery. On being interrogated, after this event, upon her extraordinary state, she mentioned that she had no knowledge of any thing that had happened—that she had never been conscious of either having needed or received food, or of having been blistered; and expressed much surprise on finding her head shaved. She had merely the idea of having passed a long night in sleep.

The case of Elizabeth Perkins is also remarkable. In the year 1788, she fell into a profound slumber, from which nothing could arouse her, and remained in this state for between eleven and twelve days, when she awoke of her own accord, to the great joy of her relatives, and wonder of the neighbourhood. On recovering, she went about her usual business; but this was only for a short period, for in a week after she relapsed again into a sleep which lasted some days. She continued, with occasional intervals of wakefulness, in a dozing state for several months, when she expired.

There was lately at Kirkheaton a remarkable instance of excessive sleep. A poor paralytic, twenty years of age, was seldom, for the period of twelve months, awake more than three hours in the twenty-four. On one occasion, he slept for three weeks; he took not a particle of either food or drink; nothing could rouse him, even for a moment; yet his sleep appeared to be calm and natural.

The case of Elizabeth Armitage of Woodhouse, near Leeds, may also be mentioned. The age of this person was sixty-nine years. She had been for several months in a decline, during which she had taken very little sustenance, when she fell into a state of lethargic stupor, on the morning of the 1st of July, 1827, in which condition she remained, without uttering one word, receiving any food, or showing any signs of life, except breathing, which was at times almost imperceptible. In this state she continued for eight days, when she expired without a groan.

Excessively protracted sleep may ensue from the injudicious use of narcotics. A very striking instance of this kind occurred on 17th February, 1816, near Lymington. In consequence of a complaint with which a child had been painfully afflicted for some time previous, its mother gave it an anodyne, (probably laudanum,) for the purpose of procuring it rest. The consequence was, that it fell into a profound sleep, which continued for three weeks. In this case, in addition to an excessive dose, the child must have possessed some constitutional idiosyncrasy, which favoured the operation of the medicine in a very powerful manner.

One of the most extraordinary instances of excessive sleep, is that of the lady of Nismes, published in 1777, in the 'Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin.' Her attacks of sleep took place periodically, at sunrise and about noon. The first continued till within a short time of the accession of the second, and the second till between seven and eight in the evening—when she awoke, and continued so till the next sunrise. The most extraordinary fact connected with this

case is, that the first attack commenced always at day-break, whatever might be the season of the year, and the other always immediately after twelve o'clock. During the brief interval of wakefulness which ensued shortly before noon, she took a little broth, which she had only time to do, when the second attack returned upon her, and kept her asleep till the evening. Her sleep was remarkably profound, and had all the characters of complete insensibility, with the exception of a feeble respiration, and a weak but regular movement of the pulse. The most singular fact connected with her remains to be mentioned. When the disorder had lasted six months, and then ceased, she had an interval of perfect health for the same length of time. When it lasted one year, the subsequent interval was of equal duration. The affection at last wore gradually away; and she lived, entirely free of it, for many years after. She died in the eighty-first year of her age, of dropsy, a complaint which had no connexion with her preceding disorder.

There are a good many varieties in the phenomena of protracted sleep. In some cases, the individual remains for many days without eating or drinking; in others, the necessity for these natural wants arouses him for a short time from his slumber, which time he employs in satisfying hunger and thirst, and then instantly gets into his usual state of lethargy. The latter kind of somnolency is sometimes feigned by impostors for the purpose of extorting charity; on this account, when an instance of the kind occurs, it should be narrowly looked into, to see that there is no deception.

The power possessed by the body of subsisting for such a length of time in protracted sleep, is most remarkable, and bears some analogy to the abstinence of the polar bear in the winter season. It is to be observed, however, that during slumber, life can be supported by a much smaller portion of food than when we are awake, in consequence of the diminished expenditure of the vital energy which takes place in the former state.

All that can be done for the cure of protracted somnolency, is to attempt to rouse the person by the use of stimuli, such as blistering, pinching, the warm or cold bath, the application of stercutories to the nose, &c. Bleeding should be had recourse to, if we suspect any apoplectic tendency to exist. Every means must be employed to get nourishment introduced into the stomach; for this purpose, if the sleeper cannot swallow, nutritious fluids should be forced, from time to time, into this organ by means of Jukes' pump, which answers the purpose of filling as well as evacuating it.

CHAPTER XII.

SLEEP FROM COLD.

This kind of sleep is so peculiar, that it requires to be considered separately. The power of cold in occasioning slumber, is not confined to man, but pervades a very extensive class of animals. The hybernation, or winter torpidity of the brown and Polar bear, results from this cause. Those animals continue asleep for months; and do not awake from their apathy till revived by the genial temperature of spring. The same is the case with the hedgehog, the badger, the squirrel, and several species of the mouse and rat tribes, such as the dormouse and marmot; as also with the land tortoise, the frog, and almost all the individuals of the lizard, insect, and serpent tribes. Fishes are often found imbedded in the ice, and though in a state of apparent death, become at once lively and animated on being exposed to heat. "The fish freeze," says Cap-

tain Franklin, "as fast as they were taken out of the nets, and in a short time became a solid mass of ice, and by a blow or two of the hatchet were easily split open, when the intestines might be removed in one lump. If in this completely frozen state, they were thawed before the fire, they recovered their animation." Snails sometimes remain for several weeks in a state of torpidity, buried beneath wreaths of snow. Swallows are occasionally in the same state, being found torpid and insensible in the hollows of trees, and among the ruins of old houses during the winter season; but with birds this more rarely happens, owing, probably, to the temperature of their blood being higher than that of other animals, and thereby better enabling them to resist the cold. Almost all insects sleep in winter. This is particularly the case with the crysalis, and such grubs as cannot, at that season, procure their food. In hybernating animals, it is impossible to trace any peculiarity of structure which disposes them to hybernate, and enables life to be sustained during that period. So far the subject is involved in deep obscurity. According to Dr Edwards, the temperature of such animal sinks considerably during sleep, even in summer.

Want of moisture produces torpor in some animals. This is the case with the garden snail, which revives if a little water is thrown on it. Snails, indeed, are revived after being dried for fifteen years. Mr Baxter has restored the *ribis tritici* (a species of worm-eater) perfect torpidity and apparent death for five years and eight months by merely soaking it in water. The *furcularia anostoba*, a small microscopic animal, may be killed and revived a dozen times by drying it, and then applying moisture. According to Spallanzani, animalculi have been recovered by moisture after a torpor of twenty-seven years. Larger animals are thrown into the same state from want of moisture. Such, according to Humboldt, is the case with the alligator and boa constrictor during the dry season in the parts of Venezuela, and with the *centurus scolopax*, a species of hedge hog found in Madagascar; so that dryness as well as cold, produces hybernation, if, in such a case, we may use that term.

The power of intense cold in producing sleep, is very great in the human subject, and nothing in the winter season is more common than to find people lying dead in fields and on the high highways from such a cause. An overpowering drowsiness steals upon them, and if they yield to its influence death is almost inevitable. This is the particularly the case in snowstorms, in which it is often impossible to get a place of shelter.

This state of torpor, with the exception perhaps of catalepsy, is the most perfect sleep that can be imagined: it approaches almost to death in its apparent annihilation of the animal functions. Digestion is at an end, and the secretions and excretions suspended; nothing seems to go on but circulation, respiration and absorption. The two former are extremely languid; but the latter tolerably vigorous, if we may judge from the quantity of fat which the animal loses during its torpid state. The bear, for example, on going to its wintry rest, is remarkably corpulent; on awaking from it, quite emaciated; in which state, inspired by the pangs of hunger, it sallies forth with redoubled fury upon its prey. Life is sustained by the absorption of this fat, which for months serves the animal as provision. Such emaciation, however, is not common to all hybernating animals, some of whom lose little or nothing by their winter torpidity.

Hybernation may be prevented. Thus the polar bear in the menagerie at Paris never hybernated; and

* The extremely languid, or almost suspended state of these two functions, is demonstrated by the fact, that an animal in a state of hybernation may be placed for an hour in a jar of hydrogen without suffering death.

in the marmot and hedgehog hybernation is prevented if the animals be kept in a higher temperature. It is also a curious fact, that an animal, if exposed to a more intense cold, while hybernating, is awaked from its lethargy. Exposing a hybernating animal to light has also, in many cases the same effect.

Some writers, and Buffon among the rest, deny that such a state of torpor as we have here described, can be looked upon as sleep. This is a question into which it is not necessary at present to enter. All I contend for is, that the state of the mind is precisely the same here as in the ordinary sleep—that, in both cases, the organs of the senses and of volition are equally inert; and that though the condition of the secretive and circulating systems are different, so many circumstances are nevertheless identical, that we become justified in considering the one in a work which professes to treat of the other.

In Captain Cook's first voyage, a memorable instance is given of the power of intense cold in producing sleep. It occurred in the island of Terra del Fuego. Dr Solander, Mr Banks, and several other gentlemen had ascended the mountains of that cold region, for the purpose of botanizing and exploring the country. 'Dr Solander, who had more than once crossed the mountains which divide Sweden from Norway, well knew that extreme cold, especially when joined with fatigue, produces a torpor and sleepiness that are almost irresistible. He, therefore, conjured the company to keep moving whatever pain it might cost them, and whatever relief they might be promised by an inclination to rest. 'Whoever sits down,' said he, 'will sleep; and whoever sleeps, will wake no more.' Thus at once admonished and alarmed, they set forward; but while they were still upon the naked rock, and before they had got among the bushes, the cold became suddenly so intense as to produce the effects that had been most dreaded. Dr Solander himself was the first who felt the inclination, against which he had warned others, irresistible; and insisted upon being suffered to lie down. Mr Banks entreated and remonstrated in vain; down he lay upon the ground, although it was covered with snow, and it was with great difficulty that his friend kept him from sleeping. Richmond, also, one of the black servants, began to linger, having suffered from the cold in the same manner as the Doctor. Mr Banks, therefore, sent five of the company, among whom was Buchanan, forward, to get a fire ready at the first convenient place they could find; and himself, with four others remained with the Doctor and Richmond, whom, partly by persuasion and entreaty, and partly by force, they brought on; but when they had got through the greatest part of the birch and swamp, they both declared they could go no farther. Mr Banks again had recourse to entreaty and expostulation, but they produced no effect. When Richmond was told that, if he did not go on, he would in a short time be frozen to death, he answered, that he desired nothing but to lie down and die. The Doctor did not so explicitly renounce his life; he said he was willing to go on, but that he must first take some sleep, though he had before told the company, to sleep was to perish. Mr Banks and the rest found it impossible to carry them; and there being no remedy, they were both suffered to sit down, being partly supported by the bushes; and in a few minutes they fell into a profound sleep. Soon after, some of the people who had been sent forward, returned, with the welcome news that a fire was kindled about a quarter of a mile farther on the way. Mr Banks then endeavored to awake Dr Solander, and happily succeeded. But though he had not slept five minutes, he had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the muscles were so shrunk, that the shoes fell from his feet: he consented to go forward with such assistance as could be given him, but no attempts to relieve poor Richmond were successful.

It is hardly necessary to say any thing about the treatment of such cases. If a person is found in a state of torpor from cold, common sense points out the necessity of bringing him within the influence of warmth. When, however, the limbs, &c., are frost-bitten, heat must be very cautiously applied, lest reaction, ensuing in such debilitated parts, might induce gangrene. Brisk friction with a cold towel, or even with snow, as is the custom in Russia, should, in the first instance, be had recourse to. When by this means the circulation is restored, and motion and feeling communicated to the parts, the heat may be gradually increased, and the person wrapped in blankets, and allowed some stimulus internally, such as a little negus, or spirits and water. This practice should be adopted from the very first, when the parts are not frost-bitten; but when such is the case, the stimulating system requires to be used with great caution, and we must proceed carefully, proportioning the stimulus to the particular circumstance of the case.

If a person is unfortunate enough to be overtaken in a snow storm, and has no immediate prospect of extrication, he should, if the cold is very great, and the snow deep, sink his body as much as possible in the latter, leaving only room for respiration. By this plan, the heat of the body is much better preserved than when exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, and life has a greater chance of being saved; for the temperature of the snow is not lower than that of the surrounding air, while its power of absorbing caloric is much less. It is on this principle that sheep live for such a length of time enveloped in snow wreaths, while, had they been openly exposed, for a much less period, to a similar degree of cold, death would inevitably have ensued.

One of the best methods to prevent the limbs from being frost-bitten in intensely cold weather, is to keep them continually in motion. Such was the method recommended by Xenophon to the Greek troops, in the memorable 'retreat of the ten thousand,' conducted by that distinguished soldier and historian.

CHAPTER XIII

TRANCE.

There is some analogy between suspended animation and sleep. It is not so striking, however, as to require any thing like a lengthened discussion of the former, which I shall only consider in so far as the resemblance holds good between it and sleep. I have already spoken of that suspension of the mind, and of some of the vital functions, which occurs in consequence of intense cold; but there are other varieties, not less singular in their nature. The principal of these are, fainting, apoplexy, hanging, suffocation, drowning and especially, trance. When complete fainting takes place, it has many of the characters of death—the countenance being pail, moist, and clammy; the body cold; the respiration extremely feeble; the pulsation of the heart apparently at an end; while the mind is in a state of utter abeyance. It is in the latter respect only that the resemblance exists between syncope and sleep; in every other they are widely different. The same rule holds with regard to apoplexy, in which a total insensibility, even to the strongest stimuli, takes place, accompanied also with mental torpor. In recoverable cases of drowning, hanging, and suffocation, a similar analogy prevails, only in a much feebler degree; the faculties of the mind being for the time suspended, and the actual existence of the vital spark only proved by the subsequent restoration of the individual to consciousness and feeling.

The most singular species, however, of suspended

animation is that denominated catalepsy, or trance. No affection, to which the animal frame is subject, is more remarkable than this. During its continuance, the whole body is cold, rigid, and inflexible; the countenance without color; the eyes fixed and motionless; while breathing and the pulsation of the heart are, to all appearance, at an end. The mental powers, also, are generally suspended, and participate in the universal torpor which pervades the frame. In this extraordinary condition, the person may remain for several days, having all, or nearly all, the characteristics of death impressed upon him. Such was the case with the celebrated Lady Russel, who only escaped premature interment by the affectionate prudence of her husband; and other well authenticated instances of similar preservation from burying alive, have been recorded.

The nature of this peculiar species of suspended animation, seems to be totally unknown; for there is such an apparent extinction of every faculty essential to life, that it is inconceivable how existence should go on during the continuance of the fit. There can be no doubt, however, that the suspension of the heart and lungs is more apparent than real. It is quite certain that the functions of these organs must continue, so as to sustain life although in so feeble a manner as not to come under the cognizance of our senses. The respiration, in particular, is exceedingly slight; for a mirror, held to the mouth of the individual, receives no tarnish whatever from his breath. One fact seems certain, that the functions of the nervous system are wholly suspended, with the exception of such a faint portion of energy, as to keep up the circulatory and respiratory phenomena: consciousness, in a great majority of cases, is abolished; and there is nothing wanting to indicate the unquestionable presence of death, but that decomposition of the body which invariably follows this state, and which never attends the presence of vitality.

The remote causes of trance are hidden in much obscurity; and, generally, we are unable to trace the affection to any external circumstance. It has been known to follow a fit of terror. Sometimes it ensues after hysteria, epilepsy, or other spasmodic diseases, and is occasionally an accompaniment of menorrhagia and intestinal worms. Nervous and hypochondriac patients are the most subject to its attacks; but sometimes it occurs when there is no disposition of the kind, and when the person is in a state of the most seeming good health.

'A girl named Shorigny, about twenty-five years old, residing at Paris, had been for two years past subject to hysteria. On the twenty-eighth day after she was first attacked, the physician who came to visit her was informed that she had died during the night, which much surprised him, as when he had left her the night before, she was better than usual. He went to see her, in order to convince himself of the fact; and, on raising the cloth with which she was covered, he perceived that though her face was very pale, and her lips discoloured, her features were not otherwise in the least altered. Her mouth was open, her eyes shut, and the pupils very much dilated; the light of the candle made no impression on them. There was no sensible heat in her body; but it was not cold and flabby like corpses in general. The physician returned the next day, determined on seeing her again before she was buried; and, finding that she had not become cold, he gave orders that the coffin should not be soldered down until putrefaction had commenced. He continued to observe her during five days, and at the end of that period, a slight movement was observed in the cloth which covered her. In two hours, it was found that the arm had contracted itself; she began to move; and it was clear that it had only been an apparent death. The eyes soon after were seen opened, the senses returned, and the girl began gradually to recover. This is an extraordinary, but incontestable fact: the girl is still

alive, and a great many persons who saw her while she was in the state of apathy described, are ready to satisfy the doubts of any one who will take the trouble to inquire."

The case which follows is from the *Canton Gazette*, and is not less curious:—

'On the western suburbs of Canton, a person named Le, bought as a slave-woman a girl named Leaning. At the age of twenty-one, he sold her to be a concubine to a man named Wong. She had lived with him three years. About six months ago she became ill, in consequence of a large imposthume on her side, and on the 25th of the present moon died. She was placed in a coffin, the lid of which remained unfastened, to wait for her parents to come and see the corpse, that they might be satisfied she died a natural death. On the 28th, while carrying the remains to be interred in the north side of Canton, a noise or voice was heard proceeding from the coffin; and, on removing the covering, it was found the woman had come to life again. She had been supposed dead for three days.'

The case of Colonel Townsend, however, is much more extraordinary than either of the above mentioned. This gentleman possessed the remarkable faculty of throwing himself into a trance at pleasure. The heart ceased, apparently, to throb at his bidding, respiration seemed at an end, his whole frame assumed the icy chill and rigidity of death; while his face became colourless and shrunk, and his eye fixed, glazed, and ghastly: even his mind ceased to manifest itself; for during the trance it was utterly devoid of consciousness as his body of animation. In this state he would remain for hours, when these singular phenomena were away, and he returned to his usual condition. Medical annals furnish no parallel to this extraordinary case. Considered whether in a physiological or metaphysical point of view, it is equally astonishing and inexplicable.

A variety of stories are related of people having had circumstances revealed to them in a trance, of which they were ignorant when awake: most of these tales have their origin in fiction, although there is no reason why they may not be occasionally true; as the mind, instead of being in torpor, as is very generally the case, may exist in a state analogous to that of dreaming, and may thus, as in a common dream, have long forgotten events impressed upon it.

The following case exhibits a very singular instance, in which the usual characteristic—a suspension of the mental faculties—was wanting. It seems to have been a most complete instance of suspended volition, wherein the mind was active, while the body refused to obey its impulses, and continued in a state of apparent death.

'A young lady, an attendant on the Princess —, after having been confined to her bed, for a great length of time, with a violent nervous disorder, was at last, to all appearance, deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and the body grew cold.

'She was removed from the room in which she died, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral fixed on. The day arrived, and, according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail on the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of her body. It grew greater every moment; and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse. A few minutes after, during which time fresh signs of returning life appeared, she at once opened her eyes and uttered a most pitiable shriek. Physicians were quickly procured, and in the course of a few days she was considerably restored, and is probably alive at this day.

'The description which she gave of her situation is extremely remarkable, and forms a curious and authentic addition to psychology.

* *Moniteur.*

* She said it seemed to her, as if in a dream, that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death, at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothes, and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety, which is indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive, was the one that gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame.*

The following is different from either of the foregoing; I have given it on account of its singularity, although it does not altogether come under the denomination of trance.

* George Grotkatzki, a Polish soldier, deserted from his regiment in the harvest of the year 1877. He was discovered, a few days after, drinking and making merry in a common ale-house. The moment he was apprehended, he was so much terrified, that he gave a loud shriek, and was immediately deprived of the power of speech. When brought to a court martial, it was impossible to make him articulate a word; nay, he then became as immovable as a statue, and appeared not to be conscious of any thing that was going forward. In the prison, to which he was conducted, he neither ate nor drank. The officers and priests at first threatened him, and afterwards endeavored to soothe and calm him, but all their efforts were in vain. He remained senseless and immovable. His irons were struck off, and he was taken out of the prison, but he did not move. Twenty days and nights were passed in this way, during which he took no kind of nourishment: he then gradually sunk and died.†

It would be out of place to enter here into a detail of the medical management of the first mentioned varieties of suspended animation, such as drowning, strangulation, &c., &c.; and with regard to the treatment of trance, properly so called, a very few words will suffice.

If we have reason to suppose that we know the cause of the affection, that, of course, must be removed whenever practicable. We must then employ stimuli to arouse the person from his torpor, such as friction, the application of sternutatories and volatile agents to the nostrils, and electricity. The latter remedy is likely to prove a very powerful one, and should always be had recourse to when other means fail. I should think the warm bath might be advantageously employed. When even these remedies do not succeed, we must trust to time. So long as the body does not run into decay, after a case of suspended animation arising without any very obvious cause, internment should not take place; for it is possible that life may exist, although, for the time being, there is every appearance of its utter extinction. By neglecting this rule, a person may be interred alive; nor can there be a doubt that such dreadful mistakes have occasionally been committed, especially in France, where it is customary to inter the body twenty-four hours after death. Decomposition is the only infallible mark that existence is at an end, and that the grave has triumphed.

CHAPTER XIV.

VOLUNTARY WAKING DREAMS.

The young and the imaginative are those who in-

* *Psychological Magazine*, vol. v. part iii. page 15.

† *Boston*, *Medic September*, 1877, p. xvi. cap. 6.

dulge most frequently in waking dreams. The scenes which life presents do not come up to the desires of the heart; and the pencil of fancy is accordingly employed in depicting others more in harmony with its own designs. Away into the gloomy back-ground goes reality with its stern and forbidding hues, and forward, in colours more dazzling than those of the rainbow, start the bright and airy phantoms of imagination. 'How often,' observes Dr Good,* 'waking to the roar of the midnight tempest, while dull and gluttonous indolence snores in happy forgetfulness, does the imagination of those who are thus divinely gifted mount the dizzy chariot of the whirlwind, and picture evils that have no real existence; now figuring to herself some neat and thrifty cottage where virtue delights to reside, she sees it swept away in a moment by the torrent, and despoiled of the little harvest just gathered in; now following the lone traveller in some narrow and venturous pathway, over the edge of the Alpine precipices, where a single slip is instant destruction, she tracks him alone by fitful flashes of lightning; and at length, struck by the flash, she beholds him tumbling headlong from rock to rock, to the bottom of the dread abyss, the victim of a double death. Or possibly she takes her stand on the jutting foreland of some bold terrific coast, and eyes the foundering vessel straight below; she mixes with the spent and despairing crew; she dives into the cabin, and singles out, perhaps from the rest, some lovely maid, who, in all the bloom of recovered beauty, is voyaging back to her native land from the healing airs of a foreign climate, in thought just bounding over the scenes of her youth, or panting in the warm embraces of a father's arms.' Such are waking dreams; and there are few who, at some happy moment or other, have not yielded to their influence. Often under the burning clime of India, or upon the lonely banks of the Mississippi, has the stranger let loose the reins of his imagination, calling up before him the mountains of his own beloved country, his native streams, and rocks, and valleys, so vividly, that he was transported back into the midst of them, and lived over again the days of his youth. Or the waking dream may assume a more selfish character. If the individual pines after wealth, his mind may be filled with visions of future opulence. If he is young and unmarried, he may conjure up the form of a lovely female, may place her in a beautiful cottage by the banks of some romantic stream, may love her with unfathomable affection, and become the fondest and most happy of husbands. The more completely a person is left to solitude, the more likely is his imagination to indulge in such fancies. We seldom build castles in the air in the midst of bustle, or when we have any thing else to think of. Waking dreams are the luxuries of an otherwise unemployed mind—the aristocratic indulgences of the intellect. As people get older and more conversant with life in all its diversified features, they are little inclined to indulge in such visions. They survey events with the eye of severe truth, amuse themselves with no impracticable notions of fancied happiness, and are inclined to take a gloomy, rather than a flattering, view of the future. With youthful and poetical minds, however, the case is widely different. Much of that portion of their existence, not devoted to occupation, is a constant dream. They lull themselves into temporary happiness with scenes which they know only to exist in their own imagination; but which are nevertheless so beautiful, and so much in harmony with every thing their souls desire, that they fondly clasp at the illusion, and submit themselves unhesitatingly to its spell.

These curious states of mind may occur at any time; but the most common periods of their accession are shortly after lying down, and shortly before getting up. Men, especially young men, of vivid, sanguine, imaginative temperaments, have dreams of this kind almost

* *Book of Nature*, vol. iii. p. 622.

every morning and night. Instead of submitting to the sceptre of sleep, they amuse themselves with creating a thousand visionary scenes. Though broad awake, their judgment does not exercise the slightest sway, and fancy is allowed to become lord of the ascendant. Poets are notorious castle-builders, and poems are, in fact, merely waking dreams—at least their authors were under the hallucination of such dreams while composing. Milton's mind, during the composition of *Paradise Lost*, must have existed chiefly in the state of a sublime waking dream; so must Raphael's, while painting the Sistine Chapel; and Thorwaldson's, while designing the triumphs of Alexander. In waking dreams, whatever emotion prevails has a character of exaggeration, at least in reference to the existing condition of the individual. He sees every thing through the serene atmosphere of imagination, and imbues the most trite circumstances with poetical colouring. The aspect, in short, which things assume, bears a strong resemblance to that impressed upon them by ordinary dreams, and differs chiefly in this, that, though verging continually on the limits of extravagance, they seldom transcend possibility.

CHAPTER XV.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

Of the various faculties with which man is endowed, those which bring him into communication with the material world, constitute an important class. The organs of these faculties—termed *perceptive*—are situated in the middle and lower parts of the forehead. Their function is to perceive and remember the existence, phenomena, qualities, and relations of external objects. *Individuality* takes cognizance of the existence of material bodies; *Eternality*, of their motions or actions; *Form*, of their shape; *Size*, of their magnitude and proportions; *Weight*, of the resistance which they offer to a moving or restraining power; *Colouring*, of their colours; and *Locality*, of their relative position. *Time* and *Number* perceive and remember duration and numbers; *Language* takes cognizance of artificial signs of feeling and thought; and *Order* delights in regularity and arrangement. In ordinary circumstances, the mode of action of these organs is this. If any object—a horse for example—be placed before us, the rays of light reflected from its surface to our eye, form a picture of the animal upon the retina or back part of that organ. This picture gives rise to what, for want of more precise language, is called an impression, which is conveyed by the optic nerve to the cerebral organs already mentioned; and by them, in reality, the horse is perceived. The eye and optic nerve, it will be observed, do no more than transmit the impression from without, so as to produce that state of the internal organs which is accompanied by what is termed perception or *sensation*. When the horse is withdrawn, the impression still remains, to a certain extent, in the brain; and though the animal is not actually perceived, we still remember its appearance, and can almost imagine that it is before us. This faint semi-perception is called an *idea*, and differs from sensation only in being less vivid. The brain is more highly excited when it perceives a sensation, than when an idea only is present; because, in the former case, there is applied, through the medium of the senses, a stimulus from without, which, in the latter case, is not present. If, however, the brain be brought by internal causes to a degree of excitement, which, in general, is the result only of external impressions, ideas not less vivid than sensations ensue; and the individual has the same consciousness as if an impression were transmitted from an actual object through the senses. In

other words, the brain, in a certain state, perceives internal bodies; and any cause which induces that state, gives rise to a like perception, independently of its usual cause—the presence of external bodies themselves. The chief of these internal causes is inflammation of the brain: and when the organs of the perceptive faculties are so excited—put into a state similar to that which follows actual impressions from without—the result is a series of false images or sounds, which are often so vivid as to be mistaken for realities. During sleep, the perceptive organs seem to be peculiarly susceptible of such excitement. In dreaming, for instance, the external world, is inwardly represented to our minds with all the force of reality: we speak and hear as if we were in communication with actual existences. Spectral illusions are phenomena strictly analogous; indeed, they are literally nothing else than involuntary waking dreams.

In addition to the occasional cause of excitement of the perceptive organs above alluded to, there is another, the existence of which is proved by numerous facts, though its mode of action is somewhat obscure. I allude to a large development of the organ of *Wonder*. Individuals with such a development are both strongly inclined to believe in the supernaturality of ghosts, and peculiarly liable to be visited by them. This organ is large in the head of Earl Grey, and he is said to be haunted by the apparition of a bloody head. Dr Gall mentions, that in the head of Dr Jung Stilling, who saw visions, the organ was very largely developed. A gentleman who moves in the best society in Paris, once asked Gall to examine his head. The doctor's first remark was, 'You sometimes see visions, and believe in apparitions.' The gentleman started from this in an astonishment, and said that he had frequent visions: but never till that moment had he spoken on the subject to any human being, through fear of being set down as absurdly credulous. How a large development of *Wonder* produces the necessary excitement of the perceptive organs is unknown, but the fact seems indisputable.

In former times, individuals who beheld visions, instead of ascribing them to a disordered state of the brain, referred them to outward impressions, and had a false conviction of the presence of supernatural beings. Hence the universal belief in ghosts which in those periods prevailed, even among the learned, and from which the illiterate are not yet entirely exempt.

We read in history of people being attended by familiar spirits; such was the case with Socrates, a recent, and with the poet Tasso, in modern times: their familiar spirits were mere spectral illusions. 'At Baccio, near Naples,' says Mr Hoole, in his account of the illustrious author of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, 'Tasso had an opportunity of examining the singular effects of Tasso's melancholy, and often disputed him concerning a *familiar spirit* which he pretended conversed with him: Manso endeavoured in vain to persuade his friend that the whole was the illusion of a disturbed imagination; but the latter was strenuous in maintaining the reality of what he asserted, and to convince Manso, desired him to be present at one of the mysterious conversations. Manso had the complaisance to meet him the next day, and while they were engaged in discourse, on a sudden he observed that Tasso kept his eyes fixed on a window, and remained in a manner immovable; he called him by his name, but received no answer; at last Tasso cried out, 'There is the friendly spirit that is come to converse with me; look! and you will be convinced of all I have said.'

Manso heard him with surprise; he looked, but saw nothing except the sunbeams darting through the window; he cast his eyes all over the room, but could perceive nothing; and was just going to ask where the pretended spirit was, when he heard Tasso speak with great earnestness, sometimes putting questions to the spirit, sometimes giving answers. — *Observing the whole*

in such a pleasing manner, and in such elevated expressions, that he listened with admiration, and had not the least inclination to interrupt him. At last the uncommon conversation ended with the departure of the spirit, as appeared by Tasso's own words, who, turning to Manso, asked him if his doubts were removed. Manso was more amazed than ever; he scarce knew what to think of his friend's situation, and waived any farther conversation on the subject.*

The visions of angels, and the communications from above, with which religious enthusiasts are often impressed, arise from the operation of spectral illusions. They see forms and hear sounds which have no existence; and, believing in the reality of such impressions, consider themselves highly favored by the almighty. These feelings prevailed very much during the persecutions in Scotland. Nothing was more common than for the Covenanters by the lonely hill side to have what he supposed a special message from God, and even to see the angel who brought it, standing before him, and encouraging him to steadfastness in his religious principles. Much of the crazy fanaticism exhibited by the disciples of Campbell and Irving, undoubtedly arises from a similar cause; and it is probable that both of these individuals see visions and hear supernatural voices, as well as many of their infatuated followers.

Various causes may so excite the brain as to produce these phantasms, such as great mental distress, sleeplessness, nervous irritation, religious excitement, fever, epilepsy, opium, delirium tremens, excessive study, and dyspepsia. I have known them to arise without the apparent concurrence of any mental or bodily distemper. I say *apparent*, for it is very evident there must be some functional derangement, however much it may be hidden from observation. An ingenious friend has related to me a case of this kind which occurred in his own person. One morning, while lying in bed broad awake, and, as he supposed, in perfect health, the wall opposite to him appeared to open at its junction with the ceiling, and out of the aperture came a little uncouth, outlandish figure, which descended from the roof, squatted upon his breast, grinned at him maliciously, and seemed as if pinching and pummeling his sides. This illusion continued for some time, and with a timorous subject might have been attended with bad consequences; but he referred it at once to some disordered state of the stomach under which he imagined he must have labored at the time, although he had no direct consciousness of any such derangement of this organ. The same gentleman has related to me the case of one of his friends which attracted much notice at the time it happened, from the melancholy circumstance that attended it. It is an equally marked instance of hallucination arising without the individual being conscious of any physical cause by which it might be occasioned. It is as follows:—

Mr H. was one day walking along the street, apparently in perfect health, when he saw, or supposed he saw his acquaintance, Mr C., walking before him. He called aloud to the latter, who, however, did not seem to hear him, but continued moving on. Mr H. then quickened his pace for the purpose of overtaking him; the other increased his also, as if to keep ahead of his pursuer, and proceeded at such a rate that Mr H. found it impossible to make up to him. This continued for some time, till, on Mr C. coming to a gate he opened it, passed in, and slammed it violently in Mr H.'s face. Confounded at such treatment, the latter instantly opened the gate, looked down the long lane into which it led, and, to his astonishment, no one was visible. Determined to unravel the mystery, he went to Mr C.'s house; and what was his surprise when he learned that he was confined to his bed, and had been so for several days. A week or two afterwards, these gentlemen chanced to meet in the house of a common friend, when Mr H. mentioned the circumstance, and told Mr

C. jocularly that he had seen his *wraith*, and that, as a natural consequence, he would soon be a dead man. The person addressed laughed heartily, as did the rest of the company, but the result turned out to be no laughing matter; for, in a very few days, Mr C. was attacked with putrid sore throat, and died; and within a very short period of his death Mr H. was also in the grave.

Some of the most vivid instances of spectral illusion are those induced by opium. Several of the 'English Opium-Eater's' visions were doubtless of this nature. Dr Abercrombie relates a striking instance of the kind which occurred to the late Dr Gregory. 'He had gone to the north country by sea to visit a lady, a near relation, in whom he felt deeply interested, and who was in an advanced state of consumption. In returning from the visit, he had taken a moderate dose of laudanum, with the view of preventing sea-sickness, and was lying on a couch in the cabin, when the figure of the lady appeared before him in so distinct a manner that her actual presence could not have been more vivid. He was quite awake, and fully sensible that it was a phantasm produced by the opiate, along with his intense mental feeling; but he was unable by any effort to banish the vision.* Indeed, any thing on which the mind dwells excessively, may by exciting the perceptive organs, give rise to spectral illusions. It is to this circumstance that the bereaved husband sees the image of a departed wife, to whom he was fondly attached—that the murderer is haunted by the apparition of his victim—and that the living with whom we are familiar, seem to be presented before our eyes, although at a distance from us. Dr Conolly relates the case of a gentleman, who, when in danger of being wrecked near the Eddystone lighthouse, saw the images of his whole family.

These illusive appearance sometimes occur during convalescence from diseases. In the summer of 1832, a gentleman in Glasgow, of dissipated habits, was seized with cholera, from which he recovered. His recovery was unattended with any thing particular, except the presence of a phantasmata—consisting of human figures about three feet high, neatly dressed in pea-green jackets, and knee-breeches of the same color. Being a person of a superior mind, and knowing the cause of the illusions, they gave him no alarm, although he was very often haunted by them. As he advanced in strength the phantoms appeared less frequently, and diminished in size, till at last they were not taller than his finger. One night, while seated alone, a multitude of these Lilliputian gentlemen made their appearance on his table, and favored him with a dance; but being at the time otherwise engaged, and in no mood to enjoy such an amusement, he lost temper at the unwelcome intrusion of his pigmy visitors, and striking his fist violently upon the table, he exclaimed in a violent passion, 'Get about your business you little impertinent rascals! What the devil are you doing here!' when the whole assembly instantly vanished, and he was never troubled with them more.

It generally happens that the figures are no less visible when the eyes are closed than when they are open. An individual in the west of Scotland, whose case is related in the *Phrenological Journal*,† whenever he shut his eyes or was in darkness, saw a procession move before his mind as distinctly as it had previously done before his eyes. Some years ago, a farmer from the neighbourhood of Hamilton, informed me, with feelings of great horror, that he had frequently the vision of a hearse drawn by four black horses, which were driven by a black driver. Not knowing the source of this illusion he was rendered extremely miserable by it; and, to aggravate his unhappiness, was regarded by the ignorant country people, to whom he told his story, as

* Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, p. 287.

† Vol. ii. p. 111.

having been guilty of some grievous crime. This vision was apparent to him chiefly by night, and the effect was the same whether his eyes were open or shut. Indeed, so little are these illusions dependant on sight, that the blind are frequently subject to them. A respected elderly gentleman, a patient of my own, who was afflicted with loss of sight, accompanied by violent headaches, and severe dispeptic symptoms, used to have the image of a black cat presented before him, as distinctly as he could have seen it before he became blind. He was troubled with various other spectral appearances, besides being subject to illusions of sound equally remarkable; for he had often the consciousness of hearing music so strongly impressed upon him, that it was with difficulty his friends could convince him it was purely ideal.

Considering the age in which Bayle lived, his notions of the true nature of spectral illusions were wonderfully acute and philosophical. Indeed, he has so well described the theory of apparitions, that the modern phrenological doctrine on this point seems little more than an expanded version of his own. 'A man,' says he, 'would not only be very rash, but also very extravagant, who should pretend to prove that there never was any person that imagined he saw a spectre; and I do not think that the most obstinate and extravagant unbelievers have maintained this. All they say, comes to this: that the persons who have thought themselves eye-witnesses of the apparition of spirits had a disturbed imagination. They confess that there are *certain places in our brain* that, being affected in a certain manner, *excite the image of an object which has no real existence out of ourselves*, and make the man, whose brain is thus modified, believe he sees, at two paces distant, a frightful spectre, a hobgoblin, a threatening phantom. The like happens in the heads of the most incredulous, either in their sleep, or in the paroxysms of a violent fever. Will they maintain after this, that it is impossible for a man awake, and not in a delirium, to receive, *in certain places of his brain, an impression* almost like that which, by the law of nature, is connected with the appearance of a phantom.' In one of Shenstone's Essays, entitled 'An Opinion of Ghosts,' the same theory is clearly enunciated.

It is worthy of remark, that the phenomena of apparitions are inconsistent with the prevalent theory that the brain is a single organ, with every part of which each faculty is connected. Were this theory sound, the same cause that vivifies the perceptive faculties must also vivify, or excite to increased action, the propensities, sentiments, and reflecting powers. This, however, is by no means the case.

The case of Nicolai, the Prussian bookseller, which occurred in the beginning of 1791, is one of the most remarkable instances of spectral illusion on record. 'I saw,' says he, 'in a state of mind completely sound, and—after the first terror was over—with perfect calmness, for nearly two months, almost constantly and involuntarily, a vast number of human and other forms, and even heard their voices, though all this was merely the consequence of a diseased state of the nerves, and an irregular circulation of the blood.' 'When I shut my eyes, these phantoms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed; yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. I conversed sometimes with my physician and my wife of the phantasms which at the moment surrounded me; they appeared more frequently walking than at rest; nor were they constantly present. They frequently did not come for some time, but always re-appeared for a longer or shorter period either singly or in company, the latter, however, being most frequently the case. I generally saw human forms of both sexes; but they usually seemed not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market-place, where all

are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I also saw, several times, people on horseback, dogs, and birds. All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts, as well as in different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature; none of the figures appeared particularly comical, terrible, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect.'

Perhaps the most remarkable visionary, of whom we have any detailed account, was Blake the painter. This extraordinary man not only believed in his visions, but could often call up at pleasure whatever phantasms he wished to see; and so far from their being objects of annoyance, he rather solicited than wished to avoid their presence. He was in the habit of conversing with angels, demons, and heroes, and taking their likenesses; for they proved most obedient sitters, and never showed any aversion to allow him to transfer them to paper. 'His mind,' says Mr Cunningham, 'could convert the most ordinary occurrences into something mystical and supernatural.' 'Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?' he once said to a lady who happened to sit by him in company, 'never, sir' was the answer. 'I have,' said Blake, 'but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden, there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of the green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral.' On being asked to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace, that hero immediately stood before him, and he commenced taking his portrait. 'Having drawn for some time with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye, as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopped suddenly and said, 'I cannot finish him—Edward the first has stepped in between him and me.' 'That's lucky,' said his friend, 'for I want the portrait of Edward too.' Blake took another sheet of paper and sketched the features of Plantagenet; upon which his majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace.* The greater part of his life was passed in beholding visions and in drawing them. On one occasion he saw the ghost of a flea and took a sketch of it. No conception was too strange or incongruous for his wild imagination, which totally overmastered his judgment, and made him mistake the chimeras of an excited brain for realities.

What is called the *Second sight* originated, in most cases, from spectral illusions; and the seers of whom we so often read, were merely individuals visited by these phantoms. The Highland mountains, and the wild lawless habits of those who inhabited them, were peculiarly adapted to foster the growth of such impressions in imaginative minds; and, accordingly, nothing was more common than to meet with persons who not only fancied they saw visions, but, on the strength of this belief, laid claim to the gift of prophecy. The more completely the mind is abstracted from the bustle of life; the more solitary the district in which the individual resides; and the more romantic and awe-inspiring the scenes that pass before his eyes, the greater is his tendency to see visions, and to place faith in what he sees. A man, for instance, with the peculiar temperament which predisposes to see, and believe in, spectral illusions, is informed that his chieftain and clan have set out on a dangerous expedition. Full of the subject, he forces their images before him—sees them engaged

* Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, vol. II., Life of Blake.

in fight—beholds his chieftain cut down by the claymore of an enemy—the clansmen routed and dispersed, their houses destroyed, their cattle carried off. This vision he relates to certain individuals. If, as is not unlikely, it is borne out by the event, his prophecy is spread far and wide, and looked upon as an instance of the second sight; while, should nothing happen, the story is no more thought of by those to whom it was communicated. In some instances, it is probable that the accidental fulfilment of an ordinary dream was regarded as second sight.

The belief in fairies, no doubt, had also its origin in spectral illusions. In the days of ignorance and superstition nothing was more easy than for an excited brain to conjure up those tiny forms, and see them perform their gambols upon the greensward beneath the light of the moon.

The dimensions of the figures which are exhibited in spectral illusions vary exceedingly. Sometimes they appear as miniatures, sometimes of the size of life, at other times of colossal proportions. The same differences apply to their colour. In one case they are pale, misty, transparent; in another black, red, blue, or green. Sometimes we have them fantastically clothed in the costume of a former age, sometimes in that of our own. Now they are represented grinning, now weeping, now in smiles. 'White or grey Ghosts,' says Mr Simpson 'result from excited *Form*, with quiescent *Colouring*, the transparent cobweb effect being colourless. Pale spectres, and shadowy yet coloured forms, are the effect of partially excited *Colouring*. Tall ghosts and dwarf goblins, are the illusions of over-excited *Size*. The jabbering of apparitions arises from an excited state of that part of the brain which gives us cognizance of sounds. This explanation seems highly probable, or rather quite satisfactory. There are points, however, which it is likely no one will ever be able to explain. Why, for instance should the disordered brain conjure up *persons* and *faces* rather than *trees* and *houses*? why should a ghost be dressed in *red* rather than *blue*, and why should it *smile* rather than *grin*? These are minutiae beyond the reach of investigation at least in the present state of our knowledge.

Mr Simpson, in the second volume of the *Phrenological Journal*, has published a case of spectral illusion, which, for singularity and interest, equals any thing of the same kind which has hitherto been recorded. The subject of it was a young lady under twenty years of age, of good family, well educated, free from any superstitious fears, in perfect bodily health and of sound mind. She was early subject to occasional attacks of such illusions, and the first she remembered was that of a carpet which descended in the air before her, then vanished away. After an interval of some years, she began to see human figures in her room as she lay wide awake in bed. These figures were *whitish* or rather *grey*, and *transparent* like *cobwebs*, and generally above the size of life. At this time she had acute headaches, very singularly confined to one small spot of the head. On being asked to indicate the spot, she touched, with her fore-finger and thumb, each side of the root of the nose, the commencement of the eyebrows, and the spot immediately over the top of the nose, the ascertained seats of *Form*, *Size*, and *Lower Individuality*. On being asked if the pain was confined to these spots, she answered that some time afterwards it extended to the right and left, along the eyebrows, and a little above them, and completely round the eyes, which felt as if they would burst from their sockets. On this taking place the visions varied. The organs of *Weight*, *Colouring*, *Order*, *Number*, and *Locality*, were affected, and the phantasms assumed a change corresponding to the irritated condition of these parts. 'The *whitish* or *cobweb* spectres assumed the natural colour of the objects, but they continued often to pre-

sent themselves, though not always, above the size of life.' 'Colouring being over-excited, began to occasion its specific and fantastical illusions. Bright spots, like stars on a black ground, filled the room in the dark, and even in day-light; and sudden, and sometimes gradual, illumination of the room during the night took place, so that the furniture in it became visible. Innumerable balls of fire seemed one day to pour like a torrent out of one of the rooms of the house down the staircase. On one occasion, the pain between the eyes, and along the lower ridge of the brow, struck her suddenly with great violence—when, *instantly*, the room filled with stars and bright spots. On attempting, on that occasion, to go to bed, she said she was conscious of an *inability to balance herself, as if she had been tipsy*, and she fell, having made repeated efforts to seize the bed-post; which, in the most unaccountable manner eluded her grasp by *shifting its place*, and also by presenting her with a *number of bed-posts instead of one*. If the organ of *Weight* situated between *Size* and *Colouring*, be the organ of the instinct to preserve, and power of preserving equilibrium, it must be the necessary consequence of the derangement of that organ to upset the balance of the person. Over-excited *Number* we should expect to produce multiplication of objects, and the first experience she had of this illusion, was the multiplication of the bed-posts, and subsequently of any inanimate object she looked at.'

'For nearly two years, Miss S. L. was free from her frontal headaches, and—mark the coincidence—untroubled by visions or any other illusive perceptions. Some months ago, however, all her distressing symptoms returned in great aggravation, when she was conscious of a want of health. The pain was more acute than before along the frontal bone, and round and in the eye-balls; and all the organs there situated recommenced their game of illusion. Single figures of absent and deceased friends were terribly real to her, both in the day and in the night, sometimes *cobweb*, but generally coloured. She sometimes saw friends on the street, who proved phantoms when she approached to speak to them; and instances occurred, where, from not having thus satisfied herself of the illusion, she affirmed to such friends that she had seen them in certain places, at certain times, when they proved to her the clearest *alibi*. The *confusion* of her spectral forms now distressed her.—(*Order* affected.) The oppression and perplexity were intolerable, when figures presented themselves before her in inextricable disorder, and still more when they changed—as with Nicolai—from whole figures to parts of figures—faces and half faces, and limbs—sometimes of inordinate size and dreadful deformity. One instance of illusive *Disorder*, which she mentioned, is curious; and has the farther effect of exhibiting (what cannot be put in terms except those of) the derangement of the just perception of gravitation or equilibrium. (*Weight*.) One night as she sat in her bed-room, and was about to go to bed, a *stream* of spectres, persons' faces, limbs, in the most shocking confusion, seemed to her to pour into her room from the window, in the manner of a cascade! Although the cascade continued, apparently, in rapid descending motion; there was no accumulation of figures in the room, the supply unaccountably vanishing, after having formed the cascade. *Colossal* figures are her frequent visitors. (*Size*.)

In the fifth volume of the *Phrenological Journal*, page 319, a case is mentioned where the patient was tortured with horrid faces glaring at her, and approaching close to her in every possible aggravation of horror. 'She was making a tedious recovery in child-bed when these symptoms troubled her. Besides the forms, which were of natural colour, though often bloody, she was perplexed by their variation in size, from colossal to minute. She saw also entire human figures, but

they were always as minute as pins, or even pin-heads, and were in great confusion and numbers.' 'She described the pain which accompanied her illusions, viz. acute pain in the upper part or root of the nose, the seat of the organ of *Form*, and all along the eyebrows, which takes in *Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Order and Number*.' In the same volume, page 430, Mr Levison relates, that on asking an individual who saw apparitions, whether or not he felt pain at any part of his head, he answered, 'that every time before he experienced this peculiar power of seeing figures, he invariably felt pain in and between his eyes, and, in short, all over the eyebrows.' It does not appear, however, that pain is universally felt in such cases in the lower part of the forehead. Dr Andrew Combe informs me that, so far as he has observed, the pain, when it does exist, is more frequently in the exciting organ, generally *Wonder*.

Spectral illusions constitute the great pathognomonic sign of delirium tremens. In this disease they are usually of a horrible, a disgusting, or a frightful nature; the person being irresistibly impressed with the notion that reptiles, insects, and all manner of vermin are crawling upon him, which he is constantly endeavoring to pick off—that he is haunted by hideous apparitions—that people are in the room preparing to murder and rob him, and so forth. In the following case, with which I have been favored by Dr Combe, the illusive appearances were of a more pleasing kind than generally happen. 'In a case,' says he, 'of delirium tremens in an inn-keeper, about whom I was consulted, the spectral illusions continued several days, and had a distinct reference to a large and active cerebellum, (the organ of *Amativeness*) conjoined with *Wonder*. The man refused to allow me to look at a blister which had been placed between his shoulders, 'because he could not take off his coat before the ladies who were in the room!' When I assured him that there was nobody in the room, he smiled at the joke, as he conceived it to be, and, in answer to my questions, described them as several in number, well dressed, and good-looking. At my request he rose up to shake hands with them, and was astonished at finding them elude his grasp, and his hand strike the wall. This, however, convinced him that it was an illusion, and he forthwith took off his coat, but was unwilling to converse longer on the subject. In a few days the ladies vanished from his sight.'

Spectral illusions are more frequently induced by fever than by any other cause. Indeed, the premonitory stages of most fevers are accompanied by illusive appearances of one kind or another, such as luminous bodies, especially when the eyes are shut, hideous faces, streaks of fire, &c.; and in the advanced stages, they are not uncommon. A medical friend has informed me, that when ill of fever in Portugal, he was terribly harassed by the vision of a soldier, whose picture was hanging in the room. Removing the picture failed to dissipate the illusion, which did not disappear till he was conveyed to another apartment. Dr Bostock, while under a febrile attack, was visited by spectral illusions of an unusual kind. The following are the particulars of his case, as described by himself:—

'I was laboring,' says he, 'under a fever, attended with symptoms of general debility, especially of the nervous system, and with a severe pain of the head, which was confined to a small spot situated above the right temple. After having passed a sleepless night, and being reduced to a state of considerable exhaustion, I first perceived figures presenting themselves before me, which I immediately recognised as similar to those described by Nicolai, and upon which, as I was free from delirium, and as they were visible about three days and nights with little intermission, I was able to make my observations. There were two circumstances which appeared to me very remarkable; first, that the spectral

appearances always followed the motion of the eyes; and, secondly, that the objects which were the best defined and remained the longest visible, were such as I had no recollection of ever having previously seen. For about twenty-four hours I had constantly before me a human figure, the features and dress of which were as distinctly visible as that of any real existence, and of which, after an interval of many years, I still retain the most lively impression; yet, neither at the time nor since have I been able to discover any person whom I had previously seen who resembled it.

'During one part of this disease, after the disappearance of this stationary phantom, I had a very singular and amusing imagery presented to me. It appeared as if a number of objects, principally human faces or figures on a small scale, were placed before me, and gradually removed like a succession of medallions. They were all of the same size, and appeared to be all situated at the same distance from the face. After one had been seen for a few minutes, it became fainter, and then another, which was more vivid, seemed to be laid upon it or substituted in its place, which in its turn, was superseded by a new appearance. During all this succession of scenery, I do not recollect that, in a single instance, I saw any object with which I had been previously acquainted, nor, as far as I am aware, were the representations of any of those objects with which my mind was the most occupied at other times, presented to me; they appeared to be invariably new creations, or, at least, new combinations of which I could not trace the original materials.'*

The following very curious instance, is not less interesting: the subject of it was a member of the English bar.

'In December, 1823, A. was confined to his bed by inflammation of the chest, and was supposed by his medical attendant to be in considerable danger. One night, while unable to sleep from pain and fever, he saw sitting on a chair, on the left side of his bed, a female figure which he immediately recognised to be that of a young lady who died about two years before. His first feeling was surprise, and perhaps a little alarm: his second, that he was suffering from delirium. With this impression, he put his head under the bed-clothes, and, after trying in vain to sleep, as a test of the soundness of his mind, he went through a long and complicated process of metaphysical reasoning. He then peeped out and saw the figure in the same situation and position. He had a fire, but would not allow a candle or nurse in the room. A stick was kept by his side to knock for the nurse when he required her attendance. Being too weak to move his body, he endeavored to touch the figure with the stick, but, as a real object being put on the chair, the imaginary one disappeared, and was not visible again that night.

The next day he thought of little but the vision, and expected its return without alarm, and with some pleasure. He was not disappointed. It took the same place as before, and he employed himself in observations. When he shut his eyes or turned his head, he ceased to see the figure; by interposing his hand he could hide part of it; and it was shown, like any mere material substance, by the rays of the fire which fell upon and were reflected from it. As the fire declined it became less perceptible, and as it went out, invisible. A similar appearance took place on several other nights; but it became less perceptible, and its visits less frequent, as the patient recovered from his fever.

'He says the impressions on his mind were always pleasing, as the spectre looked at him with calmness and regard. He never supposed it real; but was unable to account for it on any philosophical principles within his knowledge.

'In the autumn of 1825, A.'s health was perfectly

* Bostock's Physiology, vol. II. p. 382.

restored, and he had been free from any waking vision for nearly eighteen months. Some circumstances occurred which produced in him great mental excitement. One morning he dreamed of the figure, which stood by his side in an angry posture, and asked for a locket which he usually wore. He awoke and saw it at the toilet, with the locket in its hand. He rushed out of bed and it instantly disappeared. During the next six weeks its visits were incessant, and the sensations which they produced were invariably horrible. Some years before, he had attended the dissection of a woman in a state of rapid decomposition. Though much disgusted at the time, the subject had been long forgotten; but was recalled by the union of its putrescent body with the spectre's features. The visits were not confined to the night, but frequently occurred while several persons were in the same room. They were repeated at intervals during the winter; but he was able to get rid of them by moving or sitting in an erect position. Though well, his pulse was hard, and generally from 90 to 100.*

In March, 1829, during an attack of fever, accompanied with violent action in the brain, I experienced illusions of a very peculiar kind. They did not appear except when the eyes were shut or the room perfectly dark; and this was one of the most distressing things connected with my illness; for it obliged me either to keep my eyes open or to admit more light into the chamber than they could well tolerate. I had the consciousness of shining and hideous faces grinning at me in the midst of profound darkness, from which they glared forth in horrid and diabolical relief. They were never stationary, but kept moving in the gloomy background: sometimes they approached within an inch or two of my face: at other times, they receded several feet or yards from it. They would frequently break into fragments, which after floating about would unite—portions of one face coalescing with those of another, and thus forming still more uncouth and abominable images. The only way I could get rid of those phantoms was by admitting more light into the chamber and opening my eyes, when they instantly vanished; but only to reappear when the room was darkened or the eyes closed. One night, when the fever was at its height, I had a splendid vision of a theatre, in the arena of which Ducrow, the celebrated equestrian, was performing. On this occasion, I had no consciousness of a dark back ground like to that on which the monstrous images floated; but every thing was gay, bright, and beautiful. I was broad awake, my eyes were closed, and yet I saw with perfect distinctness the whole scene going on in the theatre, Ducrow performing his wonders of horsemanship—and the assembled multitude, among whom I recognized several intimate friends; in short, the whole process of the entertainment as clearly as if I were present at it. When I opened my eyes the whole scene vanished like the enchanted palace of the necromancer; when I closed them, it as instantly returned. But though I could thus dissipate the spectacle, I found it impossible to get rid of the accompanying music. This was the grand march in the Opera of Aladdin, and was performed by the orchestra with more superb and imposing effect, and with greater loudness, than I ever heard it before; it was executed, indeed, with tremendous energy. This air I tried every effort to dissipate, by forcibly endeavouring to call other tunes to mind, but it was in vain. However completely the vision might be dispelled, the music remained in spite of every effort to banish it. During the whole of this singular state, I was perfectly aware of the illusiveness of my feelings, and, though labouring under violent headache, could not help speculating upon them and endeavouring to trace them to their proper cause. This theatrical vision continued for about five hours; the previous delusions for a couple of days. The whole evidently

* *Phrenological Journal*, vol. v. p. 210.

proceeded from such an excited state of some parts of the brain, as I have already alluded to. *Ideality, Wonder, Form, Colour, and Size*, were all in intensely active operation, while the state of the reflecting organs was unchanged. Had the latter participated in the general excitement, to such an extent as to be unable to rectify the false impressions of the other organs, the case would have been one of pure delirium.

Spectral illusions can only be cured by removing the causes which give rise to them. If they proceed from the state of the stomach, this must be rectified by means of purgatives and alterative medicines. Should plethora induce them, local or general blood-letting and other antiphlogistic means are requisite. If they accompany fever or delirium tremens, their removal will, of course, depend upon that of these diseases. Arising from sleeplessness, they will sometimes be cured by anodynes; and from nervous irritation, by the shower-bath and tonics. Where they seem to arise without any apparent cause, our attention should be directed to the state of the bowels, and blood-letting had recourse to

CHAPTER XVI.

REVERIE.

A state of mind somewhat analogous to that which prevails in dreaming, also takes place during reverie. There is the same want of balance in the faculties, which are almost equally ill regulated, and disposed to indulge in similar extravagancies. Reverie proceeds from an unusual quiescence of the brain, and inability of the mind to direct itself strongly to any one point: it is often the prelude of sleep. There is a defect in the attention, which, instead of being fixed on one subject, wanders over a thousand, and even on these is feebly and ineffectively directed. We sometimes see this while reading, or, rather, while attempting to read. We get over page after page, but the ideas take no hold whatever upon us; we are in truth ignorant of what we peruse, and the mind is either an absolute blank, or vaguely addressed to something else. This feeling every person must have occasionally noticed in taking out his watch, looking at it, and replacing it without knowing what the hour was. In like manner he may hear what is said to him without attaching any meaning to the words, which strike his ear, yet communicate no definite idea to the sensorium. Persons in this mood may, from some ludicrous ideas flashing across them, burst into a loud fit of laughter during sermon or at a funeral, and thus get the reputation of being either grossly irreverent or deranged. That kind of reverie in which the mind is nearly divested of all ideas, and approximates closely to the state of sleep, I have sometimes experienced while gazing long and intently upon a river. The thoughts seem to glide away, one by one, upon the surface of the stream, till the mind is emptied of them altogether. In this state we see the glassy volume of the water moving past us, and hear its murmur, but lose all power of fixing our attention definitively upon any subject: and either fall asleep, or are aroused by some spontaneous reaction of the mind, or by some appeal to the senses sufficiently strong to startle us from our reverie. Grave, monotonous, slowly repeated sounds—as of a mill, a waterfall, an Eolian harp, or the voice of a dull orator, have the effect of lulling the brain into repose, and giving rise to a pleasing melancholy, and to calmness and inanity of mind. Uniform gentle motions have a tendency to produce a similar state of reverie, which is also very apt to ensue in the midst of perfect silence; hence, in walking alone in the country, where there is no sound to distract our meditations, we frequently get into this state. It is

also apt to take place when we are seated without books, companions, or amusement of any kind, by the hearth on a winter evening, especially when the fire is beginning to burn out, when the candles are becoming faint for want of topping, and a dim religious light, like that filling a hermit's cell from his solitary lamp, is diffused over the apartment. This is the situation most favourable for reveries, waking dreams, and all kinds of brown study, abstraction, ennui, and hypochondria.

Reverie has been known to arise from the mind sustaining temporary weakness, in consequence of long and excessive application to one subject. It is also, I believe, frequently induced by forcing young people to learn what they dislike. In this case, the mind, finding it impossible to direct itself to the hated task, goes wandering off in another direction, and thus acquires a habit of inattention, which, in extreme cases, may terminate in imbecility. Sometimes reveries arise from peculiarity of temperament, either natural or induced by mental or bodily weakness. The best regulated minds and strongest bodies, may, however, and, in fact, often have, occasional attacks: but when the feeling grows into a habit, and is too much indulged in, it is apt to injure the usefulness of the individual, and impair the whole fabric of his understanding. 'It is,' says Dr Good, 'upon the faculty of attention that every other faculty is dependent for its vigour and expansion: without it, the perception exercises itself in vain; the memory can lay up no store of ideas; the judgment draw forth no comparisons; the imagination must become blighted and barren; and where there is no attention whatever, the case must necessarily verge upon fatuity.' I conceive that persons in whom the organ of *Concentrativeness* is very small, are peculiarly apt to fall into reverie.

The following is a remarkable instance of reverie arising from excessive application:—The subject of it was Mr Spalding, a gentleman well known as an eminent literary character in Germany, and much respected by those who knew him. The case was drawn up by himself, and published in the *Psychological Magazine*.

'I was this morning engaged with a great number of people who followed each other quickly, and to each of whom I was obliged to give my attention. I was also under the necessity of writing much; but the subjects, which were various and of a trivial and uninteresting nature, had no connexion the one with the other; my attention, therefore, was constantly kept on the stretch, and was continually shifting from one subject to another. At last it became necessary that I should write a receipt for some money I had received on account of the poor. I seated myself and wrote the two first words, but in a moment found that I was incapable of proceeding, for I could not recollect the words which belonged to the ideas that were present in my mind. I strained my attention as much as possible, and tried to write one letter slowly after the other, always having an eye to the preceding one, in order to observe whether they had the usual relationship to each other; but I remarked, and said to myself at the time, that the characters I was writing were not those which I wished to write, and yet I could not discover where the fault lay. I therefore desisted, and partly by broken words and syllables, and partly by gesture, I made the person who waited for the receipt understand he should leave me. For about half an hour there reigned a kind of tumultuary disorder in my senses, in which I was incapable of remarking any thing very particular, except that one series of ideas forced themselves involuntarily on my mind. The trifling nature of these thoughts I was perfectly aware of, and was also conscious that I made several efforts to get rid of them, and supply their place with better ones, which lay at the bottom of my soul. I endeavoured as much as lay in my power, considering the great crowd of confused images which presented themselves to my mind, to recall my principles

of religion, of conscience, and of future expectation; these I found equally correct, and fixed as before. There was no deception in my external senses, for I saw and knew every thing around me; but I could not free myself from the strange ideas which existed in my head. I endeavoured to speak in order to discover whether I was capable of saying any thing that was connected; but although I made the greatest efforts of attention, and proceeded, with the utmost caution, I perceived that I uniformly spoke other words than those I intended. My soul was at present as little master of the organs of speech, as it had been before of my hand in writing. Thank God, this state did not continue very long, for, in about half an hour, my head began to grow clearer, the strange and tiresome ideas became less vivid and turbulent, and I could command my own thoughts with less interruption.

'I now wished to ring for my servant, and desire him to inform my wife to come to me; but I found it still necessary to wait a little longer to exercise myself in the right pronunciation of the few words I had to say: and the first half hour's conversation I had with her was, on my part, preserved with a slow and anxious circumspection, until at last I gradually found myself as clear and serene as in the beginning of the day, all that now remained was a slight headache. I recollected the receipt I had begun to write, and in which I knew I had blundered; and upon examining it, I observed to my great astonishment, that instead of the words *fifty dollars, being one half year's rate*, which I ought to have written, the words were *fifty dollars through the salvation of Bra*—, with a break after *it*, for the word *Bra* was at the end of a line. I cannot recollect any perception, or business which I had to transact, that could, by means of an obscure influence, have produced this phenomenon.'

Reverie, when proceeding, as in this case, from excessive application, will seldom be difficult of cure: the removal of the exciting cause will of itself naturally constitute the remedy. When it arises from such a defect in education as that already mentioned, the cure will be more difficult, although even then it is not always impracticable. In such a case, the person should be strongly directed to those subjects in which he feels most interest, and never be made to study what he has not a positive liking for. Active employment and gay and pleasant society, may effect much in restoring the intellectual balance. In all cases, whatever, he should never be left long alone; as nothing has such a tendency to foster this state of mind as solitude.

CHAPTER XVII.

ABSTRACTION.

Abstraction, or absence of mind, has been confounded with reverie, but it is, in reality, a different intellectual operation; for as in the latter a difficulty is experienced in making the mind bear strongly on any one point, in the former its whole energies are concentrated towards a single focus, and every other circumstance is, for the time, utterly forgotten. Such was the case with Sir Isaac Newton when, in a fit of absence, he made a tobacco stopper of the lady's finger, and with Archimedes, who remained unconscious and unmoved during the noise and slaughter of captured Syracuse. Though, in general, abstraction is easily broken by outward impressions, there have been instances where it has been so powerful as to render the individuals labouring under it insensible to pain. Pinel in his *Nécessité Philosophique* speaks of a priest who in a fit of mental absence was unconscious of the pain of burning; and Cardan brought himself into such a state as to be insensible to all external impression.

Some men are naturally very absent ; others acquire this habit from particular pursuits, such as mathematics, and other studies demanding much calculation. Indeed, all studies which require deep thinking, are apt to induce mental absence, in consequence of the sensorial power being drained from the general circumference of the mind, and directed strongly to a certain point. This draining, while it invigorates the organ of the particular faculty towards which the sensorial energy is concentrated, leaves the others in an inanimate state, and incapacitates them from performing their proper functions ; hence persons subject to abstraction are apt to commit a thousand ludicrous errors ; they are perpetually blundering—committing a multitude of petty, yet harmless offences against established rules, and for ever getting into scrapes and absurd situations. Nothing is more common than for an absent man to take the hat of another person instead of his own, to give away a guinea for a shilling, to mistake his lodgings, forget invitations, and so forth. When the fit of abstraction is very strong, he neither hears what is said to him, nor sees what is passing around. ‘While you fancy,’ says Budgell, in the 77th No. of the Spectator, ‘he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a proposition in Euclid ; and while you imagine he is reading the Paris Gazette, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding his country house.’ In some cases the individual requires to be shaken before he can be brought to take notice of any occurrence ; and it is often difficult to make him comprehend even the simplest proposition. Abstraction, therefore, bears an analogy to dreaming ; inasmuch as, in each of these states, some faculties are active, while others are at rest. In dreaming, however, the organs of the quiescent faculties are in a much deeper slumber, and less easily roused into activity than in abstraction ; hence in the great majority of cases, abstraction is broken with greater facility than sleep.

It appears from the observations of the Edinburgh phrenologists, that individuals who have a large development of the organ of *Concentrativeness* are peculiarly liable to fall into a state of abstraction. The effect of such a development is fixity of ideas—the power and tendency to think consecutively and steadily upon one subject. ‘In conversing with some individuals,’ says Mr Combe,* ‘we find them fall naturally into a connected train of thinking ; either dwelling on a subject which interests them, till they have placed it clearly before the mind, or passing naturally and gracefully to a connected topic. Such persons uniformly have this organ large. We meet with others, who in similar circumstances, never pursue one idea for two consecutive seconds, who shift from topic to topic, without regard to natural connexion, and leave no distinct impression on the mind of the listener ; and this happens even with individuals in whom reflection is not deficient ; but this organ (*Concentrativeness*) is, in such persons, uniformly small.’ A good endowment of the power in question adds very much to the efficiency of the intellect, by enabling its possessor to apply his mind continuously to a particular investigation, unannoyed by the intrusion of foreign and irrelevant ideas. It seems to have been very strong in Sir Isaac Newton, whose liability to abstraction has already been alluded to. ‘During the two years,’ says Biot, ‘which he spent in preparing and developing his immortal work, *Philosophæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, he lived only to calculate and to think. Oftentimes lost in the contemplation of these grand objects, he acted unconsciously ; his thoughts appearing to preserve no connexion with the ordinary affairs of life. It is said, that frequently, on rising in the morning, he would sit down on his bedside, arrested by some new conception, and would remain for hours together engaged in tracing it out, without dressing

* *System of Phrenology*, p. 126.

himself.’ ‘To one who asked him, on some occasion, by what means he had arrived at his discoveries, he replied, ‘By always thinking unto them.’ And at another time, he thus expressed his method of proceeding,—‘I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawning opens slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light.’ Again, in a letter to Dr Bentley, he says, ‘If I have done the public any service this way, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought.’ Biot mentions farther, that, ‘in general, the intensity of thinking was with him so great that it entirely abstracted his attention from other matters, and confined him exclusively to one object. Thus, we see that he never was occupied at the same time with two different scientific investigations.’

The instances of abstraction upon record are so numerous that a volume might easily be filled with them. Hogarth, the illustrious painter, affords a good specimen. Having got a new carriage, he went in it to the Mansion-House, for the purpose of paying a visit to the Lord Mayor. On leaving the house he went out by a different door from that by which he entered, and found that it rained hard. Notwithstanding this, he walked homewards, and reached his own dwelling drenched to the skin. His wife seeing him in this state, asked him how it happened, and what had become of his carriage since he had not returned home in it. The truth was, that he had actually forgotten he had a carriage, or had gone in one at all.

The following case, from the pleasant style in which it is told, will amuse the reader.

‘It is a case of one of the most profound and clear-headed philosophical thinkers, and one of the most amiable of men, becoming so completely absorbed in his own reflections, as to lose the perception of external things, and almost that of his own identity and existence. There are few that have paid any attention to the finance of this country, but must have heard of Dr Robert Hamilton’s ‘essay on the National debt,’ which fell on the houses of parliament like a bombshell, or, rather, which rose and illuminated their darkness like an orient sun. There are other writings of his in which one knows not which most to admire—the profound and accurate, science, the beautiful arrangement, or the clear expression. Yet, in public, the man was a shadow ; pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance ; went to his classes in the college on the dark mornings, with one of her white stockings on the one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other ; often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned ; sometimes invited them to call on him, and then fined them for coming to insult him. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, beg her pardon, ‘madam,’ and hope she was not hurt. At other times he would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way ; and yet his conversation at the same time, if any body happened to be with him, was perfect logic and perfect music. Were it not that there may be a little poetic license in Aberdeen story-telling, a volume might be filled with anecdotes of this amiable and excellent man, all tending, to prove how wide the distinction is between first rate thought and that merely animal use of the organs of sense which prevents ungifted mortals from walking into wells. The fish-market at Aberdeen, if still where it used to be, is near the Dee, and has a stream passing through it that falls into that river. The fish women expose their wares in large baskets. The doctor one day marched into that place, where his attention was attracted by a curiously figured stone in a stack of chimneys. He advanced towards it, till he was interrupted by one of the benches, from which, however, he tumbled one of the baskets into the stream, which was bearing the fish to their native element. The

visage of the lady was instantly in lightning, and her voice in thunder; but the object of her wrath was deaf to the loudest sounds, and blind to the most alarming colors. She stamped, gesticulated, scolded, brought a crowd that filled the place: but the philosopher turned not from his eager gaze and his inward meditations on the stone. While the woman's breath held good, she did not seem to heed, but when that began to fail, and the violence of the act moved not one muscle of the object, her rage felt no bounds: she seized him by the breast, and yelling, in an effort of despair, 'spagh ta ma, or I'll burst,' sank down among the remnant of her fish in a state of complete exhaustion; and before she had recovered, the doctor's reverie was over, and he had taken his departure.*

Many curious anecdotes of a similar kind are related of the Rev Dr George Harvest, one of the ministers of Thames Ditton. So confused on some occasion, were the ideas of this singular man, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, address it to a second, and send it to a third. He was once on the eve of being married to the bishop's daughter, when having gone a gudgeon-fishing, he forgot the circumstance, and overstaid the canonical hour, which so offended the lady, that she indignantly broke off the match. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him on the streets, in hopes of receiving alms, he would make him a bow, tell him he was his most humble servant, and walk on. He has been known on Sunday to forget the days on which he was to officiate, and would walk into church with his gun under his arm, to ascertain what the people wanted there. Once, when he was playing at backgammon, he poured out a glass of wine, and it being his turn to throw, having the box in one hand and the glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose any time, he swallowed down both the dice, and discharged the wine upon the dice-board. 'Another time,' says the amusing narrative which has been published of his peculiarities, in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house, and went into another, the door of which happened to stand open; and no servant being in the way, he rambled all over the house, till, coming into a middle room, where there was an old lady ill in bed of the quincy, he stumbled over the night stool, threw a close-horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servants, who, on finding Dr Harvest in the room, instead of the apothecary that was momentarily expected, quieted the lady's fears, who by this time was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter at his confusion, that it broke the quincy in her throat, and she lived many years afterwards to thank Dr Harvest for his unlucky mistake. 'His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or, at least from out of his hands, it being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post occasioned it to fall; sometimes it was taken off by the boys, when the parson was seen drawing his bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal, he could not give the least account of it, or how he had lost it.' In short the blunders which he committed were endless, and would be considered incredible, were they not authenticated by incontestable evidence. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Harvest was a man of uncommon abilities, and an excellent scholar.

Bacon, the celebrated sculptor, exhibited on one occasion, a laughable instance of absence of mind. 'Bacon was remarkably neat in his dress, and, according to the costume of the old school, wore, in fine weather, a powdered wig, ruffles, silver buckles, with silk stockings, &c., and walked with his gold-headed cane.

* 'New Monthly Magazine,' vol. xxxviii. p. 518.

Thus attired, he one day called at St. Paul's, shortly after having erected the statue of the benevolent Howard, and before the boarding which enclosed the statue had been removed. One of his sons was employed, at this time, in finishing the statue. After remaining a short time, he complained of feeling somewhat cold, on which the son proposed, as no one could overlook them, that he should put on, as a kind of temporary spencer, an old torn, green shag waistcoat, with a red stuff back, which had been left there by one of the workmen. He said it was a 'good thought,' and accordingly buttoned the waistcoat over his handsome new coat. Shortly afterwards, he was missing, but returned in about an hour, stating that he had been to call on a gentleman in Doctor's Commons, and had sat chatting with his wife and daughters, whom he had never seen before; that he found them to be exceedingly pleasant women, though perhaps a little disposed to laugh and titter about he knew not what. 'Sir,' said the son, 'I am afraid I can explain their mysterious behavior; surely you have not kept on that waistcoat all the time?' 'But, as sure as I am a living man, I have,' said he, laughing heartily, 'and I can now account not only for the strange behavior of the ladies, but for all the jokes that have been cracked about me as I walked along the street—some crying let him alone, he does it for a wager, &c. &c.; all which, from being quite unconscious of my appearance, I thought was levelled at some other quiz that might be following near me; and I now recollect that, whenever I looked round for the object of their pleasantry, the people laughed, and the more so, as, by the merry force of sympathy, I laughed also, although I could not comprehend what it all meant.'

I shall conclude by mentioning an anecdote of Mr Warton, the accomplished Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 'This good divine having dined with some jolly company at a gentleman's house in that city, passing through the streets to the church, it being summer-time, his ears were loudly saluted with the cry of 'Live mackerel!' This so much dwelt upon the Doctor's mind, that after a nap while the psalm was performing, as soon as the organ ceased playing, he got up in the pulpit, and with eyes half open, cried out 'All alive, alive oh!' thus inadvertently keeping up the reputation of a Latin proverb, which is translated in the following lines:—

'Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'

'The Professor of Poetry perhaps supposed himself yet with his companions at the convivial table.'

Mental absence is generally incurable. In stout subjects, depletion, purging, and low diet, will sometimes be of use. Where the affection seems to arise from torpor of the nervous system, blistering the head and internal stimuli afford the most probable means of relief. The person should associate as much as possible with noisy, bustling people, and shun solitude and all such studies as have a tendency to produce abstraction.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLEEP OF PLANTS.

During night, plants seem to exist in a state analogous to sleep. At this period they get relaxed, while their leaves droop and become folded together. Such is peculiarly the case with the tamarind tree, and the leguminous plants with pinnated leaves. But with almost all plants it takes place in a greater or less degree, although in some the change is more striking than in others. The trefoil, for instance, has its leaves folded together at night, while the leaves of the tamarind, and other plants with ternate leaves, sleep with

ed together in the erect posture. The cause of the different states in which plants exist during the day and night has never been correctly ascertained—some attributing it to the influence of light, some to the vicissitudes of temperature, and others to atmospherical humidity. Probably the whole of these influences are concerned. It is very evident that the presence of certain stimuli during the day puts the leaves in a state of activity, and excites their development; while the want of such stimuli in the night time throws them into repose, relaxes them, and occasions them to be weighed down, as if the sustaining principle which kept them in energy was suspended in the torpor of sleep. The principal of these stimuli is unquestionably light; indeed, Linnæus, from the observation of stove plants, seems to have demonstrated that it is the withdrawing of light, and not of heat, which produces the relaxation, or *Sleep of Plants*, as it is commonly denominated. The effect of light upon the leaves of the *Acacia* is peculiarly striking. At sunrise they spread themselves out horizontally; as the heat increases they become elevated, and at noon shoot vertically upwards: but as soon as the sun declines they get languid and droop, and during night are quite pendant and relaxed. During day, the leaves of some plants are spread out, and displayed, and at the same time inclined towards the sun. Those of the *Helianthus annuus*, the *Helianthus annuus*, and *Croton tinctorum* follow the course of the sun in their position; and most buds and flowers have a tendency to turn their heads in the direction of the great luminary of day. As an instance of this let us look at the sun flower, which confronts the source of light with its broad yellow expansion of aspect, and hangs its gorgeous head droopingly so soon as the object of its worship declines. The leaves of a great number of vegetables present changes in their position corresponding to the different hours of the day. 'Who does not know,' says Wildenow, 'that the species of *Lupinus*, especially *Lupinus luteus* turn, in the open air, their leaves and stalks towards the sun, and follow its course in so steady a manner, as to enable us to specify the hour of the day from their direction.' Such phenomena were not unknown to Pliny and Theophrastus.

The analogy between animal and vegetable life is still farther demonstrated by the well known fact, that while some creatures, such as the cat and owl, sleep during the day, and continue awake at night, certain plants do the same thing. Such is the case with the *Tragopogon luteum*, which becomes closed, or in other words, goes to sleep at nine in the morning, and opens at night. Every hour of the day, indeed, has some particular plant which then shuts itself up: hence the idea of the Flower Dial by means of which the hour of the day can be told with tolerable accuracy. Some plants, which shut themselves up in the day time, flower at night. The night-flowering *Cereus*, a species of Cactus, is a beautiful instance of the kind; and there are other plants which exhibit the same interesting phenomenon. Nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the nocturnal flowering of certain members of the vegetable world. Linnæus used to go out at night with a lantern into his garden to have an opportunity of witnessing this remarkable peculiarity in the plants by which it is exhibited.

The analogy between the two kingdoms is rendered yet more striking, when it is recollected that (with such exceptions as the above,) plants increase much more rapidly during night, which is their time of sleep, than in the day-time, which may be considered the period of their active or waking existence.

The state in which plants exist in the winter season resembles the hybernation of animals: there is the same torpor and apparent extinction of vitality. Heat and light have the power of both reviving plants and putting an end to hybernation. Between plants and

animals, however, there is this difference: that while most plants become torpid in winter, only a small number of animals get into that state; but even in such dissimilitude we can trace an analogy; for as there are animals upon which winter has no torpifying influence, so are there likewise plants. The *Helloborus hymalis* or christmas rose, flowers at the end of December, and the *Galanthus nivalis*, or snow-drop, in the month of February.

CHAPTER XIX.

GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF SLEEP.

In the foregoing pages, I have detailed at length all the principal phenomena of sleep; and it now only remains to state such circumstances as affect the comfort and healthfulness of the individual while in that condition. The first I shall mention is the nature of the chamber in which we sleep; this should be always large and airy. In modern houses, these requisites are too much overlooked; and, while the public rooms are of great dimensions, those appropriated for sleeping are little better than closets. This error is exceedingly detrimental to health. The apartments wherein so great a portion of life is passed, should always be roomy, and, if possible, not placed upon the ground-floor, because such a situation is more apt to be damp and ill ventilated than higher up.

The next consideration applies to the bed itself, which ought to be large, and not placed close to the wall, but at some distance from it, both to avoid any dampness which may exist in the wall, and admit a freer circulation of air. The curtains should never be drawn closely together, even in the coldest weather; and when the season is not severe, it is a good plan to remove them altogether. The bed or mattress ought to be rather hard. Nothing is more injurious to health than soft beds; they effeminate the individual, render his flesh soft and flabby, and incapacitate him from undergoing any privation. The texture of which the couch is made, is not of much consequence, provided it is not too soft: hence, feather-beds, or mattresses of hair or straw are almost equally good, if suitable in this particular. I may mention, however, that the hair mattress, from being cooler, and less apt to imbibe moisture, is preferable during the summer season, to a bed of feathers. Those soft yielding feather-beds, in which the body sinks deeply, are highly improper, from the unnatural heat and perspiration which they are sure to induce. Air-beds have been lately recommended, but I can assert, from personal experience, that they are the worst that can possibly be employed. They become very soon heated to such an unpleasant degree as to render it impossible to repose upon them with any comfort. For bed-ridden persons, whose skin has become irritated by long lying, the hydrostatic bed, lately brought into use in some of the public hospitals, is the best.

The pillow as well as the bed, should be pretty hard. When very soft, the head soon sinks in it, and becomes unpleasantly heated. The objection made to air-beds applies with equal force to air-pillows, which I several times attempted to use, but was compelled to abandon, owing to the disagreeable heat that was generated in a few minutes.

With regard to the covering, there can be no doubt that it is more wholesome to lie between sheets than blankets. For the same reason, people should avoid sleeping in flannel nightshirts. Such a degree of warmth as is communicated by those means is only justifiable in infancy and childhood, or when there is actual disease or weakness of constitution. Parents often commit a great error in bringing up their young people under so effeminate a system.

A common custom prevails of warming the bed before going to sleep. This enervating practice should be abandoned except with delicate people, or when the cold is very intense. It is far better to let the bed be chafed by the natural heat of the body, which, even in severe weather, will be sufficient for the purpose, provided the clothing is abundant.

We ought never to sleep overloaded with clothes, but have merely what is sufficient to maintain a comfortable warmth.

When a person is in health, the atmosphere of his apartment should be cool; on this account, fires are exceedingly hurtful, and should never be had recourse to, except when the individual is delicate, or the weather intolerably severe. When they become requisite, smoke must be carefully guarded against, as fatal accidents have arisen from this cause.

The window-shutters ought never to be entirely closed, neither ought they to be kept altogether open. In the first case, we are apt to oversleep ourselves, owing to the prevailing darkness with which we are surrounded; and in the second, the light which fills the apartment, especially if it be in the summer season, may disturb our repose, and waken us at an earlier hour than there is any occasion for. Under both circumstances, the eyes are liable to suffer; the darkness in the one instance, disposes them to be painfully affected, on exposure to the brilliant light of day, besides directly debilitating them—for, in remaining too much in the gloom, whether we be asleep or awake, these organs are sure to be more or less weakened. In the other case, the fierce glare of the morning sun acting upon them, perhaps for several hours before we get up, does equal injury, making them tender and easily affected by the light. The extremes of too much and too little light must, therefore, be avoided, and such a moderate portion admitted into the chamber as not to hurt the eyes, or act as too strong a stimulus in breaking our slumbers.

During the summer heats, the covering requires to be diminished, so as to suit the atmospheric temperature; and a small portion of the window drawn down from the top, to promote a circulation of air; but this must be done cautiously, and the current prevented from coming directly upon the sleeper, as it might give rise to colds, and other bad consequences. The late Dr Gregory was in the habit of sleeping with the window drawn slightly down during the whole year: and there can be no doubt that a gentle current pervading our sleeping apartments, is in the highest degree essential to health.

Nothing is so injurious as damp beds. It becomes every person, whether at home or abroad, to look to this matter, and see that the bedding on which he lies is thoroughly dry, and free from even the slightest moisture. By neglecting such a precaution, rheumatism, colds, inflammations, and death itself may ensue. Indeed these calamities are very frequently traced to sleeping incautiously upon damp beds. For the same reason, the walls and floor should be dry, and wet clothes never hung up in the room.

We should avoid sleeping in a bed that has been occupied by the sick, till the bedding has been cleansed and thoroughly aired. When a person has died of any infectious disease, not only the clothes in which he lay, but the couch itself ought to be burned. Even the bedstead should be carefully washed and fumigated.

Delicate persons who have been accustomed to sleep upon feather-beds, must be cautious not to exchange them rashly for any other.

On going to sleep, all sorts of restraints must be removed from the body; the collar of the night-shirt should be unbuttoned and the neckcloth taken off. With regard to the head, the more lightly it is covered the better: on this account, we should wear a thin cotton or silk night-cap; and this is still better if made of

net-work. Some persons wear worsted, or flannel caps, but these are never proper, except in old or rheumatic subjects. The grand rule of health is to keep the head cool, and the feet warm; hence, the night-cap cannot be too thin. In fact, the chief use of this piece of clothing is to preserve the hair, and preserve it from being disordered and matted together.

Sleeping in stockings is a bad and uncleanly habit. By accustoming ourselves to do without any covering upon the feet, we shall seldom experience cold in these parts, if we have clothing enough to keep the rest of the system comfortable; and should they still remain cold, this can easily be obviated by wrapping a warm flannel cloth around them, or by applying to them for a few minutes, a heated iron, or a bottle of warm water.

The posture of the body must be attended to. The head should be tolerably elevated, especially in phthoric subjects; and the position, from the neck downwards, as nearly as possible horizontal. The half-sitting posture, with the shoulders considerably raised, is injurious, as the thoracic and abdominal viscera are thereby compressed, and respiration, digestion, and circulation, materially impeded. Lying upon the back is also improper, in consequence of its tendency to produce nightmare. Most people pass the greater part of the night upon the side, which is certainly the most comfortable position that can be assumed in sleep. According to Dr A. Hunter, women who love their husbands generally lie upon the right side. This interesting point I have no means of ascertaining, although, doubtless, the ladies are qualified to speak decidedly upon the subject. I have known individuals who could not sleep except upon the back; but these are rare cases.

I have mentioned the necessity of a free circulation of air. On this account, it is more wholesome to sleep single, than double, for there is then less destruction of oxygen; and the atmosphere is much purer and cooler. For the same reason, the practice, so common in public schools, of having several beds in one room, and two or three individuals in each bed, must be detestable. When more than one sleep in a single bed, they should take care to place themselves in such a position as not to breathe in each other's faces. Some persons have a dangerous custom of covering their heads with the bedclothes. The absurdity of this practice needs no comment.

Before going to bed, the body should be brought into that state which gives us the surest chance of dropping speedily asleep. If too hot, its temperature ought to be reduced by cooling drinks, exposure to the open air, sponging, or even the cold bath; if too cold, it must be brought into a comfortable state by warmth; for both cold and heat act as stimuli, and their removal is necessary before slumber can ensue. A full stomach, also, though it sometimes promotes, generally prevents sleep; consequently, supper ought to be dispensed with, except by those who, having been long used to this meal, cannot sleep without it. As a general rule, the person who eats nothing for two or three hours before going to rest, will sleep better than he who does. His sleep will also be more refreshing, and his sensations upon waking much more gratifying. The Chinese recommended brushing the teeth previous to lying down: this is a good custom.

Sleeping after dinner is pernicious. On awaking from such indulgence, there is generally some degree of febrile excitement, in consequence of the latter stages of digestion being hurried on: it is only useful in old people, and in some cases of disease.

The weak, and those recovering from protracted illnesses, must be indulged with more sleep than such as are vigorous. Sleep, in them, supplies, in some measure, the place of nourishment, and thus becomes a most powerful auxiliary for restoring them to health. Much repose is likewise necessary to enable the system to recover from the effects of dissipation.

Too little and too much sleep are equally injurious. Excessive wakefulness, according to Hippocrates, prevents the aliment from being digested, and generates crude humours. Too much sleep produces lassitude and corpulency, and utterly debases and stupifies the mind. Corpulent people being apt to indulge in excessive sleep, they should break this habit at once, as, in their case, it is peculiarly unwholesome. They ought to sleep little, and that little upon hard beds.

The practice of sleeping in the open air, cannot be too strongly reprobated. It is at all times dangerous, especially when carried into effect under a burning sun, or amid the damps of night. In tropical climates, where this custom is indulged in during the day, it is not unusual for the person to be struck with a *coup-de-soleil*, or some violent fever; and in our own country, nothing is more common than inflammations, rheumatisms, and dangerous colds, originating from sleeping upon the ground, either during the heat of the day, or when the evening has set in with its attendant dews and vapours.

As respects the repose of children it may be remarked that the custom of rocking them asleep in the cradle, is not to be recommended, sanctioned though it be by the voice of ages. This method of procuring slumber, not only heats the infant unnecessarily, but, in some cases, disorders the digestive organs, and, in most, produces a sort of artificial sleep, far less conducive to health, than that brought on by more natural means. According to some writers, it has also a tendency to induce water in the head, a circumstance which I think possible, although I never knew a case of that disease which could be traced to such a source. The cradle, then, should be abandoned, so far as the rocking is concerned, and the child simply lulled to repose in the nurse's arms, and then deposited quietly in bed. Sleep will often be induced by gently scratching or rubbing the top of the child's head. This fact is well known to some nurses, by whom the practice is had recourse to for the purpose of provoking slumber in restless children. For the first month of their existence, children sleep almost continually, and they should be permitted to do so, for at this early age they cannot slumber too much: calm and long-continued sleep is a favourable symptom, and ought to be cherished rather than prevented, during the whole period of infancy. When, however, a child attains the age of three or four months, we should endeavour to manage so that its periods of wakefulness may occur in the day-time, instead of at night. By proper care, a child may be made to sleep at almost any hour; and, as this is always an object of importance, it should be sedulously attended to in the rearing of children. Until about the third year, they require a little sleep in the middle of the day, and pass half their time in sleep. Every succeeding year, till they attain the age of seven, the period allotted to repose should be shortened one hour, so that a child of that age may pass nine hours or thereabouts, out of the twenty-four, in a state of sleep. Children should never be awakened suddenly, or with a noise, in consequence of the terror and starting which such a method of arousing them produces: neither should they be brought all at once from a dark room into a strong glare of light, lest their eyes be weakened, and permanent injury inflicted upon these organs.

The position in which children sleep requires to be carefully attended to. Sir Charles Bell mentions that the *encuresis infantum*, with which they are so often affected, frequently arises from lying upon the back, and that it will be removed or prevented by accustoming them to lie on the side. It is also of the greatest importance, that they be kept sufficiently warm. I believe that many infantile diseases arise from the neglect of this precaution. Children have little power of evolving heat; on this account, when delicate they should never be permitted to sleep alone, but made to lie with the nurse, that they may receive warmth from her body.

At whatever period we go to sleep, one fact is certain, that we can never with impunity convert day into night. Even in the most scorching seasons of the year, it is better to travel under the burning sunshine, than in the cool of the evening, when the dews are falling and the air is damp. A case in support of this statement, is given by Valengin in his work on Diet. Two colonels in the French army had a dispute whether it was not most safe to march in the heat of the day, or in the evening. To ascertain this point, they got permission from the commanding officer to put their respective plans into execution. Accordingly, the one with his division marched during the day, although it was in the heat of summer, and rested all night—the other slept in the day-time, and marched during the evening and part of the night. The result was that the first performed a journey of six hundred miles, without losing a single man or horse, while the latter lost most of his horses, and several of his men.

It now becomes a question at what hour we should retire to rest, how long our rest ought to continue, and when it should be broken in the morning. These points I shall briefly discuss, in the order in which they stand.

It is not very easy to ascertain the most appropriate hour for going to bed, as this depends very much upon the habits and occupation of the individual. Laborers and all hard wrought people, who are obliged to get up betimes, require to go to rest early; and in their case, nine o'clock may be the best hour. Those who are not obliged to rise early, may delay the period of retiring to rest for an hour or two longer; and may thus go to bed at ten or eleven. These are the usual periods allotted among the middle ranks of life for this purpose; and it may be laid down as a rule, that to make a custom of remaining up for a later period than eleven must be prejudicial. Those, therefore, who habitually delay going to bed till twelve, or one, or two, are acting in direct opposition to the laws of health, in so far as they are compelled to pass in sleep a portion of the ensuing day, which ought to be appropriated to wakefulness and exertion. Late hours are in every respect hurtful, whether they be employed in study or amusement. A fresh supply of stimulus is thrown upon the mind, which prevents it from sinking into slumber at the proper period, and restlessness, dreaming, and disturbed repose inevitably ensue. Among other things, the eyes are injured, those organs suffering much more from the candle-light, to which they are necessarily exposed, than from the natural light of day.

With regard to the necessary quantity of sleep, so much depends upon age, constitution, and employment, that it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule which will apply to all cases. Jeremy Taylor states that three hours only in the twenty-four should be devoted to sleep. Baxter extends the period to four hours, Wesley to six, Lord Coke and Sir William Jones to seven, and Sir John Sinclair to eight. With the latter I am disposed to coincide. Taking the average of mankind, we shall come as nearly as possible to the truth when we say that nearly one-third part of life ought to be spent in sleep: in some cases, even more may be necessary, and in few, can a much smaller portion be safely dispensed with. When a person in young, strong, and healthy, an hour or two less may be sufficient; but childhood and extreme old age require a still greater portion. No person who passes only eight hours in bed, can be said to waste his time in sleep. If, however, he exceeds this, and is, at the same time, in possession of vigor and youth, he lays himself open to the charge of slumbering away those hours which should be devoted to some other purpose. According to Georget, women should sleep a couple of hours longer than men. For the former he allows six or seven hours, for the latter eight or nine. I doubt, however, if the female constitution, generally speaking, re-

quires more sleep than the male; at least it is certain that women endure protracted wakefulness better than men, but whether this may result from custom is a question worthy of being considered.

Barry, in his work on Digestion, has made an ingenious, but somewhat whimsical, calculation on the tendency of sleep to prolong life. He asserts, that the duration of human life may be ascertained by the number of pulsations which the individual is able to perform. Thus, if a man's life extends to 70 years, and his heart throbs 60 times each minute, the whole number of its pulsations will amount to 2,207,520,000; but if, by intemperance, or any other cause, he raises the pulse to 75 in the minute, the same number of pulsations would be completed in 56 years, and the duration of life abbreviated 14 years. Arguing from these data, he alleges, that sleep has a tendency to prolong life, as, during its continuance, the pulsations are less numerous than in the waking state. There is a sort of theoretical truth in this statement, but it is liable to be modified by so many circumstances, that its application can never become general. If this were not the case, it would be natural to infer that the length of a man's life would correspond with that of his slumbers; whereas it is well known, that too much sleep debilitates the frame, and lays the foundation of various diseases, which tend to shorten rather than extend the duration of life.

Those who indulge most in sleep, generally require the least of it. Such are the wealthy and luxurious, who pass nearly the half of their existence in slumber, while the hard-working peasant and mechanic, who would seem, at first sight, to require more than any other class of society, are contented with seven or eight hours of repose—a period brief in proportion to that expended by them in toil, yet sufficiently long for the wants of nature, as is proved by the strength and health which they almost uniformly enjoy.

For reasons already stated, more sleep is requisite in winter than in summer. Were there even no constitutional causes for this difference, we should be disposed to sleep longer in the one than in the other, as some of the circumstances which induce us to sit up late and rise early in summer, are wanting during winter; and we consequently feel disposed to lie longer in bed during the latter season of the year.

The hour of getting up in the morning is not of less importance than that at which we ought to lie down at night. There can be no doubt that one of the most admirable conduces to health is early rising. 'Let us,' says Solomon, 'go forth into the fields; let us lodge in the villages; let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish—if the tender grape appear—if the pomegranates bud forth.'

Almost all men who have distinguished themselves in science, literature, and the arts, have been early risers. The industrious, the active-minded, the enthusiast in the pursuit of knowledge or gain, are up betimes at their respective occupations; while the sluggard wastes the most beautiful period of life in pernicious slumber. Homer, Virgil, and Horace are all represented as early risers: the same was the case with Paley, Franklin, Priestly, Parkhurst, and Buffon, the latter of whom ordered his *valet de chambre* to awaken him every morning, and compel him to get up by force if he evinced any reluctance: for this service the valet was rewarded with a crown each day, which recompense he forfeited if he did not oblige his master to get out of bed before the clock struck six. Bishops Jewel and Burnet rose regularly every morning at four o'clock. Sir Thomas More did the same thing; and so convinced was he of the beneficial effects of getting up betimes, that, in his 'Utopia,' he represented the inhabitants attending lectures before sunrise. Napoleon was an early riser; so was Frederick the Great and, Charles XII; so is the Duke of Wellington; and so

in truth, is almost every one distinguished for energy and indefatigability of mind.

Every circumstance contributes to render early rising advisable to those who are in the enjoyment of health. There is no time equal in beauty and freshness to the morning, when nature has just parted with the gloomy mantle which night had flung over her, and stands before us like a young bride, from whose aspect the veil which covered her loveliness, has been withdrawn. The whole material world has a vivifying appearance. The husbandman is up at his labour, the forest leaves sparkle with drops of crystal dew, the flowers raise their rejoicing heads towards the sun, the birds pour forth their anthems of gladness; and the wide face of creation itself seems as if awakened and refreshed from a mighty slumber. All these things, however, are hid from the eyes of the sluggard; nature, in her most glorious aspect, is, to him, a sealed book; and while every scene around him is full of beauty, interest, and animation, he alone is passionless and uninspired. Behold him stretched upon his couch of rest! 'In vain does the clock proclaim that the reign of day has commenced.' In vain does the morning light stream fiercely in by the chinks of his window, as if to startle him from his repose! He hears not—he sees not, for blindness and deafness rule over him with despotic sway, and lay a deadening spell upon his faculties. And when he does at length awake—far on in the day—from the torpor of this benumbing sleep, he is not refreshed. He does not start at once into new life—an altered man, with joy in his mind, and vigour in his frame. On the contrary, he is dull, languid, and stupid, as if half recovered from a paroxysm of drunkenness. He yawns, stretches himself, and stalks into the breakfast parlour, to partake in solitude, and without appetite, of his unrefreshing meal—while his eyes are red and gummy, his beard unshorn, his face unwashed, and his clothes disorderly, and ill put on. Uncleanliness and sluggishness generally go hand in hand: for the obtuseness of mind which disposes a man to waste the most precious hours of existence in debasing sleep, will naturally make him neglect his person.

The character of the early riser is the very reverse of the sloven's. His countenance is ruddy, his eye joyous and serene, and his frame full of vigour and activity. His mind, also, is clear and unclouded, and free from that oppressive languor which weighs like a nightmare upon the spirit of the sluggard. The man who rises betimes, is in the fair way of laying in both health and wealth; while he who dozes away his existence in unnecessary sleep, will acquire neither. On the contrary, he runs every chance of losing whatever portion of them he may yet be in possession of, and of sinking fast in the grade of society—a bankrupt both in person and in purse.*

The most striking instances of the good effects of early rising, are to be found in our peasantry and farmers, whose hale complexions, good appetites, and vigorous persons, are evidences of the benefit derived from this custom, conjoined with labour; while the wan, unhealthy countenances and enfeebled frames of those who keep late hours, lie long in bed, and pass the night in dissipation, study, or pleasure, are equally con-

* In the will of the late Mr James Sergeant of the borough of Leicester, is the following clause relative to early rising:—

'As my nephews are fond of indulging in bed of a morning, and as I wish them to improve the time while they are young, I direct that they shall prove to the satisfaction of my executors, that have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air, from five o'clock every morning, from the 3d of April, to the 10th of October, being three hours each day, and from seven o'clock in the morning from the 10th of October to the 3d of April, being two hours every morning for two whole years; that to be done for some two years during the first seven years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well, and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property.'

clusive proofs of the pernicious consequences resulting from an opposite practice.

Early rising, therefore, is highly beneficial ; but care should be taken not to carry it to excess. It can never be healthful to rise till the sun has been for some time above the horizon ; for until this is the case, there is a dampness in the air which must prove injurious to the constitution, especially when it is not naturally very strong. Owing to this, early rising is injurious to most delicate people ; and, in all cases, the heat of the sun should be allowed to have acquired some strength before we think of getting out of doors. No healthy man in the summer, should lie longer in bed than six o'clock. If he does so, he loses the most valuable part of the day, and injures his own constitution. Persons subject to gout, should always go to sleep early, and rise early. The former mitigates the violence of the evening paroxysm, which is always increased by wakefulness ; and the latter lessens the tendency to plethora, which is favoured by long protracted sleep.

It is common in some of the foreign universities to go to bed at eight, and rise at three or four in the morning ; and this plan is recommended by Willich in his 'Lectures on Diet and Regimen.' Sir John Sinclair, in allusion to it, judiciously observes, 'I have no doubt of the superior healthiness, in the winter time, of rising by day-light, and using candle-light at the close of the day, than rising by candle-light, and using it some hours before day-light approaches. It remains

to be ascertained by which system the eyes are least likely to be affected.

Dr Franklin in one of his ingenious Essays, has some fine observations on early rising ; and makes an amusing calculation of the saving that might be made in the city of Paris alone, by using the sunshine instead of candles. This saving he estimates at 96,000,000 of livres, or £4,000,000 sterling. This is mentioned in a satirical vein, but probably there is a great deal of truth in the statement. Indeed, if people were to go sooner to bed, and get up earlier, it is inconceivable what sums might be saved ; but according to the absurd custom of polished society, day is, in a great measure, converted into night, and the order of things reversed in a manner at once capricious and hurtful.

To conclude. The same law which regulates our desire for food, also governs sleep. As we indulge in sleep to moderation or excess, it becomes a blessing or a curse—in the one case recruiting the energies of nature, and diffusing vigour alike over the mind and frame : in the other, debasing the character of man, stupifying his intellect, enfeebling his body, and rendering him useless alike to others and himself. The glutton, the drunkard, and the sloven bear the strictest affinity to each other, both in the violation of nature's laws, and in the consequences thence entailed upon themselves. What in moderation is harmless or beneficial, in excess is a curse ; and sleep carried to the latter extreme, may be pronounced an act of intemperance almost as much as excessive eating or drinking.

THE END.

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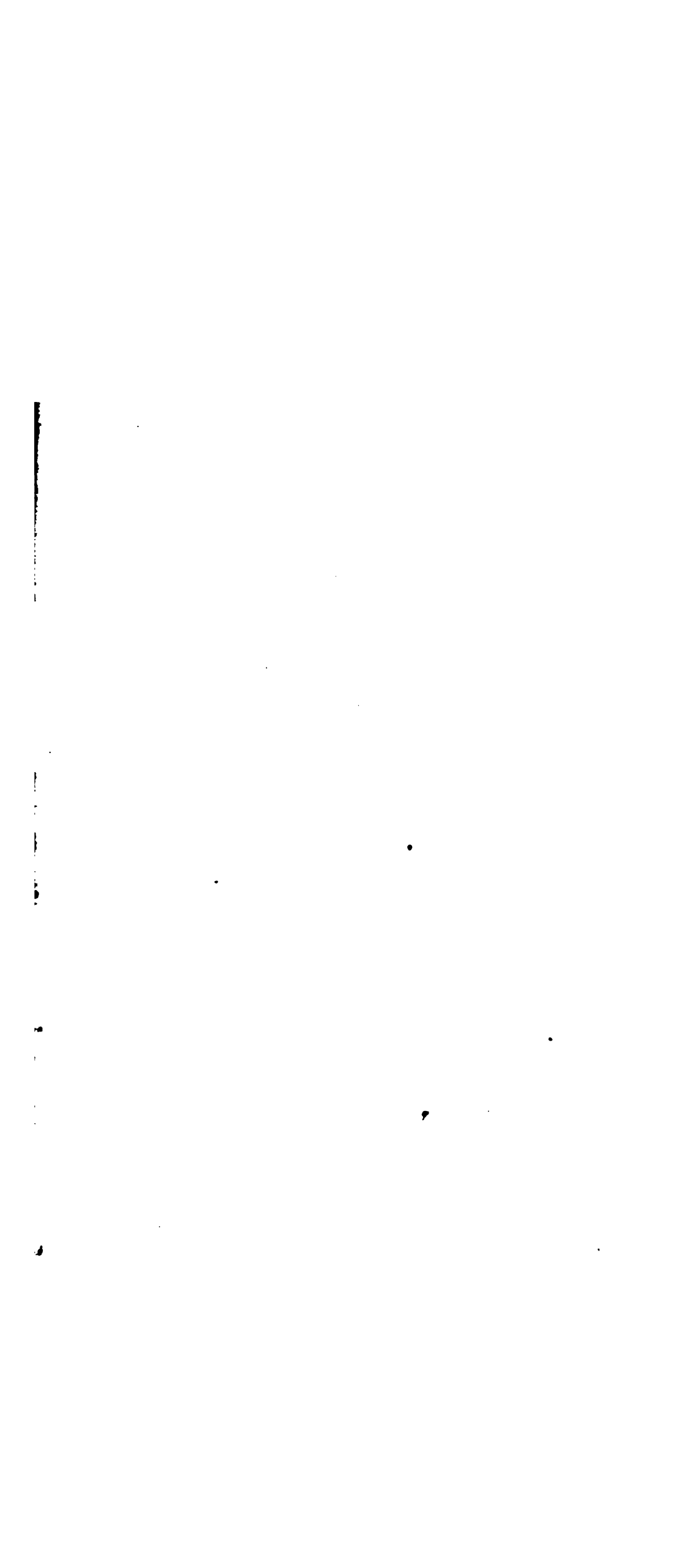
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THE
ANATOMY
OF
DRUNKENNESS.

BY
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AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.

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ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In preparing the present edition of the *ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS* for the press, I have spared no pains to render the work as complete as possible. Some parts have been re-written, some new facts added, and several inaccuracies, which had crept into the former edition, rectified. Altogether, I am in hopes that this impression will be considered an improvement upon its predecessors, and that no fact of any importance has been overlooked or treated more slightly than it deserves.

R. M.

SEPTEMBER 20th, 1834.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

Drunkenness is not, like some other vices, peculiar to modern times. It is handed down to us from 'hoar antiquity;' and, if the records of the antediluvian era were more complete, we should probably find that it was not unknown to the remotest ages of the world. The cases of Noah and Lot, recorded in the sacred writings, are the earliest of which tradition or history has left any record; and both occurred in the infancy of society. Indeed, wherever the grape flourished, inebriation prevailed. The formation of wine from this fruit, was among the earliest discoveries of man, and the bad consequences thence resulting, seem to have been almost coeval with the discovery. Those regions whose ungenial latitudes indisposed them to yield the vine, gave birth to other products which served as substitutes; and the inhabitants rivalled or surpassed those of the south in all kinds of Bacchanalian indulgence—the pleasures of drinking constituting one of the most fertile themes of their poetry, in the same manner as, in other climates, they gave inspiration to the souls of Anacreon and Hafiz.

Drunkenness has varied greatly at different times and among different nations. There can be no doubt that it prevails more in a rude than in a civilized society. This is so much the case, that as men get more refined, the vice will gradually be found to soften down, and assume a less revolting character. Nor can there be a doubt that it prevails to a much greater extent in northern than in southern latitudes.* The nature of the climate renders this inevitable, and gives to the human frame its capabilities of withstanding liquor: hence a quantity which scarcely ruffles the frozen current of a Norwegian's blood, would scatter madness

and fever into the brain of the Hindoo. Even in Europe, the inhabitants of the south are far less adapted to sustain intoxicating agents than those of the north. Much of this depends upon the coldness of the climate, and much also upon the peculiar physical and mental frame to which that coldness gives rise. The natives of the south are a lively, versatile people; sanguine in their temperaments, and susceptible, to an extraordinary degree, of every impression. Their minds seem to inherit the brilliancy of their climate, and are rich with sparkling thoughts and beautiful imagery. The northern nations are the reverse of all this. With more intensity of purpose, with greater depth of reasoning powers, and superior solidity of judgment, they are in a great measure destitute of that sportive and creative brilliancy which hangs like a rainbow over the spirits of the south, and clothes them in a perpetual sunshine of delight. The one is chiefly led by the heart, the other by the head. The one possesses the beauty of a flower-garden, the other the sternness of the rock, mixed with its severe and naked hardihood. Upon constitutions so differently organized, it cannot be expected that a given portion of stimulus will operate with equal power. The airy inflammable nature of the first, is easily roused to excitation, and manifests feelings which the second does not experience till he has partaken much more largely of the stimulating cause. On this account, the one may be inebriated, and the other remain comparatively sober upon a similar quantity. In speaking of this subject, it is always to be remembered that a person is not to be considered a drunkard because he consumes a certain portion of liquor; but because what he does consume produces certain effects upon his system. The Russian, therefore, may take six glasses a-day, and be as temperate as the Italian who takes four, or the Indian who takes two. But even when this is acceded to, the balance of sobriety will be found in favour of the south: the inhabitants there not only drink less, but are, *bona fide*, more seldom intoxicated than the others. Those who have contrasted London and Paris, may easily verify this fact; and those who have done the same to the cities of Moscow and Rome, can bear still stronger testimony. Who ever heard of an Englishman sipping *cau sucre*, and treating his

* In making this observation, I have only in view the countries north of the equator; for as we proceed to the south of that line, the vice increases precisely in the same manner as in the opposite direction. To use the words of Montesquieu, 'Go from the equator to our pole, and you will find drunkenness increasing together with the degree of latitude. Go from the same equator to the opposite pole, and you will find drunkenness travelling south, as on this side it travels towards the north.'

friends to a glass of lemonade? Yet such things are common in France; and, of all the practices of that country, they are those most thoroughly visited by the contemptuous malisons of John Bull.

It is a common belief that wine was the only inebriating liquor known to antiquity; but this is a mistake. Tacitus mentions the use of ale or beer as common among the Germans of his time. By the Egyptians, likewise, whose country was ill adapted to the cultivation of the grape, it was employed as a substitute for wine. Ale was common in the middle ages; and Mr Park states that very good beer is made, by the usual process of brewing and malting, in the interior of Africa. The favourite drink of our Saxon ancestors was ale or mead. Those worshippers of Odin were so notoriously addicted to drunkenness, that it was regarded as honourable rather than otherwise; and the man who could withstand the greatest quantity was looked upon with admiration and respect: whence the drunken songs of the Scandinavian scalds; whence the glories of Valhalla, the fancied happiness of whose inhabitants consisted in quaffing draughts from the skulls of their enemies slain in battle. Even ardent spirit, which is generally supposed to be a modern discovery, existed from a very early period. It is said to have been first made by the Arabians in the middle ages, and in all likelihood may lay claim to a still remoter origin. Alcohol was known to the alchemists as early as the middle of the twelfth century, although the process of preparing it was by them, at that time, kept a profound secret. The spirituous liquor called arrack, has been manufactured in the island of Java, as well as in the continent of Hindostan, from time immemorial. Brandy appears to have been known to Galen, who recommends it for the cure of voracious appetite;* and its distillation was common in Sicily at the commencement of the fourteenth century. As to wine, it was so common in ancient times as to have a tutelary god appropriated to it: Bacchus and his companion Silenus are as household words in the mouths of all, and constituted most important features of the heathen mythology. We have all heard of the Falernian and Campanian wines, and of the wines of Cyprus and Shiraz. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the ancients were in no respect inferior to the moderns in the excellence of their vinous liquors, whatever they may have been in the variety. Wine was so common in the eastern nations, that Mahomet, foreseeing the baleful effects of its propagation, forbade it to his followers, who, to compensate themselves, had recourse to opium. The Gothic or dark ages seem to have been those in which it was least common: in proof of this it may be mentioned, that in 1298 it was vended as a cordial by the English apothecaries. At the present day it is little drunk, except by the upper classes, in those countries which do not naturally furnish the grape. In those that do, it is so cheap as to come within the reach of even the lowest.†

In speaking of drunkenness, it is impossible not to be struck with the physical and moral degradation which it has spread over the world. Wherever intoxicating liquors become general, morality has been found on the decline. They seem to act like the simoom of the desert, and scatter destruction and misery around their path. The ruin of Rome was owing to luxury, of which indulgence in wine was the principal ingredient.

* Good's Study of Medicine, vol. i. p. 118, 2d edit.

† The quantity of wine raised in France alone is almost incredible. The vineyards in that country are said to occupy five millions of acres, or a twenty-sixth part of the whole territory. Paris alone consumes more than three times the quantity of wine consumed in the British Isles. It is true that much of the wine drunk in the French capital is of a weak quality, being used as a substitute for small beer. But after every allowance is made, enough remains to show clearly, if other proofs were wanting, how much use of wine here is restricted by our exorbitant duties. It would be well for the morals of this country if the people abandoned the use of ardent spirits, and were enabled to resort to such wines as the French are in the habit of drinking.

Hannibal's army fell less by the arms of Scipio than by the wines of Capua; and the inebriated hero of Macedon after slaying his friend Clytus, and burning the palace of Persepolis, expired at last of a fit of intoxication, in his thirty-third year. A volume might be written in illustration of the evil effects of dissipation; but this is unnecessary to those who look carefully around them, and more especially to those who are conversant with the history of mankind. At the same time, when we speak of drunkenness as occurring in antiquity, it is proper to remark, that there were certain countries in which it was viewed in a much more dishonourable light than by any modern nation. The Nervii refused to drink wine, alleging that it made them cowardly and effeminate: these simple people had no idea of what by our seamen is called *Dutch courage*; they did not feel the necessity of elevating their native valour by an artificial excitement. The ancient Spartans held ebriety in such abhorrence, that, with a view to inspire the rising generation with a due contempt of the vice, it was customary to intoxicate the slaves and exhibit them publicly in this degraded condition. By the Indians, drunkenness is looked upon as a species of insanity; and, in their language, the word *ramgam*, signifying a drunkard, signifies also a madman. Both the ancients and moderns could jest as well as moralize upon this subject. 'There hangs a bottle of wine,' was the derisive exclamation of the Roman soldiery, as they pointed to the body of the drunken Bonosus, who, in a fit of despair, suspended himself upon a tree. 'If you wish to have a shoe of durable materials,' exclaims the facetious Matthew Langsberg, 'you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker—for that never lets in water.'

If we turn from antiquity to our own times, we shall find little cause to congratulate ourselves upon any improvement. The vice has certainly diminished among the higher orders of society, but there is every reason to fear that, of late, it has made fearful strides among the lower. Thirty or forty years ago, a landlord did not conceive he had done justice to his guests unless he sent them from his table in a state of intoxication. This practice still prevails pretty generally in Ireland and in the highlands of Scotland, but in other parts of the kingdom it is fast giving way: and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when greater temperance will extend to these jovial districts, and render their hospitality a little more consonant with prudence and moderation. The increase of drunkenness among the lower classes may be imputed to various causes, and chiefly to the late abandonment of part of the duty on rum and whiskey. This was done with a double motive of benefiting agriculture and commerce, and of driving the 'giant smuggler' from the field. The latter object it has in a great measure failed of effecting. The smuggler still plies his trade to a considerable extent, and brings his commodity to the market with nearly the same certainty of acquiring profit as ever. It would be well if the liquor vended to the poor possessed the qualities of that furnished by the contraband dealer; but, instead of that, it is usually a vile compound of every thing spurious and pestilent, and seems expressly contrived for preying upon the vitals of the unfortunate victims who partake of it. The extent to which adulteration has been carried in all kinds of liquor, is indeed such as to interest every class of society. Wine, for instance, is often impregnated with alum and sugar of lead, the latter dangerous ingredient being resorted to by innkeepers and others, to take away the sour taste so common in bad wines. Even the colour of these liquids is frequently artificial; and the deep rich complexion so greatly admired by persons not in the secrets of the trade, is often caused, or at least heightened, by factitious additions, such as elder-berries, bilberries, red-woods, &c. Alum and sugar of lead are also common in spirituous liquors;

in any cases, oil of vitriol, turpentine, and other materials equally abominable, are to be found in combination with them. That detestable liquor called British gin, is literally compounded of these ingredients: nor are malt liquors, with their multifarious narcotic additions, less thoroughly sophisticated or less detrimental to the health. From these circumstances, two conclusions must naturally be drawn; viz. that inebriating agents often contain elements of disease foreign to themselves; and that all persons purchasing them should endeavour to ascertain the state of their purity, and employ no dealer whose honour and honesty are not known to be unimpeachable. Liquors, even in their purest state, are too often injurious to the constitution without the admixture of poisons.*

The varieties of wine are so numerous as almost to defy calculation. Mr Brande, in his table, gives a list of no less than forty-four different kinds, and there are others which he has not enumerated. Ardent spirits are fewer in number, and may be mostly comprised under the names of rum, gin, brandy, and whiskey. The first is the prevailing drink over the West Indies, North America, and such cities of Great Britain as are intimately connected with these regions by commerce. The second is extensively used in Holland and Switzerland, the countries which principally furnish it, and has found its way pretty generally over the whole of Europe. The third is chiefly produced in Charente and Languedoc, and is the spirit most commonly found in the south. The fourth is confined in a great measure to Ireland and Scotland, in which latter country the best has always been made. Of malt liquors we have many varieties. Britain, especially England, is the country which furnishes them in greatest perfection. They are the natural drinks of Englishmen—the *vinum Anglicorum*, as foreigners have often remarked. Every town of any consequence in the empire has its brewery; and in almost every one is there some difference in the quality of the liquor. Brown stout, London and Scotch porters, Burton, Dorchester, Edinburgh and Alloa ales, are only a few of the endless varieties of these widely-circulated fluids.

Besides wines, ardent spirits, and malt liquors, there are many other agents possessing inebriating properties. Among others, the *Peganum Harmala* or Syrian rue, so often used by the sultan Solymán; the *Hibiscus Saldarissa*, which furnishes the Indian bangle, and from which the *Nepenthes* of the ancients is supposed to have been made; the *Balsac*, or Turkish bangle, found on the shores of the Levant; the *Penang*, or Indian betle; the *Hyoscyamus Niger*; and the *Atropa Belladonna*. In addition to these, and many more, there are opium, tobacco, *Cocculus Indicus*, and the innumerable tribes of liqueurs and ethers, together with other agents of a less potent nature, such as clary, dandel, and saffron. The variety of agents capable of exciting drunkenness is indeed surprising, and in proportion to their number seems the prevalence of that fatal vice to which an improper use of them gives rise.

CHAPTER II.

CAUSES OF DRUNKENNESS.

The causes of drunkenness are so obvious, that few authors have thought it necessary to point them out: we shall merely say a few words upon the subject. There are some persons who will never be drunkards, and others who will be so in spite of all that can be done to prevent them. Some are drunkards by choice, and others by necessity. The former have an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament,

* See Accum's Treatise on the Adulteration of Food; Child on Brewing Porter; and Shannon on Brewing and Distillation.

of coarse unintellectual minds, and of low and usual propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre, and a flow of animal spirits which other people are without. They delight in the roar and not in drinking clubs; and with them, in particular, all the miseries of life may be referred to the bottle.

The drunkard by necessity was never meant by nature to be dissipated. He is perhaps a person of amiable disposition, whom misfortune has overtaken, and who, instead of bearing up manfully against it, endeavours to drown his sorrows in liquor. It is an excess of sensibility, a partial mental weakness, an absolute misery of the heart, which drives him on. Drunkenness, with him, is a consequence of misfortune; it is a solitary dissipation preying upon him in silence. Such a man frequently dies broken-hearted, even before his excesses have had time to destroy him by their own unassisted agency.

Some become drunkards from excess of indulgence in youth. There are parents who have a common custom of treating their children to wine, punch, and other intoxicating liquors. This, in reality, is regularly bringing them up in an apprenticeship to drunkenness. Others are taught the vice by frequenting drinking clubs and masonic lodges. These are the genuine academies of tipping. Two-thirds of the drunkards we meet with, have been there initiated in that love of intemperance and boisterous irregularity which distinguishes their future lives. Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards and, in truth, most of them are so, more or less, especially if they have naturally much joviality or warmth of temperament. A fine voice to such men is a fatal accomplishment.

Ebriety prevails to an alarming degree among the lower orders of society. It exists more in towns than in the country, and more among mechanics than husbandmen. Most of the misery to be observed among the working classes spring from this source. No persons are more addicted to the habit, and all its attendant vices than the pampered servants of the great. Innkeepers, musicians, actors, and men who lead a rambling and eccentric life, are exposed to a similar hazard. Husbands sometimes teach their wives to be drunkards by indulging them in toddy and such fluids, every time they themselves sit down to their libations.

Women frequently acquire the vice by drinking porter and ale while nursing. These stimulants are usually recommended to them from well-meant but mistaken motives, by their female attendants. Many fine young women are ruined by this pernicious practice. Their persons become gross, their milk unhealthy, and a foundation is too often laid for future indulgence in liquor.

The frequent use of cordials, such as noyau, shrub, kirsch-wasser, curacao, and anisette, sometimes leads to the practice. The active principle of these liqueurs is neither more nor less than ardent spirits.*

Among other causes, may be mentioned the excessive use of spiritous tinctures for the cure of hypochondria and indigestion. Persons who use strong tea, especially green, run the same risk. The latter species is singularly hurtful to the constitution, producing hysteria, heartburn, and general debility of the chylipoetic viscera. Some of these bad effects are relieved for a time by the use of spirits; and what was at first employed as a medicine, soon becomes an essential requisite.

Certain occupations have a tendency to induce drunkenness. Innkeepers, recruiting-sergeants, pugilists, &c., are all exposed in a great degree to temptation in this respect; and intemperance is a vice which may be very often justly charged against them. Commercial travellers, also, taken as a body, are open to the accusation of indulging too freely in the bottle, al-

* Liqueurs often contain narcotic principles; therefore their use is doubly improper.

though I am not aware that they carry it to such excess as to entitle many of them to be ranked as drunkards. 'Well fed, riding from town to town, and walking to the houses of the several tradesmen, they have an employment not only more agreeable, but more conducive to health than almost any other dependant on traffic. But they destroy their constitutions by intemperance; not generally by drunkenness, but by taking more liquor than nature requires. Dining at the traveller's table, each drinks his pint or bottle of wine; he then takes negus or spirit with several of his customers; and at night he must have a glass or two of brandy and water. Few commercial travellers bear the employ for thirty years—the majority not twenty.'*

Some waiters allege that unmarried women, especially if somewhat advanced in life, are more given to liquor than those who are married. This point I am unable from my own observation to decide. Women who indulge in this way, are *solitary* dram-drinkers, and so would men be, had not the arbitrary opinions of the world invested the practice in them with much less moral turpitude than in the opposite sex. Of the two sexes, there can be no doubt that men are much the more addicted to all sorts of intemperance.

Drunkenness appears to be in some measure hereditary. We frequently see it descending from parents to their children. This may undoubtedly often arise from bad example and imitation, but there can be little question that, in many instances at least, it exists as a family predisposition.

Men of genius are often unfortunately addicted to drinking. Nature, as she has gifted them with greater powers than their fellows, seem also to have mingled with their cup of life more bitterness. There is a melancholy which is apt to come like a cloud over the imaginations of such characters. Their minds possess a susceptibility and delicacy of structure which unfit them for the gross atmosphere of human nature; wherefore, high talent has ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom. Genius lives in a world of its own: it is the essence of a superior nature—the loftier imaginings of the mind, clothed with a more spiritual and refined verdure. Few men endowed with such faculties enjoy the ordinary happiness of humanity. The stream of their lives runs harsh and broken. Melancholy thoughts sweep perpetually across their soul; and if these be heightened by misfortune, they are plunged into the deepest misery.

To relieve these feelings, many plans have been adopted. Dr Johnson fled for years to wine under his habitual gloom. He found that the pangs were removed while its immediate influence lasted, but he also found that they returned with double force when that influence passed away. He saw the dangerous precipice on which he stood, and, by an unusual effort of volition, gave it over. In its stead he substituted tea; and to this milder stimulus had recourse in his melancholy. Voltaire and Fontenelle, for the same purpose, used coffee. The excitements of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco, while Demosthenes and Haller were sufficiently stimulated by drinking freely of cold water. Such are the differences of constitution.

'As good be melancholy still, as drunken beasts and beggars.' So says old Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and there are few who will not subscribe to his creed. The same author quaintly, but justly remarks, 'If a drunken man gets a child, it will never, likely, have a good brain.' Dr Darwin, a great authority on all subjects connected with life, says, that he never knew a glutton affected with the gout, who was not at the same time addicted to liquor. He also observes, 'it is remarkable that all the diseases from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to

* Thackeray on the Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades and Professions, p. 66.

become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct.'*

We need not endeavour to trace farther the remote causes of drunkenness. A drunkard is rarely able to recall the particular circumstances which made him so. The vice creeps upon him insensibly, and he is involved in its fetters before he is aware. It is enough that we know the proximate cause, and also the certain consequences. One thing is certain, that a man who addicts himself to intemperance, can never be said to be sound in mind or body. The former is a state of partial insanity, while the effects of the liquor remain; and the latter is always more or less diseased in its actions.

CHAPTER III.

PHENOMENA OF DRUNKENNESS.

The consequences of drunkenness are dreadful, but the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly ecstatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind: and Elysium, with all its glories, descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker.

Some authors have spoken of the pleasure of being completely drunk; this, however, is not the most exquisite period. The time is when a person is neither 'drunken nor sober, but neighbor to both,' as Bishop Andrews says in his 'Ex-altation of Ale.' The moment is when the ethereal emanations begin to float around the brain—when the soul is commencing to expand its wings and rise from earth—when the tongue feels itself somewhat loosened in the mouth, and breaks the previous taciturnity, if any such existed.

What are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with a placid satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems, to himself, to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the finest mist, passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance and appear double. A gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded, and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born, as it were, within him.

Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world. He thinks no more of misery; it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This is the acme of the fit—the ecstasy is now perfect. As yet the sensorium is in tolerable order; it is only shaken, but the capability of thinking with accuracy still remains. About this time, the drunkard pours out all the secrets of his soul. His qualities, good or bad, come forth without reserve; and now, if at any time, the human heart may be seen into. In a short period, he is seized with a most inordinate propensity to talk nonsense, though he is perfectly conscious of doing so. He also commits many foolish things, knowing them to be foolish. The power of volition, that faculty which keeps the will subordinate to the judgment, seems gradually weakened. The most delightful time seems to be that immediately before becoming very talkative. When this takes place, a man turns ridiculous, and his mirth, though more boisterous, is not so exquisite. At first the intoxication partakes of sentiment, but latterly, it becomes mere animal.

After this the scene thickens. The drunkard's imagination gets disordered with the most grotesque con-

* Botanic Garden.

ceptions. Instead of moderating his drink, he pours it down more rapidly than ever; glass follows glass with reckless energy. His head becomes perfectly giddy. The candles burn blue, or green, or yellow; and where there are perhaps only three on the table, he sees a dozen. According to his temperament, he is amorous, or musical, or quarrelsome. Many possess a most extraordinary wit; and a great flow of spirits is a general attendant. In the latter stages, the speech is thick, and the use of the tongue in a great measure lost. His mouth is half open, and idiotic in the expression; while his eyes are glazed, wavering, and watery. He is apt to fancy that he has offended some one of the company, and is ridiculously profuse with his apologies. Frequently he mistakes one person for another, and imagines that some of those before him are individuals who are, in reality, absent or even dead. The muscular powers are, all along, much affected: this indeed happens before any great change takes place in the mind, and goes on progressively increasing. He can no longer walk with steadiness, but totters from side to side. The limbs become powerless, and inadequate to sustain his weight. He is, however, not always sensible of any deficiency in this respect: and while exciting mirth by his eccentric motions, imagines that he walks with the most perfect steadiness. In attempting to run, he conceives that he passes over the ground with astonishing rapidity. To his distorted eyes, all men, and even inanimate nature itself, seem to be drunken, while he alone is sober. Houses reel from side to side as if they had lost their balance: trees and steeples nod like tipsy Bacchanals; and the very earth seems to slip from under his feet, and leave him walking and floundering upon the air. The last stage of drunkenness is total insensibility. The man tumbles perhaps beneath the table, and is carried away in a state of stupor to his couch. In this condition he is said to be *dead drunk*.

When the drunkard is put to bed, let us suppose that his faculties are not totally absorbed in apoplectic stupor; let us suppose that he still possesses consciousness and feeling, though these are both disordered: then begins 'the tug of war': then comes the misery which is doomed to succeed his previous raptures. No sooner is his head laid upon the pillow, than it is seized with the strongest throbbing. His heart beats quick and hard against the ribs. A noise like the distant fall of a cascade, or rushing of a river, is heard in his ears: *sough—sough—sough*, goes the sound. His senses now become more drowned and stupified. A dim recollection of his carousals, like a shadowy and indistinct dream, passes before the mind. He still hears, as in echo, the cries and laughter of his companions. Wild fantastic fancies accumulate thickly around the brain. His giddiness is greater than ever; and he feels as if in a ship tossed upon a heaving sea. At last he drops insensibly into a profound slumber.

In the morning he awakes in a high fever. The whole body is parched; the palms of the hands in particular, are like leather. His head is often violently painful. He feels excessive thirst; while his tongue is white, dry, and stiff. The whole inside of the mouth is likewise hot and constricted, and the throat often sore. Then look at his eyes—how sickly, dull, and languid! The fire, which first lighted them up the evening before, is all gone. A stupor like that of the last stage of drunkenness still clings about them, and they are disagreeably affected by the light. The complexion sustains as great a change: it is no longer flushed with the gayety and excitement, but pale and wayworn, indicating a profound mental and bodily exhaustion. There is probably sickness, and the appetite is totally gone. Even yet the delirium of intoxication has not left him, for his head still rings, his heart still throbs violently; and if he attempt getting up, he stumbles with giddiness. The mind also is sadly depressed, and

the proceedings of the previous night are painfully remembered. He is sorry for his conduct, promises solemnly never again to commit himself, and calls impatiently for something to quench his thirst. Such are the usual phenomena of a fit of drunkenness.

In the beginning of intoxication we are inclined to sleep, especially if we indulge alone. In company, the noise and opportunity of conversing prevent this; and when a certain quantity has been drunk, the drowsy tendency wears away. A person who wishes to stand out well, should never talk much. This increases the effects of the liquor, and hurries on intoxication. Hence, every experienced drunkard holds it to be a piece of prudence to keep his tongue under restraint.

The giddiness of intoxication is always greater in darkness than in the light. I know of no rational way by which this can be explained; but, certain it is, the drunkard never so well knows his true condition as when alone and in darkness. Possibly the noise and light distracted the mind, and made the bodily sensations be, for the time, in some measure unfelt.

There are some persons who get sick from drinking even a small quantity; and this sickness is, upon the whole, a favourable circumstance, as it proves an effectual curb upon them, however much they may be disposed to intemperance. In such cases, it will generally be found that the sickness takes place as soon as vertigo makes its appearance: it seems, in reality, to be produced by this sensation. This, however, is a rare circumstance, for though vertigo from ordinary causes has a strong tendency to produce sickness, that arising from drunkenness has seldom this effect. The nausea and sickness sometimes occurring in intoxication, proceed almost always from the surcharged and disordered state of the stomach, and very seldom from the accompanying giddiness.

Intoxication, before it proceeds too far, has a powerful tendency to increase the appetite. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, that inebriating liquors, by stimulating the stomach, have this power. We often see gluttony and drunkenness combined together at the same time. This continues till the last stage, when, from overloading and excess of irritation, the stomach expels its contents by vomiting.

All along, the action of the kidneys is much increased, especially at the commencement of intoxication. When a large quantity of intoxicating fluid has been suddenly taken into the stomach, the usual preliminary symptoms of drunkenness do not appear. An instantaneous stupefaction ensues; and the person is at once knocked down. This cannot be imputed to distention of the cerebral vessels, but to a sudden operation on the nervous branches of the stomach. The brain is thrown into a state of collapse, and many of its functions suspended. In such cases the face is not at first tumid and ruddy, but pale and contracted. The pulse is likewise feeble, and the body cold and powerless. When re-action takes place, these symptoms wear off, and those of sanguineous apoplexy succeed; such as turgid countenance, full but slow pulse, and strong stertorous breathing. The vessels of the brain have now become filled, and there is a strong determination to that organ.

Persons of tender or compassionate minds are particularly subject, during intoxication, to be affected to tears at the sight of any distressing object, or even on hearing an affecting tale. Drunkenness in such characters, may be said to melt the heart, and open up the fountains of sorrow. Their sympathy is often ridiculous, and aroused by the most trifling causes. Those who have a living imagination, combined with this tenderness of heart, sometimes conceive fictitious causes of distress, and weep bitterly at the woe of their own creating.

There are some persons in whom drunkenness calls forth a spirit of piety, or rather of religious rhapsody,

which is both ludicrous and disgusting. They become sentimental over their cups; and, while in a state of debasement most offensive to God and man, they will weep at the wickedness of the human heart, entreat you to eschew swearing and profane company, and have a greater regard for the welfare of your immortal soul. These sanctimonious drunkards seem to consider ebriety as the most venial of offences.

During a paroxysm of drunkenness, the body is much less sensible to external stimuli than at other times: it is particularly capable of resisting cold. Seamen, when absent on shore, are prone to get intoxicated; and they will frequently lie for hours on the highway, even in the depth of winter, without any bad consequences. A drunk man seldom shivers from cold. His frame seems steeled against it, and he holds out with an apathy which is astonishing. The body is, in like manner, insensible to injuries, such as cuts, bruises, &c. He frequently receives, in fighting, the most severe blows, without seemingly feeling them, and without, in fact, being aware of the matter, till sobered. Persons in intoxication have been known to chop off their fingers, and otherwise disfigure themselves, laughing all the while at the action. But when the paroxysm is off, and the frame weakened, things are changed. External agents are then withstood with little vigour, with even less than in the natural state of the body. The person shivers on the slightest chill, and is more than usually subject to fevers and all sorts of contagion.

External stimuli frequently break the fit. Men have been instantly sobered by having a bucket of cold water thrown upon them, or by falling into a stream. Strong emotions of the mind produce the same effect, such as the sense of danger, or a piece of good or bad news, suddenly communicated.

There are particular situations and circumstances in which a man can stand liquor better than in others. In the close atmosphere of a large town, he is soon overpowered; and it is here that the genuine drunkard is to be met with in the greatest perfection. In the country, especially in a mountainous district, or on the seashore, where the air is cold and piercing, a great quantity may be taken with impunity. The highlanders drink largely of ardent spirits, and they are often intoxicated, yet, among them, there are comparatively few who can be called habitual drunkards. A keen air seems to deaden its effects, and it soon evaporates from their constitutions. Sailors and soldiers who are hard wrought, also consume enormous quantities without injury; porters and all sorts of labourers do the same. With these men exercise is a corrective; but in towns, where no counteracting agency is employed, it acts with irresistible power upon the frame, and soon proves destructive.

A great quantity of liquors may also be taken without inebriating, in certain diseases, such as spasm, tetanus, gangrene, and retrocedent gout.

Certain circumstances of constitution make one person naturally more apt to get intoxicated than another. 'Mr Pitt,' says a modern writer, 'would retire in the midst of a warm debate, and enliven his faculties with a couple of bottles of Port. Pitt's constitution enabled him to do this with impunity. He was afflicted with what is called a coldness of stomach; and the quantity of wine that would have closed the oratory of so professed a Bacchanalian as Sheridan, scarcely excited the son of Chatham.'

All kinds of intoxicating agents act much more rapidly and powerfully upon an empty than a full stomach. In like manner, when the stomach is disordered, and subject to weakness, heartburn, or disease of any kind, ebriety is more rapidly produced than when this organ is sound and healthy.

The stomach may get accustomed to a strong stimu-

• *Relief* *Memorandum* of the right Hon. George Canning.

lus, and resist it powerfully, while it yields to one much weaker. I have known people who could drink eight or ten glasses of raw spirits at a sitting without feeling them much, become perfectly intoxicated by half the quantity made into toddy. In like manner, he who is in the constant habit of using one spirit,—rum, for instance,—cannot, for the most part, indulge to an equal extent in another, without experiencing more severe effects than if he had partaken of his usual beverage. This happens even when the strength of the two liquors is the same.

The mind exercises a considerable effect upon drunkenness, and may often control it powerfully. When in the company of a superior whom we respect, or of a female in whose presence it would be indelicate to get intoxicated, a much greater portion of liquor may be withstood than in societies where no such restraints operate.

Drunkenness has sometimes a curious effect upon the memory. Actions committed during intoxication may be forgotten on a recovery from this state, and remembered distinctly when the person becomes again intoxicated. Drunkenness has thus an analogy to dreaming, in which state circumstances are occasionally brought to mind which had entirely been forgotten. The same thing may also occur in fevers, wherein even languages with which we were familiar in childhood or youth, but had forgotten, are renewed upon the memory and pass away from it again when the disease which recalled them is removed.

With most people intoxication is a gradual process, and increases progressively as they pour down the liquor; but there are some individuals in whom it takes place suddenly, and without any previous indication of its approach. It is not uncommon to see such persons sit for hours at the bottle without experiencing any thing beyond a moderate elevation of spirits, yet assume all at once the outrage and boisterous irregularity of the most decided drunkenness.

Some drunkards retain their senses after the physical powers are quite exhausted. Others, even when the mind is wrought to a pitch leading to the most absurd actions, preserve a degree of cunning and observation which enables them to elude the tricks which their companions are preparing to play upon them. In such cases, they display great address, and take the first opportunity of retaliating; or, if such does not occur, of slipping out of the room unobserved and getting away. Some, while the whole mind seems locked up in the stupor of forgetfulness, hear all that is going on. No one should ever presume on the intoxicated state of another to talk of him detractingly in his presence. While apparently deprived of all sensation, he may be an attentive listener; and whatever is said, though unheard at the moment, is not forgotten afterwards, but treasured carefully up in the memory. Much discord and ill-will frequently arise from such imprudence.

There are persons who are exceedingly profuse, and fond of giving away their money, watches, rings, &c., to the company. This peculiarity will never, I believe be found in a miser: avarice is a passion strong under every circumstance. Drinking does not loosen the grasp of the covetous man, or open his heart: he is for ever the same.

The generality of people are apt to talk of their private affairs when intoxicated. They then reveal the most deeply-hidden secrets to their companions. Others have their minds so happily constituted that nothing escapes them. They are, even in their most unguarded moments, secret and close as the grave.

The natural disposition may be better discovered in drunkenness than at any other time. In modern society, life is all a disguise. Almost every man walks in masquerade, and his most intimate friend very often does not know his real character. Many wear smiles constantly upon their cheeks, whose hearts are un-

cipléd and treacherous. Many with violent tempers have all the external calm and softness of charity itself. Some speak always with sympathy, who, at soul, are full of gall and bitterness. Intoxication tears off the veil, and sets each in his true light, whatever they may be. The combative man will quarrel, the amorous will love, the detractor will abuse his neighbour. I have known exceptions, but they are few in number. At one time they seemed more numerous, but closer observation convinced me that most of those whom I thought drunkenness had libelled, inherited at bottom the genuine dispositions which it brought forth. The exceptions, however, which now and then occur, are sufficiently striking, and point out the injustice of always judging of a man's real disposition from his drunken moments. To use the words of Addison, 'Not only does this vice betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in his sober moments.' The well known maxim '*in vino veritas*,' therefore, though very generally true, is to be received with some restrictions, although, these I am satisfied, are by no means so numerous, as many authors would have us to believe.

CHAPTER IV

DRUNKENNESS MODIFIED BY TEMPERAMENT.

Under the last head I have described the usual phenomena of intoxication; but it is necessary to remark that these are apt to be modified by the physical and moral frame of the drinker. Great diversity of opinion exists with regard to the doctrine of the temperaments; some authors affirming, and others denying their existence. Into this controversy it is needless to enter. All I contend for is, that the bodily and mental constitution of every man is not alike, and that on these peculiarities depend certain differences during a paroxysm of drunkenness.

1. *Sanguineous Drunkard*.—The sanguine temperament seems to feel most intensely the excitement of the bottle. Persons of this stamp have usually a ruddy complexion, thick neck, small head, and strong muscular fibre. Their intellect is in general *mediocre*, for great bodily strength and corresponding mental powers are rarely united together. In such people, the animal propensities prevail over the moral and intellectual ones. They are prone to combativeness and sensuality, and are either very good-natured or extremely quarrelsome. All their passions are keen: like the Irish women, they will fight for their friends or with them as occasion requires. They are talkative from the beginning, and, during confirmed intoxication, perfectly obstreperous. It is men of this class who are the heroes of all drunken companies, the patron of masonic lodges, the presidents and getters-up of jovial meetings. With them, eating and drinking are the grand ends of human life. Look at their eyes, how they sparkle at the sight of wine, and how their lips smack and their teeth water in the neighbourhood of a good dinner: they would scent out a banquet in Siberia. When intoxicated, their passions are highly excited: the energies of a hundred minds then seem concentrated into one focus. Their mirth, their anger, their love, their folly, are all equally intense and unquenchable. Such men cannot conceal their feelings. In drunkenness, the veil is removed from them, and their characters stand revealed, as in a glass to the eye of the beholder. The Roderick Random of Smollett had much of this temperament, blended, however, with more intellect than usually belongs to it.

II. *Melancholy Drunkard*.—Melancholy, in drunkards, sometimes arises from temperament, but more frequently from habitual intoxication or misfortune. Some men are melancholy by nature, but become highly mirthful when they have drunk a considerable quantity. Men of this tone of mind seem to enjoy the bottle more exquisitely than even the sanguineous class. The joyousness which it excites breaks in upon their gloom like sunshine upon darkness. Above all, the sensations, of the moment when mirth begins with its magic to charm away care, are inexpressible. Pleasure falls in showers of fragrance upon their souls; they are at peace with themselves and all mankind, and enjoy, as it were, a foretaste of paradise. Robert Burns was an example of this variety. His melancholy was constitutional, but heightened by misfortune. The bottle commonly dispelled it, and gave rise to the most delightful images; sometimes, however, it only aggravated the gloom.

III. *Sultry Drunkard*.—Some men are not excited to mirth by intoxication: on the contrary, it renders them gloomy and discontented. Even those who in the sober state are sufficiently gay, become, occasionally thus altered. A great propensity to take offence is a characteristic among persons of this temperament. They are suspicious, and very often mischievous. If at some former period they have had a difference with any of the company, they are sure to revive it, although, probably, it has been long ago cemented on both sides, and even forgotten by the other party. People of this description are very unpleasant companions. They are in general so foul-tongued, quarrelsome, and indecent in conversation, that established clubs of drinkers have made it a practice to exclude them from their society.

IV. *Phlegmatic Drunkard*.—Persons of this temperament are heavy-rolling machines, and, like the above, are not roused to mirth by liquor. Their vital actions are dull and spiritless—the blood in their veins as sluggish as the river Jordan, and their energies stagnant as the Dead Sea. They are altogether a negative sort of beings, with passions too inert to lead them to any thing very good or very bad. They are a species of animated clods, but not thoroughly animated—for the vital fire of feeling has got cooled in penetrating their frozen frames. A new Prometheus would require to breathe into their nostrils, to give them the ordinary glow and warmth of humanity. Look at a phlegmatic man—how dead, passionless and uninspired is the expression of his clammy lips and vacant eye! Speak to him—how cold, slow, and tame is his conversation! the words come forth as if they were drawn from his mouth with a pair of pincers: and the ideas are as frozen as if concocted in the bowels of Lapland. Liquor produces no effect upon his mental powers; or, if it does, it is a smothering one. The whole energies of the drink fall on his almost impassive frame. From the first, his drunkenness is stupifying; he is seized with a kind of lethargy, the white of his eyes turns up, he breathes loud and harshly, and sinks into an apoplectic stupor. Yet all this is perfectly harmless, and wears away without leaving any mark behind it.

Such persons are very apt to be played upon by their companions. There are few men who, in their younger days who have not assisted in shaving the heads and painting the faces of these lethargic drunkards.

V. *Nervous Drunkard*.—This is a very harmless and very tiresome personage. Generally of a weak mind and irritable constitution, he does not become boisterous with mirth, and rarely shows the least glimmering of wit or mental energy. He is talkative and fond of long winded stories, which he tells in a drivelling, silly manner. Never warmed into enthusiasm by liquor he keeps chatting at some ridiculous tale, very much in the way of a garrulous old man in his dotage.*

* The old gentleman who is represented as speaking, in Bun-

VI. *Choleric Drunkard*.—There are a variety of drunkards whom I can only class under the above title. They seem to possess few of the qualities of the other races, and are chiefly distinguished by an uncommon testiness of disposition. They are quick, irritable, and impatient, but withal good at heart, and, when in humour, very pleasant and generous. They are easily put out of temper, but it returns almost immediately. This disposition is very prevalent among Welshmen and Highland lairds. Mountaineers are usually quick tempered; but such men are not the worst or most unpleasant. Sterne is undoubtedly right when he says that more virtue is to be found in warm than cold dispositions. Commodore Truncheon is a marked example of this temperament; and Captain Fluellen, who compelled the *heroic* Pistol to eat the leek, is another.

VII. *Periodical Drunkard*.—There are persons whose temperaments are so peculiarly constituted, that they indulge to excess *periodically*, and are, in the intervals of these indulgences, remarkably sober. This is not a very common case, but I have known more than one instance of it; and a gentleman, distinguished by the power of his eloquence in the senate and at the bar, is said to furnish another. In the cases which I have known, the drunken mania, for it can get no other name, came on three or four times a year. The persons from a state of complete sobriety, felt the most intense desire for drink; and no power, short of absolute force or confinement, could restrain them from the indulgence. In every case they seemed to be quite aware of the uncontrollable nature of their passion, and proceeded systematically by confining themselves to their room, and procuring a large quantity of ardent spirits. As soon as this was done, they commenced and drank to excess till vomiting ensued, and the stomach absolutely refused to receive another drop of liquor. This state may last a few days or a few weeks according to constitutional strength, or the rapidity with which the libations are poured down. During the continuance of the attack, the individual exhibits such a state of mind as may be looked for from his peculiar temperament; he may be sanguineous, or melancholy, or surly, or phlegmatic, or nervous, or choleric. So soon as the stomach rejects every thing that is swallowed, and severe sickness comes on, the fit ceases. From that moment recovery takes place, and the former fondness for liquor is succeeded by aversion or disgust. This gains such ascendancy over him, that he abstains religiously from it for weeks, or months, or even for a year, as the case may be. During this interval he leads a life of the most exemplary temperance, drinking nothing but cold water, and probably shunning every society where he is likely to be exposed to indulgence. So soon as this period of sobriety has expired, the fit again comes on; and he continues playing the same game for perhaps the better part of a long life. This class of persons I would call *periodical drunkards*.

These different varieties are sometimes found strongly marked; at other times so blended together that it is not easy to say which predominates. The most agreeable drunkard is he whose temperament lies between the sanguineous and the melancholic. The genuine sanguineous is a sad noisy dog, and so common that every person must have met with him. The naval service furnishes a great many gentlemen of this description. The phlegmatic, I think, is rarer, but both the nervous and the surly are not unusual.

CHAPTER V.

DRUNKENNESS MODIFIED BY THE INEBRIATING AGENT.

Intoxication is not only influenced by temperament, but by the nature of the agent which produces it. Thus, ebriety from ardent spirits differs in some particulars from that brought on by opium or malt liquors, such as porter and ale.

I. *Modified by Ardent Spirits*.—Alcohol is the principle of intoxication in all liquors. It is this which gives to wine,* ale, and spirits, their characteristic properties. In the natural state, however, it is so pungent, that it could not be received into the stomach, even in a moderate quantity, without producing death. It can, therefore, only be used in dilution; and in this state we have it, from the strongest ardent spirits, to simple small beer. The first (ardent spirits) being the most concentrated of its combinations, act most rapidly upon the constitution. They are more inflammatory, and intoxicate sooner than any of the others. Swallowed in an overdose, they act almost instantaneously—extinguishing the senses and overcoming the whole body with a sudden stupor. When spirits are swallowed raw, as in the form of a dram, they excite a glow of heat in the throat and stomach, succeeded, in those who are not much accustomed to their use, by a flushing of the countenance, and a copious discharge of tears. They are strongly diuretic.

Persons who indulge too much in spirits rarely get corpulent, unless their indulgence be coupled with good living. Their bodies become emaciated; they get spindle-shanked; their eyes are glazed and hollow; their cheeks fall in; and a premature old age overtakes them. They do not eat so well as their brother drunkards. An insatiable desire for a morning dram makes them early risers, and their breakfast amounts to almost nothing.

The principal varieties of spirits, as already mentioned, are rum, brandy, whiskey, and gin. It is needless to enter into any detail of the history of these fluids. Brandy kills soonest; it takes most rapidly to the head, and more readily than the others, tinges the face to a crimson or livid hue. Rum is probably the next in point of fatality; and, after that, whiskey and gin. The superior diuretic qualities of the two latter, and the less luscious sources from whence they are procured, may possibly account for such differences. I am at the same time aware that some persons entertain a different idea of the relative danger of these liquors: some, for instance, conceive that gin is more rapidly fatal than any of them; but it is to be remembered, that it, more than any other ardent spirit, is liable to adulteration. That, from this circumstance, more lives may be lost by its use, I do not deny. In speaking of gin, however, and comparing its effects with those of the rest of the class to which it belongs, I must be understood to speak of it in its pure condition, and not in that detestable state of sophistication in which such vast quantities of it are drunk in London and elsewhere. When pure, I have no hesitation in affirming that it is decidedly more wholesome than either brandy or rum; and that the popular belief of its greater tendency to produce dropsy, is quite unfounded.

An experiment has lately been made for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative powers of gin, brandy, and rum upon the human body, which is not less remarkable for the inconsequent conclusions deduced from it, than for the ignorance it displays in confounding dead animal matter with the living fibre. It was made as follows:—

A piece of raw liver was put into a glass of gin, another into a glass of rum, and a third into a glass of brandy. That in the gin was, in a given time, partially decomposed; that in the rum, in the same time, not diminished; and that in the brandy quite dissolved. It was concluded from these results, that rum was the most wholesome spirit of the three, and brandy the

* Alcohol appears to exist in wines, in a very peculiar state of combination. In the Appendix, I have availed myself of Dr Paris's valuable remarks on this subject.

least. The inferences deduced from these premises are not only erroneous, but glaringly absurd; the premises would even afford grounds for drawing results of the very opposite nature: it might be said, for instance, that though brandy be capable of dissolving dead animal matter, there is no evidence that it can do the same to the living stomach, and that it would in reality prove less hurtful than the others, in so far as it would, more effectually than they, dissolve the food contained in that organ. These experiments, in fact, prove nothing; and could only have been suggested by one completely ignorant of the functions of the animal economy. There is a power inherent in the vital principle which resists the laws that operate upon dead matter. This is known to every practitioner, and is the reason why the most plausible and recondite speculations of chemistry have come to naught in their trials upon the living frame. The only way to judge of the respective effects of ardent spirits, is by experience and physiological reasoning, both of which inform us that the spirit most powerfully diuretic must rank highest in the scale of safety. Now and then persons are met with on whose frames both gin and whiskey have a much more heating effect than the two other varieties of spirits. This, however, is not common, and when it does occur, can only be referred to some accountable idiosyncrasy of constitution.

II. *Modified by Wines.*—Drunkenness from wines closely resembles that from ardent spirits. It is equally airy and volatile, more especially if the light wines, such as Champagne, Claret, Chambertin, or Volnay, be drunk. On the former, a person may get tipsy several times of a night. The fixed air evolved from it produces a feeling analogous to ebriety, independent of the spirit it contains. Port, Sherry, and Madeira are heavier wines, and have a stronger tendency to excite headache and fever.

The wine-bibber has usually an ominous rotundity of face, and, not unfrequently, of corporation. His nose is well studded over with carbuncles of the claret complexion; and the red of his cheeks resembles very closely the hue of that wine. The drunkard from ardent spirits is apt to be poor, miserable, emaciated figure, broken in mind and in fortune; but the votary of the juice of the grape may usually boast the 'paunch well lined with capon,' and calls to recollection the bluff figure of Sir John Falstaff over his potatoes of sack.*

III. *Modified by Malt Liquors.*—Malt liquors under which title we include all kinds of porter and ales, produce the worst species of drunkenness; as, in addition to the intoxicating principle, some noxious ingredients are usually added, for the purpose of preserving them and giving them their bitter. The hop of these fluids is highly narcotic, and brewers often add other substances, to heighten its effect, such as hyoscyamus, opium, belladonna, cocculus Indicus, lauro-cerasus, &c. Malt liquors, therefore, act in two ways upon the body, partly by the alcohol they contain, and partly by the narcotic principle. In addition to this, the fermentation which they undergo is much less perfect than that of spirits or wine. After being swallowed, this process is carried on in the stomach, by which fixed air is copiously liberated, and the digestion of delicate stomachs materially impaired. Cider, spruce, ginger, and table beers, in consequence of their imperfect fermentation, often produce the same bad effects, long after their first briskness has vanished.

Persons addicted to malt liquors increase enormously

* There is reason to believe that the Sack of Shakespeare was Sherry.—Falstaff. 'You rogue! here's lime in this Sack too. There is nothing but rogues to be found in villanous men. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of Sack with lime in it.'—Lime, it is well known, is added to the grapes in the manufacture of Sherry. This not only gives the wine what is called its dry quality, but probably acts by neutralizing a portion of the malic or tartaric acid.

in bulk. They become loaded with fat: their eyes gets double or triple, the eye prominent, and the whole face bloated and stupid. Their circulation is clogged, while the pulse feels like a cord, and is full and laboring, but not quick. During sleep, the breathing is stertorous. Every thing indicates an excess of blood; and when a pound or two is taken away, immense relief is obtained. The blood, in such cases, is more dark and sizzly than in the others. In seven cases out of ten, malt liquor drunkards die of apoplexy or palsy; if they escape this hazard, swelled liver or dropsy carries them off. The abdomen seldom loses its prominence, but the lower extremities get ultimately emaciated. Profuse bleedings frequently ensue from the nose, and save life, by emptying the blood-vessels of the brain.

The drunkenness in question is peculiarly of British growth. The most noted examples of it are to be found in innkeepers and their wives, recruiting sergeants, guards of stage-coaches, &c. The quantity of malt liquors which such persons will consume in a day is prodigious. Seven English pints is quite a common allowance, and not unfrequently twice that quantity is taken without any perceptible effect. Many of the coal-heavers on the Thames think nothing of drinking daily two gallons of porter, especially in the summer season, when they labor under profuse perspiration. A friend has informed me that he knew an instance of one of them having consumed eighteen pints in one day, and he states that there are many such instances.

The effects of malt liquors on the body, if not so immediately rapid as those of ardent spirits, are more stupifying, more lasting, and less easily removed. The last are particularly prone to produce levity and mirth, but the first have a stunning influence on the brain, and, in a short time, render dull and sluggish the gayer disposition. They also produce sickness and vomiting more readily than either spirits or wine.

Both wine and malt liquors have a greater tendency to swell the body than ardent spirits. They form blood with greater rapidity, and are altogether more nourishing. The most dreadful effects, upon the whole, are brought on by spirits, but drunkenness from malt liquors is the most speedily fatal. The former craves down the body by degrees, the latter operate by some instantaneous apoplexy or rapid inflammation.

No one has ever given the respective characters of the malt liquor and ardent spirit drunkard with greater truth than Hogarth, in his Beer Alley and Gin Lane. The first is represented as plump, rubicund, and bladdered; the second as pale, tottering, and emaciated, and dashed over with the aspect of blank despair.

IV. *Modified by Opium.*—The drunkenness produced by opium has also some characteristics which it is necessary to mention. The drug is principally employed by the Mahometans. By their religion, these people are forbidden the use of wine,† and use opium as a substitute. And a delightful substitute it is while the first excitation continues; for images it occasions in the mind are more exquisite than any produced even by wine.

There is reason to believe that the use of this medicine has, of late years, gained ground in Great Britain. We are told by the 'English Opium-Eater,' whose powerful and interesting 'Confessions' have excited so deep an interest, that the practice exists among the work people at Manchester. Many of our fashionable ladies have recourse to it when troubled with vapours, or low spirits; some of them even carry it about with them for the purpose. This practice is most pernicious.

* It is recorded of a Welsh squire, William Lewis, who died in 1733, that he drank eight gallons of ale per diem, and weighed forty stones.—Wadd's Comments on Corruption.

† The law of Mahomet which prohibits the drinking of wine, is a law fitted to the climate of Arabia; and, indeed, before Mahomet's time, water was the common drink of the Arabs. The law which forbade the Carthaginians to drink wine, was also a law of the climate.—Montesquieu, Book, xiv. Chap. 2.

cious, and no way different from that of drunkards, who swallow wine and other liquors to drive away care. While the first effects continue, the intended purpose is sufficiently gained, but the melancholy which follows is infinitely greater than can be compensated by the previous exhilaration.

Opium acts differently on different constitutions. While it disposes some to calm, it arouses others to fury. Whatever passion predominates at the time, it increases; whether it be love, or hatred, or revenge, or benevolence. Lord Kames, in his *Sketches of Man*, speaks of the fanatical Faquires, who, when excited by this drug, have been known, with poisoned daggers, to assail and butcher every European whom they could overcome. In the century before last, one of this nation attacked a body of Dutch sailors, and murdered seventeen of them in one minute. The Malays are strongly addicted to opium. When violently aroused by it, they sometimes perform what is called *Running-a-Muck*, which consists in rushing out in a state of phrensiad excitement, heightened by fanaticism, and murdering every one who comes in their way. The Turkish commanders are well aware of the powers of this drug in inspiring an artificial courage; and frequently give it to their men when they put them on any enterprise of great danger.

Some minds are rendered melancholy by opium. Its usual effect, however, is to give rise to lively and happy sensations. The late Duchess of Gordon is said to have used it freely, previous to appearing in great parties, where she wished to shine by the gayety of her conversation and brilliancy of her wit. A celebrated pleader at the Scotch bar is reported to do the same thing, and always with a happy effect.

In this country opium is much used, but seldom with the view of producing intoxication. Some, indeed, deny that it can do so, strictly speaking. If by intoxication is meant a state precisely similar to that from over-indulgence in vinous or spirituous liquors, they are undoubtedly right; but drunkenness merits a wider latitude of signification. The ecstasies of opium are much more entrancing than those of wine. There is more poetry in its visions—more mental aggrandizement—more range of imagination. Wine, in common with it, invigorates the animal powers and propensities, but opium, in a more peculiar manner, strengthens those proper to man, and gives, for a period amounting to hours, a higher tone to the intellectual faculties. It inspires the mind with a thousand delightful images, lifts the soul from earth, and casts a halo of poetic thought and feeling over the spirits of the most unimaginative. Under its influence, the mind wears no longer that blank passionless aspect which, even in gifted natures, it is apt to assume. On the contrary, it is clothed with beauty 'as with a garment,' and colours every thought that passes through it with the hues of wonder and romance. Such are the feelings which the luxurious and opulent mussulman seeks to enjoy. To stir up the languid current of his mind, satiated with excess of pleasure and rendered sluggish by indolence, he has recourse to that remedy which his own genial climate produces in greatest perfection. Seated perhaps amid the luxuries of Oriental splendour—with fountains bubbling around, and the citron shading him with its canopy, and scattering perfume on all sides—he lets loose the reins of an imagination conversant from infancy with every thing gorgeous and magnificent. The veil which shades the world of fancy is withdrawn, and the wonders lying behind it exposed to view; he sees palaces and temples in the clouds; or the Paradise of Mahomet, with its houris and bowers of amaranth, may stand revealed to his excited senses. Every thing is steeped in poetic exaggeration. The zephyrs seem converted into aerial music, the trees bear golden fruit, the rose blushes with unaccustomed beauty and perfume. Earth, in a word, is brought nearer to the sky,

and becomes one vast Eden of pleasure. Such are the first effects of opium; but in proportion as they are great, so is the depression which succeeds them. Languor and exhaustion invariably come after; to remove which, the drug is again had recourse to, and becomes almost an essential of existence.

Opium retains at all times its power of exciting the imagination, provided sufficient doses are taken. But, when it has been continued so long as to bring disease upon the constitution, the pleasurable feelings wear away, and are succeeded by others of a very different kind. Instead of disposing the mind to be happy, it now acts upon it like the spell of a demon, and calls up phantoms of horror and disgust. The fancy is still as powerful as ever, but it is turned in another direction. Formerly it clothed all objects with the light of heaven; now it invests them with the attributes of hell. Goblins, spectres, and every kind of distempered vision haunt the mind, peopling it with dreary and revolting imagery. The sleep is no longer cheered with its former sights of happiness. Frightful dreams usurp their place, till, at last, the person becomes the victim of an almost perpetual misery.* Nor is this confined to the mind alone, for the body suffers in an equal degree. Emaciation, loss of appetite, sickness, vomiting, and a total disorganization of the digestive functions, as well as of the mental powers, are sure to ensue, and never fail to terminate in death, if the evil habit which brings them on is continued.

Opium resembles the other agents of intoxication in this, that the fondness for it increases with use, and that at last, it becomes nearly essential for bodily comfort and peace of mind. The quantity which may be taken varies exceedingly, and depends wholly upon age, constitution, and habit. A single drop of laudanum has been known to kill a new-born child; and four grains of solid opium have destroyed an adult. Certain diseases such as fevers, phrensies, &c., facilitate the action of opium upon the system; others, such as diarrhoea, cramp, &c., resist it; and a quantity which would destroy life in the former, would have little perceptible effect in the latter. By habit, enormous quantities of the drug may be taken with comparative impunity. There are many persons in this country who make a practice of swallowing half an ounce of laudanum night and morning, and some will even take from one to two drachms daily of solid opium. The Teriakis, or opium-eaters of Constantinople, will sometimes swallow a hundred grains at a single dose. Nay, it is confidently affirmed that some of them will take at once three drachms in the morning, and repeat the same dose at night, with no other effect than a pleasing exhilaration of spirits. The 'English Opium-Eater' himself, furnishes one of the most extraordinary instances on record of the power of habit in bringing the body to withstand this drug. He took daily *eight thousand drops* of laudanum, containing *three hundred and twenty grains* of opium. This enormous quantity

* The following description, by a modern traveller, of a scene witnessed by him in the East, gives a lively picture of the effects of this drug:—

'There is a decoction of the head and seeds of the poppy, which they call Coquenar, for the sale of which there are taverns in every quarter of the town, similar to our coffee-houses. It is extremely amusing to visit these houses, and to observe carefully those who resort there for the purpose of drinking it, both before they have taken the dose, before it begins to operate, and while it is operating. On entering the tavern, they are dejected and languishing: soon after they have taken two or three cups of this beverage, they are peevish, and as it were enraged; every thing displeases them. They find fault with every thing, and quarrel with one another, but in the course of its operation they make it up again;—and each one giving himself up to his predominant passion, the lover speaks sweet things to his idol—another, half asleep, laughs in his sleeps—a third talks big and blusters—a fourth tells ridiculous stories. In a word, a person would believe himself to be really in a mad-house. A kind of lethargy and stupidity succeed to this disorderly gayety; but the Persians, far from treating it as it deserves, call it an ecstasy, and maintain that there is something exquisite and heavenly in this state.'—*Chardin*.

be reduced suddenly, and without any considerable effort, to *one thousand drops, or forty grains*. 'Instantaneously,' says he, 'and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours which I have seen roll away from the summits of the mountains, drew off in one day—passed off with its murky banners, as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by the spring-tide.'

The circumstance of the body being brought by degrees to withstand a great quantity of opium is not solitary, but exists as a general rule with regard to all stimulants and narcotics. A person who is in the habit of drinking ale, wine, or spirits, will take much more with impunity than one who is not; and the faculty of withstanding these agents goes on strengthening till it acquires a certain point, after which it becomes weakened. When this takes place, their is either organic disease or general debility. A confirmed drunkard, whose constitution has suffered from indulgence, can not take so much liquor, without feeling it, as one who is in the habit of taking his glass, but whose strength is yet unimpaired. It is, I suspect, the same, though probably in a less degree, with regard to opium.

Mithridates, king of Pontus, affords an instance of the effects of habit in enabling the body to withstand poisons: and on the same principle, we find that physicians and nurses who are much exposed to infection, are less liable than those persons whose frames are not similarly fortified.

Opium resembles wine, spirit, and ales, in effecting the brain and disposing to apoplexy. Taken in an over-dose, it is fatal in from six to twenty-four hours, according to the quantity swallowed, and the constitution, habits, &c., of the persons submitted to its operation. The following are the principal symptoms of poisoning from opium. Giddiness succeeded by stupor; insensibility to light, while the eyes are closed, and the pupil immovable, and sometimes dilated. The pulse is generally small and feeble, but, occasionally, slow and full, as in common apoplexy. The breathing at first is scarcely perceptible, but is apt to become stertorous. Foam sometimes issues from the mouth: in other cases there is vomiting. The countenance is cadaverous and pale or livid. A narcotic odour is often perceptible in the breath. The skin is cold, and the body exceedingly relaxed; now and then it is convulsed. By being struck shaken, or excited any way, the person sometimes recovers for a short period from his stupor, and stares wildly around him, but only to relapse into lethargy. At last death ensues, but shortly before this event, a deceitful show of animation occasionally makes its appearance, and may impose upon superficial observers.

I extract the following interesting case of opium-eating from a London paper:—

'An inquest was held at Walpole lately, on the body of Rebecca Eason, aged five years, who had been diseased from her birth, was unable to walk or articulate, and from her size, did not appear to be more than *five weeks* old. The mother had for many years been in the habit of taking opium in large quantities, (nearly a quarter of an ounce a day;*) and, it is supposed, had entailed a disease on her child which caused its death; it was reduced to a mere skeleton, and had been in that state from birth. Verdict: 'Died by the visitation of God; but from the great quantity of opium taken by the mother during her pregnancy of the said child, and of sucking it, she had greatly injured its health.' It appeared that the mother of the deceased had had five children; that she began to take opium after the birth and weaning of her first child, which was and is remarkably healthy; and that the other children have all lingered and died in the same emaciated state as the

* Equal to nearly three thousand drops of laudanum.

child who was the subject of this investigation. The mother is under thirty: she was severely censured by the coroner for indulging in so pernicious a practice.

V. *Modified by Tobacco*.—A variety of drunkenness is excited by tobacco. This luxury was introduced into Europe from the new world, in 1559, by a Spanish gentleman, named Hernandez de Toledo, who brought a small quantity into Spain and Portugal. From thence, by the agency of the French ambassador at Lisbon, it found its way to Paris, where it was used in the form of powder by Catherine de Medicis, the abandoned instigator of the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day. This woman, therefore, may be considered the inventor of snuff, as well as the contriver of that most atrocious transaction. It then came under the patronage of the Cardinal Santa Croce, the Pope's nuncio, who, returning from his embassy at the Spanish and Portuguese courts, carried the plant to his own country, and thus acquired a fame little inferior to that which, at another period, he had won by piously bringing a portion of the *real cross* from the Holy Land. It was received with general enthusiasm in the Papal States, and hardly less favorably in England, into which it was introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1585. It was not, however, without opposition that it gained a footing either in this country or in the rest of Europe. Its principal opponents were the priests, the physicians, and the sovereign princes. By the former, its use was declared sinful; and in 1624, Pope Urban VIII. published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff when in church. This bull was renewed in 1690 by Pope Innocent; and about twenty-nine years afterwards, the Sultan Azarah IV. made smoking a capital offence, on the ground of its producing infertility. For a long time smoking was forbidden in Russia, under the pain of having the nose cut off: and in some parts of Switzerland, it was likewise made a subject of public prosecution.—The public regulations of the Canton of Berne, in 1661, placing the prohibition of smoking in the list of the 100 commandments, immediately under that against adultery. Nay, that British Solomon James I. did not think it beneath the royal dignity to take up his pen upon the subject. He accordingly, in 1603, published his famous 'Counterblast to Tobacco,' in which the following remarkable passage occurs:—'It is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.' But notwithstanding this regal and sacerdotal wrath, the plant extended itself far and wide, and is at this moment the most universal luxury in existence.

The effects of tobacco are considerably different from those of any other inebriating agent. Instead of quickening, it lowers the pulse, and, when used to excess, produces languor, depression of the system, giddiness, confusion of ideas, violent pain in the stomach, vomiting, convulsions, and even death. Its essential oil is so intensely powerful, that two or three drops inserted into a raw wound, would prove almost instantly fatal.* Mr Barrow, in his travels, speaks of the use

* 'Tobacco,' King James farther observes, 'is the lively image and pattern of hell, for it hath, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world, whereby hell may be caused: to wit, first, it is a smoke; so are all the vanities of this world. Secondly, it delighteth them that take it: so do all the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, it maketh men *drunken* and light in the head; so do all the vanities of the world, men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, he that taketh tobacco cannot leave it; it doth bewitch him; even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them; they are, for the most part, enchanted with them. And, farther, *besides* all this, it is like hell in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking loathsome thing, and so is hell.' And, moreover, his majesty declares, that 'were he to invite the devil to a dinner, he should have three dishes; first, a pig; second, a pot of *ling* and mustard; and, third, a pipe of tobacco for digestion.'

† It appears from Mr. Brodie's experiments, that the essential

made by the Hottentots of this plant, for the purpose of destroying snakes. 'A Hottentot,' says he, 'applied some of it from the short end of his wooden tobacco pipe to the mouth of a snake while darting out his tongue. The effect was as instantaneous as an electric shock; with a convulsive motion that was momentary, the snake half untwisted itself, and never stirred more; and the muscles were so contracted, that the whole animal felt hard and rigid, as if dried in the sun.' When used in moderation, tobacco has a soothing effect upon the mind, disposing to placid enjoyment, and mellowing every passion into repose. Its effects, therefore, are inebriating; and those who habitually indulge in it may with propriety be denominated drunkards. In whatever form it is used, it produces sickness, stupor, bewilderment, and staggering, in those unaccustomed to its use. There is no form in which it can be taken that is not decidedly injurious and disgusting. The whole, from snuffing to plugging, are at once so utterly uncleanly and unnatural, that it is incredible in what manner they ever insinuated themselves into civilized society. A vast quantity of valuable time is wasted by the votaries of tobacco, especially by the smokers; and that the devotees of snuff are not greatly behind in this respect, will be shown by the following singular calculation of Lord Stanhope:—

'Every professed, inveterate, incurable snuff-taker,' says his Lordship, 'at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time; and that by proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt.'

But this is not the worst of snuffing, for though a moderate quantity taken now and then, may do no harm, yet, in the extent to which habitual snuffers carry it, it is positively pernicious. The membrane which lines the nose gets thickened, the olfactory nerves blunted, and the sense of smell consequently impaired. Nor is this all, for, by the strong inspirations which are made when the powder is drawn up, some of the latter is pretty sure to escape into the stomach. This organ is thence directly subjected to a powerful medicine, which not only acts as a narcotic, but produces heartburn and every other symptom of indigestion. It is generally believed that Napoleon owed his death to the morbid state of his stomach produced by excessive snuffing. Snuffing has also a strong tendency to give a determination to the head, and on this account plethoric subjects should be the very last ever to enter upon the habit. If it were attended with no other inconvenience, the black loathsome discharge from the nose, and swelling and rubicundity of this organ, with other circumstances equally disagreeable, ought to deter every man from becoming a snuffer.

The smoker, while engaged at his occupation, is even a happier man than the snuffer. An air of peculiar satisfaction beams upon his countenance; and as he puffs

forth volumes of fragrance, he seems to dwell in an atmosphere of contented happiness. His illusions have not the elevated and magnificent character of those brought on by opium or wine. There is nothing of Raphael or Michael Angelo in their composition—nothing of the Roman or Venitian schools—nothing of Milton's sublimity, or Ariosto's dazzling romance; but there is something equally delightful, and in its way, equally perfect. His visions stand in the same relation to those of opium or wine, as the Dutch pictures of Ostade to the Italian ones of Paul Veronese—as Washington Irving to Lord Byron—or as Isaac Walton to Froissart. There is an air of delightful homeliness about them. He does not let his imagination run riot in the clouds, but restrains it to the lower sphere of earth, and meditates delightfully in this less elevated region. If his fancy be unusually brilliant, or somewhat heated by previous drinking, he may see thousands of strange forms floating in the tobacco smoke. He may people it, according to his temperament, with agreeable or revolting images—with flowers and gems springing up, as in dreams before him—or with reptiles, serpents, and the whole host of *diablerie*, skinning, like motes in the sunshine, amid its curling wreaths.

This all that can be said in favour of smoking, and quite enough to render the habit too common to leave any hope of its suppression, either by the weapons of ridicule, or the more summary plan of the Sultan Amurath. In no sense, except as affording a temporary gratification, can it be justified or defended. It pollutes the breath, blackens the teeth, wastes the saliva which is required for digestion, and injures the complexion. In addition to this, it is apt to produce dyspepsia, and other disorders of the stomach; and in corpulent subjects, it disposes to apoplexy. At the present moment, smoking is fashionable, and crowds of young men are to be seen at all hours walking the streets with cigars in their mouths, annoying the passers. They seem to consider it mainly to be able to smoke a certain number, without reflecting that there is scarcely an old woman in the country who would not beat them to naught with their own weapons, and that they would gain no sort of honour were they able to outsmoke all the burgomasters of Amsterdam. As the practice, however, seems more resorted to by these young gentlemen for the sake of effect, and of exhibiting a little of the *haut ton*, than for any thing else, it is likely soon to die a natural death among them; particularly as jockeys and porters have lately taken the field in the same way, being determined that no class of the community shall enjoy the exclusive monopoly of street smoking.

The observations made upon the effects of snuffing and smoking, apply in a still stronger degree to chewing. This is the worst way for the health in which tobacco can be used. The waste of saliva is greater than even in smoking, and the derangements of the digestive organs proportionably severe. All confirmed chewers are more than usually subject to dyspepsia and hypochondriasis: and many of them are afflicted with liver complaint, brought on by their imprudent habit.

The most innocent, and at the same time most disgusting way of using tobacco, is plugging, which consists in inserting a short roll of the plant in the nostril, and allowing it to remain there so long as the person feels disposed. Fortunately this habit is as rare as it is abominable; and it is to be hoped that it will never become common in Great Britain.

I have observed, that persons who are much addicted to liquor have an inordinate liking to tobacco in all its different forms: and it is remarkable that in the early stages of ebriety almost every man is desirous of having a pinch of snuff. This last fact it is not easy to explain, but the former may be accounted for by that incessant

oil of tobacco operates very differently from the infusion. The former acts instantly on the heart, suspending its action, even while the animal continues to inspire, and destroying life by producing syncope. The latter appears to operate solely on the brain, leaving the circulation unaffected.

craving after excitement which cling to the system of the confirmed drunkard.

From several of the foregoing circumstances, we are justified in considering tobacco closely allied to intoxicating liquor, and its confirmed votaries as a species of drunkards. At least, it is certain that when used to excess, it gives birth to many of the corporeal and mental manifestations of ebriety.

VI. Modified by Nitrous Oxide.—The drunkenness, if it merit that name, from inhaling nitrous oxide, is likewise of a character widely differing from intoxication in general. This gas was discovered by Dr Priestley, but its peculiar effects upon the human body were first perceived in 1799, by Sir Humphrey Davy, who, in the following year, published a very elaborate account of its nature and properties, interspersed with details by some of the most eminent literary and scientific characters of the sensations they experienced on receiving it into their lungs.

According to these statements, on breathing the gas the pulse is accelerated, and a feeling of heat and expansion pervades the chest. The most vivid and highly pleasurable ideas pass, at the same time, through the mind; and the imagination is exalted to a pitch of entrancing ecstasy. The hearing is rendered more acute, the face is flushed, and the body seems so light that the person conceives himself capable of rising up and mounting into the air. Some assume theatrical attitudes; others laugh immoderately, and stamp upon the ground. There is an universal increase of muscular power, attended with the most exquisite delight. In a few cases there are melancholy, giddiness, and indistinct vision but generally the feelings are those of perfect pleasure. After these strange effects have ceased, no debility ensues, like that which commonly follows high excitement. On the contrary, the mind is strong and collected, and the body unusually vigorous for some hours after the operation.

At the time of the discovery of the effects of nitrous oxide strong hopes were excited that it might prove useful in various diseases. These, unfortunately have not been realized. Even the alleged properties of the gas have now fallen into some discredit. That it has produced remarkable effects cannot be denied, but there is much reason for thinking that, in many cases, these were in a great measure brought about by the influence of imagination. Philosophers seem to be divided on this point and their conflicting testimonies it is not easy to reconcile. Having tried the experiment of inhaling the gas myself, and having seen it tried upon others, I have no doubt that there is much truth in the reports generally published of its properties, although in many cases, imagination has made these appear greater than they really are. The intoxication which it produces is entirely one *sui generis*, and differs so much from that produced by other agents, that it can hardly be looked upon as the same thing.

The effects of nitrous oxide upon myself, though considerable, were not so striking as I have seen upon others. The principal feelings produced, were giddiness and violent beating in the head, such as occur in the acme of drunkenness. There was also a strong propensity to laugh: it occurs to me, however, that in my own case, and probably in some others, the risible tendency might be controlled by a strong effort of volition, in the same way as in most cases of drunkenness, were the effort imperatively requisite. Altogether I experienced nearly the sensations of highly excited ebriety. There was the same seeming lightness and expansion of the head, the same mirthfulness of spirit, and the same inordinate propensity to do foolish things, knowing them to be foolish, as occur in drunkenness in general. I was perfectly aware what I was about, and could, I am persuaded, with some effort, have subjected the whimsies of fancy to the sober dictates of

judgment. In a word, the gas produced precisely a temporary paroxysm of drunkenness, and such a determination of blood upwards as rendered the complexion livid, and left behind some degree of headache. Such are the effects upon myself, but with most people there is a total unconsciousness of the part they are acting. They perform the most extravagant pranks, and on recovering their self-possession are totally ignorant of the circumstance. Sometimes the gas has an opposite effect, and the person instantly drops down insensible, as if struck by lightning: he recovers, however, immediately. Those who wish to know more of this curious subject, should read Sir H. Davy's work, but, above all, they should try the gas upon themselves. In the mean time I shall lay before the reader the details, in their own words, of the sensations experienced by Messrs Edgeworth and Coleridge, and by Dr Kinglake.

MR EDGEWORTH'S CASE.—My first sensation was an universal and considerable tremor. I then perceived some giddiness in my head, and a violent dizziness in my sight; these sensations by degrees subsided, and I felt a great propensity to bite through the wooden mouth-piece, or the tube of the bag through which I inspired the air. After I had breathed all the air that was in the bag, I eagerly wished for more. I then felt a strong propensity to laugh, and did burst into a violent fit of laughter, and capered about the room without having the power of restraining myself. By degrees these feelings subsided, except the tremor, which lasted for an hour after I had breathed the air, and I felt a weakness in my knees. The principal feeling through the whole of the time, or what I should call the characteristic part of the effect, was a total difficulty of restraining my feelings, both corporeal and mental, or, in other words, not having any command of myself.

MR COLERIDGE'S CASE.—The first time I inspired the nitrous oxide, I felt an highly pleasurable sensation of warmth over my whole frame, resembling that which I once remember to have experienced after returning from a walk in the snow into a warm room. The only motion which I felt inclined to make, was that of laughing at those who were looking at me. My eyes felt distended, and, towards the last, my heart beat as if it were leaping up and down. On removing the mouth-piece, the whole sensation went off almost instantly.

'The second time, I felt the same pleasurable sensation of warmth, but not, I think, in quite so great a degree. I wished to know what effect it would have on my impressions: I fixed my eye on some trees in the distance, but I did not find any other effect, except that they became dimmer and dimmer, and looked at last as if I had seen them through tears. My heart beat more violently than the first time. This was after a hearty dinner.

'The third time, I was more violently acted on than in the two former. Towards the last, I could not avoid, nor indeed felt any wish to avoid, beating the ground with my feet; and, after the mouth-piece was removed, I remained for a few seconds motionless, in great ecstasy.

'The fourth time was immediately after breakfast. The first few inspirations affected me so little, that I thought Mr Davy had given me atmospheric air; but soon felt the warmth beginning about my chest, and spreading upward and downward, so that I could feel its progress over my whole frame. My heart did not beat so violently; my sensations were highly pleasurable, not so intense or apparently local, but of more unmingled pleasure than I had ever before experienced.'

DR KINGLAKE'S CASE.—My first inspiration of it was limited to four quarts, diluted with an equal quantity of atmospheric air. After a few inspirations, a sense of additional freedom and power (call it energy, if you please) agreeably pervaded the region of the lungs; this was quickly succeeded by an almost delicious but highly pleasurable sensation in the brain, which

was soon diffused over the whole frame, imparting to the muscular power at once an increased disposition and tone for action; but the mental effect of the excitement was such as to absorb in a sort of intoxicating placidity and delight, yollition, or rather the power of voluntary motion. These effects were in a greater or less degree protracted during about five minutes, when the former state returned, with the difference however of feeling more cheerful and alert, for several hours after.

It seemed also to have had the farther effect of reviving rheumatic irritations in the shoulder and knee-joints, which had not been previously felt for many months. No perceptible change was induced in the pulse, either at or subsequent to the time of inhaling the gas.

The effects produced by a second trial of its powers, were more extensive, and concentrated on the brain. In this instance, nearly six quarts undiluted, were accurately and fully inhaled. As on the former occasion, it immediately proved agreeably respirable, but before the whole quantity was quite exhausted, its agency was exerted so strongly on the brain, as progressively to surpend the senses of seeing, hearing, feeling, and ultimately the power of volition itself. At this period, the pulse was much augmented both in force and frequency; slight convulsive twitches of muscles of the arms were also induced; no painful sensation, nausea, or languor, however, either preceded, accompanied or followed this state, nor did a minute elapse before the train rallied, and resumed its wonted faculties, when a sense of glowing warmth extended over the system, was speedily succeeded by a re-instatement of the equilibrium of health.

The more permanent effects were (as in the first experiment) an invigorated feel of vital power, improved spirits, transient irritations in different parts, but not so characteristically rheumatic as in the former instance.

Among the circumstances most worthy of regard in considering the properties and administration of this powerful aerial agent, may be ranked, the fact of its being contrary to the prevailing opinion, both respirable, and salutary; that it impresses the brain and system at large with a more or less strong and durable degree of pleasurable sensation; that unlike the effect of other violently exciting agents, no sensible exhaustion or diminution of vital power accrues from the exertions of its stimulant property; that its most excessive operation even, is neither permanently nor transiently debilitating; and finally, that it fairly promises, under judicious application, to prove an extremely efficient remedy, as well in the vast tribe of diseases originating from deficient irritability and sensibility, as in those proceeding from morbid associations, and modifications of those vital principles.*

CHAPTER VI.

ENUMERATION OF THE LESS COMMON INTOXICATING AGENTS.

In this chapter, I shall content myself with the enumeration of a few of the less common intoxicating agents. To detail all the productions of nature which have the power of inebriating, would be an endless and uninteresting topic.

Hemlock.—A powerful narcotic, producing giddiness, elevation of spirits, and other symptoms of ebriety. It was by an effusion of the leaf of this plant that Socrates was poisoned.

Leopard's-bane.—(*Arnica montana*.)—Properties analogous to those of hemlock and other narcotics.

* The doses in these experiments, were from five to seven grains.

Bangue.—This is the leaf of a species of wild hemp, growing on the shores of Turkey, and of the Grecian Archipelago. It possesses many of the properties of opium, and is used by the poorer classes of Mussulmen as a substitute for this drug. Before being used, it is dried, and the excissated leaves are either chewed entire, or reduced into a fine powder, and made into pills. Its effects are to elevate the spirits, dispel melancholy, and give increased energy to the corporeal faculties—followed by languor both of body and mind.

Hop.—Similar in its effects to opium, only inferior in degree. Used in porter brewing.

Wolf's-bane.—(*Aconitum napellus*.)—A most deadly narcotic, producing, in small doses, the usual symptoms of ebriety, such as giddiness, elevation of spirits, &c. When taken to excess it is inevitably fatal.

Cocculus Indicus.—The intoxicating powers of this berry are considerable. It is used by the brewers to increase the strength of porter and ales; and is sometimes thrown into ponds for the purpose of intoxicating the fishes, but they may thereby be more easily caught.

Foxglove.—(*Digitalis*.)—Likewise a powerful narcotic, and capable of producing many of the symptoms of drunkenness. It has the peculiar effect of lowering, instead of raising the pulse.

Nightshade.—(*Belladonna*.)—This is one of the most virulent narcotics we possess. Like opium, hop, and cocculus Indicus, it is used by brewers to augment the intoxicating properties of malt liquors. 'The Scots,' says Buchanan, 'mixed a quantity of the juice of the belladonna with the bread and drink with which, by their truce, they were bound to supply the Danes, which so intoxicated them, that the Scots killed the greater part of Sweno's army.'

'Some children ate, in a garden, the fruit of the belladonna, (*deadly nightshade*.) Shortly after, they had burning fever, with convulsions, and very strong palpitations of the heart; they lost their senses, and became completely delirious: one of them, four years of age, died the next day: the stomach contained some berries of the belladonna crushed, and some seeds; it exhibited three ulcers; the heart was livid, and the pericardium without serosity.*

'One child ate four ripe berries of the belladonna, another ate six. Both one and the other were guilty of extravagancies which astonished the mother; their pupils were dilated; their countenances no longer remained the same; they had a cheerful delirium, accompanied with fever. The physician being called in, found them in a state of great agitation, talking at random, running, jumping, laughing sardonically; their countenances purple, and pulse hurried. He administered to each of them half a grain of emetic tartar and a drachm of glauber salt, in four or five ounces of water: they had copious evacuations during seven or eight hours, and the symptoms disappeared.†

Henbane.—(*Hyoscyamus*.)—Similar in its properties to nightshade and opium. The intoxicating properties of hyoscyamus appear to have been known from a very early period. It was with this plant that the Assassin Prince, commonly called the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' inebriated his followers preparatory to installing them into his service. The following eloquent passage from a modern writer will prove interesting:—

'There was at Alamoot, and also at Masiat, in Syria, a delicious garden, encompassed with lofty walls, adorned with trees and flowers of every kind—with murmuring brooks and translucent lakes—with bowers of roses and trellises of the vine—airy halls and splendid kiosks, furnished with carpets of Persia and silks of Byzantium. Beautiful maidens and blooming boys were the inhabitants of this delicious spot, which resounded with the melody of birds, the murmur of

* Journal Générale de Médecine, lix. xlv. p. 322.

† Gazette de Santé. 11 Thermidor, an xv. p. 322.

streams, and the tones and voices of instruments—all respired contentment and pleasure. When the chief had noticed any youth to be distinguished for strength and resolution, he invited him to a banquet, where he placed him beside himself, conversed with him on the happiness reserved for the faithful, and contrived to administer to him an intoxicating draught, prepared from the *hyoscyamus*. While insensible, he was conveyed to the garden of delight, and there awakened by the application of vinegar. On opening his eyes, all Paradise met his view; the black-eyed and blue-robed hours surrounded him, obedient to his wishes; sweet music filled his ears; the richest viands were served up in the most costly vessels, and the choicest wines sparkled in golden cups. The fortunate youth believed himself really in the Paradise of the Prophet, and the language of his attendants confirmed the delusion. When he had had his filled enjoyment, and nature was yielding to exhaustion, the opiate was again administered, and the sleeper transported back to the side of the chief, to whom he communicated what had passed, and who assured him of the truth and reality of all he had experienced, telling him such was the bliss reserved for the obedient servants of the Imaum, and enjoining, at the same time, the strictest secrecy. Ever after, the rapturous vision possessed the imagination of the deluded enthusiast, and he panted for the hour when death, received in obeying the commands of his superior, should dismiss him to the bowers of Paradise.*

Palm Wine.—This is prepared from the juice which exudes from the palm tree. Its properties are very inebriating; and it is an amusing fact to witness the stupor and giddiness into which the lizards frequenting these trees are thrown, by partaking of the juice which yields it. They exhibit all the usual phenomena of intoxication.

Camphor.—The intoxicating properties of camphor are considerable. It elevates the spirits, increases voluntary motion, and gives rise to vertigo; and these effects, as in the case of all narcotics, are succeeded by drowsiness, lassitude, and general depression. In large doses, syncope, convulsions, delirium, and even death, take place. It is sometimes used as a substitute for opium in cases of delirium, where, from particular circumstances, the latter either cannot be taken, or does not produce its usual effects. The common belief, however, of camphor being an antidote to this medicine, is quite unfounded. It neither decomposes opium, nor prevents it from acting poisonously upon the system; but, in consequence of its stimulating properties, it may be advantageously given in small doses to remove the stupor and coma produced by opium.

Saffron.—This aromatic possesses moderate intoxicating properties. Taken in sufficient doses, it accelerates the pulse, produces giddiness, raises the spirits, and gives rise to paroxysms of laughter. In a word, it exhibits many of the phenomena occasioned by over-indulgence in liquors, only in a very inferior degree.

Darnel.—Possesses slight intoxicating properties.

Clary.—Possesses slight intoxicating properties.

Carbonic Acid.—Carbonic acid partially inebriates, as is seen in drinking ginger beer, cider, Champagne, or even soda water, in which no alcoholic principle exists.

Ethers.—Ethers, when taken in quantity, give rise to a species of intoxication, which resembles that from ardent spirits in all respects, except in being more fugacious.

Intense Cold.—Intense cold produces giddiness, thickness of speech, confusion of ideas, and other symptoms of drunkenness. Captain Parry speaks of the effects so produced upon two young gentlemen who were exposed to an extremely low temperature. 'They looked wild,' says he, 'spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a

* Von Hammer's Hist. of the Assassins.

rational answer to any of our questions. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return, and it was not till then that a looker-on could easily persuade himself that they had not been drinking too freely.'

CHAPTER VII.

DIFFERENCES IN THE ACTION OF OPIUM AND ALCOHOL.

The *modus operandi* of opium upon the body is considerably different from that of alcohol. The latter intoxicates chiefly by acting *directly* upon the nerves, the former by acting *secondarily* upon them, through the medium of absorption. This is easily proved by injecting a quantity of each into the cellular tissue of any animal, and comparing the effects with those produced when either is received into the stomach. M. Orfila* details some interesting experiments which he made upon dogs. In applying the watery extract of opium to them in the first manner, (by injection into the cellular tissue,) immediate stupor, convulsions, and debility ensue, and proved fatal in an hour or two. When, on the contrary, even a larger quantity was introduced into the stomach of the animal, it survived twelve, or eighteen hours, although the œsophagus was purposely tied to prevent vomiting. The operation of alcohol was the reverse of this; for, when injected into the cellular substance, the effects were slight; but when carried into the stomach, they were powerful and almost instantaneous. This proves that opium acts chiefly by being taken up by the absorbents, as this is done much more rapidly by the drug being directly applied to a raw surface than in the stomach, where the various secretions and processes of digestion retard its absorption. Besides, alcohol taken in quantity produces instant stupefaction. It is no sooner swallowed than the person drops down insensible. Here is no time for absorption; the whole energies of the spirit are exerted against the nervous system. The same rapid privation of power never occurs after swallowing opium. There is always an interval, and generally one of some extent, between the swallowing and the stupor which succeeds. Another proof that opium acts in this manner, is the circumstance of its being much more speedily fatal than alcohol, when injected into the blood-vessels. Three or four grains in solution, forced into the carotid artery of a dog, will kill him in a few minutes. Alcohol, used in the same manner, would not bring on death for several hours.

In addition it may be stated, that a species of drunkenness is produced by inhaling the gas of intoxicating liquors. Those employed in bottling spirits from the cask, feel it frequently with great severity. This proves that there is a close sympathy between the nerves of the nose and lungs, and those of the stomach. From all these circumstances, it is pretty evident that intoxication from spirits is produced more by the direct action of the fluid upon the nerves of the latter organ, than by absorption.

Mr Brodie supposes that there is no absorption whatever of alcohol, and supports his views with a number of striking facts.* This, however, is a length to

* *Toxicologi Générale.*

† The following are the grounds on which he supports his doctrine:—1. In experiments where animals have been killed by the injection of spirits into the stomach, I have found this organ to bear the marks of great inflammation, but never any preternatural appearances whatever in the brain. 2. The effects of spirits taken into the stomach, in the last experiment, were so instantaneous, that it appears impossible that absorption should have taken place before they were produced. 3. A person who is intoxicated frequently becomes suddenly sober after vomiting. 4. In the experiments which I have just related, I mixed decoction of rhubarb with the spirits, knowing, from the experiments of Mr Home and Mr William Brande, that this (rhubarb) when absorbed into the circulation, was readily separated from the blood by the kidneys, and that very small quantities suitable

which I cannot go. I am inclined to think that though such absorption is not necessary to produce drunkenness, it generally takes place to a greater or lesser degree; nor can I conceive any reason why alcohol may not be taken into the circulation as well as any other fluid. My reasons for supposing that it is absorbed are the following:—1. The blood, breath, and perspiration of a confirmed drunkard differ from those of a sober man; the former being darker, and the two latter strongly impregnated with a spiritous odour. 2. The perspiration of the wine-drinker is often of the hue of his favourite liquor; after a debauch on Port, Burgundy, or Claret, it is not uncommon to see the shirt or sheets in which he lies, tinted to a rosy colour by the moisture which exudes from his body. 3. Madder, mercury, and sulphur, are received into the circulation unchanged; the former dyeing the bones, and the others exhaling through the pores of the skin, so as to communicate their peculiar odours to the person, and even discolour coins and other metallic substances in his pockets. The first of these reasons is a direct proof of absorption: the second shows, that as wine is received into the circulation, and passes through it, alcohol may do the same; and the third furnishes collateral evidence of other agents exhibiting this phenomenon as well as spiritous liquors. The doctrine of absorption is supported by Dr Trotter,* who conceives that alcohol de-oxygenizes the blood, and causes it to give out an unusual portion of hydrogen gas. The quantity of this gas in the bodies of drunkards is so great, that many have attempted to explain from it the circumstances of *Spontaneous Combustion*, by which it is alleged, the human frame has been sometimes destroyed, by being burned to ashes.

CHAPTER VIII.

PHYSIOLOGY OF DRUNKENNESS.

In administering medicines, the practitioner has a natural desire to learn the means by which they produce their effects upon the body. Thus, he is not contented with knowing that squill acts as a diuretic, and that mercury increases the secretion of the bile. He inquires by what process they do so; and understands that the first excites into increased action the secretory arteries of the kidneys, and the last the secretory veins of the liver. In like manner, he does not rest satisfied with the trite knowledge that wines, and spirits, and ales, produce intoxication: he extends his researches beyond this point, and is naturally anxious to ascertain by what peculiar action of the system these agents give rise to so extraordinary an effect.

All the agents of which we have spoken, with the exception of tobacco, whose action from the first is decidedly sedative, operate partly by stimulating the frame. They cause the heart to throb more vigorously, and the blood to circulate freer, while, at the same time, they exert a peculiar action upon the nervous system. The nature of this action, it is probable, will never be satisfactorily explained. If mere stimulation were all that was wanted, drunkenness ought to be present in many cases where it is never met with. It, or more properly speaking, its symptoms, ought to exist in inflammatory fever, and after violent exercise, such as running or hard walking. Inebriating agents, therefore, with few exceptions, have a twofold action. They both act by increasing the circulation, and by influencing the nerves; and the latter operation, there can be no doubt, is the more important of the two. Having stated this general fact, it will be better to consider the cause of each individual symptom in detail.

detected in the urine by the addition of potash; but though I never failed to find urine in the bladder, I never detected rhubarb in it. *Phil. Trans. of the Roy. Soc. of Lond.* 1811. part I. p. 178. *on Drunkenness.*

I. *Vertigo*.—This is partly produced by the ocular delusions under which the drunkard labours, but it is principally owing to other causes; as it is actually greater when the eyes are shut than when they are open—these causes, by the exclusion of light, being unaccountably increased. Vertigo, from intoxication, is far less liable to produce sickness and vomiting than from any other cause; and when it does produce them, it is to a very inconsiderable degree. These symptoms, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, arise from the disordered state of the stomach, and not, as we have elsewhere mentioned, from the accompanying giddiness. There are, indeed, a certain class of subjects who vomit and become pale, as soon as vertigo comes over them, but such are few in number compared with those whose stomachs are unaffected by this sensation. In swinging, smoking, sailing at sea, on turning rapidly round, sickness and vomiting are apt to occur; and there seems no doubt that they proceed in a great measure from the vertigo brought on by these actions. The giddiness of drunkenness, therefore, as it very rarely sickens, must be presumed to have some characters peculiar to itself. In this, as well as in some other affections, it seems to be the consequence of a close sympathy between the brain and nerves of the stomach; and whatever affects the latter organ, or any other viscus sympathizing with it, may bring it on equally with inebriating agents: calculi in the ureters or biliary ducts are illustrations of this fact. In intoxication, the giddiness is more strongly marked, because the powers both of body and mind are temporarily impaired, and the sensorium so disordered as to be unable to regulate the conduct.

A degree of vertigo may be produced by loading the stomach too rapidly and copiously after a long fast. Common food, in this instance, amounts to a strong stimulus in consequence of the state of the stomach, in which there was an unnatural want of excitement. This organ was in a state of torpor; and a stimulus which, in ordinary circumstances, would hardly have been felt, proves, in reality, highly exciting. For the same reason, objects have an unnatural luminousness when a person is suddenly brought from intense darkness to a brilliant light.

II. *Double Vision*.—The double vision which occurs in drunkenness may be readily accounted for by the influence of increased circulation in the brain upon the nerves of sight. In frenzy, and various fevers, the same phenomenon occurs. Every nerve is supplied with vessels; and it is conceivable that any unusual impulse of blood into the optics may so far affect that pair as to derange their actions. Whence, they convey false impressions to the brain, which is itself too much thrown off its just equilibrium to remedy, even if that under any circumstances were possible, the distorted images of the retina. The refraction of light in the tears, which are secreted more copiously than usual during intoxication, may also assist in multiplying objects to the eye.

III. *Staggering and Stammering*.—These symptoms are, in like manner, to be explained from the disordered state of the brain and nervous system. When the organ of sensation is affected, it is impossible that parts whose actions depend upon it can perform their functions well. The nervous fluid is probably carried to the muscles in a broken and irregular current, and the filaments which are scattered over the body are themselves directly stunned and paralyzed; hence, the insensibility to pain, and other external impressions. This insensibility extends everywhere, even to the organs of deglutition and speech. The utterance is thick and indistinct, indicating a loss of power in the lingual nerves which give action to the tongue; and the same want of energy seems to prevail in the gustatory branches which give it taste.

IV. *Heat and Flushing*.—These result from the strong determination of blood to the surface of the

body. This reddens and tumefies the face and eyes, and excites an universal glow of heat. Blood is the cause of animal heat, and the more it is determined to any part, the greater is the quantity of caloric evolved therefrom.

V. Ringing in the Ears.—This is accounted for by the generally increased action within the head, and more particularly by the throbbing of the internal carotid arteries which run in the immediate neighbourhood of the ears.

VI. Elevation of Spirits.—The mental pleasure of intoxication is not easily explained on physiological principles. We feel a delight in being rocked gently, in swinging on a chair, or in being tickled. These undoubtedly act upon the nerves, but in what manner, it would be idle to attempt investigating. Intoxicating agents no doubt do the same thing. The mental manifestations produced by their influence depend almost entirely upon the nerves, and are, unlike the corporeal ones, in a great measure independent of vascular excitement. The power of exciting the feelings inherent in these principles, can only be accounted for by supposing a most intimate relation to subsist between the body and the mind. The brain, through the medium of its nervous branches, is the source of all this excitement. These branches receive the impressions and convey them to their fountain-head, whence they are showered like sparkling rain-drops over the mind, in a thousand fantastic varieties. No bodily affection ever influences the mind but through the remote or proximate agency of this organ. It sits enthroned in the citadel of thought, and, though material itself, acts with wizard power both upon matter and spirit. No other texture has the same pervading principle. If the lungs be diseased, we have expectoration and cough; if the liver, jaundice or dropsy; if the stomach, indigestion; but when the brain is affected, we have not merely many bodily symptoms, but severe affections of the mind; nor are such affections ever produced by any organ but through the agency of the brain. It therefore acts in a double capacity upon the frame, being both the source of the corporeal feelings, and of the mental manifestations. Admitting this truth, there can be little difficulty in apprehending why intoxication produces so powerful a mental influence. This must proceed from a resistless impulse being given to the brain, by virtue of the peculiar action of incubriating agents upon the nerves. That organ of the mind is suddenly endowed with increased energy. Not only does the blood circulate through it more rapidly, but an action, *sui generis*, is given to its whole substance. Mere increase of circulation, as we have already stated, is not sufficient: there must be some other principle at work upon its texture; and it is this principle, whatever it may be, which is the main cause of drunkenness. At first, ebriety has a soothing effect, and falls over the spirit like the hum of bees, or the distant murmur of a cascade. Then to these soft dreams of Elysium succeed a state of maddening energy and excitement in the brain. The thoughts which emanate from its prolific tabernacle, are more fervid and original than ever—they rush out with augmented copiousness, and sparkle over the understanding like the aurora borealis, or the eccentric scintillations of light upon a summer cloud. In a word, the organ is excited to a high, but not a diseased action, for this is coupled with pain, and, instead of pleasurable, produces afflicting ideas. But its energies, like those of any other part, are apt to be over-excited. When this takes place, the balance is broken; the mind gets tumultuous and disordered, and the ideas inconsistent, wavering, and absurd. Then come the torpor and exhaustion subsequent on such excessive stimulus. The person falls into drowsiness or stupor, and his mind, as well as his body, is followed by languor corresponding to the previous excitation.

Such is a slight and unsatisfactory attempt to eluci-

date some of the more prominent phenomena of drunkenness. Some are omitted as being too obvious to require explanation, and others have been elsewhere cursorily accounted for in different parts of the work.

CHAPTER IX

METHOD OF CURING THE FIT OF DRUNKENNESS.

1. *From Liquors.*—Generally speaking, there is no remedy for drunkenness equal to vomiting. The sooner the stomach is emptied of its contents the better, and this may, in most cases, be accomplished by drinking freely of tepid water, and tickling the fauces. On more obstinate occasions, powerful emetics will be necessary. The best for the purpose, are ten grains of sulphate of copper, half a drachm of sulphate of zinc, or five grains of tartar emetic. Either of these should be dissolved in a small quantity of tepid water, and instantly swallowed. Should this treatment fail in effecting vomiting, and dangerous symptoms supervene, the stomach pump should be employed. Cold applications to the head are likewise useful. In all cases, the head ought to be well elevated, and the neckcloth removed, that there may be no impediment to the circulation. Where there is total insensibility, where the pulse is slow and full, the pupils dilated, the face flushed, and the breathing stertorous, it becomes a question whether bleeding might be useful. Darwin* and Trotter speak discouragingly of the practice. As a general rule I think it is bad; and that many persons who would have recovered, if left to themselves, have lost their lives by being prematurely bled. In all cases it should be done cautiously, and not for a considerable time. Vomiting and other means should invariably be first had recourse to, and if they fail, and nature is unable of her own power to overcome the stupor, bleeding may be tried. In this respect, liquors differ from opium the insensibility from which is benefited by abstraction of blood.

There is one variety of drunkenness in which both bleeding and cold are inadmissible. This is when a person is struck down, as it were, by drinking suddenly a great quantity of ardent spirits. Here he is overcome by an instantaneous stupor: his countenance is ghastly and pale, his pulse feeble, and his body cold. While these symptoms continue, there is no remedy but vomiting. When, however, they wear off, and are succeeded, as they usually are by flushing, heat, and general excitement, the case is changed, and must be treated as any other where such symptoms exist.

The acetate of ammonia is said to possess singular properties in restoring from intoxication. This fact was ascertained by M. Masurer, a French chemist. According to him, from twenty to thirty drops in a glass of water, will, in most cases, relieve the patient from the sense of giddiness and oppression of the brain; or, if that quantity should be insufficient, half the same may be again given in eight or ten minutes after. In some cases the remedy will occasion nausea or vomiting, which, however, will be salutary to the patient, as the state of the brain is much aggravated by the load on the stomach and subsequent indigestion. It is also further stated that the value of this medicine is greatly enhanced from its not occasioning that heat of the stomach and subsequent inflammation which are apt to be produced by pure ammonia. Whether it possesses all the virtues attributed to it, I cannot say from personal observation, having never had occasion to use it in any case which came under my management; but I think it at least promises to be useful, and is, at all events,

* Zoonomia.

worthy of a trial. I must mention, however, that the acetate of ammonia is seldom to be procured in the highly concentrated state in which it is used by M. Masurer. Owing to the great difficulty of crystallizing it, it is rarely seen except in the fluid state, in which condition it is recommended by the French chemist. The form in which it is almost always used in this country is that of the Aq. Acet. Ammon. or Spirit of Mindeirus, in doses of half an ounce or an ounce, but whether in this shape it would be equally effectual in obviating the effects of drunkenness, remains to be seen.

Mr Broomley of Deptford recommends a draught composed of two drachms of Aq. Ammon. Aromat. In two ounces of water, is an effectual remedy in drunkenness.

The carbonate of ammonia might be used with a good effect. M. Dupuy, director to the veterinary school at Toulon, tried a curious experiment with this medicine upon a horse. Having previously intoxicated the animal by injecting a demilitro of alcohol into the jugular vein, he injected five grains of the carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in an ounce of water, into the same vein, when the effects of the alcohol immediately ceased.

We have already mentioned that the excitement of drunkenness is succeeded by universal languor. In the first stage, the drunkard is full of energy, and capable of withstanding vigorously all external influences. In the second, there is general torpor and exhaustion, and he is more than usually subject to every impression, whether of cold or contagion. Persons are often picked up half dead in the second stage. The stimulus of intoxication had enabled them to endure the chill of the atmosphere, but the succeeding weakness left them more susceptible than before of its severity. In this state the body will not sustain any farther abstraction of stimuli; and bleeding and cold would be highly injurious. Vomiting is here equally necessary, as in all other instances; but the person must be kept in a warm temperature, and cherished with light and nourishing food—with soups, if such can be procured, and even with negus, if the prostration of strength is very great.

A paroxysm of periodical drunkenness may be sometimes shortened by putting such small quantities of tartar emetic into the liquor which the person indulges in, as to bring on nausea. This, however, must be done with secrecy and caution.

It may here be mentioned, though not with a view of recommending the practice, that the vegetable acids have a strong effect both in counteracting and removing drunkenness. To illustrate this fact, the following circumstance may be mentioned:—About twenty years ago, an English regiment was stationed in Glasgow, the men of which, as is common in all regiments, became enamoured of whakey. This liquor, to which they gave the whimsical denomination of *white ale*, was new to them—being nearly unknown in England: and they soon indulged in it to such an extent, as to attract the censure of their officers. Being obliged to be at quarters by a certain hour, they found out the plan of sobering themselves by drinking large quantities of vinegar, perhaps a gill or two at a draught. This, except in very bad cases, had the desired effect, and enabled them to enter the barrack-court, or appear on parade, in a state of tolerable sobriety. The power of the vegetable acids in resisting intoxication, is well shown in the case of cold punch—a larger portion of which can be withstood than of either grog or toddy, even when the quantity of spirit is precisely the same.

There is nothing which has so strong a tendency to dissipate the effects of a debauch as hard exercise especially if the air be cold. Aperients and diaphoretics are also extremely useful for the same purpose.

For some days after drinking too much, the food

should be light and unirritating, consisting principally of vegetables. Animal food is apt to heat the body, and dispose it to inflammatory complaints.*

II. *From Opium.*—When a dangerous quantity of opium has been taken, the treatment, in the first instance is the same as with regard to spirits, or any other intoxicating fluid. Immediate vomiting, by the administration of similar emetics, is to be attempted, and when it has taken place, it should be encouraged by warm drinks till there is reason to believe that the stomach has been freed of the poison. Those drinks, however, should not be given before vomiting is produced, for, in the event of their failing to excite it, they remain upon the stomach, and thus dissolve the opium and promote its absorption. But when vomiting occurs from the action of the emetics, it will in all probability be encouraged by warm drinks, and the stomach thus more effectually cleared of the poison. Large quantities of a strong infusion of coffee ought then to be given, or the vegetable acids, such as vinegar or lemon-juice, mixed with water. These serve to mitigate the bad consequences which often follow, even after the opium has been brought completely up. If the person show signs of apoplexy, more especially if he be of a plethoric habit, the jugular vein, or temporal artery should be opened, and a considerable quantity of blood taken away. Indeed, it may be laid down as a general rule, that as soon as the poison is rejected, the patient ought to be bled, and the operation should be repeated according to circumstances. Every means must be used to arouse him from stupor. He must be moved about, if possible, from room to room, hartshorn applied to his nostrils, and all plans adopted to prevent him from sinking into lethargy. For this purpose, camphor, assafetida, or musk, might be administered with advantage. It is also a good practice to sponge the body well with cold water; and the effusion of cold water on the head and over the body, is still more effectual. In cases where vomiting cannot be brought about by the ordinary means, M. Orfila suggests that one or two grains of tartar emetic, dissolved in an ounce or two of water, might be injected into the veins. In desperate cases, the stomach pump must be had recourse to. Purgatives are latterly necessary.

Many practitioners consider vinegar and the other vegetable acids antidotes to opium. This opinion M. Orfila has most satisfactorily shown to be erroneous. In a series of well-conducted and conclusive experiments made by him, it appears that the vegetable acids aggravate the symptoms of poisoning by opium, whenever they are not vomited. They hurry them on more rapidly, render them more violent, produce death at an earlier period, and give rise to an inflammation of the stomach—an event which hardly ever occurs when they are not employed. These effects, it would appear, are partly produced by their power of dissolving opium, which they do better than the mere unassisted fluids of the stomach; consequently the absorption is more energetic. The only time when acids can be of any use, is after the person has brought up the poison by vomiting. They then mitigate the subsequent symptoms, and promote recovery; but if they be swallowed before vomiting takes place, and if this act cannot by any means be brought about, they aggravate the disorder,

* In speaking of the treatment, it is necessary to guard against confounding other affections with drunkenness:—There is a species of delirium that often attends the accession of *typhus fever*, from contagion, that I have known to be mistaken for ebriety. Among seamen and soldiers, whose habits of intoxication are common, it will sometimes require nice discernment to decide; for the vacant stare in the countenance, the look of idiotism, incoherent speech, faltering voice, and tottering walk, are so alike in both cases, that the naval and military surgeon ought at all times to be very cautious how he gives up a man to punishment, under these suspicious circumstances. Nay, the appearances of his having come from a tavern, with even the effluvia of liquor about him, are signs not always to be trusted; for these haunts of seamen and soldiers are often the sources of infection.—Trotter.

and death ensues more rapidly than if they had not been taken.

Coffee has likewise a good effect when taken after the opium is got off the stomach; but it differs from the acids in this, that it does not, under any circumstances, increase the danger. While the opium is still unremoved, the coffee may be considered merely inert; and it is, therefore, a matter of indifference whether at this time it be taken or not. Afterwards, however, it produces the same beneficial effects as lemonade, tartaric acid, or vinegar. According to Orfila, the infusion is more powerful as an antidote than the decoction. Drunkenness or poisoning from the other narcotics, such as hemlock, belladonna, aconite, hyoscyamus, &c., is treated precisely in the same manner as that from opium.

III. *From Tobacco*.—If a person feel giddy or languid from the use of this luxury, he should lay himself down on his back, exposed to a current of cool air. Should this fail of reviving him, let him either swallow twenty or thirty drops of hartshorn, mixed with a glass of cold water, or an ounce of vinegar moderately diluted. When tobacco has been received into the stomach, so as to produce dangerous symptoms, a powerful emetic must immediately be given, and vomiting encouraged by copious drinks, till the poison is brought up. After this, vinegar ought to be freely exhibited, and lethargy prevented by the external and internal use of stimuli. If apoplectic symptoms appear, bleeding must be had recourse to. The same rule applies here, with regard to acids, as in the case of opium. They should never be given till the stomach is thoroughly liberated of its contents by previous vomiting.

Accidents happen oftener with tobacco than is commonly supposed. Severe languor, retching, and convulsive attacks sometimes ensue from the application of ointment made with this plant, for the cure of the ringworm; and Santeuil, the celebrated French poet, lost his life in consequence of having unknowingly drunk a glass of wine, into which had been put some Spanish snuff.

IV. *From Nitrous Oxide*.—Though the inhalation of this gas is seldom attended with any risk, yet, in very plethoric habits, there might be a determination of blood to the head, sufficient to produce apoplexy. If a person therefore becomes after the experiment, convulsed, stupified, and livid in the countenance, and if these symptoms do not soon wear away, some means must be adopted for their removal. In general, a free exposure to fresh air, and daubing cold water over the face, will be quite sufficient; but if the affection is so obstinate as to resist this plan, it will then be necessary to draw some blood from the arm, or, what is still better, from the jugular vein. When, in delicate subjects, hysteria and other nervous symptoms are produced, bleeding is not necessary; all that is requisite to be done being the application of cold water to the brow or temples, and of hartshorn to the nostrils. In obstinate cases, twenty or thirty drops of the latter in a glass of water, may be administered with advantage.

CHAPTER X.

PATHOLOGY OF DRUNKENNESS.

The evil consequences of drinking, both in a physical and moral point of view, seem to have been known from the most remote antiquity. They are expressly mentioned in Scripture; nor can there be a doubt that the Homeric fiction of the companions of Ulysses being turned into swine by the enchanted cup of Circe, plainly implied the bestial degradation into which men bring themselves by coming under the dominion of so detestable a habit. Having mentioned these circumstances

in favour of the accuracy of ancient knowledge, we shall simply proceed to detail the effects of drunkenness, so far as the medical practitioner is professionally interested in knowing them. The moral consequences being more properly to the legislator and divine, and do not require to be here particularly considered.

1. *State of the Liver*.—One of the most common consequences of drunkenness is acute inflammation. This may affect any organ, but its attacks are principally confined to the brain, the stomach, and the liver. It is unnecessary to enter into any detail of its nature and treatment. These are precisely the same as when it proceeds from any other cause. The inflammation of drunkenness is, in a great majority of cases, chronic; and the viscus which, in nine cases out of ten, suffers, is the liver.

Liquors, from the earliest ages, have been known to affect this organ. Probably the story of Prometheus stealing fire from heaven and animating clay, alluded to the effects of wine upon the human body; and the punishment of having his liver devoured by a vulture, may be supposed to refer to the consequences which men draw upon themselves by over-indulgence—the organ becoming thereby highly diseased. Man is not the only animal so affected. Swine who are fed on the refuse of breweries, have their livers enlarged in the same manner. Their other viscera become also inflamed, and their flesh so tough, that unless killed early, they are unfit to be eaten. Some fowl-dealers in London are said to mix gun with the food of the birds, by which means they are fattened, and their livers swelled to a great size. The French manage to enlarge the organ in geese, by piercing it shortly after the creature are fledged.*

Neither malt liquors nor wine have so rapid and decided an effect upon the liver as ardent spirits. Indeed, it is alleged, although I cannot go this length, that the wine that is perfectly pure does not affect the liver; and the fact of our continental neighbours being much less troubled with hepatic complaints than the wine-drinkers among ourselves, gives some countenance to the allegation; for it is well known that to suit the British market, the vinous liquors used in this country are sophisticated with brandy. In wine that is perfectly pure the alcohol exists in such a state of chemical combination, as greatly to modify its effects upon the system. In the wine generally to be met with, much of it exists mechanically or uncombined, and all the portion of spirit acts precisely in the same manner as if separately used.†

The liver is a viscus which, in confirmed topers, never escapes; and it withstands disease better than any other vital part, except, perhaps, the spleen. Sometimes, by a slow chronic action, it is enlarged to double its usual size, and totally disorganized, and yet the person suffers comparatively little. The disease frequently arises in tropical climates, from warmth and other natural causes, but an excess in spirituous liquors is more frequently the cause than is generally imagined.

The consequences which follow chronic inflammation of the liver, are very extensive. The bile, in general, is not secreted in due quantity or quality, consequently digestion is defective, the bowels, from want of their usual stimulus, become torpid. The person gets jaundiced, his skin becoming yellow, dry, and rough, and the white of his eyes discoloured. As the enlargement goes on, the free passage of blood in the veins is impeded, and their extremities throw out lymph: this accumulating, forms dropsy, a disease with which a great proportion of drunkards are ultimately more or less affected.

The jaundice of drunkenness is not an original dis-

* They have a custom of fostering a *liver* in the neck of a goose, which encourages its growth to the same pounds; and this diseased viscus is cacy.—*Matthew's Diary of an invalid.*

† Vide Appendix No. I.

case, but merely a symptom of the one under consideration. A very slight cause will often bring it on; it is, consequently, not always dangerous. Dropsy is, for the most part, also symptomatic of diseased liver, but sometimes, more especially in dram-drinkers, it arises from general debility of the system. In the former case, effusion always takes place in the cavity of the abdomen. In the latter, there is general anasarca throughout the body, usually coupled with more or less topical affection. In every instance, dropsy, whether general or local, is a very dangerous disease.

II. *State of the Stomach, &c.*—Like the liver, the stomach is more subject to chronic than acute inflammation. It is also apt to get indurated, from long-continued, slow action going on within its substance. This disease is extremely insidious, frequently proceeding great lengths before it is discovered. The organ is often thickened to half an inch, or even an inch; and its different tunics so matted together that they cannot be separated. The pyloric orifice becomes, in many cases, contracted. The cardiac may suffer the same disorganization, and so may the œsophagus; but these are less common, and, it must be admitted, more rapidly fatal. When the stomach is much thickened, it may sometimes be felt like a hard ball below the left ribs. At this point there is also a dull uneasy pain, which is augmented upon pressure.

Indigestion or spasm may arise from a mere imperfect action of this organ, without any disease of its structure; but when organic derangement takes place, they are constant attendants. In the latter case it is extremely difficult for any food to remain on the stomach; it is speedily vomited. What little is retained undergoes a painful fermentation, which produces sickness and heartburn. There is, at the same time, much obstinacy in the bowels, and the body becomes emaciated.

This disease, though generally produced by dissipation, originates sometimes from other causes, and affects the soberest people. Whenever the stomach is neglected, when acidity is allowed to become habitual, or indigestible food too much made use of, the foundation may be laid for slow inflammation, terminating in schirrus and all its bad consequences.

Vomiting of bilious matter in the mornings, is a very common circumstance among all classes of drunkards. But there is another kind of vomiting, much more dangerous, to which they are subject; and that is when inflammation of the villous coat of the stomach takes place. In such a state there is not much acute pain, but rather a dull feeling of uneasiness over the abdomen, attended with the throwing up of a dark, crude matter, resembling coffee grounds. I have seen two cases in which the vomiting stopped suddenly, in consequence of metastasis to the head. In these, the affection soon proved fatal, the persons being seized with indistinctness of vision, low delirium, and general want of muscular power: the action of the kidneys was also totally suspended for three days before death. On examination, *post mortem*, there was effusion in the ventricles of the brain, besides extensive inflammation along the inner surface of the upper portion of the alimentary canal.

Bilious complaints, which were formerly in a great measure unknown to the common people, are now exceedingly common among them, and proceed in a great measure from the indulgence in ardent spirits to which that class of society is so much addicted.

There is nothing more indicative of health, than a good appetite for breakfast; but confirmed toppers, from the depraved state of their stomachs, lose all relish for this meal.

Persons of this description are generally of a costive habit, and are often afflicted with those who are confirmed drunkards, for the most part, followed by

In the latter stages of a drunkard's life, though he has still the relish for liquor as strongly as ever, he no longer enjoys his former power of withstanding it. This proceeds from general weakness of the system, and more particularly of the stomach. This organ gets debilitated, and soon gives way, while the person is intoxicated much easier, and often vomits what he has swallowed. His appetite likewise fails; and, to restore it, he has recourse to various bitters, which only aggravate the matter, especially as they are in most cases taken under the medium of ardent spirits. Bitters are often dangerous remedies. When used moderately, and in cases of weak digestion from natural causes, they frequently produce the best effects; but a long continuance of them is invariably injurious. There is a narcotic principle residing in most bitters, which physicians have too much overlooked. It destroys the sensibility of the stomach, determines to the head, and predisposes to apoplexy and palsy. This was the effects of the famous Portland powder,* so celebrated many years ago for the cure of gout; and similar consequences will, in the long run, follow bitters as they are commonly administered. Persons addicted to intemperance, have an inordinate liking for these substances; let them be ever so nauseous, they are swallowed greedily, especially if dissolved in spirits. Their fondness for purl, herb-ale, and other pernicious morning drinks, is equally striking.

There is nothing more characteristic of a tippler than an indifference to tea, and beverages of a like nature. When a woman exhibits this quality, we may reasonably suspect her of indulging in liquor. If drunkards partake of tea, they usually saturate it largely with ardent spirits. The unadulterated fluid is too weak a stimulus for unnatural appetites.

III. *State of the Brain.*—Inflammation of this organ is often a consequence of intemperance. It may follow immediately after a debauch, or it may arise secondarily from an excess of irritation being applied to the body during the stage of debility. Even an abstraction of stimulus, as by applying too much cold to the head, may bring it on in this latter state.

Dr Armstrong, in his lectures, speaks of a chronic inflammation of the brain and its membranes, proceeding, among other causes, from the free use of strong wines and liquors. According to him, it is much more common after, than before, forty years of age, although he has seen several instances occurring in young persons. The brain gets diseased, the diameter of the vessels being diminished, while their coats are thickened and less transparent than usual. In some places they swell out and assume a varicose appearance. The organ itself has no longer the same delicate and elastic texture, becoming either unnaturally hard, or of a morbid softness. Slight effusions in the various cavities are apt to take place. Under these circumstances, there is a strong risk of apoplexy. To this structure is to be ascribed the mental debasement, the loss of memory, and gradual extinction of the intellectual powers. I believe that the brains of all confirmed drunkards exhibit more or less of the above appearances.

IV. *State of the Kidneys.*—During intoxication the action of the kidneys is always much increased; and this is a favourable circumstance, as, more than any thing else, it carries off the bad effects of drinking. The kidney, however, in confirmed drunkards, is apt to become permanently diseased, and secretes its accustomed fluid with unusual activity, not only in the moments of drunkenness, when such an increase is useful, but at all periods, even when the persons abstains from every sort of indulgence. The disease called diabetes

* The Portland Powder consisted of equal parts of the roots of round birthwort and gentian, of the leaves of germander and ground pine, and of the tops of the lesser centaury, all dried. Drs Cullen, Darwin, and Murray of Göttingen, with many other eminent physicians, bear testimony to the pernicious effects of this compound.

is thus produced, which consists in a morbid increase of the secretion, accompanied with a diseased state of the texture of the kidneys. This affection is mostly fatal.

V. *State of the Bladder.*—Drunkenness affects this organ in common with almost every other; hence it is subject to paralysis, spasm, induration, &c., and to all bad consequences thence resulting—such as pain, incontinence, and retention of urine.

VI. *State of the Blood and Breath.*—The blood of a professed drunkard, as already stated, differs from that of a sober man. It is more dark, and approaches to the character of venous. The ruddy tint of those carbuncles which are apt to form upon the face, is no proof to the contrary, as the blood which supplies them crimsoned by exposure to the air, on the same principle as that by which the blood in the pulmonary arteries receives purification by the process of breathing. The blood of a malt-liquor drinker is not merely darker, but also more thick and sily than in other cases, owing, no doubt, to the very nutritious nature of his habitual beverage.

The breath of a drunkard is disgustingly bad, and has always a spiritous odour. This is partly owing to the stomach, which communicates the flavour of its customary contents to respiration; and partly, also, there can be little doubt, to the absorption of the liquor by the blood, through the medium of the lacteals.

VII. *State of the Perspiration.*—The perspiration of a confirmed drunkard is as offensive as his breath, and has often a strong spiritous odour. I have met with two instances, the one in a Claret, the other in a Port drinker, in which the moisture which exuded from their bodies had a ruddy complexion, similar to that of the wine on which they had committed their debauch.

VIII. *State of the Eyes, &c.*—The eyes may be affected with acute or chronic inflammation. Almost all drunkards have the latter more or less. Their eyes are red and watery, and have an expression so peculiar, that the cause can never be mistaken. This, and a certain want of firmness about the lips, which are loose, gross, and sensual, betray at once the topor Drunkenness impairs vision. The delicacy of the retina is probably affected; and it is evident, that, from long-continued inflammation, the tunica adnata which covers the cornea must lose its original clearness and transparency.

Most drunkards have a constant tenderness and redness of the nostrils. This, I conceive, arises from the state of the stomach and œsophagus. The same membrane which lines them is prolonged upwards to the nose and mouth, and carries thus far its irritability.

There is no organ which so rapidly betrays the Bacchanalian propensities of its owner as the nose. It not only becomes red and fiery, like that of *Bardolph*,* but acquires a general increase of size—displaying upon its surface various small pimples, either wholly of a deep crimson hue, or tipped with yellow, in consequence of an accumulation of viscid matter within them. The rest of the face often presents the same carbuncled appearance.

I have remarked that drunkards who have a foul, livid, and pimpled face, are less subject to liver com-

plaint than those who are free from such eruptions. In this case the determination of blood to the surface of the body seems to prevent that fluid from being directed so forcibly to the viscera as it otherwise would be. The same fact is sometimes observed in sober persons who are troubled with hepatic affection. While there is a copious rush upon the face or body, they are comparatively well, but no sooner does it go in than they are annoyed by the liver getting into disorder.

IX. *State of the Skin.*—The skin of a drunkard, especially if he be advanced in life, has seldom the appearance of health. It is apt to become either livid or jaundiced in its complexion, and feels rough and scaly. There is a disease spoken of by Dr Darwin, under the title of *Psora Ebriorum*, which is peculiar to people of this description. 'Elderly people,' says he, 'who have been much addicted to spiritous drinks, as beer, wine, or alcohol, are liable to an eruption all over their bodies; which is attended with very afflicting itching, and which they probably propagate from one part of their bodies to another with their own nails by scratching themselves.' I have met with several cases of this disease, which is only one of the many forms of morbid action, which the skin is apt to assume in drunkards.

X. *State of the Hair.*—The hair of drunkards is generally dry, slow of growth, and liable to come out; they are consequently more subject to baldness than other people. At the same time, it would be exceedingly unjust to suspect any one, whose hair was of this description, of indulgence in liquors, for we frequently find in the soberest persons that the hairs are and few in number, and prone to decay. Baldness with such persons is merely a local affection, but in drunkards it is constitutional, and proceeds from that general defect of vital energy which pervades their whole system.

XI. *Inflammations.*—Drunkards are exceedingly subject to all kinds of inflammation, both from the direct excitement of the liquor, and from their often remaining out in a state of intoxication, exposed to cold and damp. Hence inflammatory affections of the lungs, intestine, bladder, kidneys, brain, &c., arising from these sources. Rheumatism is often traced to the neglect and exposure of a fit of drunkenness.

XII. *Gout.*—Gout is the offspring of gluttony, drunkenness, or sensuality, or of them all put together. It occurs most frequently with the wine-bibber. A very slight cause may bring it on when hereditary predisposition exists; but in other circumstances considerable excess will be required before it makes its appearance. It is one of the most afflicting consequences of intemperance, and seems to have been known as such from an early age—mention being made of it by Hippocrates, Aretæus, and Galen. Among the Roman ladies gout was very prevalent during the latter times of the empire; and, at the present day, there are few noblemen who have it not to hand down to their offspring as a portion of their heritage.

XIII. *Tremors.*—A general tremor is an attendant upon almost all drunkards. This proceeds from nervous irritability. Even those who are habitually temperate, have a quivering in their hands next morning, if they indulge over night in a debauch. While it lasts, a person cannot hold anything without shaking, neither can he write steadily. Among those who have long devoted themselves to the mysteries of Silenus, this amounts to a species of palsy, affecting the whole body, and even the lips, with a sort of paralytic trembling. On awaking from sleep, they frequently feel it so strongly, as to seem in the cold fit of an ague, being neither able to walk steadily, nor articulate distinctly. It is singular that the very cause of this distemper should be employed for its cure. When the confirmed drunkard awakes with tremor, he immediately swallows a dram: the most violent shaking is quieted by this means. The opium-eater has recourse to the same

* Falstaff. Thou art our admiral: thou bearest the lantern in the poop; but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

* Bardolph. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

* Falstaff. No, I'll be sworn! I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head or a memento mori. I never see thy face but I think of hell-fire.—'When thou rann'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph—an everlasting bonfire light: thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with me in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years—heaven reward me for it!'

method: to remove the agitation produced by one dose of opium, he takes another. This, in both cases, is only adding fuel to the fire—the tremors coming on at shorter intervals, and larger doses being required for their removal.

Drunkards are more subject than any other class of people to apoplexy and palsy.

XIV. *Palpitation of the Heart*.—This is a very distressing consequence of drunkenness, producing difficult breathing, and such a determination to the head as often brings on giddiness. Drunkards are apt to feel it as they step out of bed, and the vertigo is frequently so great as to make them stumble. There are some sober persons who are much annoyed by this affection. In them it may arise from spasmodic action of the fibres of the heart, nervous irritability, or organic disease, such as aneurism, or angina pectoris.

XV. *Hysteria*.—Female drunkards are very subject to hysterical affections. There is a delicacy of fibre in women, and a susceptibility of mind, which makes them feel more acutely than the other sex all external influences. Hence their whole system is often violently affected with hysterics and other varieties of nervous weakness. These affections are not always traced to their true cause, which is often neither more nor less than dram-drinking. When a woman's nose becomes crimsoned at the point, her eyes somewhat red, and more watery than before, and her lips full and less firm and intellectual in their expression, we may suspect that something wrong is going on.

XVI. *Epilepsy*.—Drunkenness may bring on epilepsy, or falling sickness, and may excite it into action in those who have the disease from other causes. Many persons cannot get slightly intoxicated without having an epileptic or other convulsive attack. These fits generally arise in the early stages before drunkenness has got to a height. If they do not occur early the individual will probably escape them altogether for the time.

XVII. *Sterility*.—This is a state to which confirmed drunkards are very subject. The children of such persons are, in general, neither numerous nor healthy. From the general defect of vital power in the parental system they are apt to be puny and emaciated, and more than ordinarily liable to inherit all the diseases of those from whom they are sprung. On this account, the chances of long life are much diminished among the children of such parents. In proof of this, it is only necessary to remark, that according to the London bills of mortality one-half of the children born in the metropolis die before attaining their third year; while of the children of the Society of Friends, a class remarkable for sobriety and regularity of all kinds one-half actually attain the age of forty-seven years. Much of this difference, doubtless, originates in the superior degree of comfort, and correct general habits of the Quakers, which incline them to bestow every care in the rearing of their offspring, and put at their power to obtain the means of combating disease; but the mainspring of this superior comfort and regularity is doubtless temperance—a virtue which this class of people possess in an eminent degree.

XVIII. *Emaciation*.—Emaciation is peculiarly characteristic of the spirit drinker. He wears away, before his time, into the 'lean and slippered pantaloon' spoken of by Shakspeare in his 'Stages of Human Life.' All drunkards, however, if they live long enough, become emaciated. The eyes get hollow, the cheeks fall in, and wrinkles soon furrow the countenance with the marks of age. The fat is absorbed from every part, and the rounded plumpness which formerly characterized the body soon wears away. The whole form gets ~~hink~~ and debilitated. There is a want of due

warmth, and the hand is usually covered with a chill clammy perspiration.

The occurrence of emaciation is not to be wondered at in persons who are much addicted to ardent spirits, for alcohol, besides being possessed of no nutritive properties, prevents the due chymification of the food, and consequently deteriorates the quality, besides diminishing the quantity of the chyle. The principle of nutrition being thus affected, the person becomes emaciated as a natural consequence.

XIX. *Corpulency*.—Malt liquor and wine drinkers are, for the most part, corpulent, a state of body which rarely attends the spirit drinker, unless he be, at the same time, a *bon vivant*. Both wines and malt liquors are more nourishing than spirits. Under their use, the blood becomes, as it were, enriched, and an universal deposition of fat takes place throughout the system. The omentum and muscles of the belly are, in a particular manner, loaded with this secretion; whence the abdominal protuberance so remarkable in persons who indulge themselves in wines and ale.* As the abdomen is the part which becomes most enlarged, so is it that which longest retains its enlargement. It seldom parts with it, indeed, even in the last stages, when the rest of the body is in the state of emaciation. There can be no doubt that the parts which first lose their corpulency are the lower extremities. Nothing is more common than to see a pair of spindle-shanks tottering under the weight of an enormous corporation, to which they seem attached more like artificial appendages, than natural members. The next parts which give way are the shoulders. They fall flat, and lose their former firmness and rotundity of organization. After this, the whole body becomes loose, flabby, and enelastic; and five years do as much to the constitution as fifteen would have done under a system of strict temperance and sobriety. The worst system that can befall a corpulent man, is the decline of his lower extremities.† So long as they continue firm, and correspondent with the rest of the body, it is a proof that there is still vigor remaining; but when they gradually get attenuated, while other parts retain their original fullness, there can be no sign more sure that his constitution is breaking down, and that he will never again enjoy his wonted strength.

XX. *Premature Old Age*.—Drunkenness has a dreadful effect in anticipating the effects of age. It causes time to pace on with giant strides—chases youth from the constitution of its victims—and clothes them prematurely with the gray garniture of years. How often do we see the sunken eye, the shrivelled cheek, the feeble, tottering step, and hoary head, in men who have scarcely entered into the autumn of their existence. To witness this distressing picture, we have only to walk out early in the mornings, and see those gaunt, melancholy shadows of mortality, betaking themselves to the gin-shops, as to the altar of some dreadful demon, and quaffing the poisoned cup to his honor, as the Carthaginians propitiated the deity of their worship, by flinging their children into the fire which burned within his brazen image. Most of these unhappy persons are young, or middle-aged men; and though some drunkards attain a green old age, they are few in number compared with those who sink untimely into the grave ere the days of their youth have well passed by.‡

* This circumstance has not escaped the observation of Shakspeare;—'Chief Justice. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth that are written down old, with all the characters of age! Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, and a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part of you biased with antiquity; and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!'

† 'Let nobody tell me that there are numbers who, though they live most irregularly, attain, in health, and spirits, those remote periods of life attained by the most sober; for this argument being grounded on a case full of uncertainty and hazard, and which, besides, so seldom occurs as to look more like a mis-

Nothing is more common than to see a man of fifty as hoary, emaciated, and wrinkled, as if he stood on the borders of fourscore.

The effect of intemperance in shortening life is strikingly exemplified in the contrast afforded by other classes of society to the Quakers, a set of people of whom I must again speak favorably. It appears from accurate calculation, that in London only one person in forty attains the age of four-score, while among Quakers, whose sobriety is proverbial, and who have long set themselves against the use of ardent spirits, not less than one in ten reaches that age—a most striking difference, and one which carries its own inference along with it.

It is remarked by an eminent practitioner, that of more than a hundred men in a glass manufactory, three drank nothing but water, and these three appeared to be of their proper age, while the rest who indulged in strong drinks seemed ten or twelve years older than they proved to be. This is conclusive.*

XXI. Ulcers.—Ulcers often break out on the bodies of drunkards. Sometimes they are fiery and irritable, but in general they possess an indolent character. Of whatever kind they may be, they are always aggravated in such constitutions. A slight cause gives rise to them; and a cut or bruise which, in health, would have healed in a few days, frequently degenerates into a foul sloughy sore. When drunkards are affected with scrofula, scurvy, or any cutaneous disease whatever, they always, *ceteris paribus*, suffer more than other people.

XXII. Melancholy.—Though drunkards over their cups are the happiest of mankind, yet, in their solitary hours, they are the most wretched. Gnawing care, heightened perhaps by remorse, preys upon their conscience. While sober, they are distressed both in body and mind, and fly to the bowl to drown their misery in oblivion. Those, especially, whom hard fate drove to this desperate remedy, feel the pangs of low spirits with seven-fold force. The weapon they employ to drive away care is turned upon themselves. Every time it is used, it becomes less capable of scaring the fiend of melancholy, and more effectual in wounding him that uses it.

All drunkards are apt to become peevish and discontented with the world. They turn enemies to the established order of things, and, instead of looking to themselves, absurdly blame the government as the origin of their misfortunes.

XXIII. Madness.—This terrible infliction often proceeds from drunkenness. When there is hereditary predisposition, indulgence in liquor is more apt to call it into action than when there is none. The mind and body act reciprocally upon one another; and when the one is injured the other must suffer more or less. In intemperance, the structure of the brain is no longer the same as in health; and the mind, that immortal part of man, whose manifestations depend upon this organ, suffers a corresponding injury.

Intoxication may effect the mind in two ways. A person, after excessive indulgence in liquor, may be seized with delirium, and run into a state of violent outrage and madness. In this case the disease comes suddenly on: the man is fierce and intractable, and requires a strait jacket to keep him in order. Some rarer than the work of nature, men should not suffer themselves to be thereby persuaded to live irregularly, nature having been too liberal to those who did so without suffering by it; a favour which very few have any right to expect.—*Carnaro on Health.*

* The workmen in provision stores have large allowances of whiskey bound to them in their engagements. These are served out to them daily by their employers, for the purpose of urging them, by excitement, to extraordinary exertion. And what is the effect of this murderous system? The men are ruined, scarcely one of them being capable of work beyond fifty years of age, though none but the most able-bodied men can enter such employment.—[Beecher's Sermons on Intemperance, with an Introductory Essay by John Edgar. This is an excellent little work, which I cordially recommend to the perusal of the reader.

never get drunk without being insanely outrageous: they attack, without distinction, all who come in their way, foam at the mouth, and lose all sense of danger. This fit either goes off in a few hours, or degenerates into a confirmed attack of lunacy. More generally, however, the madness of intoxication is of another character, partaking of the nature of *idiotism*, into which state the mind resolves itself, in consequence of a long-continued falling off in the intellectual powers.

Drunkenness, according to the reports of Bethlehem Hospital, and other similar institutions for the insane, is one of the most common causes of lunacy. In support of this fact, it may be mentioned that of two hundred and eighty-six lunatics now in the Richmond Asylum, Dublin, one-half owe their madness to drinking; and there are few but must have witnessed the wreck of the most powerful minds by this destructive habit. It has a more deplorable effect upon posterity than any other practice, for it entails, not only bodily disease upon the innocent offspring, but also the more affecting diseases of the mind. Madness of late years has been greatly on the increase among the lower classes, and can only be referred to the alarming progress of drunkenness, which prevails now to a much greater extent among the poor than ever it did at any former period.*

XXIV. Delirium Tremens.—Both the symptoms and treatment of this affection require to be mentioned, because, unlike the diseases already enumerated, it invariably originates in the abuse of stimulants, and is cured in a manner peculiar to itself.

Those who indulge in spirits, especially raw, are most subject to delirium tremens, although wine, and liquor, opium, and even ether, may give rise to it if used in immoderate quantities. The sudden cessation of drinking in a confirmed toper, or a course of want or long protracted intemperance may equally occasion the disease. A man, for instance, of the former description, breaks his leg, or is seized with some complaint, which compels him to abandon his potations. This man in consequence of such abstinence is attacked with delirium tremens. In another man, it is induced by a long course of tipping, or by a hard drinking-bout of several days' continuance.

The disease generally comes on with lassitude, loss of appetite, and frequent exacerbations of cold. The pulse is weak and quick, and the body covered with a chilly moisture. The countenance is pale, there are usually tremors of the limbs, anxiety, and a total aversion for the common amusements of life. Then succeed retching, vomiting, and much oppression at the pit of the stomach, with sometimes slimy stools. When the person sleeps, which is but seldom, he frequently starts in the utmost terror, having his imagination haunted by frightful dreams. To the first coldness, glows of heat succeed, and the slightest renewed agitation of body or mind, sends out a profuse perspiration. The tongue is dry and furred. Every object appears unnatural and hideous. There is a constant dread of being haunted by spectres. Black or luminous bodies seem to float before the person: he conceives that vermin and all sorts of impure things are crawling upon him, and is constantly endeavouring to pick them off. His ideas are wholly confined to himself and his own affairs, of which he entertains the most disordered notions. He imagines that he is away from home, forgets those who are around him, frequently abuses his attendants, and is irritated beyond measure by the slightest contradiction. Calculations, buildings, and other fantastic schemes often occupy his mind; and a belief that

* It has been considered unnecessary to enter into any detail of the nature and treatment of the foregoing diseases, because they may originate from many other causes besides drunkenness; and when they do arise from this source, they acquire no peculiarity of character. Their treatment is also precisely the same as in ordinary cases—it being always understood, that the bad habit which brought them on must be abandoned before any good can result from medicine. The disease, however, which follows is different, and requires particular consideration.

every person is confederated to ruin him, is commonly entertained. Towards morning there is often much sickness and sometimes vomiting. This state generally lasts from four to ten days, and goes off after a refreshing sleep; but sometimes, either from the original violence of the disease, or from improper treatment, it proves fatal.

Such, in nine cases out of ten, is the character of delirium tremens. Sometimes, however, the symptoms vary, and instead of a weak there is a full pulse; instead of the face being pallid, it is flushed, and the eyes fiery; instead of a cold clammy skin, the surface is hot and dry. This state only occurs in vigorous plethoric subjects. A habitually sober man who has thoughtlessly rushed into a debauch, is more likely to be attacked in this manner than a professed drunkard. Indeed, I never met with an instance of the latter having this modification of the disease.

When the patient perishes from delirium tremens, he is generally carried off in convulsions. There is another termination which the disease sometimes assumes: it may run into madness or confirmed idiotism. Indeed, when it continues much beyond the time mentioned, there is danger of the mind becoming permanently alienated.

Subsultus, low delirium, very cold skin, short disturbed sleep, contracted pupil, strabismus, rapid intermittent pulse, and frequent vomiting, are indications of great danger. When the patient is affected with subsultus from which he recovers in terror, the danger is extreme.

In treating delirium tremens, particular attention must be paid to the nature of the disease, and constitution of the patient. In the first mentioned, and by far the most frequent variety, bleeding, which some physicians foolishly recommend, is most pernicious. I have known more than one instance where life was destroyed by this practice. As there is generally much gastric irritation, as is indicated by the foul tongue, black and viscid evacuations and irritable state of the stomach, I commence the treatment by administering a smart dose of calomel. As soon as this has operated, I direct tepid water strongly impregnated with salt, to be dashed over the body, and the patient immediately thereafter to be well dried and put to bed. I then administer laudanum in doses of from forty to sixty drops, according to circumstances, combining with each dose from six to twelve grains of the carbonate of ammonia: this I repeat every now and then till sleep is procured. It may sometimes be necessary to give such doses every two hours, or even every hour, for twelve or twenty successive hours, before the effect is produced. The black drop in doses proportioned to its strength, which is more than three times that of laudanum, may be used as a substitute for the latter; the acetate or muriate of morphia in doses of a quarter or half a grain, is also a good medicine, having less tendency to produce stupor or headache than laudanum, and therefore preferable in cases where the patient is of a plethoric habit of body. It must be admitted, however, that their effects are less to be depended upon than those of laudanum, which, in all common cases will, I believe, be found the best remedy. The great object of the treatment is to soothe the apprehensions of the patient, and procure him rest. So soon as a sound sleep takes place there is generally a crisis, and the disease begins to give way; but till this occurs it is impossible to arrest its progress and effect a cure. A moderate quantity of wine will be necessary, especially if he has been a confirmed drinker, and labours under much weakness. Perhaps the best way of administering wine is along with the laudanum, the latter being dropped into the wine. Where wine cannot be had, porter may be advantageously given in combination with laudanum. The principal means, indeed, after the first purging, are opium, wine, ammonia, and tepid effusions: the latter may be tried two,

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three, or four times in the twenty-four hours, as occasion requires. The mind is, at the same time, to be soothed in the gentlest manner, the whimsical ideas of the patient to be humoured, and his fancies indulged as far as possible. All kinds of restraint or contradiction are most hurtful. Some recommend blisters to the head, but these are, in every case, injurious. So soon as all the symptoms of the disease have disappeared some purgative should be administered, but during its progress we must rely almost wholly upon stimulants. To cure, by means of stimuli, a complaint which arose from an over-indulgence in such agents, is apparently paradoxical; but experience confirms the propriety of the practice where, *a priori*, we might expect the contrary.

In the second variety of the disease, the same objections do not apply to blood-letting as in the first, but even there, great caution is necessary, especially if the disease has gone on for any length of time, if the pulse is quick and feeble or the tongue foul. At first, general bleeding will often have an excellent effect, but should we not be called till after this stage it will prove a hazardous experiment. Local bleeding will then sometimes be serviceable where general bleeding could not be safely attempted. The patient should be purged well with calomel, have his head shaved, and kept cool with wet cloths, and sinapisms applied to his feet. When the bowels are well evacuated, and no symptoms of coma exist, opiates must be given as in the first variety, but in smaller and less frequently repeated doses.

Much yet remains to be known with regard to the pathology of delirium tremens. I believe that physicians have committed a dangerous error, in considering these two varieties as modifications of the same disease. In my opinion they are distinct affections and ought to be known under different names. This cannot be better shown than in the conflicting opinions with regard to the real nature of the disease. Dr Clutterbuck, having apparently the second variety in his eye, conceives that delirium tremens arises from congestion or inflammation of the brain; while Dr Ryan, referring to the first, considers it a nervous affection, originating in that species of excitement often accompanying debility. It is very evident, that such different conditions require different curative means. The genuine delirium tremens is that described under the first variety, and I agree with Dr Ryan in the view he takes of the character of this singular disease.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Such are the principal diseases brought on by drunkenness. There are still several others which have not been enumerated—nor is there any affection incident to either the body or mind which the voice does not aggravate into double activity. The number of persons who die in consequence of complaints so produced, is much greater than unprofessional people imagine. This fact is well known to medical men, who are aware that many of the cases they are called upon to attend, originate in liquor, although very often the circumstance is totally unknown either to the patient or his friends. This is particularly the case with regard to affections of the liver, stomach, and other viscera concerned in digestion. Dr Willan, in his reports of the diseases of London, states his conviction that considerably more than one-eight of all the deaths which take place in persons above twenty years old, happen prematurely through excess in drinking spirits. Nor are the moral consequences less striking: Mr Poynter, for three years Under-Sheriff of London and Westminster, made the following declaration before a committee of the House of Commons:—“I have long been in the habit of hearing criminals refer all their misery to drinking, so that I now almost cease to ask them the cause of their ruin. This evil lies at the root of all other evils of this city and elsewhere. Nearly all the convicts for murder with whom I have

converted, have admitted themselves to have been under the influence of liquor at the time of the act.' 'By due observation for nearly twenty years,' says the great Judge Hales, 'I have found that if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, and riots and tumults, and adulteries, fornications, rapes, and other great enormities, they have happened in that time, were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issues and product of excessive drinking—of tavern and ale-house meetings.' According to the *Caledonian Mercury* of October 26, 1829, no fewer than ninety males, and one hundred and thirty females, in a state of intoxication, were brought to the different police watch-houses of Edinburgh, in the course of the week—being the greatest number for many years. Nor is Glasgow, in this respect, a whit better than Edinburgh. On March 1, 1830, of forty-five cases brought before the police magistrate in Glasgow, forty were for drunkenness; and it is correctly ascertained that more than nine thousand cases of drunkenness are annually brought before the police, from this city and suburbs—a frightful picture of vice. In the ingenious Introductory Essay attached to the Rev Dr Beecher's sermons on Intemperance, the following passage occurs, and I think, instead of exaggerating it rather underrates the number of drunkards in the quarter alluded to. 'Supposing that one-half of the eighteen hundred licensed houses for the sale of spirits which are in that city, send forth each a drunken man every day, there are, in Glasgow, nine hundred drunken men, day after day, spreading around them beggary, and wretchedness, and crime!' Had the author given to each licensed house, one drunkard, on an average, I do not think he would have overstepped the bounds of truth. As it is, what a picture of demoralization and wretchedness does it not exhibit!

CHAPTER XI.

SLEEP OF DRUNKARDS.

To enter at large upon the subject of sleep would require a volume. At present I shall only consider it so far as it is modified by drunkenness.

The drunkard seldom knows the delicious and refreshing slumbers of the temperate man. He is restless, and tosses in bed for an hour or two before falling asleep. Even then, his rest is not comfortable. He awakes frequently during night, and each time his mouth is dry, his skin parched, and his head, for the most part, painful and throbbing. These symptoms from the irritable state of his constitution, occur even when he goes soberly to bed; but if he lie down heated with liquor, he feels them with double force. Most persons who fall asleep in a state of intoxication, have much headach, exhaustion and general fever, on awaking. Some constitutions are lulled to rest by liquors, and others rendered excessively restless; but the first are no gainers by the difference, as they suffer abundantly afterwards. Phlegmatic drunkards drop into slumber more readily than the others: their sleep is, in reality a sort of apoplectic stupor.

I. *Dreams*.—Dreams may be readily supposed to be common, from the deranged manifestations of the stomach and brain which occur in intoxication. They are usually of a painful nature, and leave a gloomy impression upon the mind. In general, they are less palpable to the understanding than those which occur in sobriety. They come like painful grotesque conceptions across the imagination; and though this faculty can embody nothing into shape, meaning, or consistence, it is yet haunted with melancholy ideas. These visions depend much on the mental constitution of the person, and are modified by his habitual tone of thinking. It is, how-

ever, to be remarked, that while the waking thoughts of the drunkard are full of sprightly images, those of his sleep are usually tinged with a shade of perplexing melancholy.

II. *Nightmare*.—Drunkards are more afflicted than other people with this disorder, in so far as they are equally subject to all the ordinary causes, and liable to others from which sober people are exempted. Intoxication is fertile in producing reveries and dreams, those playthings of the fancy; and it may also give rise to such a distortion of ideas, as to call up incubus, and all its frightful accompaniments.

III. *Sleep-walking*.—Somnambulism is another affection to which drunkards are more liable than their neighbours. I apprehend that the slumber is never profound when this takes place, and that, in drunkenness in particular, it may occur in a state of very imperfect sleep. Drunkards, even when consciousness is not quite abolished, frequently leave their beds and walk about the room. They know perfectly well what they are about, and recollect it afterwards, but if questioned, either at the moment or at any future period, they are totally unable to give any reason for their conduct. Sometimes after getting up, they stand a little time and endeavour to account for rising, then go again deliberately to bed. There is often, in the behaviour of these individuals, a strange mixture of folly and rationality. Persons half tipsy have been known to arise and go out of doors in their night-dress, being all the while sensible of what they were doing, and aware of its absurdity. The drunken somnambulism has not always this character. Sometimes the reflecting faculties are so absorbed in slumber, that the person has no consciousness of what he does. From drinking, the affection is always more dangerous than from any other cause, as the muscles have no longer their former strength and are unable to support the person in his hazardous expeditions. If he gets upon a house-top, he does not balance himself properly, from giddiness; he is consequently liable to falls and accidents of every kind. It is considered, with justice, dangerous to awaken a sleep-walker. In a drunken fit, there is less risk than under other circumstances, the mind being so far confused by intoxication, as to be, in some measure, insensible to the shock.

IV. *Sleep-talking*.—For the same reason that drunkards are peculiarly prone to somnambulism are they subject to sleep-talking, which is merely a modification of the other. The imagination, being vehemently excited by the drunken dream, embodies itself often in speech which however is, in almost every case, extremely incoherent, and wants the rationality sometimes possessed by the conversation of sleep-talkers under other circumstances.

CHAPTER XII.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF DRUNKARDS.

Whether such a quantity of hydrogen may accumulate in the bodies of drunkards as to sustain combustion, is not easy to determine. This subject is, indeed, one which has never been satisfactorily investigated; and, notwithstanding the cases brought forward in support of the doctrine, the general opinion seems to be, that the whole is fable, or at least so much involved in obscurity as to afford no just grounds for belief. The principal information on this point is in the *Journal de Physique*, in an article by Pierre Aime Lair, a copy of which was published in the sixth volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, by Mr. Alexander Tilloch. A number of cases are there given: and it is not a little singular that the whole of them are those of women in

advanced life. When we consider that writers like Vicq d'Asy, Le Cat, Maffei, Jacobæus, Rolli, Bianchini, and Mason Good, have given their testimony in support of such facts, it requires some effort to believe them unfounded in truth. At the same time, in pursuing the case themselves, it is difficult to divest the mind of an idea that some misstatement or other exists, either as to their alleged cause or their actual nature—and that their relations have been led into an unintentional misrepresentation. The most curious fact connected with this subject is, that the combustion appears seldom to be sufficiently strong to inflame combustible substances with which it comes in contact, such as woollen or cotton, while it destroys the body, which in other circumstances is hardly combustible at all.* Sometimes the body is consumed by an open flame flickering over it—at other times there is merely a smothered heat or fire, without any visible flame. It is farther alleged that water, instead of allaying, aggravates the combustion. This species of burning, indeed, is perfectly *sui generis*, and bears no resemblance to any species of combustion with which we are acquainted. In most cases it breaks out spontaneously, although it may be occasioned by a candle, a fire, or a stroke of lightning; but in every case it is wholly peculiar to itself. M. Fodere remarks, that hydrogen gas is developed in certain cases of disease, even in the living body; and he seems inclined to join with M. Mere in attributing what is called spontaneous combustion, to the united action of hydrogen and electricity in the first instance, favoured by the accumulation of animal oil, and the impregnation of spirituous liquors. In the present state of our knowledge, it is needless to hazard any conjectures upon this mysterious subject. The best way is to give a case or two, and let the reader judge for himself.

CASE OF MARY CLUES.—‘This woman, aged fifty, was much addicted to intoxication. Her propensity to this vice had increased after the death of her husband, which happened a year and a half before: for about a year, scarcely a day had passed in the course of which she did not drink at least half a pint of rum or aniseed water. Her health gradually declined, and about the beginning of February she was attacked by the jaundice and confined to her bed. Though she was incapable of much action, and not in a condition to work, she still continued her old habit of drinking every day, and smoking a pipe of tobacco. The bed in which she lay stood parallel to the chimney of the apartment, at the distance from it of about three feet. On Saturday morning, the 1st of March, she fell on the floor, and her extreme weakness having prevented her from getting up, she remained in that state till some one entered and put her to bed. The following night she wished to be left alone: a woman quitted her at half past eleven, and, according to custom, shut the door and locked it. She had put on the fire two large pieces of coal, and placed a light in a candlestick on a chair at the head of the bed. At half past five in the morning, smoke was seen issuing through the window, and the door being speedily broken open, some flames which were in the room were soon extinguished. Between the bed and the chimney were found the remains of the unfortunate Clues; one leg and a thigh were still entire, but there remained nothing of the skin, the muscles, and the viscera. The bones of the cranium, the breast, the spine,

* ‘At a period when criminals were condemned to expiate their crimes in the flames, it is well known what a large quantity of combustible materials was required for burning their bodies. A baker’s boy named Renaud being several years ago condemned to be burned at Caen, two large cart loads of fagots were required to consume the body; and at the end of more than ten hours some remains were still visible. In this country, the extreme incombustibility of the human body was exemplified in the case of Mrs King, who, having been murdered by a foreigner, was afterwards burned by him; but in the execution of this plan he was engaged for several weeks, and, after all, did not succeed in its completion.’—*Paris and Fontenay’s Medical Jurisprudence.*

and the upper extremities, were entirely calcined, and covered with a whitish efflorescence. The people were much surprised that the furniture had sustained so little injury. The side of the bed which was next the chimney had suffered most; the wood of it was slightly burned, but the feather-bed, the clothes, and covering were safe. I entered the apartment about two hours after it had been opened, and observed that the walls and every thing in it were blackened; that it was filled with a very disagreeable vapour; but that nothing except the body exhibited any very strong traces of fire.’

This case first appeared in the *Annual Register* for 1773, and is a fair specimen of the cases collected in the *Journal de Physique*. There is no evidence that the combustion was spontaneous, as it may have been occasioned either by lightning, or by contact with the fire. The only circumstance which militates against the latter supposition, is the very trifling degree of burning that was found in the apartment.

CASE OF GRACE PITT.—‘Grace Pitt, the wife of a fishmonger in the Parish of St. Clement, Ipswich, aged about sixty, had contracted a habit, which she continued for several years, of coming down every night from her bed-room, half-dressed, to smoke a pipe. On the night of the 9th of April, 1744, she got up from her bed as usual. Her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive she was absent till next morning when she awoke, soon after which she put on her clothes, and going down into the kitchen, found her mother stretched out on the right side, with her head near the grate; the body extended on the hearth, with the legs on the floor, which was of deal, having the appearance of a log of wood, consumed by a fire without apparent flame. On beholding this spectacle, the girl ran in great haste and poured over her mother’s body some water contained in two large vessels in order to extinguish the fire; while the fetid odour and smoke which exhaled from the body, almost suffocated some of the neighbours who had hastened to the girl’s assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, the legs, and the thighs, had also participated in the burning. This woman, it is said, had drunk a large quantity of spirituous liquors in consequence of being overjoyed to hear that one of her daughters had returned from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burned entirely out in the socket of the candlestick, which was close to her. Besides, there were found near the consumed body, the clothes of a child and a paper screen, which had sustained no injury by the fire. The dress of this woman consisted of a cotton gown.’

This case is to be found in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of London*, and is one of the most decided, and least equivocal instances of this species of combustion to be met with. It was mentioned at the time in all the journals, and was the subject of much speculation and remark. The reality of its occurrence was attested by many witnesses, and three several accounts of it, by different hands, all nearly coincide.

CASE OF DON GIO MARIA BRETHOLI.—‘Having spent the day in travelling about the country, he arrived in the evening at the house of his brother-in-law. He immediately requested to be shown to his destined apartment, where he had a handkerchief placed between his shirt and shoulders; and, being left alone, betook himself to his devotions. A few minutes had scarcely elapsed when an extraordinary noise was heard in the chamber, and the cries of the unfortunate man were particularly distinguished: the people of the house, hastily entering the room, found him extended on the floor, and surrounded by a light flame, which receded (*a mesure*) as they approached, and finally vanished. On the following morning, the patient was examined by Mr Battaglia, who found the integuments of the right arm almost entirely detached, and pendant from

the flesh; from the shoulders to the thighs, the integuments were equally injured; and on the right hand, the part most injured, mortification had already commenced, which, notwithstanding immediate scarification, rapidly extended itself. The patient complained of burning thirst, was horribly convulsed, and was exhausted by continual vomiting, accompanied by fever and delirium. On the fourth day, after two hours of comatose insensibility, he expired. During the whole period of his sufferings, it was impossible to trace any symptomatic affection. A short time previous to his death, M. Battaglia observed with astonishment that putrefaction had made so much progress; the body already exhaled an insufferable odour; worms crawled from it on the bed, and the nails had become detached from the left hand.

'The account given by the unhappy patient was, that he felt a stroke like the blow of a cudgel on the right hand, and at the same time he saw a lambent flame attach itself to his shirt, which was immediately reduced to ashes, his wristbands, at the same time, being utterly untouched. The handkerchief which, as before mentioned, was placed between his shoulders and his shirt, was entire, and free from any traces of burning; his breeches were equally uninjured, but though not a hair of his head was burned, his coif was totally consumed. The weather, on the night of the accident, was calm, and the air very pure; no empyreumatic or bituminous odour was perceived in the room, which was also free from smoke; there was no vestige of fire, except that the lamp which had been full of oil, was found dry, and the wick reduced to a cinder.'

This case is from the work of Foderé, and is given as abridged by Paris and Fonblanque, in their excellent treatise on Medical Jurisprudence. It occurred in 1776, and is one of the best authenticated to be met with. I am not aware that the subject of it was a drunkard: if he were not, and if the facts be really true, we must conclude that spontaneous combustion may occur in sober persons as well as in the dissipated.

CASE OF MADAME MILLET.—Having, says Le Cat, 'spent several months at Rheims, in the years 1724 and 1725, I lodged at the house of Sieur Millet, whose wife got intoxicated every day. The domestic economy of the family was managed by a pretty young girl, which I must not omit to remark, in order that all the circumstances which accompanied the fact I am about to relate, may be better understood. This woman was found consumed on the 20th of February, 1725, at the distance of a foot and a half from the hearth in her kitchen. A part of the head only, with a portion of the lower extremities, and a few of the vertebrae, had escaped combustion. A foot and a half of the flooring under the body had been consumed, but a kneading trough and a powdering tub, which were very near the body, sustained no injury. M. Chriteen, a surgeon, examined the remains of the body, with every judicial formality. Jean Millet, the husband, being interrogated by the judges who instituted the inquiry into the affair, declared, that about eight in the evening, on the 19th of February, he had retired to rest with his wife who not being able to sleep, went into the kitchen, where he thought she was warming herself; that, having fallen asleep, he was awakened about two o'clock by an infectious odour, and that, having run to the kitchen, he found the remains of his wife in the state described in the report of the physicians and surgeons. The judges, having no suspicion of the real cause of this event prosecuted the affair with the utmost diligence. It was very unfortunate for Millet that he had a handsome servant-maid, for neither his probity nor innocence were able to save him from the suspicion of having got rid of his wife by a concerted plot, and of having arranged the rest of the circumstances in such a manner as to give it the appearance of an accident. He experienced, therefore, the whole severity of the

law; and though, by an appeal to a superior and very enlightened court, which discovered the cause of the combustion, he came off victorious, he suffered so much from uneasiness of mind, that he was obliged to pass the remainder of his days in an hospital.'

The above case has a peculiar importance attached to it, for it shows that, in consequence of combustion, possibly spontaneous, persons have been accused of murder. Foderé, in his work, alludes to several cases of this kind.

Some chemists have attempted to account for the kind of combustion, by the formation of phosphuretted hydrogen in the body. This gas, as is well known, inflames on exposure to the air; nor can there be a doubt that if a sufficient quantity were generated, the body might be easily enough consumed. If such an accumulation can be proved ever to take place, there is an end to conjecture; and we have before us a cause sufficiently potent to account for the burning. Altogether I am inclined to think, that although most of the related cases rest on vague report, and are unsupported by such proofs as would warrant us in placing much reliance upon them, yet sufficient evidence nevertheless exists, to show that such a phenomenon as spontaneous combustion has actually taken place, although doubtless the number of cases has been much exaggerated. Dr Mason Good, justly observes, 'There may be some difficulty in giving credit to so marvellous a diathesis yet, examples of its existence, and of its leading to a migratory and fatal combustion are so numerous, and so well authenticated, and press upon us from so many different countries and eras, that it would be absurd to withhold our assent.' 'It can no longer be doubted,' says Dr Gordon Smith, 'that persons have retired to their chambers in the usual manner, and in place of the individual, a few cinders, and perhaps part of his bones, were found.' Inflammable eruptions are said to occur occasionally in northern latitudes, when the body has been exposed to intense cold after excessive indulgence in spiritous liquors; and the case of a Bohemian peasant is narrated, who lost his life in consequence of a column of ignited inflammable air issuing from his mouth, and baffling extinction. This case, as well as others of the same kind, is alleged to have arisen from phosphuretted hydrogen, generated by some chemical combination of alcohol and animal substances in the stomach. What truth there may be in these relations I do not pretend to say. They wear unquestionably the aspect of a fiction; and are, notwithstanding, repeated from so many quarters, that it is nearly as difficult to doubt them altogether as to give them our entire belief. There is one thing, however, which may be safely denied; and that is the fact of drunkards having been blown up in consequence of their breath or eruptions catching fire from the application of a lighted candle. These tales are principally of American extraction; and seem elaborated by that propensity for the marvellous for which our transatlantic brethren have, of late years, been distinguished.

Upon the whole, this subject is extremely obscure, and has never been satisfactorily treated by any writer. Sufficient evidence appears to me to exist in support of the occurrence, but any information as to the remote or proximate cause of this singular malady, is as yet exceedingly defective and unsatisfactory.

In a memoir lately read before the Académie des Sciences, the following are stated to be the chief circumstances connected with spontaneous combustion:

1. The greater part of the persons who have fallen victims to it, have made an immoderate use of alcoholic liquors.
2. The combustion is almost always general, but sometimes is only partial.
3. It is much rarer among men than among women, and they are principally old women. There is but one case of the combustion of a girl seventeen years of age, and that was only partial.
4. The body and the viscera are invariably burnt, while

the feet, the hands, and the top of the skull almost always escape combustion. 5. Although it requires several fagots to burn a common corpse, incineration takes place in these spontaneous combustions without any effect on the most combustible matters in the neighborhood. In an extraordinary instance of a double combustion operating upon two persons in one room, neither the apartment nor the furniture was burnt. 6. It has not been at all proved that the presence of an inflamed body is necessary to develop spontaneous human combustions. 7. Water, so far from extinguishing the flame, seems to give it more activity; and when the flame has disappeared, secret combustion goes on. 8. Spontaneous combustions are more frequent in winter than in summer. 9. General combustions are not susceptible of cure, only partial. 10. Those who undergo spontaneous combustions are the prey of a very strong internal heat. 11. The combustion bursts out all at once, and consumes the body in a few hours. 12. The parts of the body not attacked are struck with mortification. 13. In persons who have been attacked with spontaneous combustion, a putrid degeneracy takes place which soon leads to gangrene.

In this singular malady medicine is of no avail. The combustion is kept up by causes apparently beyond the reach of remedy, and in almost every case, life is extinct before the phenomenon is perceived.

CHAPTER XIII.

DRUNKENNESS JUDICIALLY CONSIDERED.

Not only does the drunkard draw down upon himself many diseases, both of body and mind, but if, in his intoxication, he commit any crime or misdemeanor, he becomes, like other subjects, amenable to the pains of law. In this respect, indeed, he is worse off than sober persons, for drunkenness, far from palliating, is held to aggravate every offence: the law does not regard it as any extenuation of crime. 'A drunkard,' says Sir Edward Coke, 'who is *voluntarius demon*, hath no privilege thereby; but what hurt or ill soever he doeth, his drunkenness doth aggravate it.' In the case of the King *versus* MacLachlin, March, 1737, the plea of drunkenness, set up in mitigation of punishment, was not allowed by the court. Sir George Mackenzie says he never found it sustained, and that in a case of murder it was repelled—*Spot versus* Douglass, 1667. Sir Matthew Hales, c. 4. is clear against the validity of the defence, and all agree that '*levis et modica ebrietas non excusat nec minuit delictum*.' It is a maxim in legal practice, that 'those who presume to commit crimes when drunk, must submit to punishment when sober.' This state of the law is not peculiar to modern times. In ancient Greece it was decreed by Pittacus, that 'he who committed a crime when intoxicated, should receive a double punishment,' viz. one for the crime itself, and the other for the ebriety which prompted him to commit it. The Athenians not only punished offences done in drunkenness with increased severity, but, by an enactment of Solon, inebriation in a magistrate was made capital. The Roman law was in some measure, an exception, and admitted ebriety as a plea for any misdeeds committed under its influence: *per vinum delapsis capitalis poena remittitur*. Notwithstanding this tenderness to offences by drunkards, the Romans, at one period, were inconsistent enough to punish the vice itself with death, if found occurring in a woman. By two acts passed in the reign of James I., drunkenness was punishable with a fine, and, failing payment, with sitting publicly for six hours in the stocks; 4 Jac. I. c. 5, and 21 Jac. I. c. 7. By the first of these acts, Justices of the Peace may proceed against drunkards at the Sessions,

by way of indictment: and this act remained in operation till the 10th of October, 1828, at which time, by the act of the 9 Geo. IV. c. 61, § 35, the law for the suppression of drunkenness was repealed, without providing any punishment for offenders in this respect. Previous to this period, the ecclesiastical courts could take cognizance of the offence, and punish it accordingly. As the law stands at present, therefore drunkenness, *per se*, is not punishable, but acts of violence committed under its influence are held to be aggravated rather than otherwise; nor can the person bring it forward as an extenuation of any folly or misdemeanor which he may chance to commit. In proof of this, it may be stated, that a bond signed in a fit of intoxication, holds in law, and is perfectly binding, unless it can be shown that the person who signed it was inebriated by the collusion or contrivance of those to whom the bond was given. A judge or magistrate found drunk upon the bench, is liable to removal from his office; and decisions pronounced by him in that state are held to be null and void. Such persons cannot, while acting *ex officio*, claim the benefit of the repeal in the ancient law—their offence being in itself an outrage on justice, and, therefore, a misdemeanor. Even in blasphemy, uttered in a state of ebriety, the defence goes for nothing, as is manifest from the following case, given in MacLaurin's Arguments and Decisions, p. 731.

'Nov. 22, 1694. Patrick Kinnimouth, of that ilk, was brought to trial for blasphemy and adultery. The indictment alleged, he had affirmed Christ was a bastard. And that he had said, 'If any woman had God on one side, and Christ on the other, he would stow [cut] the lugs [ears] out of her head in spite of them both.' He pleaded chiefly that he was drunk or mad when he uttered these expressions, if he did utter them. The court found the libel relevant to infer the pains libelled, i. e. death; and found the defence, that the pannel was furious or distracted in his wits relevant: but repelled the alledgance of fury or distraction arising from drunkenness.'

It thus appears that the laws both of Scotland and England agree in considering drunkenness, no palliation of crime, but rather the reverse; and it is well that it is so, seeing that ebriety could be easily counterfeited, and made a cloak for the commission of atrocious offences. By the laws, drunkenness is looked upon as criminal, and this being the case, they could not consistently allow one crime to mitigate the penalties due to another.

There is only one case where drunkenness can ever be alleged in mitigation of punishment—that is, where it has induced 'a state of mind perfectly akin to insanity.' It is, in fact, one of the common causes of that disease. The partition line between intoxication and insanity, may hence become a subject of discussion.

William McDonough was indicted and tried for the murder of his wife, before the supreme court of the State of Massachusetts, in November, 1817. It appeared in testimony, that several years previous he had received a severe injury of the head; that although relieved of this, yet its effects were such as occasionally to render him insane. At these periods he complained greatly of his head. The use of spiritous liquors immediately induced a return of the paroxysms, and in one of them, thus induced he murdered his wife. He was with great propriety found guilty. The voluntary use of a stimulus which, he was fully aware, would disorder his mind, fully placed him under the power of the law.*

'In the state of New-York, we have a statute which places the property of habitual drunkards under the care of the chancellor, in the same manner as that of lunatics. The overseer of the poor in each town may, when they discover a person to be an habitual drunkard, apply to the chancellor for the exercise of his power

* Beck on Medical Jurisprudence.

and jurisdiction. And in certain cases, when the person considers himself aggrieved, it may be investigated by six freeholders, whether he is actually what he is described to be, and their declaration is, *prima facie*, evidence of the fact.* [This act was passed March 16, 1821.]

† In *Rydgway v. Darwin*, Lord Eldon cites a case where a commission of lunacy was supported against a person, who, when sober, was a very sensible man, but being in a constant state of intoxication, he was incapable of managing his property.†

CHAPTER XIV.

METHOD OF CURING THE HABIT OF DRUNKENNESS.

To remove the habit of drunkenness from any one in whom it has been long established, is a task of peculiar difficulty. We have not only to contend against the cravings of the body, but against those of the mind; and in struggling with both, we are, in reality, carrying on a combat with nature herself. The system no longer performs its functions in the usual manner; and to restore these functions to their previous tone of action, is more difficult than it would be to give them an action altogether the reverse of nature and of health.

The first step to be adopted, is the discontinuance of all liquors or substances which have the power of intoxicating. The only question is—should they be dropped at once, or by degrees? Dr Trotter, in his *Essay on Drunkenness*, has entered into a long train of argument, to prove that, in all cases, they ought to be given up *instantly*. He contends, that, being in themselves injurious, their sudden discontinuance cannot possibly be attended with harm. But his reasonings on this point, though ingenious, are not conclusive. A dark unwholesome dungeon is a bad thing, but it has been remarked, that those who have been long confined to such a place, have become sick if suddenly exposed to the light and pure air, on recovering their liberty: had this been done by degrees, no evil effects would have ensued. A removal from an unhealthy climate (to which years had habituated a man) to a healthy one, has sometimes been attended with similar consequences. Even old ulcers cannot always be quickly healed up with safety. Inebriation becomes, as it were, a second

* Beck on Medical Jurisprudence.

† Collinson on Lunacy.

The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk, is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum, and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labour; and if he is again guilty, of a twelvemonths' punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c., the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison and detained till sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. Half of these fines goes to the informers, (who are generally police officers,) the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a-year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.—*Schubert's Travels in Sweden.*

nature, and is not to be rapidly changed with impunity, more than other natures. Spurzheim* advances the same opinion. 'Drunkards,' says he, 'cannot leave of their bad habits suddenly, without injuring their health.' Dr Darwin speaks in like terms of the injurious effects of too sudden a change; and for these, and other reasons about to be detailed, I am disposed, upon the whole, to coincide with them.

If we consider attentively the system of man, we will be satisfied that it accommodates itself to various states of action. It will perform a healthy action, of which there is only one state, or a diseased action, of which there are a hundred. The former is uniform, and homogeneous. It may be raised or lowered, according to the state of the circulation, but its nature is ever the same: when that changes—when it assumes new characters—it is no longer the action of health, but of disease. The latter may be multiplied to infinity, and varies with a thousand circumstances; such as the organ which is affected, and the substance which is taken. Now, drunkenness in the long run, is one of those diseased actions. The system no longer acts with its original purity: it is operated upon by a fictitious excitement, and, in the course of time, assumes a state quite foreign to its original constitution—an action which, however unhealthy, becomes, ultimately, in some measure, natural. When we use opium for a long time, we cannot immediately get rid of it, because it has given rise to a false action in the system—which would suffer a sudden disorder if deprived of its accustomed stimulus. To illustrate this, it may be mentioned, that when Abbas the Great published an edict to prohibit the use of coqueran, (the juice of boiled poppies,) on account of its dismal effects on the constitution, a great mortality followed, which was only stopped at last by restoring the use of the prohibited beverage. Disease, under such circumstances, triumphs over health, and has established so strong a hold upon the body, that it is dislodged with difficulty by its lawful possessor. When we wish to get rid of opium, or any other narcotic to which we are accustomed, we must do so by degrees, and let the healthy action gradually expel the diseased one. Place spirits or wine in the situation of opium, and the results will be the same. For these reasons, I am inclined to think, that, in many cases at least, it would be improper and dangerous to remove intoxicating liquors all at once from the drunkard. Such a proceeding seems at variance with the established actions of the human body, and as injudicious as unphilosophical.

I do not, however, mean to say, that there are no cases in which it would be necessary to drop liquors all at once. When much bodily vigour remains—when the morning cravings for the bottle are not irresistible, nor the appetite altogether broken, the person should give over his bad habits instantly. This is a state of incipient drunkenness. He has not yet acquired the constitution of a confirmed sot, and the sooner he ceases the better. The immediate abandonment of drinking may also, in general, take place when there is any organic disease, such as enlarged liver, dropsy, or scirrhus stomach. Under these circumstances, the sacrifice is much less than at a previous period, as the frame has, in a great measure, lost its power of withstanding liquors, and the relish for them is also considerably lessened. But even then, the sudden deprivation of the accustomed stimulus has been known to produce dangerous exhaustion; and it has been found necessary to give it again, though in more moderate quantities. Those drunkards who have no particular disease, unless a tremor and loss of appetite be so denominated, require to be deprived of the bottle by degrees. Their system would be apt to fall into a state of torpor if it were suddenly taken away, and various mental diseases, such as melancholy, madness, and de-

* View of the Elementary Principles of Education.

lirium tremens, might even be the result. With such persons, however, it must be acknowledged that there is very great difficulty in getting their potations diminished. Few have fortitude to submit to any reduction. There is, as the period of the accustomed indulgence arrives, an oppression and faintness at the *præcordia*, which human nature can scarcely endure, together with a gnawing desire, infinitely more insatiable than the longings of a pregnant woman.

To prove the intensity of the desire for the bottle, and the difficulty, often insurmountable, of overcoming it, I extract the following interesting and highly characteristic anecdote from a recent publication:—‘A gentleman of very amiable dispositions, and justly popular, contracted habits of intemperance: his friends argued, implored, remonstrated; at last he put an end to all importunity in this manner:—‘To a friend who was addressing him in the following strain:—‘Dear Sir George, your family are in the utmost distress on account of this unfortunate habit; they perceive that business is neglected; your moral influence is gone; your health is ruined; and, depend upon it, the coats of your stomach will soon give way, and then a change will come too late.’ The poor victim, deeply convinced of the hopelessness of his case, replied thus:—‘My good friend, your remarks are just; they are, indeed, too true; but I can no longer resist temptation: if a bottle of brandy stood at one hand, and the pit of hell yawned at the other, and if I were convinced I would be pushed in as sure as I took one glass, I could not refrain. You are very kind. I ought to be grateful for so many kind good friends, but you may spare yourselves the trouble of trying to reform me: the thing is impossible.’

The observation of almost every man must have furnished him with cases not less striking than the above. I could relate many such which have occurred in my own practice, but shall at present content myself with one. I was lately consulted by a young gentleman of fortune from the north of England. He was aged twenty-six, and was one of the most lamentable instances of the resistless tyranny of this wretched habit that can possibly be imagined. Every morning, before breakfast, he drank a bottle of brandy: another he consumed between breakfast and dinner; and a third shortly before going to bed. Independently of this, he indulged in wine and whatever liquor came within his reach. Even during the hours usually appropriated to sleep, the same system was pursued—brandy being placed at the bed side for his use in the night-time. To this destructive vice he had been addicted since his sixteenth year and it had gone on increasing from day to day, till it had acquired its then alarming and almost incredible magnitude. In vain did he try to resist the insidious poison. With the perfect consciousness that he was rapidly destroying himself, and with every desire to struggle against the insatiable cravings of his diseased appetite, he found it utterly impossible to offer the slightest opposition to them. Intolerable sickness, faintings, and tremors, followed every attempt to abandon his potations; and had they been taken suddenly away from him, it cannot be doubted that delirium tremens and death would have been the result.

There are many persons that cannot be called drunkards, who, nevertheless, indulge pretty freely in the bottle, though after reasonable intervals. Such persons usually possess abundance of health, and resist intoxication powerfully. Here the stomach and system in general lose their irritability, in the same way as in confirmed torpor, but this is more from torpor than from weakness. The springs of life become less delicate; the pivots on which they move get, as it were, clogged, and, though existence goes on with vigour, it is not the bounding and elastic vigour of perfect health. This

cular fibre becoming, like the hands of a labouring man hardened and blunted in its sensibilities. Such are the effects brought on by a frequent use of inebriating agents, but an excessive use in every case gives rise to weakness. This the system can only escape by a proper interval being allowed to elapse between our indulgences. But if dose be heaped on dose, before it has time to rally from former exhaustion, it becomes more and more debilitated; the blood ceases to circulate with its wonted force; the secretions get defective, and the tone of the living fibre daily enfeebled. A debauch fevers the system, and no man can stand a perpetual succession of fevers without injuring himself, and at last destroying life.

Drunkenness, in the long run changes its character. The sensations of the confirmed tippler, when intoxicated, are nothing, in point of pleasure, to those of the habitually temperate man, in the same condition. We drink at first for the serenity which is diffused over the mind, and not from any positive love we bear to the liquor. But, in the course of time, the influence of the latter, in producing gay images, is deadened. It is then chiefly a mere animal fondness for drink which actuates us. We like the taste of it, as a child likes sweetmeats; and the stomach, for a series of years, has been so accustomed to an unnatural stimulus, that it cannot perform its functions properly without it. In such a case, it may readily be believed that liquor could not be suddenly removed with safety.

The habit will sometimes be checked by operating skilfully upon the mind. If the person has a feeling heart, much may be done by representing to him the state of misery into which he will plunge himself, his family, and his friends. Some men by a strong effort, have given up liquors at once, in consequence of such representations.

Some drunkards have attempted to cure themselves by the assumption of voluntary oaths. They go before a magistrate, and swear that, for a certain period, they shall not taste liquors of any kind; and it is but just to state, that these oaths are sometimes strictly enough kept. They are, however, much oftener broken—the physical cravings for the bottle prevailing over whatever religious obligation may have been entered into. Such a proceeding is as absurd as it is immoral, and never answer the purpose of effecting any thing like a radical cure; for, although the person abides by his solemn engagement, it is only to resume his old habits more inveterately than ever, the moment it expires.

Many men become drunkards from family broils. They find no comfort at home, and gladly seek for it out of doors. In such cases, it will be almost impossible to break the habit. The domestic sympathies and affections, which oppose a barrier to dissipation, and wean away the mind from the bottle, have here no room to act. When the mother of a family becomes addicted to liquor, the case is very afflictive. Home instead of being the seat of comfort and order, becomes a species of Pandemonium: the social circle is broken up, and all its happiness destroyed. In this case there is no remedy but the removal of the drunkard. A feeling of perversity has been known to effect a cure among the fair sex. A man of Philadelphia, who was afflicted with a drunken wife, put a cask of rum in her way, in the charitable hope that she would drink herself to death. She suspected the scheme, and, from, a mere principle of contradiction, abstained in all time coming, from any sort of indulgence in the bottle. I may mention another American anecdote of a person reclaimed from drunkenness, by means not less singular. A man in Maryland, notoriously addicted to this vice, hearing an uproar in his kitchen one evening, felt the curiosity to stop without noise to the door, to know what was the matter, when he beheld his servants indulging in the most unbounded roar of laughter at a

couple of his negro boys, who were mimicking himself in his drunken fits, showing how he reeled and staggered—how he looked and nodded, and hiccupped and tumbled. The picture which these children of nature drew of him, and which had filled the rest with so much merriment, struck him so forcibly, that he became a perfectly sober man, to the unspeakable joy of his wife and children.

Man is very much the creature of habit. By drinking regularly at certain times, he feels the longing for liquor at the stated return of those periods—as after dinner, or immediately before going to bed, or whatever the period may be. He even feels it in certain companies, or in a particular tavern at which he is in the habit of taking his libations. We have all heard the story of the man who could never pass an inn on the roadside without entering it and taking a glass, and who, when, after a violent effort, he succeeded in getting beyond the spot, straightway returned to reward himself with a bumper for his resolution. It is a good rule for drunkards to break all such habits. Let the frequenter of drinking clubs, masonic lodges, and other Bacchanalian assemblages, leave off attending these places; and if he must drink, let him do so at home, where there is every likelihood his potations will be less liberal. Let him also forswear the society of boon companions, either in his own habitation or in theirs. Let him, if he can manage it, remove from the place of his usual residence, and go somewhere else. Let him also take abundance of exercise, court the society of intellectual and sober persons, and turn his attention to reading, or gardening, or sailing, or whatever other amusement he has a fancy for. By following this advice rigidly, he will get rid of that baleful habit which haunts him like his shadow, and intrudes itself by day and by night into the sanctuary of his thoughts. And if he refuses to lay aside the Circean cup, let him reflect that Disease waits upon his steps—that Droopy, Palsy, Emaciation, Poverty, and Idiotism, followed by the pale phantom, Death, pursue him like attendant spirits, and claim him as their prey.

Sometimes an attack of disease has the effect of sobering drunkards for the rest of their lives. I knew a gentleman who had apoplexy in consequence of dissipation. He fortunately recovered, but the danger which he had escaped made such an impression upon his mind, that he never, till his dying day, tasted any liquor stronger than simple water. Many persons, after such changes, become remarkably lean; but this is not an unhealthy emaciation. Their mental powers also suffer a very material improvement—the intellect becoming more powerful, and the moral feelings more soft and refined.

In a small treatise on Naval Discipline, lately published, the following whimsical and ingenious mode of punishing drunken seamen is recommended:—“Separate for one month every man who was found drunk from the rest of the crew: mark his clothes ‘drunkard;’ give him six-water grog, or, if beer, mixed one-half water; let them dine when the crew had finished; employ them in every dirty and disgraceful work, &c. This had such a salutary effect, that in less than six months not a drunken man was to be found in the ship. The same system was introduced by the writer into every ship on board which he subsequently served. When first lieutenant of the *Victory* and *Dionæde*, the beneficial consequences were acknowledged—the culprits were heard to say that they would rather receive six dozen lashes at the gangway, and be done with it, than be put into the ‘drunken mess’ (for so it was named) for a month.”

Those persons who have been for many years in the habit of indulging largely in drink, and to whom it has become an *elixir vite* indispensable to their happiness, cannot be suddenly deprived of it. This should be done by slow degrees, and must be the result of conviction.

If the quantity be forcibly diminished against the person's will, no good can be done; he will only seize the first opportunity to remunerate himself for what he has been deprived of, and proceed to greater excesses than before. If his mind can be brought, by calm reflection, to submit to the decrease, much may be accomplished in the way of reformation. Many difficulties undoubtedly attend this gradual process, and no ordinary strength of mind is required for its completion. It is, however, less dangerous than the method recommended by Dr Trotter, and ultimately much more effectual. Even although his plan were free of hazard, its effects are not likely to be lasting. The unnatural action, to which long intemperance had given rise, clings to the system with pertinacious adherence. The remembrance of liquor, like a delightful vision, still attaches itself to the drunkard's mind; and he longs with insufferable ardour, to feel once more the ecstasies to which it gave birth. This is the consequence of a too rapid separation. Had the sympathies of nature been gradually operated upon, there would have been less violence, and the longings had a better chance of wearing insensibly away.

Among the great authorities for acting in this manner, may be mentioned the celebrated Dr Pitcairn. In attempting to break the habit in a Highland chieftain, one of his patients, he exacted a promise that the latter would every day drop as much sealing-wax into his glass as would receive the impression of his seal. He did so, and as the wax accumulated, the capacity of the glass diminished, and, consequently, the quantity of whiskey it was capable of containing. By this plan he was cured of his bad habit altogether. In mentioning such a whimsical proceeding, I do not mean particularly to recommend it for adoption; although I am satisfied that the principle on which its eccentric contrivance proceeded was substantially correct.

A strong argument against too sudden a change is afforded in the case of food. I have remarked that persons who are in the daily habit of eating animal food feel a sense of weakness about the stomach if they suddenly discontinue it, and live for a few days entirely upon vegetables. This I have experienced personally, in various trials made for the purpose; and every person in health, and accustomed to good living, will, I am persuaded, feel the same thing. The stomach, from want of stimulus, loses its tone; the craving for animal food is strong and incessant; and if it be resisted, heart-burn, water-brash, and other forms of indigestion, are sure to ensue. In such a case vegetables are loathed as intolerably insipid, and even bread is looked upon with disrelish and aversion. It is precisely the same with liquors. Their sudden discontinuance, where they have been long made use of, is almost sure to produce the same, and even worse consequences to the individual.

I cannot give any directions with regard to the regimen of a reformed drunkard. This will depend upon different circumstances, such as age, constitution, diseases, and manner of living. It may be laid down as a general rule, that it ought to be as little heating as possible. A milk or vegetable diet will commonly be preferable to every other. But there are cases in which food of a richer quality is requisite, as when there is much emaciation and debility. Here it may even be necessary to give a moderate quantity of wine. In gout, likewise, too great a change of living is not always salutary, more especially in advanced years, where there is weakness of the digestive organs, brought on by the disease. In old age, wine is often useful to sustain the system, more especially when sinking by the process of natural decay. The older a person is, the greater the inconvenience of abstaining all at once from liquors, and the more slowly ought they to be taken away. I cannot bring myself to believe that a man who for half a century has drunk freely,

can suddenly discontinue this ancient habit without a certain degree of risk; the idea is opposed to all that we know of the bodily and mental functions.

In attempting to cure the habit of drunkenness, opium may sometimes be used with advantage. By giving it in moderate quantities, the liquor which the person is in the habit of taking, may be diminished to a considerable extent, and he may thus be enabled to leave them off altogether. There is only one risk, and it is this—that he may become as confirmed a votary of opium as he was before of strong liquors. Of two evils, however, we should always choose the least: and it is certain that however perniciously opium may act upon the system, its moral effects and its power of injuring reputation are decidedly less formidable than those of the ordinary intoxicating agents.

The following anecdote has been communicated to me by the late Mr Alexander Balfour, (author of "Contemplation," "Weeds and Wildflowers," and other ingenious works,) and exhibits a mode of curing dram-drinking equally novel and effective:

About the middle of last century, in a provincial town on the east coast of Scotland, where smuggling was common, it was the practice for two respectable merchants to gratify themselves with a social glass of good Hollands, for which purpose they regularly adjourned at a certain hour, to a neighboring gin-shop. It happened one morning that something prevented one of them from calling on his neighbor at the usual time. Many a wistful and longing look was cast for the friend so unaccountably absent, but he came not. His disappointed companion would not go to the dram-shop alone; but he afterwards acknowledged that the want of his accustomed cordial rendered him uneasy the whole day. However, this feeling induced him to reflect on the bad habit he was acquiring, and the consequences which were likely to follow. He therefore resolved to discontinue dram-drinking entirely, but found it difficult to put his resolution into practice, until, after some deliberation, he hit upon the following expedient:—Filling a bottle with excellent Hollands, he lodged it in his back-shop, and the first morning taking his dram, he replaced it with simple water. Next morning he took a second dram, replacing it with water; and in this manner he went on, replacing the fluid subtracted from the bottle with water, till at last the mixture became insipid and ultimately nauseous, which had such an effect upon his palate, that he was completely cured of his bad habit, and continued to live in exemplary sobriety till his death, which happened in extreme old age.

Dr Kain, an American physician, recommends tartar emetic for the cure of habitual drunkenness. 'Possessing,' he observes, 'no positive taste itself, it communicates a disgusting quality to those fluids in which it is dissolved. I have often seen persons who, from taking a medicine in the form of antimonial wine, could never afterwards drink wine. Nothing, therefore, seems better calculated to form our indication of breaking up the association, in the patient's feelings, between his disease and the relief to be obtained from stimulating liquors. These liquors, with the addition of a very small quantity of emetic tartar, instead of relieving, increase the sensation of loathing of food, and quickly produce in the patient an indomitable repugnance to the vehicle of its administration.' 'My method of prescribing it, has varied accordingly to the habits, age, and constitution of the patient. I give it only in alterative slightly nauseating doses. A convenient preparation of the medicine is eight grains dissolved in four ounces of boiling water—half an ounce of the solution to be put into half-pint, pint, or quart of the patient's favorite liquor, and to be taken daily in divided portions. If severe vomiting and purging ensue, I should direct laudanum to allay the irritation, and diminish the dose. In every patient it should be varied

according to its effects. In one instance, in a patient who lived ten miles from me, severe vomiting was produced, more, I think, from excessive drinking, than the use of the remedy. He recovered from it, however, without any bad effects. In some cases, the change suddenly produced in the patient's habits, has brought on considerable lassitude and debility, which were of but short duration. In a majority of cases, no other effect has been perceptible than slight nausea, some diarrhoea, and a gradual, but very uniform, distaste to the menstruum.*

Having tried tartar emetic in several instances, I can bear testimony to its good effects in habitual drunkenness. The active ingredient in Chambers's celebrated nostrum for the cure of ebriety, was this medicine. Tartar emetic, however, must always be used with caution, and never except under the eye of a medical man, as the worst consequences might ensue from the indiscreet employment of so active an agent.

It seems probable that, in plethoric subjects the habit of drunkenness might be attacked with some success by the application of leeches, cold applications and blisters to the head, accompanied by purgatives and nauseating doses of tartar emetic. Dr Caldwell of Lexington, conceives drunkenness to be entirely a disease of the brain, especially of the animal compartments of this viscus, and more especially of that portion called by phenologists the organ of *alimentiveness*, on which the appetite for food and drink is supposed mainly to depend. Should his views be correct, the above treatment seems eligible, at least in drunkards of a full habit of body, and in such cases it is certainly worthy of a full trial. I refer the reader to Dr Caldwell's Essay, in which both the above doctrine and the practice founded upon it are very ably discussed. It is, indeed, one of the ablest papers which has hitherto appeared upon the subject of drunkenness.†

It very often happens, after a long course of dissipation, and that the stomach loses its tone, and rejects almost every thing that is swallowed. The remedy, in this case, is opium, which should be given in the solid form in preference to any other. Small quantities of nuxg are also beneficial; and the carbonate of ammonia, combined with some aromatic, is frequently attended with the best effects. When there is much prostration of strength, wine should always be given. In such a case, the entire removal of the long-accustomed stimulus would be attended with the worst effects. This must be done gradually.

Enervated drunkards will reap much benefit by removing to the country, if their usual residence is in town. The free air and exercise renovate their enfeebled frames; new scenes are presented to occupy their attention; and, the mind being withdrawn from former scenes, the chain of past associations is broken in two.

Warm and cold bathing will occasionally be useful, according to circumstances. Bitters are not to be recommended, especially if employed under the medium of spirits. When there is much debility, chalybeates will prove serviceable. A visit to places where there are mineral springs is of use, not only from the waters, but from the agreeable society to be met with at such quarters. The great art of breaking the habit consists in managing the drunkard with kindness and address. This management must, of course, be modified by the events which present themselves, and which will vary in different cases.

Persons residing in tropical climates ought, more than others, to avoid intoxicating liquors. It is too much the practice in the West Indies to allay thirst by copious draughts of rum punch. In the East Indies, the natives, with great propriety, principally use rice-

* American Journal of the Medical Sciences, No. IV.

† See Transylvania Journal of Medicine and the Associated Sciences, for July, August, and September, 1822.

water, (congee;) while the Europeans residing there, are in the habit of indulging in Champagne, Madeira, and other rich wines, which may in a great measure account for the mortality prevailing among them in that region. A fearful demoralization, as well as loss of life, is occasioned among the British troops in the East and West Indies, from the cheapness of spirituous liquors, which enables them to indulge in them to excess. 'Since the institution of the recorder's and supreme courts at Madras,' says Sir Thomas Hislop, 'no less than thirty-four British soldiers have forfeited their lives for murder, and most of them were committed in their intoxicated moments.' Dr Rollo relates, that the 45th regiment, while stationed in Grenada, lost within a very few weeks, twenty-six men out of ninety-six; at a time, too, when the island was remarkably healthy. On inquiry, it was found that the common breakfast of the men was raw spirits and pork. It is remarked by Desgenettes, in his medical history of the French army in Egypt, that, 'daily experience demonstrates that almost all the soldiers who indulge in intemperate habits, and are attacked with fevers, never recover.' In countries where the solar influence is felt with such force, we cannot be too temperate. The food should be chiefly vegetable, and the drink as unirritating as possible. It may be laid down as an axiom, that in these regions, wine and ardent spirits are invariably hurtful; not only in immediately heating the body, but in exposing it to the influence of other diseases.* A great portion of the deaths which occur among Europeans in the tropics, are brought on by excess. Instead of suiting their regimen to the climate, they persist in the habits of their own country, without reflecting that what is comparatively harmless in one region, is most destructive in another. There cannot be a stronger proof of this than the French troops in the West Indies having almost always suffered less in proportion to their numbers than the British, who are unquestionably more addicted to intemperance. 'I aver, from my own knowledge and custom,' observes Dr Mosely, 'as from the custom and observation of others, that those who drink *nothing but water*, are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience.†

It is a common practice in the west of Scotland to send persons who are excessively addicted to drunkenness, to rusticate and learn sobriety on the islands of Loch Lomond. There are, I believe, two islands appropriated for the purpose, where the convicts meet with due attention, and whatever indulgences their friends choose to extend towards them. Whether such a proceeding is consistent with law, or well adapted to answer the end in view, may be reasonably doubted; but of its severity, as a punishment, there can be no question. It is indeed impossible to inflict any penalty upon drunkards so great as that of absolutely debarring them from indulging in liquor.

In the next chapter, I shall consider the method of curing and preventing drunkenness by means of temperance societies.

CHAPTER XV.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

Much has been said and written of late concerning temperance societies. They have been represented by their friends as powerful engines for effecting a total

* In warm countries, the aqueous part of the blood loses itself greatly by perspiration: it must therefore be supplied by a like liquid. Water is there of admirable use; strong liquors would coagulate the globules of blood that remain after the transuding of the aqueous humour.—*Montesquieu, Book xiv. Chap. 1.*

† *Tropical Diseases.*

reformation from drunkenness, and improving the whole face of society, by introducing a purer morality, and banishing the hundred-headed monster, intemperance, and all its accompanying vices, from the world. By their opponents, they have been ridiculed as visionary and impracticable—as, at best, but temporary in their influence—as erroneous in many of their leading views—as tyrannical, unsocial, and hypocritical. Their members are represented as enthusiasts and fanatics; and the more active portion of them,—those who lecture on the subject, and go about founding societies,—traduced as fools or impostors. Such are the various views entertained by different minds of temperance societies; but, leaving it to others to argue the point, for or against, according to their inclinations, I shall simply state what I think myself of these institutions—how far they do good or harm—and under what circumstances they ought to be thought favourable of, or the reverse. Truth generally lies in *mediis rebus*, and I suspect they will not form an exception to the rule.

Temperance societies proceed upon the belief that ardent spirits are, *under all circumstances*, injurious to people in health, and that, therefore, they ought to be altogether abandoned. I am anxious to think favourably of any plan which has for its object the eradication of drunkenness; and shall therefore simply express my belief that those societies have done good, and ought therefore to be regarded with a favourable eye. That they have succeeded, or ever will succeed, in reclaiming any considerable number of drunkards, I have great doubts; but that they may have the effect of preventing many individuals from becoming drunkards, is exceedingly probable. If this can be proved,—which I think it may without much difficulty,—it follows that they are beneficial in their nature, and, consequently, deserving of encouragement. That they are wrong in supposing ardent spirits *invariably* hurtful in health, and they are also in error in advocating the instant abandonment, in *all cases*, of intoxicating liquors, I have little doubt; but that they are correct in their great leading views of the pernicious effects of spirits to mankind in general, and that their principles, if carried into effect, will produce good, is self-evident. Spirits when used in moderation, cannot be looked upon as pernicious; nay, in certain cases, even in health, they are beneficial and necessary. In countries subject to intermittents, it is very well known that those who indulge moderately in spirits are much less subject to these diseases than the strictly abstinent. 'At Walcheren it was remarked that those officers and soldiers who took schnaps, *alias* drams, in the morning, and smoked, escaped the fever which was so destructive to the British troops; and the natives generally insisted upon doing so before going out in the morning.* The following anecdote is equally in point. 'It took place on the Niagara frontier of Upper Canada, in the year 1813. A British regiment, from some accident, was prevented from receiving the usual supply of spirits, and in a very short time, more than two-thirds of the men were on the sick list from ague or dysentery; while, the very next year, on the same ground, and in almost every respect under the same circumstances, except that the men had their usual allowance of spirits, the sickness was extremely trifling. Every person acquainted with the circumstances believed that the diminution of the sick, during the latter period, was attributable to the men having received the quantity of spirits to which they had been habituated.† Indeed, I am persuaded that while, in the tropics, stimulating liquors are highly prejudicial, and often occasion, while they never prevent, disease, they are frequently of great service in accomplishing the latter object in damp foggy countries, especially when fatigue, poor diet, agues, dysenteries, and other diseases of debility are to be contended against. It

* *Glasgow Medical Journal*, No. XV.

† *Ibid.*

has been stated, and, I believe with much truth, that the dysentery which has prevailed so much of late among the poorer classes in this country, has been in many cases occasioned, and in others aggravated, in consequence of the want of spirits, which, from the depressed state of trade, the working classes are unable to procure; and should this assertion turn out to be correct, it follows, that temperance societies, by the rigid abstinence urged upon their members, have contributed to increase the evil. The system is fortified against this disorder, as well as various others, by a proper use of stimuli; while excess in the indulgence of these agents exposes it to the attack of every disease, and invariably aggravates the danger. Water is unquestionably the natural drink of man, but in the existing condition of things, we are no longer in a state of nature, and cases consequently often occur wherein we must depart from her original principles. There are many persons who find a moderate use of spirits necessary to the enjoyment of health. In these cases it would be idle to abandon them. They ought only to be given up when their use is not required by the system. That such is the case in a great majority of instances, must be fully admitted; and it is to these that the principles of temperance societies can be applied with advantage. Considering the matter in this light, the conclusion we must come to is simply that ardent spirits sometimes do good, but much oftener mischief. By abandoning them altogether, we escape the mischief and lose the good. Such is the inevitable effect, supposing temperance societies to come into general operation. It remains, therefore, with people themselves to determine whether they are capable of using spirits only when they are beneficial, and then with a due regard to moderation. If they have so little self-command, the sooner they connect themselves with temperance societies the better. I believe that by a moderate indulgence in spirits no man can be injured, and that many will often be benefited. It is their abuse which renders them a curse rather than a blessing to mankind; and it is with this abuse alone I find fault, in the same way as I would object to excess in eating, or any other excess. People, therefore, would do well to draw a distinction between the proper use and the abuse of these stimulants, and regulate themselves accordingly.

Temperance societies, however, though erroneous in some of their principles, and injurious as applied to particular cases, may be of great use towards society in general. Proceeding upon the well-known fact that ardent spirits are peculiarly apt to be abused, and habitual drunkenness to ensue, they place these agents under the ban of total interdiction, and thus arrest the march of that baneful evil occasioned by their excessive use. So far, therefore, as the individual members of these institutions are concerned, a great good is effected at the sacrifice of comparatively little. On such grounds, I fully admit their beneficial effects, and wish them all success. At the same time, many sober persons would not wish to connect themselves with them, for the plain reason—that having never felt any bad effects from the small quantity of ardent spirits they are in the habit of taking, but, on the contrary, sometimes been the better for it—they would feel averse to come under any obligation to abstain from these liquors altogether. Such, I confess, are my own feelings on this subject; and in stating them I am fully aware that the advocates of the societies will answer—that a man's private inclinations should be sacrificed to public good, and that, for the sake of a general example, he should abandon that which, though harmless to him, in the limited extent to which he indulges in it, is pernicious to the mass of mankind. This argument is not without point, and upon many will tell with good effect, though, I believe, people in general will either not acknowledge its force, or, at least, refuse to act up to it.

Temperance societies have had one effect: they have lessened the consumption of spiritous liquors to a vast extent, and have left that of wines and malt liquors undiminished, or rather increased it; for although the more strict members avoid even them, their use is not interdicted by the rules of the societies. By thus diminishing the consumption of spirits, they have been the means of shutting up many small public houses; of keeping numerous tradesmen and laborers from the tavern; of encouraging such persons to sober habits, by recommending coffee instead of strong liquor; and, generally speaking, of promoting industry and temperance.

If a person were disposed to be very censorious, he might object to some other things connected with them, such as the inconsistency of allowing their members to drink wine and malt liquors, while they debar them from ardent spirits. They do this on the ground that on the two first a man is much less likely to become a drunkard than upon spirits—a fact which may be fairly admitted, but which, I believe, arises, in some measure, from its requiring more money to get drunk upon malt liquors and wine than upon spirits. In abandoning the latter, however, and having recourse to the others, it is proper to state, that the person often practices a delusion upon himself; for in drinking wine, such at least as it is procured in this country, he in reality consumes a large proportion of pure spirits; and malt liquors contain not only the alcoholic principle of intoxication, but are often sophisticated, as we have already seen, with narcotics. I believe that, though not in the majority of cases, yet in some, spirits in moderation are better for the system than malt liquors; this is especially the case in plethoric and dyspeptic subjects. Independently of this, it is much more difficult to get rid of the effects of the latter. Much exercise is required for this purpose; and if such is neglected, and the person is of full habit of body, it would have been better if he had stuck by his toddy than run the risk of getting overloaded with fat, and dropping down in a fit of apoplexy.

I know several members of the temperance society who are practising upon themselves the delusion in question. They shun spirits, but indulge largely in porter—to the extent perhaps of a bottle a-day. Nobody can deny that by this practice they will suffer a great deal more than if they took a tumbler or so of toddy daily; and the consequences are the more pernicious, because, while indulging in these libations, they imagine themselves to be all the while paragons of sobriety. Rather than have permitted such a license to their members, temperance societies should have proscribed malt liquors as they have done spirits. As it is, a person may be a member, and follow the rules of the societies, while he is all the time habituating himself to drunkenness. These facts, with all my respect for temperance societies, and firm belief in their utility, I am compelled to mention; and I do so the more readily, as there is a large balance of good in their favour, to outweigh whatever bad may be brought against them.

But notwithstanding this, the fact that a habit of drunkenness is far more likely to be caused by indulging habitually in spirits than in any thing else, is undeniable; and temperance societies, in lessening the consumption of spirits, have accomplished a certain good, in so far as they have thus been the means of diminishing, to a considerable extent, the vice of drunkenness, of reclaiming a few toppers, and preventing many from becoming so who would certainly have fallen into the snare, had they not been timely checked by their influence and example.

In conclusion, I have to repeat that I do not agree with the societies in considering ardent spirits always hurtful in health, or in recommending the instant disuse of liquor in all cases of drunkenness. The reasons

for entertaining my own opinions on these points are given in the work, and they are satisfactory to myself, whatever they may be to others. At the same time, I fully admit that these institutions may often prove eminently useful, and that the cases wherein they may be injurious to those connected with them, are not many, compared to the mass of good which they are capable of effecting. The man, therefore, who feels the appetite for liquor stealing upon him, cannot adopt a wiser plan than to connect himself with a body, the members of which will keep him in countenance in sobriety, and, by their example, perhaps wean him away from the bottle, and thus arrest him on the road to ruin.*

* The following account of temperance societies is by Professor Edgar, one of their most enthusiastic advocates:—

“Temperance societies direct their chief exertions against the use of distilled spirits, conceiving them to be the great bane of the community; but they do not exclude these to introduce other intoxicating liquors in their room. Their object is to disabuse the public mind respecting the erroneous opinions and evil practices which produce and perpetuate intemperance; and though they do not hold it to be sinful to drink wine, yet they are cheerfully willing to accord with the sentiment of inspiration.—It is good neither to drink wine nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.” Were the wine spoken of in Scripture alone used in these countries, they do not believe that there would be a necessity for temperance societies; yet even from such wine, so different from that commonly in use, the Scriptures gave them the fullest liberty to refrain. Avoiding, however, all appearance of rigorous abstinence, they leave to every man’s judgment and conscience, how far he shall feel himself warranted in the use of fermented liquors, and only insist, as their fundamental principle, on an abstinence from distilled spirits, and a discountenancing of the causes and practices of intemperance. Their regulations respect persons in health alone; with the prescriptions of physicians, they do not interfere. Even the moderate use of distilled spirits they consider to be injurious; and they call upon their brethren for their own sake, to renounce it. The great mass of excellences attributed to intoxicating liquors, they believe to be fictitious; and though all the virtues attributed to them were real, they are cheerfully willing to sacrifice them, while they have the remotest hope of thus cutting off even one of the sources of drunkenness, or arresting one friend or neighbor on the road to ruin. They do not look on the use of intoxicating liquors as necessary either to their health or happiness; they do not love them, and therefore, they do not wish to represent an abstinence from them as, on their part, a great sacrifice; and they trust that they only require to be convinced that the good of their brother demands it, to induce them to do much more than they have yet done. They know that the only prospect of reformation for the intemperate is immediate and complete abstinence, and they joyfully contribute their influence and example to save him. They know that the present customs and practices of the temperate, are now preparing a generation for occupying the room of those who shall soon sleep in drunkards’ graves, and it is their earnest wish to exercise such a redeeming influence on the public mind, that should the present race of drunkards refuse to be saved, there may be none to fill their place when they are no more. The abstinence of the temperate, they are convinced, will accomplish this, and that abstinence it is their business to promote by those means which the God of truth has furnished them. They believe that such abstinence, instead of being productive of any injury to the community, will greatly benefit it; and already there are the fairest prospects of the great objects of such voluntary abstinence being effected, by associations sustaining one another in new habits, to make them reputable and common. They require no oaths, no vows; their bond of obligation is a sense of duty, and subscription to their fundamental principle, is merely an expression of present conviction and determination. The law of temperance societies, like the Gospel is the law of liberty—the law which binds to do that which is considered a delight and a privilege. They look forward to the time as not far distant, when the temperate, having withdrawn their support from the trade in ardent spirits, it shall be deserted by all respectable men, and shall gradually die away, as premature death thins the ranks of drunkards; they trust that the falsehoods by which temperate men have been cheated into the ordinary use of ardent spirits, will soon be completely exposed; and that full information and proper feeling being extended, respecting the nature and effects of intoxicating liquors they will occupy their proper place, and the unnumbered blessings of temperance on individuals and families, and the whole community, will universally prevail. Not only will temperance societies cut off the resources of drunkenness, but to the reformed drunkard, they will open a refuge from the tyranny of evil customs, and they will support and encourage him in his new habits. To promote these invaluable objects, they call for the united efforts of all temperate men; they earnestly elicit the assistance of physicians, of clergymen, of the conductors of public journals, of all men possessing authority and influence; and by every thing sacred and good, they beseech drunkards to turn from the wickedness of their ways and live.”

CHAPTER XVI.

ADVICE TO INVETERATE DRUNKARDS.

If a man is resolved to continue a drunkard, it may here be proper to mention in what manner he can do so with least risk to himself. One of the principal rules to be observed, not only by him, but by habitually sober people, is never to take any inebriating liquor, especially spirits, upon an empty stomach. There is no habit more common or more destructive than this: it not only intoxicates readier than when food has been previously taken, but it has a much greater tendency to impair the functions of the digestive organs. In addition, drunkards should shun raw spirits, which more rapidly bring on disease of the stomach, than when used in a diluted state. These fluids are safe in proportion to the state of their dilution; but to this general rule there is one exception, viz. punch. This, though the most diluted form in which they are used, is, I suspect, nearly the very worst—not from the weakness of the mixture, but from the acid which is combined with it. This acid, although for the time being, it braces the stomach, and enables it to withstand a greater portion of liquor than it would otherwise do, has ultimately the most pernicious effect upon this organ—giving rise to thickening of its coats, heartburn, and all the usual distressing phenomena of indigestion. Other organs, such as the kidneys, also suffer, and gravelly complaints are apt to be induced. A common belief prevails that punch is more salubrious than any other spirituous compound, but this is grounded on erroneous premises. When people sit down to drink punch they are not so apt—owing to the great length of time which elapses ere such a weak fluid produces intoxication—to be betrayed into excess as when indulging in toddy. In this point of view it may be said to be less injurious; but let the same quantity of spirits be taken in the form of punch, as in that of grog or toddy, and there can be no doubt that in the long run the consequences will be far more fatal to the constitution. If we commit a debauch on punch, the bad consequences cling much longer to the system than those proceeding from a similar debauch upon any other combination of ardent spirits. In my opinion, the safest way of using those liquids is in the shape of grog.* Cold toddy, or a mixture of spirits, cold water and sugar, ranks next in the scale of safety; then warm toddy; then cold punch—and raw spirit is the most pernicious of all.

The malt-liquor drunkard should, as a general rule, prefer porter to strong ale. Herbal ale and puri are very pernicious, but the lighter varieties, such as small beer and home-brewed, are not only harmless but even useful. The person who indulges in malt liquor should take much exercise. If he neglects this, and yields to the indolence apt to be induced by these fluids, he becomes fat and stupid, and has a strong tendency to apoplexy, and other diseases of plethora.

As to the wine-bibber, no directions can be given which will prove very satisfactory. The varieties of wines are so numerous, that any complete estimate of their respective powers is here impossible. It may, however, be laid down as a general rule, that those which are most diuretic, and excite least headach and fever are the safest for the constitution. The light dry wines, such as Hock, Claret, Burgundy, Bucellas, Rhenish, and Hermitage, are, generally speaking, more salubrious than the stronger varieties, such as Port, Sherry, or Madeira. Claret, in particular, is the

* The origin of the term ‘grog’ is curious. Before the time of Admiral Vernon, rum was given in its raw state to the seamen; but he ordered it to be diluted, previous to delivery, with a certain quantity of water. So incensed were the tars at this watering of their favourite liquor, that they nicknamed the Admiral Old grog, in allusion to a program coat which he was in the habit of wearing; hence the name.

most wholesome wine that is known. Tokay,* Frontignac, Malmsey, Vino Tinto, Montifiascone, Canary, and other sweet wines, are apt, in consequence of their imperfect fermentation, to produce acid upon weak stomachs; but in other cases they are delightful drinks; and when there is no tendency to acidity in the system, they may be taken with comparative safety to a considerable extent. Whenever there is disease, attention must be paid to the wines best adapted to its particular nature. For instance, in gout, the acetous wines, such as Hock and Claret, must be avoided, and Sherry, or Madeira substituted in their room; and should even this run into the acetous fermentation, it must be laid aside, and replaced by weak brandy and water. Champagne, except in cases of weak digestion, is one of the safest wines that can be drunk. Its intoxicating effects are rapid, but exceedingly transient, and depend partly upon the carbonic acid which is evolved from it, and partly upon the alcohol which is suspended in this gas, being applied rapidly and extensively to a large surface of the stomach.

Drunkards will do well to follow the maxim of the facetious Morgan Odoherty, and never mix their wines. Whatever wine they commence with, to that let them adhere throughout the evening. If there be any case where this rule may be transgressed with safety, it is perhaps in favour of Claret, a moderate quantity of which is both pleasant and refreshing after a course of Port or Madeira. Nor is the advice of the same eccentric authority with regard to malt liquors, less just or less worthy of observance—the toper being recommended to abstain scrupulously from such fluids when he means beforehand to ‘make an evening of it,’ and sit long at the bottle. The mixture, unquestionably, not only disorders the stomach, but effectually weakens the ability of the person to withstand the forthcoming debauch.

CHAPTER XVII.

EFFECTS OF INTOXICATING AGENTS ON NURSES AND CHILDREN.

Women, especially in a low station, who act as nurses, are strongly addicted to the practice of drinking porter and ales, for the purpose of augmenting their milk. This very common custom cannot be sufficiently deprecated. It is often pernicious to both parties, and may lay the foundation of a multitude of diseases in the infant. The milk, which ought to be bland and un-irritating, acquires certain heating qualities, and becomes deteriorated to a degree of which those unaccustomed to investigate such matters have little conception. The child nursed by a drunkard is hardly ever healthy. It is, in a particular manner, subject to derangements of the digestive organs, or convulsive affections. With regard to the latter, Dr North remarks, that he has seen them almost instantly removed by the child being transferred to a temperate woman. I have observed the same thing, not only in convulsive cases, but many others. Nor are liquors the only agents whose properties are communicable to the nursing. It is the same with regard to opium, tobacco, and other narcotics. Purgatives transmit their powers in a similar manner, so much so, that nothing is more common than for the child suckled by a woman who has taken physic, to be affected with bowel complaint. No woman is qualified to be a nurse, unless strictly sober; and though stout children are sometimes reared by persons who indulge to a considerable extent in

* Catherine I. of Russia was intemperately addicted to the use of Tokay. She died of dropsy, which complaint was probably brought on by such indulgence.

† *Practical Observations on the Convulsions of Infants.*

liquor, there can be no doubt that they are thereby exposed to risk, and that they would have had a much better chance of doing well, if the same quantity of milk had been furnished by natural means. If a woman cannot afford the necessary supply without these indulgences, she should give over the infant to some one who can, and drop nursing altogether. The only cases in which a moderate portion of malt liquor is justifiable, are when the milk is deficient, and the nurse averse or unable to put another in her place. Here, of two evils, we choose the least, and rather give the infant milk of an inferior quality, than endanger its health, by weaning it prematurely, or stinting it of its accustomed nourishment.

Connected with this subject is the practice of administering stimulating liquors to children. This habit is so common in some parts of Scotland, that infants a few days old are often forced to swallow raw whisky. In like manner, great injury is often inflicted upon children by the frequent administration of *laudanum*, paregoric, Godfrey's cordial, and other preparations of opium. The child in a short time becomes pallid, emaciated, and fretful, and is subject to convulsive attacks, and every variety of disorder in the stomach and bowels. Vomiting, diarrhoea, and other affections of the digestive system ensue, and atrophy, followed by death, is too often the consequence.

An experiment made by Dr Hunter upon two of his children, illustrates in a striking manner the pernicious effects of even a small portion of intoxicating liquors, in persons of that tender age. To one of the children he gave, every day after dinner, a full glass of Sherry: the child was five years of age, and unaccustomed to the use of wine. To the other child, of nearly the same age, and equally unused to wine, he gave an orange. In the course of a week, a very marked difference was perceptible in the pulse, urine, and evacuations from the bowels of the two children. The pulse of the first child was raised, the urine high coloured, and the evacuations destitute of their usual quantity of bile. In the other child, no change whatever was produced. He then reversed the experiment, giving to the first the orange, and to the second the wine, and the results corresponded: the child who had the orange continued well, and the system of the other got straightway into disorder, as in the first experiment. Parents should therefore be careful not to allow their youthful offspring stimulating liquors of any kind, except in cases of disease, and then only under the guidance of a medical attendant. The earlier persons are initiated in the use of liquor, the more completely does it gain dominion over them, and the more difficult is the passion for it to be eradicated. Children naturally dislike liquors—a pretty convincing proof that in early life they are totally unaccustomed to them, and that they only become agreeable by habit. It is, in general, long before the palate is reconciled to malt liquors; and most young persons prefer the sweet home-made wines of their own country, to the richer varieties imported from abroad. This shows that the love of such stimulants is in a great measure acquired, and also points out the necessity of guarding youth as much as possible from the acquisition of so unnatural a taste.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIQUORS NOT ALWAYS HURTFUL.

Though drunkenness is always injurious, it does not follow that a moderate and proper use of those agents which produce it is so. These facts have been so fully illustrated that it is unnecessary to dwell longer upon them; and I only allude to them at present for the purpose of showing more fully a few circumstances in which all kinds of liquors may be indulged in, not only

without injury, but with absolute benefit. It is impossible to deny that in particular situations, as in those of hard-wrought sailors and soldiers, a moderate allowance is proper. The body, in such cases, would often sink under the accumulation of fatigue and cold, if not recruited by some artificial excitement. In both the naval and mercantile service the men are allowed a certain quantity of grog, experience having shown the necessity of this stimulus in such situations. When Captain Bligh and his unfortunate companions were exposed to those dreadful privations consequent to their being set adrift, in an open boat, by the mutineers of the *Bounty*, the few drops of rum which were occasionally doled out to each individual, proved of such incalculable service, that, without this providential aid, every one must have perished of absolute cold and exhaustion.*

The utility of spirits in enabling the frame to resist severe cold, I can still farther illustrate by a circumstance personal to myself: and there can be no doubt that the experience of every one must have furnished him with similar examples. I was travelling on the top of the Caledonian coach, during an intensely cold day, towards the end of November, 1821. We arrived in Inverness at five in the morning, when it was nearly pitch dark, and when the thermometer probably stood at 18° of Fahr. I was disappointed of an inside seat, and was obliged to take one on the top, where there were nine outside passengers besides myself, mostly sportsmen returning from their campaigns in the moors. From being obliged to get up so early, and without having taken any refreshment, the cold was truly dreadful, and set fear-noughts, fur-caps, and hoisery, alike at defiance. So situated, and whirling along at the rate of nearly nine miles an hour, with a keen east wind blowing upon us from the snow-covered hills, I do not exaggerate when I say, that some of us at least owed our lives to ardent spirits. The cold was so insufferable, that, on arriving at the first stage, we were nearly frozen to death. Our feet were perfectly benumbed, and our hands, fortified as they were with warm gloves, little better. Under such circumstances, we all instinctively called for spirits, and took a glass each of raw whiskey, and a little bread. The effect was perfectly magical: heat diffused itself over the system, and we continued comparatively warm and comfortable till our arrival at Aviemore Inn, where we breakfasted. This practice was repeated several times during the journey, and always with the same good effect. When at any time the cold became excessive, we had recourse to our dram, which insured us warmth and comfort for the next twelve or fourteen miles, without, on any occasion, producing the slightest feeling of intoxication. Nor had the spirits which we took any bad effects either upon the other passengers or myself. On the contrary, we were all, so far as I could learn, much the better of it; nor can there be a doubt, that without spirits, or some other stimulating liquor, the consequences of such severe weather would have been highly prejudicial to most of us. Some persons deny that spirits possess the property of enabling the body to resist cold, but, in the face of such evidence, I can never agree with them. That, under these circumstances, they steel the system, at least for a considerable time, against the effects of a low temperature, I am perfectly satisfied. Analogy is in favour of this assertion, and the experience of every man must prove

* 'At day-break,' says Captain Bligh, 'I served to every person a tea-spoonful of rum, our limbs being so much cramped that we could scarcely move them.'

† Being unusually wet and cold, I served to the people a tea-spoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressing situation.'

‡ Our situation was miserable: always wet, and suffering extreme cold in the night, without the least shelter from the weather. The little rum we had was of the greatest service—when our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a tea-spoonful or two to each person, and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intention. —*Family Library*, vol. xxv. *History of the Bounty*.

its accuracy. At the same time, I do not mean to deny that wine or ale might have done the same thing equally well, and perhaps with less risk of ulterior consequences. We had no opportunity of trying their efficacy in these respects, and were compelled, in self-defence, to have recourse to what, in common cases ought to be shunned, viz. raw spirits. The case was an extreme one, and required an extreme remedy; such, however, as I would advise no one to have recourse to without a similar plea of strong necessity to go upon.

It follows, then, that if spirits are often perverted to the worst purposes, and capable of producing the greatest calamities, they are also, on particular occasions, of unquestionable benefit. In many affections, both they and wine are of more use than any medicine the physician can administer. Wine is indicated in various diseases of debility. Whenever there is a deficiency of the vital powers, as in the low stages of typhus fever, in gangrene, putrid sore throat, and generally speaking, whenever weakness, unaccompanied by acute inflammation, prevails, it is capable of rendering the most important services. Used in moderation, it enables the system to resist the attack of malignant and intermittent fevers. It is a promoter of digestion, but sometimes produces acidity, in which case, spirits are preferable. To assist the digestive process in weak stomachs, I sometimes prescribe a tumbler of negus or toddy to be taken after dinner, especially if the person be of a studious habit, or otherwise employed in a sedentary occupation. Such individuals are often benefited by the stimulus communicated to the frame by these cordials. In diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, cramps, tremors, and many other diseases, both spirits and wine often tell with admirable effect, while they are contra-indicated in all inflammatory affections. Malt liquors also, when used in moderation, are often beneficial. Though the drunkenness produced by their excessive use is of the most stupifying and disgusting kind, yet, when under temperate management, and accompanied by sufficient exercise, they are more wholesome than either spirits or wine. They abound in nourishment, and are well adapted to the laboring man, whose food is usually not of a very nutritive character. The only regret is, that they are much adulterated by narcotics. This renders them peculiarly improper for persons of a plethoric habit, and also prevents them from being employed in other cases where they might be useful. Persons of a spare habit of body, are those likely to derive most benefit from malt liquors. I often recommend them to delicate youths and young girls who are just shooting into maturity, and often with the best effect. Lusty, ill-bodied, plethoric people, should abstain from them, at least from porter and strong ale, which are much too fattening and nutritious for persons of this description. They are also, generally speaking, injurious to indigestion and bowel complaints, owing to their tendency to produce flatulence. In such cases, they yield the palm to wine and spirits. It is to be regretted that the system of making home-brewed ale, common among the English, has made so little progress in Scotland. This excellent beverage is free from those dangerous combinations employed by the brewers, and to the laboring classes in particular, is a most nourishing and salubrious drink. I fully agree with Sir John Sinclair in thinking, that in no respect is the alteration in diet more injurious than in substituting ardent spirits for ale—the ancient drink of the common people. Though an occasional and moderate allowance of spirits will often benefit a working man, still the tendency of people to drink these fluids to excess renders even their moderate indulgence often hazardous; and hence, in one respect, the superiority possessed over them by malt liquors.

In higher circles, where there is good living and

little work, liquors of any kind are far less necessary; and, till a man gets into the decline of life, they are, except under such circumstances as have been detailed, absolutely useless. When he attains that age, he will be the better of a moderate allowance to recruit the vigor which approaching years steal from the frame. For young and middle-aged men, in good circumstances and vigorous health, water is the best drink; the food they eat being sufficiently nutritious and stimulating without any assistance from liquor. For young people, in particular, liquors of all kinds are, under common circumstances, not only unnecessary in health, but exceedingly pernicious, even in what the world denominates moderate quantities. This is especially the case when the habit is daily indulged in. One of the first physicians in Ireland has published his conviction on the result of twenty years' observation—'That were ten young men on their twenty-first birth day, to begin to drink one glass (equal to two ounces) of ardent spirits, or a pint of Port wine or Sherry, and were they to drink this *supposed moderate quantity* of strong liquor daily, the lives of eight out of the ten would be abridged by twelve or fifteen years.' 'An American clergyman,' says Professor Edgar, 'lately told me that one of his parishioners was in the habit of sending to his son at school a daily allowance of brandy and water, before the boy was twelve years of age. The consequence was, that his son, before the age of seventeen, was a confirmed drunkard, and he is now confined in a public hospital.' The force of this anecdote must come home to every one. Nothing is more common, even in the best society, than the practice of administering wine, punch, &c., even to children—thus not only injuring their health, and predisposing them to disease, but laying the foundation for intemperance in their maturer years.

Having stated thus much, it is not to be inferred that I advocate the banishment of liquors of any kind from society. Though I believe mankind would be benefited upon the whole, were stimulants to be utterly proscribed, yet, in the present state of things, and knowing the fruitlessness of any such recommendation, I do not go the length of urging their total disuse. I only would wish to inculcate moderation, and that in its proper meaning, and not in the sense too often applied

to it; for, in the practice of many, moderation, (so called) is intemperance, and perhaps of the most dangerous species, in so far as it becomes a daily practice, and insinuates itself under a false character, into the habits of life. Men thus indulge habitually, day by day, not perhaps to the extent of producing any evident effect either upon the body or mind at the time, and fancy themselves all the while strictly temperate, while they are, in reality, undermining their constitution by slow degrees—killing themselves by inches, and shortening their existence several years. The quantity such persons take at a time, is perhaps moderate and beneficial, if only occasionally indulged in, but, being habitually taken, it injures the health, and thus amounts to actual intemperance. 'It is,' says Dr Beecher, and I fully concur with him, 'a matter of unwonted taint, that habitual tippling is worse than periodic drunkenness. The poor Indian who once ~~a~~ drinks himself dead, all but simple breathing, will live for years the man who drinks little and often is not perhaps suspected of intemperance. ~~Th~~ of ardent spirits daily as ministering to cheer or bodily vigour, ought to be regarded as intemperance. No person probably ever did or ever will ardent spirits into his system once a day and his constitution against its deleterious effects, exercise such discretion and self-government, as the quantity will not be increased, and bodily infirmity and mental imbecility be the result; and, in more than half the instances, inebriation. Nature may hold out long against this sapping and mining of the constitution which daily tippling is carrying on, but, first, or last, this foe of life will bring to the assault enemies of its own formation, before whose power the feeble and the mighty will be alike unable to stand.

Let those, therefore, who will not abandon liquors, use them in moderation, and not *habitually* or *day by day*, unless the health should require it, for cases of this kind we sometimes do meet with, though by no means so often as many would believe. Abstractly considered, liquors are not injurious. It is their abuse that makes them so, in the same manner as the most wholesome food becomes pernicious when taken to an improper excess.

APPENDIX.

Excerpt from Paris' Pharmacologia.

'The characteristic ingredient of all wines is *alcohol*, and the quantity of this, and the condition or state of combination in which it exists, are the circumstances that include all the interesting and disputed points of medical inquiry. Daily experience convinces us that the same quantity of alcohol, applied to the stomach under the form of natural wine, and in a state of mixture with water, will produce very different effects upon the body, and to an extent which it is difficult to comprehend: it has, for instance, been demonstrated that Port, Madeira, and Sherry, contain from one-fourth to one-fifth of their bulk of alcohol, so that a person who takes a bottle of either of them, will thus take nearly half a pint of alcohol, or almost a pint of pure brandy! and moreover, that different wines, although of the same specific gravity, and consequently containing the same absolute proportion of spirit, will be found to vary very considerably in their intoxicating powers; no won-

der, then, that such results should stagger the philosopher, who is naturally unwilling to accept any tests of difference from the nervous system, which elude the ordinary resources of analytical chemistry; the conclusion was therefore drawn, that alcohol must necessarily exist in wine, in a far different condition from that in which we know it in a separate state, or, in other words, that its elements only could exist in the vinous liquor, and that their union was determined, and, consequently, alcohol produced by the action of distillation. That it was the *product* and not the *educt* of distillation, was an opinion which originated with Rouelle, who asserted that alcohol was not completely formed until the temperature was raised to the point of distillation: more lately, the same doctrine was revived and promulgated by Fabbroni, in the memoirs of the Florentine Academy. Gay-Lussac has, however, silenced the clamorous partisans of this theory, by separating the alcohol by distillation at the temperature of 66° Fah., and by the aid of a vacuum, it has since been effected at 56°; besides, it has been shown that by precipitating the colouring matter, and some of the other elements of the







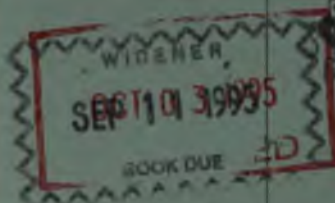
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